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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. XXI.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

1843.

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THE EDITOR of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE would respectfully direct the attention of the readers of his Journal to an announcement in *The Times* newspaper for the 14th instant, in which mention is made of a subscription for Miss MITFORD, for the purpose of "paying debts incurred, not through extravagance or wantonness, but to supply the wants of age and infirmity, and to surround, with needful comfort, the dying bed of a beloved parent."

Without dwelling on the merit of works which have met a high meed of praise from the reading public, the EDITOR would suggest to all those who have read and profited by Miss MITFORD's writings, how appropriate is the present moment to testify their gratitude to one who has made every lover of English rural life—of fireside pleasure—of cottage happiness, her debtor.

Messrs. CUREY and COMPANY, 9, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin, will thankfully receive and acknowledge any subscriptions for this purpose.

February 25.

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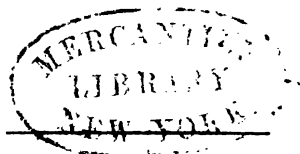
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THE DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

CXXI.

JANUARY, 1843.

Vol. XXI.

LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

NOTICE PRELIMINARY AND EXPLANATORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN some years ago we took the liberty, in a certain volume of our so-called "Confessions," to introduce to our readers' acquaintance the gentleman whose name figures at the head of this paper, we subjoined a brief notice, by himself, intimating the intention he entertained of giving to the world some further insight into his life and opinions, under the title of "Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary."

From that hour to the present one, however, nothing of the kind has transpired; nor could we ascertain by the strictest inquiry among "the trade," that such a proposition had ever been made to Messrs. Colburn or Curry, or indeed been even heard of in the Row. The worthy traveller himself had wandered away to pastures new—heaven knows where—and notwithstanding repeated advertisements in the *Times* newspaper, assuring "A. O'L. that if he would inform his friends where a letter would reach, all would be forgiven him," &c. the mystery of his whereabouts remained unsolved, save by the chance mention of a north-west-passage traveller, who speaks of a Mr. O'Leary as having presided at a grand bottle-nosed whale dinner, in Behring's Straits, some time in the autumn of 1840; while we find, in the newly-published volume of Chevalier de Bertonville's *Discoveries in Central Africa*, an allusion to an "Irlandais bien original," who acted as sponsor to the son and heir of Prince Balliwallaboo, in the Chiechaw territory. That either or both should have been our respected friend, is not only possible, but highly probable; indeed to us, who are somewhat familiar with his habits, the information conveyed less surprise, than if we heard of his ordering his boots from Hoby, or his coat from Stultz.

Meanwhile, time rolled on—and whether Mr. O'Leary had died of the whale feast, or been himself eaten by his godson, no one could conjecture; and his name would speedily have been lost among the rust of ages, had not the volume announced by him attracted the attention of certain booksellers in remote districts, and their "country orders" now and then kept dropping in for these "Loiterings," which the publishers were obliged to confess had never been written.

It was on a gloomy morning of last November, when a dark leaden sky stretched its sad-coloured mantle over the good city of Dublin, and the rain descended in long straight lines, splashing in dreary monotony in the

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B

muddy streets, that we entered Curry's. The gloom without was reflected in the sadness within. The India news were depressing—the China worse—the French were more insolent than usual—the prices were falling under the new tariff—pigs looked down—sheep were heavy—not even fleas were lively—nothing prospered save the O'Connell tribute. In matters literary it was even worse. No one read any thing now save the "operation of the tariff" in the *Times*—and the great frauds in pork, which turned out to be pickled negroes and potted squaws. We attempted to seem at ease, and even tried to affect the jocular; and, taking up "The Commissioner," observed—

"Capital weather for these kind of things."

A dull shake of the head was the reply.

"Well, how is this doing?" said we, pointing to a bright green cover tastefully and nationally bordered with shamrocks.

Another shake. There was a third "monthly" near, whose epidermis seemed to flush scarlet at our neglect; but the "amen" stuck in our throat, and we could not ask for "The Mess." Not so our informant, who speedily assured us, that it fared like its fellows, and that there was absolutely nothing doing whatever. A dead silence ensued, and we both stood looking out upon the melancholy street, where some miserable covered-car passed occasionally, or some drabbed servant-maid, with petticoats over head, splashed moodily forward.

Suddenly a thin spare little man, in a brown surtout and a glazed hat, stopped at the door, and, depositing his umbrella outside, entered.

"Severe day, gentlemen," said he, shaking his dripping beaver.

A grunt and nod was the reply.

"The country will be ruined if we have much more of this weather."

Ditto, ditto.

"I have got an order for a book of yours," resumed he, with something of importance in his look. "Our book-club in Castlebar wish to have—what the deuce is the name of it?—that new thing, you know, just come out."

"'Coombe Abbey,' sir?"

"No—it's another thing. How stupid to forget it."

"'Traits and Stories?'—'The Commissioner?'—'The Mess?'—'The——'"

"No, no—we don't want these. It's a book of travels."

"'Wilde's Madeira?'"

"No—not that either."

"'Rambling Recollections?'"

"No; but it's something like that. I have it—'The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary'; that's it."

"Not published," was the reply.

"How! not out yet? Why, it was announced three years ago."

"Very possibly, sir; but not published."

"Well, I must say, this is a very scandalous way to treat the public. You have no more right to advertise a book you haven't got, than a hotel keeper to give a bill-of-fare with nothing in the house. In my estimation your conduct is worse; for the latter, if he has not got a chicken, why, he has a mutton-chop."

"Yes, sir; and we have abundance of books here, if you will only please to look about you."

"What does that signify? Am I to put up with such balderdash as

this?" Here the little man took up a volume of "Charles O'Malley," and threw it down again with the most abject contempt. We sprang forward, mechanically; and only caught ourselves in time to assent to his dictum, with a smile and a bow. "Yes," resumed he, "you agree with me, —I see you do. And once more I beg to say, this proceeding appears to me inexcusable. Why, sir, if I was a bookseller, and the author disappointed me, I'd hire another fellow to write the book—ay, the same day." So saying, the little man frowned fearfully, buttoned up his coat, seized his cotton canopy in a burst of indignation, and vanished.

"A spicy little fellow that," said we, as he disappeared.

My companion was silent. At length, after about ten minutes, he said—

"There's something, too, in his last observation. You remember George the Third's exclamation—that he would go down the Strand, and take twelve honest men to govern the nation with him."

"Yes," said we; "but we trust you see some difference between secretaries of state and gentlemen of the press. Lord Aberdeen would make rather droll work of a light article—and what think ye of Sir Robert for a touchy review of the last new novel?" Our friend stood rebuked; and we continued—"Not but on principle I think that a *litterateur* ought to be *au fait* to any thing in his walk, from a sermon to a sonnet—from a joke to a jeremiade. And we can as well understand a physician, whose knowledge is limited to the lungs or the liver, as an author who can only 'do the politics,' the light papers, the short poetry, or the long reviews of a periodical. We'd back ourselves to write these same 'Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary,' and be ready in January——"

"Eh! ready with two volumes?"

"No, we didn't say that. We mean ready to open the series in the UNIVERSITY. O'Leary was a humbug—we knew him well. He absolutely understood nothing of the countries he travelled in. He met every one, it is true; and somehow the oddity of his appearance, and the originality of his manner, obtained admission for him into circles where you'd never expect to meet him; but, after all, what was he?"

"Well, no matter, the book has been often asked for—we have at least fifty orders for it; so set about it at once, and I'll draw up an advertisement announcing its appearance on New Year's Day."

"Agreed," said we.

We shook hands on our bargain and parted.

Now, although at first we confess it did strike us as savouring somewhat of bookmaking, a thing we detest, this authorship to order—yet we had before us the illustrious example of Alexander Dumas, in France, whose practice it is to amuse the world with certain "*Souvenirs de voyage*," which he has never made, not even in imagination, but which are only the dressed-up skeletons of other men's rambles, which he buys exactly as the Jews do old uniforms, and court-suits, for exportation to the blacks. And while some thousand readers are sympathising over the suffering of the aforesaid Alexander, in his perilous passage of the great desert, or his fearful encounter with Norwegian wolves, little know they that their hero is snugly established in his *entre sol*, in the Rue d'Alger, lying full length on a spring-cushioned sofa, with a Manillo weed on his lip, and George Sand's last bulletin of vice and wickedness half cut before him—these "*Souvenirs de voyage*" being nothing more than the adventures and incidents of Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe, paragraphed, witticised, and spiced for public taste by Alexander Dumas, exactly on the

principle on which cheap taverns give gravy and ox-tail—the smallest modicum of meat, to the most highly-seasoned and hot-flavoured condiments.

If, then, we had scruples, here was a precedent to relieve our minds—here a case perfectly in point, at least so far as the legitimacy of the practice demanded. But, unhappily, it ended there: for although it may be, and indeed is, very practicable for Monsieur Dumas, by the perfection of his *cuisine*, to make the meat itself a secondary part of the matter; yet do we grievously fear that a tureen full of O'Leary might not be an acceptable dish, because there was a bone of Harry Lorrequer in the bottom.

With all these *pros* and *cons*, our vain-glorious boast to write the work in question stared us suddenly in the face; and, really, we felt as much shame as can reasonably be supposed to visit a man whose countenance has been hawked about the streets, and sold in shilling numbers. What was to be done? There was the public, too; but, like Tony Lumpkin, we felt we might disappoint the company at the Three Jolly Pigeons—but could we disappoint ourselves?

Alas! there were some excellent reasons against such a consummation. So, respected reader, whatever liberties we might take with you, we had to look nearer home, and bethink us of ourselves. *After all*—and what a glorious charge to the jury of one's conscience is your “after all!”—what a plenary indulgence against all your sins of commission and omission!—what a make-peace to self-accusation, and what a salve to heartfelt repinings!—after all, we did know a great deal about O'Leary: his life and opinions, his habits and haunts, his prejudices, pleasures, and predilections: and although we never performed Boz to his Johnson, still had we ample knowledge of him for all purposes of book-writing; and there was no reason why we should not assume his mantle, or rather his Macintosh, if the weather required it.

Having in some sort allayed our scruples in this fashion, and having satisfied our conscience by the resolve, that if we were not about to record the actual *res gestæ* of Mr. O'Leary, neither would we set down any thing which *might not* have been one of his adventures, nor put into his mouth any imaginary conversations which *he might not* have sustained. So that in short, should the volume ever come under the eyes of the respected gentleman himself, considerable mystification would exist, as to whether he did not say, do, and think, exactly as we made him, and much doubt lie on his mind that he was not the author himself.

We wish particularly to lay stress on the honesty of these our intentions—the more, as subsequent events have interfered with their accomplishment; and we can only assure the world of what we would have done, had we been permitted. And here let us observe, *en passant*, that if other literary characters had been actuated by similarly honourable views, we should have been spared those very absurd speeches which Sallust attributes to his characters in the Cataline conspiracy; and Mr. Charles White, with still greater daring, assumes the Prince of Orange *ought* to have spoken at various epochs in the late Belgian revolution.

With such prospective hopes, then, did we engage in the mystery of these same “Loiterings,” and with a pleasure such as only men of the pen can appreciate did we watch the bulky pile of MS. that was growing up before us, while the interest of the work had already taken hold of us, and whether we moved our puppets to the slow figure of a minuet, or rattled them along at the slap-dash, hurry-scurry, devil-may-care pace for which our critics

habitually give us credit, we felt that our foot beat time responsively to the measure, and that we actually began to enjoy the performance.

In this position stood matters, when one early morning in December the post brought us an ominous-looking epistle, which, even as we glanced our eye on the outside, conveyed an impression of fear and misgiving to our minds. If there are men in whose countenances, as Pitt remarked, "villany is so impressed, it were impiety not to believe it," so are their certain letters whose very shape and colour, fold, seal, and superscription have something gloomy and threatening—something of menace and mischief about them. This was one of these: the paper was a greenish sickly white, a kind of dyspeptic foolscap; the very mill that fabricated it might have had the shaking ague. The seal was of bottle-wax, the impression a heavy thumb. The address ran, "To the Editor of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, at Curry's, or any where else." The writing a species of rustic paling, curiously interwoven and gnarled, to which the thickness of the ink lent a needless obscurity, giving to the whole the appearance of something like a child's effort to draw a series of beetles and cockroaches with a blunt stick; but what most of all struck terror to our souls, was an abortive effort at the words "Arthur O'Leary" scrawled in the corner.

What! had he really then escaped the perils of blubber and black men? Was he alive, and had he come back to catch us *in delicto*—in the very fact of editing him, of raising our exhausted exchequer at his cost, and replenishing our empty coffers under his credit? Our suspicions were but too true. We broke the seal and spelled as follows—

"SIR—A lately-arrived traveller in these parts brings me intelligence, that a work is announced for publication by you, under the title of 'The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary,' containing his opinions, notions, dreamings, and doings during several years of his life, and in various countries. Now this must mean me, and I should like to know what are a man's own, if his adventures are not? His ongoing, his 'begebenheiten,' as the Germans call them, are they not as much his, as his—what shall I say; his flannel waistcoat or his tobacco-pipe?

"If I have spent many years, and many pounds (of tobacco) in my explorings of other lands, is it for you to reap the benefit? If I have walked, smoked, laughed, and fattened from Trolhatten to Tehran, was it that you should have the profit? Was I to exhibit in ludicrous situations and extravagant incidents, with 'illustrations by Phiz,' because I happened to be fat and fond of rambling? Or was it my name only that you pirated, so that Arthur O'Leary should be a type of something ludicrous, wherever he appeared in company? Or worse still, was it an attempt to extort money from me, as I understand you once before tried, by assuming for one of your heroes the name of a most respectable gentleman in private life? To which of these counts do you plead guilty?

"Whatever is your plan, here is mine: I have given instructions to my man of law to obtain an injunction from the chancellor, restraining you or any other from publishing these 'Loiterings.' Yes; an order of the court will soon put an end to this most unwarrantable invasion of private rights. Let us see then if you'll dare to persist in this nefarious scheme.

"The Swan-river for you, and the stocks for Curry, may, perhaps, moderate your literary and publishing ardour—eh! Master Harry? Or do you contemplate adding your own adventures beyond seas to the volume, and then make something of your 'Confessions of a convict.' I must

conclude at once: in my indignation this half hour, I have been swallowing all the smoke of my meershaum, and I feel myself turning round and round like a smoke-jack. Once for all—stop! recall your announcement, burn your MS., and prostrate yourself in abject humility at my feet, and with many sighs, and two pounds of shag (to be had at No. 8, Francis-street, two doors from the lane), you may haply be forgiven by yours, in wrath,

ARTHUR O'LEARY.

"Address a line, if in penitence, to me here, where the lovely scenery and the society remind me much of Siberia—

"Edenderry, 'The Pig and Pot-hooks.'"

Having carefully read and re-read this letter, and having laid it before those whose interests, like our own, were deeply involved, we really for a time became thoroughly nonplussed. To disclaim any or all of the intentions attributed to us in Mr. O'Leary's letter, would have been perfectly useless, so long as we held to our project of publishing any thing under his name. Of no avail to assure him that our "Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary" were not his—that our hero was not he. To little purpose should we adduce that our Alter Ego was the hero of a book by the Prebend of Lichfield, and Charles Lever given to the world as a socialist. He cared for nothing of all this; *tenax propositi*, he would listen to no explanation—unconditional, absolute, Chinese submission were his only terms, and with these we were obliged to comply. And yet how very ridiculous was the power he assumed. Was any thing more common in practice than to write the lives of distinguished men, even before their death, and who ever heard of the individual seeking legal redress against his biographer, except for libel? "Come, come, Arthur," said we to ourselves, "this threat affrights us not. Here we begin Chap. XIV.—'Mr. O'Leary's Adventures in the Monastery of Molk.'"

"When Mr. O'Leary looked from the window of his narrow cell, and saw the Danube rolling some hundred feet below him —"

Just as we got so far, our worthy publisher entered our studio. His brow was dark and clouded, and he looked for all the world as though it were magazine day, and yet no periodical ready.

"What has happened?" said we hastily, as we looked upon his pale and care-worn countenance: "has the Row stopped payment—has bankruptcy fallen upon Amen Corner—are the Chinese pirating our publications—is Phiz not punctual, and are we *dished* for want of *plates*—eh?"

"Look here," said he, in a tone sepulchral, unfolding an ominous document, purporting to be of all epistles the least polite, an attorney's letter, "this is from your friend O'Leary's lawyer—we must abandon that book."

We turned our eyes mechanically towards the pile of manuscript at our elbow, and could not help admiring the philosophy with which *he* spoke of condemning to the flames the fruit of *our* labour. It was evident now that Mr. O'Leary's was no *brutum fulmen*, but very respectable and downright thunder; and that in fact we should soon be where, however interesting it may make a young lady, it by no means suits an elderly gentleman to be, viz.—in Chancery.

"What's to be done?" was the question, which like a tennis-ball we pitched at each other. "We have it," said we. "We'll start at once for Edenderry, and bring this with us," pointing to our manuscript. "We'll show O'Leary

how near immortality he was, and may still be. If not loaded with obstinacy, we'll read him a bit of our droll, and some snatches of our pathetic passages. We'll show him how Phiz intends to represent him. In a word, we'll enchant him with the fascinating position to which we mean to exalt him; and before the evening ends, obtain his special permission to deal with him, as before now we have done with his betters, and—print him."

Our mind made up, no time was to be lost. We took our place in the Grand Canal passage-boat for Edenderry; and, wrapping ourselves up in our virtue, and another thin garment they call a Zephyr, began our journey.

We should have liked well, had our object permitted it, to have made some brief notes of our own loiterings. But the goal of our wanderings as well as of our thoughts was ever before us, and we spent the day imagining to ourselves the various modes by which we should make our advances to the enemy, with most hope of success. Whether the company themselves did not afford any thing very remarkable, or our own pre-occupation prevented our noticing it, certes, we jogged on, without any consciousness that we were not perfectly alone, and this for some twenty miles of the way. At last, however, the cabin became intolerably hot. Something like twenty-four souls were imprisoned in a space ten feet by three, which the humanity of the company of directors kindly limits to forty-eight, a number which no human ingenuity could pack in it, if living. The majority of the passengers were what by courtesy are called "small farmers," namely, individuals weighing from eighteen to six-and-twenty stones. Priests with backs like the gable of a chapel, and a sprinkling of elderly ladies from the bog towns along the bank, who actually resembled turf clamps in their proportions. We made an effort to reach the door, and having at length succeeded, found to our sorrow that the rain was falling heavily. Notwithstanding this, we remained without as long as we could venture, the oppressive heat within being far more intolerable than even the rain. At length, however, wet through and cold, we squeezed ourselves into a small corner near the door, and sat down. But what a change had our unpropitious presence evoked. We left our fellow-travellers a noisy, jolly, semi-riotous party, disputing over the markets, censuring Sir Robert, abusing the poor-rates, and discussing various matters of foreign and domestic policy, from Shah Shoojah to sub-soil ploughs. A dirty pack of cards, and even punch, were adding their fascinations to while away the tedious hours; but now the company sat in solemn silence. The ladies looked straight before them, without a muscle of their faces moving; the farmers had lifted the collars of their frize coats, and concealed their hands within their sleeves, so as to be perfectly invisible; and the reverend fathers, putting on dark and dangerous looks, spoke only in monosyllables, no longer sipped their liquor in comfort, but rang the bell from time to time, and ordered "another beverage," a curious smoking compound, that to our un-Mathewed senses savoured suspiciously of whiskey.

It was dark night when we reached the "Pig and Pot-hooks," the hostelry whence Mr. O'Leary had addressed us; and although not yet eight o'clock, no appearance of light, nor any stir, announced that the family were about. After some little delay, our summons was answered by a bare-legged handmaiden, who, to our question if Mr. O'Leary stopped there, without further hesitation opened a small door to the left, and introduced us boldly into his august presence.

Our travelled friend was seated "*more suo*," with his legs supported on two chairs, while he himself in chief occupied a third, his wig being on the arm of that one on which he reposed; a very imposing tankard, with a floating toast, smoked on the table, and a large collection of pipes of every grade, from the haughty hubble bubble, to the humble duodeen, hung around on the walls.

"Hal!" said he, as we closed the door behind us, and advanced into the room, "and so you are penitent. Well, Hal, I forgive thee. It was a scurvy trick, though; but I remember it no longer. Here, take a pull at the pewter, and tell us all the Dublin news."

It is not our intention, dear reader, to indulge in the same mystification with you, that we practised on our friend Mr. O'Leary—or, in other words, to invent for your edification, as we confess to have done for him, all the events and circumstances which might have, but did not take place in Dublin for the preceding month. It is enough to say that about eleven o'clock Mr. O'Leary was in the seventh heaven of conversational contentment, and in the ninth flagon of purl.

"Open it—let me see it. Come, Hal, divulge at once," said he kicking the carpet-bag that contained our manuscript. We undid the lock, and emptied our papers before him. His eyes sparkled as the heavy folds fell over each other on the table, his mouth twitched with a movement of convulsive pleasure. "Ring the bell, my lad," said he; "the string is beside you. Send the master, Mary," continued he, as the maiden entered.

Peter Mahoon soon made his appearance, rather startled at being summoned from his bed, and evidencing in his toilette somewhat more of zeal than dandyism.

"Is the house insured, Peter?" said Mr. O'Leary.

"No, sir," rejoined he, with a searching look around the room, and a sniff of his nose, to discover if he could detect the smell of fire.

"What's the premises worth, Peter?"

"Sorrow one of me knows right, sir. Maybe a hundred and fifty, or it might bring two hundred pounds."

"All right," said O'Leary briskly, as seizing my manuscript with both hands he hurled it on the blazing turf fire; and then grasping the poker, stood guard over it, exclaiming as he did so—"Touch it, and by the beard of the Prophet I'll brain you. Now there it goes, blazing up the chimney. Look how it floats up there! I never expected to travel like that anyhow. Eh, Hal? Your work is a brilliant affair, isn't it?—and as well puffed as if you entertained every newspaper editor in the kingdom? And see," cried he, as he stamped his foot upon the blaze, "the whole edition is exhausted already—not a copy to be had for any money."

We threw ourselves back in our chair, and covered our face with our hands. The toil of many a long night, of many a bright hour of sun and wind, was lost to us for ever, and we may be pardoned if our grief was heavy.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said he, as the last flicker of the burning paper expired. "You know the thing was bad: it couldn't be other. That d——d fly-away harum-scarum style of yours is no more adapted to a work of real merit, than a Will-o'-the-wisp would be for a light-house. Another jug, Peter—bring two. The truth is, Hal, I was not so averse to the publication of my life as to the infernal mess you'd have made of it. You have no pathos, no tenderness—damn the bit."

"Come, come," said we: "it is enough to burn our manuscript; but, really, as to playing the critic in this fashion——"

"Then," continued he, "all that confounded folly you deal in, laughing at the priests. Lord bless you, man! they have more fun, those chaps, than you and a score like you. There's one Father Dolan here would tell two stories for your one; ay, better than ever you told."

"We really have no ambition to enter the lists with your friend."

"So much the better—you'd get the worst of it; and as to knowledge of character, see now, Peter Mahoon there would teach you human nature; and if I liked myself to appear in print——"

"Well," said we, bursting out into a fit of laughter, "that would certainly be amusing."

"And so it would, whether you jest or no. There's in that drawer there the materials of as fine a work as ever appeared since Sir John Carre's travels; and the style is a happy union of Goldsmith and Jean Paul—simple yet aphoristic—profound and pleasing—sparkling like the can before me, but pungent and racy in its bitterness. Hand me that oak box, Hal. Which is the key? At this hour one's sight becomes always defective. Ah, here it is—look there!"

We obeyed the command, and truly, our amazement was great, though possibly not for the reason that Mr. O'Leary could have desired; for instead of any thing like a regular manuscript, we beheld a congeries of small scraps of paper, backs of letters, newspapers, magazines, fly-leaves of books, old prints, &c., scrawled on in the most uncouth fashion; and purporting, from the numbers appended, to be a continued narration of one kind or other.

"What's all this?" said we.

"These," said he, "are really 'The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary.' Listen to this. Here's a bit of Goldsmith for you—

"'I was born of poor but respectable parents in the county——' What are you laughing at? Is it because I didn't open with—'The sun was setting, on the 25th of June, in the year 1763, as two travellers were seen,' &c. &c.? Eh? That's your way, not mine. A London fellow told me that my papers were worth five hundred pounds. Come, that's what I call something. Now I'll go over to the Row."

"Stop a bit. Here seems something strange about the king of Holland."

"You mustn't read them, though. No, no. That'll never do—no, Hal; no plagiarism. But, after all, I have been a little hasty with you. Perhaps I ought not to have burned that thing; you were not to know it was bad."

"Eh! how?"

"Why, I say you might not see how absurd it was; so here's your health, Hal: either that tankard has been drugged, or a strange change has come over my feelings. Harry Lorrequer, I'll make your fortune, or rather your son's, for you are a wasteful creature, and will spend the proceeds as fast as you get them; but the everlastingly-called-for new editions will keep him in cash all his life. I'll give you that box and its contents; yes, I repeat it, it's yours. I see you are overpowered; there taste the pewter and you'll get better presently. In that you'll find—a little irregular and carelessly written perhaps—the sum of my experience and knowledge of life—all my correspondence, all my private notes, my opinions on literature, fine arts, politics, and the drama."

But I will not follow my friend into the soaring realms of his imaginative flight, for it was quite evident that the tankard and the tobacco were alone responsible for the lofty promises of his production. In plain English, Mr.

O'Leary was fuddled, and the only intelligible part of his discourse was, an assurance that his papers were entirely at my service; and that as in some three weeks time he hoped to be in Africa, having promised to spend the Christmas with Abd-el-Kader, I was left his sole literary executor, with full power to edit him in any shape it might please me, lopping, cutting, omitting—any thing but adding or interpolating. Such were his last orders, and having given them, Mr. O'Leary refilled his pipe, closed his eyes, stretched out his legs to their fullest extent, and although he continued at long intervals to evolve a blue curl of smoke from the corner of his mouth, it was evident he was lost in the land of dreams.

In two hours afterwards we were on our way back to Dublin, bearing with us the oaken box, which, however, it is but justice to ourselves to say, we felt as a sad exchange for our own carefully-written manuscript. On reaching home, our first care was to examine these papers, and see if any thing could be made of them, which might prove readable; unfortunately, however, the mass consisted of brief memoranda, setting forth how many miles Mr. O'Leary had walked on a certain day in the November of 1803, and how he had supped on camel's milk with an amiable family of Bedouins, who had just robbed a caravan in the desert. His correspondence was for the most part an angry one with washerwomen and hotel-keepers, and some rather curious hieroglyphic replies to dinner invitations from certain people of rank in the Sandwich Islands. Occasionally, however, we chanced on little bits of narrative, fragments of stories, some of which his fellow-travellers had contributed, and brief sketches of places and people that were rather amusing; but so disjointed, broken up, and unconnected were they all, it was almost impossible to give them any thing like an arrangement, much less any thing like consecutive interest.

All that lay in our power was to select from the whole certain portions, which for their length promised more of care than the mere fragments about them, and present them to our readers with this brief notice of the mode in which we obtained them—our only excuse for a most irregular and unprecedented liberty in the practice of literature. With this apology for the incompleteness and abruptness of the O'Leary papers—which happily we are enabled to make freely, as our friend Arthur has taken his departure—we offer them to our readers, only adding, that in proof of their genuine origin, the manuscript can be seen by any one so desiring it on application to our publishers; while, for all their follies, faults, and inaccuracies, we desire to plead our irresponsibility as freely as we wish to attribute any favour the world may show them, to their real author; and with this last assurance, we beg to remain, your devoted and obedient servant,

HARRY LORREQUER.

LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT ONE—THE ATTWOOD.

OLD Woodcock says, that if Providence had not made him a justice of the Peace, he'd have been a vagabond himself. No such kind interference prevailed in my case. I was a vagabond from my cradle. I never could be sent to school alone like other children—they always had to see me there safe, and fetch me back again. The rambling bump monopolized my whole head. I'm sure my god-father must have been the wandering Jew, or a king's messenger. Here I am again, *en route*, and sorely puzzled to know whither? There's the fellow for my trunk.

"What packet, sir?"

"Eh? What packet? The vessel at the Tower stairs?"

"Yes, sir; there are two with the steam up, the Rotterdam and the Hamburg."

"Which goes first?"

"Why I think the Attwood, sir."

"Well, then, shove aboard the Attwood. Where is she for?"

"She's for Rotterdam.—He's a queer cove too," said the fellow under his teeth, as he moved out of the room, "and don't seem to care where he goes."

A capital lesson in life may be learned from the few moments preceding departure from an inn. The surly waiter that always said "coming" when he was leaving the room, and never came, now grown smiling and smirking; the landlord expressing a hope to see you again, while he watches your upthrown eyebrows at the exorbitancy of his bill; the boots attentively looking from your feet to your face, and back again; the housemaid passing and repassing a dozen times, on her way no where, with a look half saucy, half shy; the landlord's son, an abortion of two feet high, a kind of family chief remembrancer, that sits on a high stool in the bar, and always detects something you have had, that was not "put down in the bill"—two shillings for a cab, or a "brandy and water;" a curse upon them all; this poll tax upon travellers is utter ruin; your bill compared to its dependencies, is but Falstaff's "pennyworth of bread," to all the score for sack.

Well here I am at last. "Take care I say! you'll upset us. Shove off, Bill; ship your oar," splash, splash. "Bear a hand. What a noise they make," bang, crash, buzz; "what a crowd of men in pilot coats and caps; women in plaid shawls and big reticules, band-boxes, bags, and babies, and what higgling for sixpences with the wherrymen."

All the places round the companion are taken by pale ladies in black silk, with a pale man in spectacles beside them; the deck is littered with luggage, and little groups seated thereon; some very strange young gentlemen with many-coloured waistcoats are going to Greenwich, and one as far as Margate; a widow and daughters, rather prettyish girls, for Herne bay; a thin, bilious-looking man of about fifty, with four outside coats, and a bear-skin round his legs, reading beside the wheel, occasionally taking a sly look at the new arrivals. I've seen him before; he is the Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople; and here's a jolly-looking, rosy-cheeked fellow, with a fat florid face, and two dashing-looking girls in black velvet. Eh! who's this?—Sir Peter, the steward calls him; a London Alderman

going up the Rhine for two months—he's got his courier, and a strong carriage, with the springs well corded for the *pavé*;—but they come too fast for counting: so now I'll have a look after my berth.

Alas! the cabin has been crowded all the while by some fifty others, wrangling, scolding, laughing, joking, complaining, and threatening, and not a berth to be had.

"You've put me next the tiller," said one; "I'm over the boiler," screamed another.

"I have the pleasure of speaking to Sir Willoughby Steward," said the captain, to a tall, gray-headed, soldier-like figure, with a closely-buttoned blue frock. "Sir Willoughby, your berth is No. 8."

"Eh! that's the way they come it," whispers a cockney to his friend. "That ere chap gets a berth before us all."

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the baronet mildly, "I took mine three days ago."

"Oh! I didn't mean any thing," stammers out the other, and sneaks off.

"Laura Mariar—where's Laurar?" calls out a shrill voice from the aft cabin.

"Here, Ma," replies a pretty girl, who is arranging her ringlets at a glass, very much to the satisfaction of a young fellow in a braided frock, who stands gazing at her in the mirror with something very like a smile on his lip.

There's no mistaking that pair of dark-eyed fellows with aquiline noses and black ill-shaven beards—Hamburg or Dutch Jews, dealers in smuggled lace, cigars, and Geneva watches, and occasionally small money-lenders. How they scan the company as if calculating the profit they might turn them to! The very smile they wear seems to say, *Comment ce st doux de tromper les Chrétiens*. But, holloa! there was a splash! we are moving and the river is now more amusing than the passengers.

I should like to see the man that ever saw London from the Thames; or any part of it, save the big dome of St. Paul's, the top of the monument, or the gable of the great black-wharf, inscribed with 'Hodson's pale Ale.' What a devil of a row they do make. I thought we were into that fellow. See here's a wherry actually under our bow; where is she now? are they all lost already? Lo! there they go bobbing up and down, and looking after us, as if asking why we didn't sail over them. Ay! there comes an Indiaman, and that little black slug that's towing her up against the stream, is one of the Tug Company's craft; and see how all the others at anchor keep tossing and pitching about, as we pass by, like an awkward-room-full of people, rising at each new arrival.

There's Greenwich! a fine thing Greenwich. I like the old fellows that the first lord always makes stand in front, without legs or arms; a cheery sight: and there's a hulk, or an hospital-ship, or something of that kind.

"That's the Hexcellent," saith a shrill voice behind me.

"Ah! I know her, she's a revenue cruiser."

Lord, what liars are the Cockneys! The plot thickens every moment; here come little bright green and gold things, shooting past, like dragon-flies skimming the water, steaming down to Gravesend. What a mob of parasols cover the deck, and what kissing of hands and waving of handkerchiefs to anonymous acquaintances nowhere. More steamers—here's the "Boulogne boat," followed by the Ostender, and there rounding the reach comes the Ramsgate; and a white funnel, they say is the Cork

packet; and yonder, with her steam escaping, is the Edinburgh, her deck crowded with soldiers.

"Port—port it is—steady there—steady."

"Do you dine, sir?" quoth the steward to the pale gentleman. A faint "Yes." "And the ladies, too?" A more audible, "No."

"I say, steward," cries Sir Peter, "what's the hour for dinner?"

"Four o'clock, sir, after we pass Gravesend."

"Bring me some brandy and water, and a biscuit, then."

"Lud, Pa!"

"To be sure, dear—we shall be sick in the pool. They say there's a head wind."

How crowded they are on the forepart of the vessel! six carriages and eight horses, the latter belong to a Dutch dealer, who, by-the-by, seems a shrewd fellow, who, well knowing the extreme sympathy between horses and asses, leaves the care of his to some Cockneys, who come down every half hour to look after the tarpaulins, inspect the coverings, see the knee-caps safe, and ask if they want "ay;" and all this, that to some others on board they may appear as sporting characters, well versed in turf affairs, and quite up to stable management.

When the life and animation of the crowded river is passed, how vexatious it is to hear for the thousandth time the dissertations on English habits, customs, and constitution, delivered by some ill-informed, underbred fellow or other, to some eager German—a Frenchman happily is too self-sufficient ever to listen—who greedily swallows the farago of absurdity, which, according to the politics of his informant, represents the nation in a plethora of prosperity, or the last stage of inevitable ruin. I scarcely know which I detest the more: the insane toryism of the one, is about as sickening as the rabid radicalism of the other. The absurd misapprehensions foreigners entertain about us, are, in five cases out of ten, communicated by our own people; and in this way I have always remarked a far greater degree of ignorance about England and the English to prevail among those who have passed some weeks in the country, than among such as had never visited our shores. With the former the Thames Tunnel is our national boast; raw beef and boxing our national predilections; the public sale of our wives a national practice.

"But what's this? our paddles are backed. Any thing wrong, steward?"

"No, sir, only another passenger coming aboard."

"How they pull, and there's a stiff sea running too. A queer figure that is in the stern sheets; what a beard he has!"

I had just time for the observation, when a tall, athletic man, wrapped in a wide blue cloak, sprang on the deck—his eyes were shaded by large green spectacles and the broad brim of a very projecting hat; a black beard, a rabbi might have envied, descended from his chin, and hung down upon his bosom; he chucked a crown-piece to the boatman as he leaned over the bulwark, and then turning to the steward, called out—

"Eh, Jem! all right?"

"Yes, sir, all right," said the man, touching his hat respectfully.

The tall figure immediately disappeared down the companion-ladder, leaving me in the most puzzling state of doubt as to what manner of man he could possibly be. Had the problem been more easy of solution I should scarcely have resolved it when he again emerged—but how changed! The broad beaver had given place to a blue cloth foraging cap with a gold band around it; the beard had disappeared totally, and left no successor save a well-rounded chin; the spectacles also had vanished, and a pair

of sharp, intelligent grey eyes, with a most uncommon degree of knowingness in their expression, shone forth; and a thin and most accurately-curved moustache graced his upper lip, and gave a character of Vandykism to his features, which were really handsome. In person he was some six feet two, gracefully but strongly built; his costume, without any thing approaching conceit, was the perfection of fashionable attire—even to his gloves there was nothing which D'Orsay could have criticised; while his walk was the very type of that mode of progression which is only learned thoroughly by a daily stroll down St. James's-street, and the frequent practice of passing to and from Crockford's at all hours of the day and night.

The expression of his features was something so striking, I cannot help noting it: there was a jauntiness, an ease, no smirking, half-bred, self-satisfied look, such as a London linen-draper might wear on his trip to Margate; but a consummate sense of his own personal attractions and great natural advantages, had given a character to his features which seemed to say—it's quite clear there's no coming up to me: don't try it—*nascitur non fit*. His very voice implied it. The veriest commonplace fell from him with a look, a smile, a gesture, a something or other that made it tell; and men repeated his sayings without knowing that his was liquor that was lost in decanting. The way he scanned the passengers, and it was done in a second, was the practised observance of one who reads character at a glance. Over the Cockneys, and they were numerous, his eyes merely passed without bestowing any portion of attention; while to the lady part of the company his look was one of triumphant satisfaction, such as Louis XIV. might have bestowed when he gazed at the thousands in the garden of Versailles, and exclaimed, "*Oui! ces sont mes sujets.*" Such was the Honourable Jack Smallbranes, younger son of a peer, ex-captain in the Life Guards, winner of the Derby, but now the cleared-out man of fashion flying to the Continent to escape from the Fleet, and cautiously coming aboard in disguise below Gravesend, to escape the bore of a bailiff, and what he called the horror of bills "detested."

14; We read a great deal about Cincinnatus cultivating his cabbages, and we hear of Washington's retirement when the active period of his career had passed over, and a hundred similar instances are quoted for our admiration, of men, who could throw themselves at once from all the whirlwind excitement of great events, and seek in the humblest and least obtrusive position an occupation and an enjoyment. But I doubt very much if your ex-man of fashion, your *ci-devant* winner of the Derby—the adored of Almack's—the *enfant chéri* of Crockford's and the Clarendon, whose equipage was a model, whose plate was perfection, for whom life seemed too short for all the fascinations wealth spread around him, and each day brought the one embarrassment how to enjoy enough—I repeat it, I doubt much if he, when the hour of his abdication arrives—and that it will arrive sooner or later not even himself entertains a doubt—when Holditch protests and Bevan proceeds; when steeds are sold at Tattersall's and pictures at Christie's; when the hounds pass over to the next new victim, and the favourite for the St. Leger, backed with mighty odds, is now entered under another name; when in lieu of the bright eyes and honied words that make life a fairy tale, his genii are black-whiskered bailiffs and auctioneers' appraisers—if he, when the tide of fortune sets in so strong against him, can not only sustain himself for a while against it, and when too powerful at last, can lie upon the current and float as gaily down, as ever he did joyously up, the stream—then, say I, all your ancient and modern instances are far below him: all your warriors and statesmen are but poor

pretenders compared to him, they have retired like rich shop-keepers, to live on the interest of their fortune, which is fame; while he, deprived of all the accessories which gave him rank, place, and power, must seek within his own resources for all the future springs of his pleasure, and be satisfied to stand spectator of the game, where he was once the principal player. A most admirable specimen of this philosophy was presented by our new passenger, who, as he lounged against the binnacle, and took a deliberate survey of his fellow-travellers, seemed the very ideal of unbroken ease and undisturbed enjoyment: he knew he was ruined; he knew he had neither house in town or country; neither a steed, nor a yacht, nor a preserve; he was fully aware, that Storr and Mortimer, who would have given him a mountain of silver but yesterday, would not trust him with a mustard-pot to-day; that even "the legs" would laugh if he offered the odds on the Derby; and yet, if you were bound on oath to select the happiest fellow on board, by the testimony of your eyes, the choice would not have taken you five minutes. His attitude was ease itself; his legs slightly crossed, perhaps the better to exhibit a very well-rounded instep, which shone forth in all the splendour of French varnish; his travelling cap jauntily thrown on one side so as to display to better advantage his perfumed locks, that floated in a graceful manner somewhat lengthily on his neck; the shawl around his throat had so much of negligence, as to show that the splendid enamel pin that fastened it, was a thing of little moment to the wearer: all were in keeping with the *nonchalante* ease and self-satisfaction of his look, as with half-drooping lids he surveyed the deck, caressing with his jewelled fingers the silky line of his moustache, and evidently enjoying in his inmost soul the triumphant scene of conquest his very appearance excited. Indeed a less practised observer than himself could not fail to remark the unequivocal evidences the lady portion of the community bore to his success: the old ones looked boldly at him with that fearless intrepidity that characterises conscious security—their property was insured, and they cared not how near the fire came to them; the very young participated in the sentiment from an opposite reason—theirs was the unconsciousness of danger; but there was a middle term, what Balzac calls "*la femme de trente ans*," and she either looked over the bulwarks, or at the funnel, or on her book, any where in short but at our friend, who appeared to watch this studied denial on her part, with the same kind of enjoyment the captain of a frigate would contemplate the destruction his broadsides were making on his enemy's rigging—and perhaps the latter never deemed his conquest more assured by the hauling down of the colours, than did the "Honourable Jack," when a let-down veil convinced him the lady could bear no more.

I should like to have watched the proceedings on deck where, although no acquaintance had yet been formed, the indications of such were clearly visible: the alderman's daughters evincing a decided preference for walking on that side where Jack was standing, he studiously performing some small act of courtesy from time to time as they passed, removing a seat, kicking any small fragment of rope, &c.; but the motion of the packet began to advertise me that note-taking was at an end, and the best thing I could do would be to "compose" myself.

"What's the number, sir?" said the steward, as I staggered down the companion.

"I have got no berth," said I mournfully.

"A dark horse, not placed," said the Honourable Jack, smiling pleasantly as he looked after me, while I threw myself on a sofa and cursed the sea.

POLYHYMNIA; OR, SINGING FOR THE MILLION.*

How we wish that Rousseau could just rise for a few hours from his grave, and hear one of Hullah's or Mainzer's vast vocal armies—those "*greges mil-larii*," who combine their thousand discordant voices into one grand and harmonious whole. He would assuredly be compelled to admit that music was not an accidental discovery of the Egyptians, but that it is part and parcel of human nature. The first stave of "*Rule Britannia*," resounding from two thousand voices through the great room of Exeter Hall, would dissipate his narrow theory, and force him to seek, for the science of sweet sounds, some origin more catholic than the whistling of the winds through the reeds upon the banks of the Nile.

Some sapient dialecticians have defined man to be "a biped without feathers." Others, who very properly conceived it derogatory to the dignity of the lord of creation thus elaborately to prove him no turkey-cock or peafowl, have more nobly described him as "*a rational animal*." Bishop Walton, in the first of the far-famed *Prolegomena* to his great work, the *Polyglott Bible*, has followed the definition given by the most distinguished rabbinical writers, and terms man "*animal loquens*," a speaking animal. We are inclined to think that a logician of the present day would seek elsewhere for the essential difference of man. The musical epidemic which has spread from Germany over the Continent, has at length reached our shores. An harmonious contagion rages through every class of society. The halls of our public buildings are converted into great concert-rooms. And were we—with this new development before our eyes, and in our ears—were we called on to define

man, according to the rules of logic, by genus and essential difference, we should really be almost tempted to pronounce love of music to be the essential property which discriminates our species from our inferior fellow-creatures. "*A singing animal*" would, without any doubt, be our definition. Or should any jealous stickler for the honour of humanity suggest that such a definition would confound the classes of Hullah with the songsters of the grove, we should not object to borrow an emendation from the schools, and call ourselves *singing animals without feathers*.

No reflecting mind can contemplate this great national movement without considerable interest. We call it, advisedly, *a great national movement*; nor do we, in the least degree, admit that we are enthusiasts for entertaining such an opinion. Plato and Aristotle, differing, as they did, from each other in almost every other part of their political systems, both theoretic and practical, in one point, nevertheless, were coincident. They both agreed that music might be made a mighty instrument in the regulation of their ideal republics. The philosophic mind might find in that divine science materials for the profoundest contemplations—types and symbols of the order and harmony of the universe itself. And, then, for the ruder masses—the millions—what means so likely to attract them to civilization, and win them over to refinement! Which of the arts could for one moment compete with music, in appropriating as peculiarly its due the poet's commendation—

"*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes.
Emollit mores, nec ainit esse feroc.*"

Nor was the judicious and pro-

* Singing for the Million. A Practical Course of Musical Instruction, adapted from its pleasing simplicity and rapid effect, to render Musical Reading and Singing familiar to all ages, capacities, and conditions. Sixth edition. By Joseph Mainzer. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1842.

Wilhelm's Method of Teaching Singing, adapted to English use. Under the sanction of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. By John Hullah. Forty-fifth thousand. London: J. W. Parker. 1842.

foundly-meditative Hooker a less zealous advocate for music. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of citing the following noble and truly philosophical sentences:—

“Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition; such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing the effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby inclined to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages, and becometh all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections: there is that draweth to a marvellous, grave, and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time, in a manner severing it from the body;—so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual fa-

culties of the soul, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to kindle the spirit as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and moderate all affections.”

We are went to talk very big of “this nineteenth century,” and to imagine that our country, England at least, is a *magister artium ingenique largitor*, whose chief office should be, to waft civilization and humanization on the waves that bear her commerce to the earth's remotest bounds.

“Change wide and deep, and silently performed,
This land shall witness; and as days roll on,
Earth's universal frame shall feel the effect,
Even till the smallest habitable rock,
Beaten by lonely billows, hears the songs
Of humanized society, and blooms
With civil arts that send their fragrance forth,
A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
From culture, unexclusively bestowed
On Albion's noble race, in freedom born,
Expect these mighty issues.”

We are not quite as sanguine as Mr. Wordsworth in our expectations of these magnificent results of our foreign relations. At present, however, we would confine ourselves to a home view. Look at the masses of our manufacturing districts. In what state are the “civil arts” amongst our cotton-spinners, and pottery men, and colliers? Is society among them really humanized? Alas! alas! is not humanity itself almost extinct within them? Even though they can write a little and work the rule of three—even though they are dexterous and efficient in their several occupations—yet, are their minds in the least degree cultivated, their feelings developed, their tastes refined? Have they ever been taught the meaning of the term “beautiful”? Are they not all their lives accustomed to be treated, even by their parents, as *things*, valuable

chiefly for the work they can produce, not as *persons*, formed in God's own image, and carrying within them hearts, whose ineffable and innumerable tendernesses are no mean emblem of his infinity? Pass from our manufacturing to our rural population, and shall we find them raised very many degrees above the lusty steers that toil beneath their ploughs and waggons? How seldom does one meet a peasant, whose emotive nature has been sufficiently developed to render it less than mockery, to invite him to share the rapture which a lovely landscape kindles in each cultivated bosom! From earliest childhood he has been familiar, but he has never learned to converse, with nature. He has never been *taught to feel*, for feelings must be educated, the beauty of those objects amidst which his life is past. He has never learned to look with admiration on the rising or the setting sun, or so-lace himself with the songs of birds or the music of falling waters. He goes through his routine of daily toil as unimpressed by nature as his own spade and harrow. The force of habit renders him progressively yet more callous and impenetrable—until, at last, the unhappy boor becomes as incapable of any refinement of feeling, or elevation of taste, as the hogs and oxen that stock his farm. Surely in such classes of our population music has a field to exercise its magic powers of humanization, where it is as much needed as it ever was amongst the savage Thracians.

"Silvestres homines sacer interpresque
deorum,
Cædibus et victu fædo deteruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque
leones:
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor
arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece
blanda,
Ducere quo vellet."

These mythic fables veiled a deep and practical truth, which Aristotle, and Plato, and other profound thinkers of olden time, were able to uncover, and reveal in a clear visible form. They designed to intimate that music has a mighty power to influence mankind, when degraded so low that it would be utterly hopeless by any

other avenue to reach those sensibilities, which, even though undeveloped and uncultivated, still lie at the bottom, deep-buried, of every human heart. We are quite prepared for the contemptuous smile with which many a clever man—for the clever man of the present day is often a mere literary machine who *thinks* no more than an automaton—would receive the suggestion that the cultivation of music among our "millions" might tend very materially to meliorate their condition—to teach them, when no other instruction could gain any access—to strike the cords of humanity within them, and make them feel of themselves and their companions, that they are somewhat more than living machines—to open to them a new and constant source of pure enjoyment, which, while it attracted them from the Chartist cabal, from the cockpit, and the boxing-ring, and from still lower depths than these, would likewise educate their feelings, develop their emotions, and call forth those tastes—that love of harmony, that admiration of what is beautiful—which were implanted in our breasts that we might not bury all our thoughts in this low, grovelling world, but rise in heart and mind to our native skies, to Him who is the antitype of every perfection we discern in these his lowest works, the "first good, first perfect, and first fair!" This tendency of music to evolve the *religious* principle was seen by the ancients with a very remarkable degree of clearness. Their Orpheus, the personification of music, is a *sacred* character. He not merely civilizes men, but he makes them religious. He is not only a musician, but a priest. He is "*Thracius vates*," or "*sacer interpresque divorum*," or "*Threicius longa cum veste sacerdos*."

This is an age in which a reason is asked for any thing. The age of authority and of sentiment, as well as of chivalry, is gone. Reason is the universal goddess. The tendency of our popular theology is, to remove religion herself from the *heart*, and enthrone her in the intellect, amid abstract propositions and brain-splitting metaphysical theories. In such an age, then, the authority of the mighty dead is at a discount; and appeals to what we actually feel within us (strange delu-

sion !) are regarded as weakness or enthusiasm. We would, then, ask a hearing from pure intellect, while we endeavour to show that this power of melody is not a dream, but a fact, and to explain the *rationale* why music possesses such an influence to cultivate and refine, where no other education could hope for the least success.

We claim these matchless powers, then, for the divine science of harmony, because music is, as has been beautifully said, "the bridge from sense to soul." It is a source at once of sensual pleasure and of spiritual enjoyment. And it is from the circumstance that there is so much of mere *sensual* pleasure communicated by it that its influence over half-civilized masses is derived. The love of sweet sounds is almost as much a part of our *animal* constitution as the love of sweet tastes, or the desire of rest, or any other bodily appetite that can be mentioned. To men, therefore as *men*, no matter how degraded or debased, music will come home with pleasure, because it is the supply of a *natural* want, and the gratification of a natural propension. They will be attracted by it, because it is an instrument of pleasure. Those who are sunk very low will find no pleasure from the sister arts of poetry or painting, for they can afford no delight except to tastes which have been already educated. The sensual element in them is too subtil to be perceived by those who are "enclosed in their own fat," and buried in carnality. They address themselves little to the fleshly man. They produce pleasure, not so much by their power of calling forth simple natural emotions, as by their power of suggestion. And they must therefore be comparatively inoperative upon an uncultivated and uneducated population.

But no human being is too uneducated or too low in the scale of being to receive pleasure from sweet music. The most brutalized of our race can enjoy a good taste, nor should we suppose them less capable of receiving pleasure from a silvery sound. Thus admitted through the outward ears, a softening influence steals imperceptibly over the spirit. Here is just the meaning of those allegories which represented Orpheus and his mystic confraternity, as taming lions, mollify-

ing tigers, and moving the woods and impenetrable rocks. What was first a purely animal and sensual enjoyment, soon becomes an elevated and spiritual delight. The sounds which at first only gratified the ears, now touch the heart, elicit the feelings, purify the affections, and call forth the tenderest sensibilities of our nature.

Such, we might hope, may be the beneficial effects of musical instruction upon the lower orders of society. Nor can we overlook the innocent *luxury* which a taste for music would bestow upon the poor. We cannot but feel very deeply that a vast deal of heartlessness and harshness are evinced towards our humbler brethren by those who are in the main both well intentioned and benevolent. The friends of the poor have for the most part exerted themselves to debar them from dangerous, rather than supply them with, innocent enjoyments. There is a vast deal of zealous and conscientious endeavour to close the beer shops, and shut the railroads, upon Sunday ; and "horror sits plumed" upon many a rigid countenance, as its owner dilates upon the absolute necessity of keeping every poor person under our authority from the theatre and the show, from the race-course and ball-alley. All this *may* be very necessary and very right—but we should like to see a little more tenderness of feeling evinced than we have generally observed. We should like to hear the friends of the poor showing their kindness by something more than negations, and checks, and restrictions. We should like to hear some anxiety, if possible, to provide some *positive* enjoyment for those whose majority of hours must be passed in a dull monotony of toilsome drudgery. We are aware that this is an extremely difficult point. Every one who has had the charge of servants, or any other dependents, and who has been actuated by a conscientious interest about their welfare, knows full well how hard a matter it is to discover any amusement for them which is free from some positively dangerous tendency. How important then must be a pursuit, which, while it delights the senses, softens the heart, and raises the affections, and which, without losing a particle of its fascinating power over the animal nature,

can be sublimated into the highest and purest devotional exercise.

Nor is it only, or perhaps even principally, amongst the lowest classes that we should anticipate a great moral improvement from the diffusion of musical taste. Look at our men of business—see how they toil like galley slaves, fast bound in the chains of their tyrant mammon. See how the withering spirit of the world has dried up their very soul, and indurated their minds with a coarse shell of insensibility. How much pleasure, to take no higher ground—how much pleasure do such men lose in their passage through this world, by this desertion of what is natural, this bondage to what is artificial. How seldom has a man actively engaged in any busy walk of life, the courage plainly to ask himself, is what what I am engaged in really for my *happiness*? Alas! true *self-love* is very rare among our men of business, however common *selfishness* may be. There are no masters so cruel as wordly men are to themselves. We wish one lovely sonnet of Wordsworth's were engraved in golden letters over every desk in our banks, and counting houses, and law courts:

The world is too much with us! late
and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste our
powers,
Little there is in nature we call ours.
We have given away our *hearts*—a
sordid boon!
That sea which bares its bosom to the
moon,
Those clouds that will be weeping at all
hours,
And are upgathered now like summer
flowers,
For this—for every thing—we are out
of time!
They move us not! O God, I'd rather be
A pagan, cradled in a creed outworn,
So might I—standing on this pleasant
lea—
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn!
Have sight of Proteus rising from the
sea,
Or hear Old Triton blow his many-
wreathed horn.

These, indeed, are words which strike home to the very heart. And how powerfully would the cultivation of musical taste act as an antidote to this

worldliness—this withering worldliness of spirit which is so peculiarly the bane of this shop-keeping age. There is an influence in music which is pre-eminently *unworldly*. Its accents are addressed to the heart. Its tendency is to develop exactly that portion of our constitution to which the utilitarian atmosphere of the day is so uncongenial and unfriendly—the emotions, the sensibilities, the feelings which can comprehend and admire the *sublime*—what is lovely in morals and beautiful in nature.

Again, as an improvement in the social pleasures of the upper classes, who can contemplate without the most delightful anticipation the prospect of our really becoming a musical nation. There is no disputing the fact that as a nation, (we include English, Scotch, and Irish, in the charge,) we have not the art of agreeable conversation. We doubt if two or three of our formal dinner parties would not have made Maimonides reconsider his definition of man as a "speaking animal." Do we often pay a morning visit, except to *particular* friends, without much reluctance? Are we often much disappointed at finding the "family not at home." Have we often failed during the progress of an evening party to think of purgatory? Have we often been invited to meet a party of eminent literary men, without ending the evening with some such soliloquy as this, "after all how extremely stupid I have been." The truth cannot be denied that we have not yet learned in these countries the art of making our social meetings agreeable. We do not understand in the least degree the feelings with which a Frenchman looks forward through the toils of the day to the luxury of a social evening. However we may delude ourselves, the real verity is that our intercourse with society instead of being an elevating enjoyment, is generally an irksome and unpleasant thing, which must be gone through because it is the custom. It is all very well when we are young, and find pleasure in every thing, but give it time, and society will sicken us at last. Let us become well acquainted with it, and we shall find out its dullness. See how anxiously the commencement of dancing is looked for in a large room of company, because it

relieves so many from the embarrassing predicament of having nothing to say. And yet, after all, it is very degrading to human nature, that an assembly of our best educated classes should find it so hard to furnish each other with any mental entertainment for an hour or two, that they are driven for mental amusement to kick their heels about the floor.

Now, unquestionably, good musical performances would be a wonderful improvement upon our "dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable" assemblies. Conversation would flow much more agreeably and easily when diversified by some harmonious interludes. And if we were properly educated, every room of company would furnish the materials for a delightful concert. Every time we mingled with society would be an opportunity for improving ourselves in the most graceful of accomplishments. Imagine what a new tone would be given to our dinners and evening parties if the choral compositions of Handel and Hayden, Beethoven, and Mozart, formed a part of the entertainment. Conceive how a morning visit would be relieved by being made use of to practise some new duet, or trio, or quartette. Fancy how much it would elevate our country gentlemen if a few hours were stolen each day from the sports of the field to bestow upon vocal and instrumental music. How many hours might thus be rescued from *enusi*. How many wide-opening yawns and deep-drawn sighs might thus be saved. How many softening influences and elevating thoughts, might thus be insinuated into minds unprepared to receive good in any more didactic and less fascinating form.

But it is chiefly from its bearings upon our ecclesiastical system that we look upon the present musical development as a deeply interesting and important movement. There is a growing, and, however some amiable enthusiasts

may transgress the line of wisdom, a most wise desire, to work the external machinery of the church more effectively—to make her solemnities more impressive and affecting—to exemplify in practice the *via media* which she has chosen for herself, as far removed from the nakedness of Puritanism as from the over-burdened ceremonialism of Rome. And of those subsidiary means, by which the church would enlist the sympathies of the youthful mind, and attract all her worshippers of every age, she regards her music as the chief. Her liturgy is constructed on the supposition that a great part of it is to be sung. For many years indeed, in most of our churches, this most essential part of God's solemn service has been totally neglected; there has been either no singing at all, or, more grievous alternative, such singing only as was produced by the nasal* organs of that anomalous animal, the parish clerk.

We know that there are many so disposed by nature or by habit to puritanize, that they feel extremely jealous of any considerable improvement in our church music. They profess that they find from their own experience something unfriendly to devotion in our cathedral service, while they perceive a peculiar adaptation, in nasal twangs and stentorian braying, to glorify God, and honour his holy name. They deliver themselves of a number of cant phrases, in which, for the life of us, we never could discover the least glimmer of meaning, such as "the *heart* is the great point, and the *music* signifies but little." "I like to hear a person singing whether they have a voice or not." "It matters not so much about the singing, devotion is the thing." All these "pleas for discord," as it seems to us, must be grounded upon either of these two principles—either that *bad* music is in itself peculiarly suited to give wings to our devotion, or that it is peculiarly fitted for the service and praise of the

* A witty friend of ours once remarked that he had constantly observed that it was the uniform practice of parish clerks to use their pocket-handkerchief before they began the psalm. Our friend being of a philosophic turn, puzzled himself to find out a reason for this phenomenon. At length he hit upon an explanation which completely satisfied him—namely, that the parish clerks always *sing through* their nose, and hence the necessity they experience of clearing their musical organ before a performance!

Most High. We shall leave these propositions to be dealt with by our readers.

In the platform of the Jewish church an important and prominent position was occupied by sacred music. We find in the reign of David (1 Chron. xxiii.) no less than four thousand Levites devoted exclusively to the choral service of the temple, "to praise the Lord with the instruments," "for song in the house of the Lord, with cymbals, psalteries, and harps, for the service of the house of God." And in the descriptions of the church above, on which the beloved disciple so delights to dwell, music seems the favourite occupation of that blessed society. Does the Lamb stand on the Mount of Sion? An innumerable choir sing a new song before his throne. Does he receive from Him who sits upon the throne the mysterious book. Saints and angels, their number ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, unite their voices in one stupendous chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." The choral symphony never dies away in the celestial temple, for they cease not day nor night crying, Holy, Holy, Holy! In short, almost every time that the Revelation removes the intervening clouds and introduces us to the glorious society of the church triumphant in heaven, we find that music is their delightful employment, we hear their praises and their prayers rising in holy melody before the throne of God!

These divine examples the Christian church in every age has thought it meet to imitate and follow. The catholic church, militant here in earth, has ever loved to join her voice with the harmonies of heaven. The custom of singing the Psalms from side to side, as it is done in our cathedrals, may be traced to the apostolic age. Socrates records that it was practised in the church at Antioch when Ignatius the disciple and friend of the blessed apostles, was the bishop. It does not seem to have been so early introduced into the western church, but in the fourth century we find traces of the custom both at Rome and Milan, when Damasus and Basil were respectively the

bishops of those sees. St. Basil mentions in one of his epistles, (Ep. ad Clerum Neocæs, Ep. 63,) "that the people in his time rising before it was light, went to the house of prayer, and there in great agony of soul and incessant showers of tears, made confession of their sins to God; and then rising from their prayers, proceeded to singing of Psalms, dividing themselves into two parts, and singing by turns." And who can pretend to estimate how much religion owes to these soul-elevating hymns which have thus been rising for eighteen centuries? Who can say, in ages and countries where the light of true doctrine was shaded by clouds of error, how many hearts have been touched, how many sacred affections raised, by the music of the church? Who will number all the tears of penitence, the offerings of praise, the overflowings of thanksgiving, the kindling emotions of love and joy, which have been produced by the chanting of the Psalms of David. "The Prophet David," again to quote from the immortal Hooker, "having singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God; left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely indited poems; and was, further, the author of adding unto poetry, melody in public prayer, melody both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which consideration the church of Christ doth likewise at the present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and a help to our own devotion. They must have hearts very dry and tough from whom the melody of the Psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind, religiously affected, delighted. St. Basil saith: 'whereas the Holy Spirit saw that mankind is unto virtue hardly drawn, and that righteousness is the least accounted of by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth, it pleased the wisdom of that same Spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure, which, mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear to convey, as it were by stealth, the treasures of good things into man's mind. To this purpose were

those harmonious tunes of Psalms devised for us, that they which are either in years but young, or touching perfection of virtue as yet not grown to ripeness, might, when they think they sing, learn. Oh, the wise conceit of that heavenly teacher, which bath by his skill found out a way, that doing those things wherein we delight, we may also learn that whereby we profit.'"

It was evidently the intention of the compilers of our liturgy that music should be largely employed in the public services of the Church of England. Besides the Psalms at morning and evening prayer, the hymns which follow the first and second lessons are permitted to be sung. The solemn confessions of her faith, the Apostles', Athanasian, and Nicene creeds, the church orders to be "sung or said," thus evidently intimating that the preferable mode, wherever practicable, is to *sing* them, allowing us to *say* them when that alternative is necessary. In the most fervent of our supplications she desires to raise her devotion to the highest point by the aid of music, commanding her litany to be "sung or said," thus again giving the preference to singing. One example more. "The Order for the Burial of the Dead." In this last office which the church performs over the graves of her children, she calls in the aid of music to heighten the effect, and deepen the impressions of that solemn occasion; and prescribes that when practicable, a large proportion of the service shall be *sung*.

Thus, theoretically, music forms a most important element in the services of the Church of England. And we verily believe, until this element is practically evolved, that the church cannot make fair trial of her powers. Will any man of common sense tell us that the droning of a solo clerk, or the screaming of a few discordant trebles, ay, and the bad taste and vulgarity of some of those modern hymns which are so often substituted for the music of the church, will not go far to neutralize, or banish the solemn, and yet elevated devotion which our liturgy is so calculated to produce? Will any one tell us that such disgusting bur-

lesques suit well the tone and spirit of our noble collects? Will any one maintain that they are really calculated to *raise* our devotional feelings, and elicit emotions meet for those whose feet stand in the house of their God. And, in the name of reason, what else can be the use of church music? The mere *opus operatum* of mouths being opened and sounds produced cannot be the thing designed. If music be prescribed as part of the worship of God, what absurdity to substitute for music *exactly* the thing most *exactly* opposite to it, namely, discord, as a fulfilment of this command.

Yes, the music of the church, even tolerably cultivated, would tell potently upon the religion of our country. How many who now sit listless and uninterested in our country churches, how many who never enter a church, would be attracted by fine music, and learn instruction from those sounds which they first listened to only as a luxury. How many who could cast no other gift into God's treasury, might "lay up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come," by consecrating their voice to his praise. How many children would call the Sabbath a delight, principally because they were early trained to take their part in the sacred chorus. How many happy associations would bind the heart of each village choir to the church where they had first been thrilled by the organ's swell, and where with their earliest friends and companions they had been taught to sing the praise of God with joyful lips. With what interest would each recurring festival be regarded, even to imbecile old age, which brought with it the remembrance of the Easter or the Christmas anthem, in which we were wont to join our own with voices long since silent! The music of the church would gather round the church itself, and thus raise and sanctify all those tender feelings which our national lyrist has depicted in these exquisite lines:—

When through life unblest we rove
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear. :

Oh, how welcome breathes the strain !

Waking thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again

In faded eyes that long have wept !

Like the gale that sighs along

Beds of oriental flow'rs,

Is the grateful breath of song,

That once was heard in happier hours.

Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,

Though the flowers have sunk in death ;

So when pleasure's dream is gone,

Its memory lives in music's breath.

We are convinced that the music of the church would attach the hearts of children by ties that never could be broken. And not merely would the music of the church thus bind her children to herself, it would likewise form such an elegance of taste, as would drive them back to her bosom, by a repulsive power, from the meeting-house and the conventicle. We defy any person who has been trained to the music of the church, whose early tastes have been formed to the regular chanting of the Psalms, and the compositions of our standard English school of cathedral music, the anthems and services of Clarke and Aldridge, of Green and Travers, of Crotch and Blow—we defy any one so trained, except some second Midas, to tolerate that ineffable compound of vulgarity and cant which go to make up, along with stentorian and sincere (we do not mean unmingled) dissonance, a good meeting-house performance.

Who can read without some degree of sympathy the following lines from the pen of one whom we can never think of without sorrow, the elegant-minded, the enthusiastic, the unfortunate Hazlitt. "I remember once straying along the margin of a stream, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels, and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight, when all of a sudden I was startled by the sound of the full organ, pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose like an exhalation of rich, distilled perfumes. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness ; the silence of a thousand years spoke

in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death—fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and then poured on its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of this world." We do not mean to stamp with our unqualified approval, the sentiment, the metaphors, or the diction of this passage. But who can read it without perceiving in it the marks of just that sensibility of mind which might have been powerfully attracted by a full development of the church system, and indelibly impressed in childhood by the music of the church. If Hazlitt, when a child, had learned to love our services, and himself to bear a part in sacred melody, would that heart which was so lastingly struck by these passing sounds, have continued unimpressed ? would he himself probably have turned out a sceptic or a revolutionist ?

We ourselves can record, from our own experience, a circumstance somewhat similar to that described by Mr. Hazlitt. In the course of our peregrinations last summer, we found ourselves one Friday morning in the little town of Fethard, which is situated in the heart of Tipperary, *horrendum nomen* ! We were at once delighted and surprised to hear a fine chime of bells ringing out their merry peals from the old grey church tower, for the music of bells is rarely heard in the wilds of Munster. We were attracted by the sound to the church itself, and on entering it we were charmed to find ourselves in a fine Gothic structure, far more like a cathedral than most of our cathedral structures in Ireland. But our pleasure and surprise was still further heightened when we listened to the performance of the village choir. They were aided, indeed, not by the swelling tones of the organ, but by the humble strains of a piano-forte ! Notwithstanding this deficiency, we have often heard the Psalms worse chanted in some of our most celebrated cathedrals. The trebles were absolutely beautiful. One contra tenor voice struck us as peculiarly fine, and the two bassi were by no means despicable. The whole effect was admirable. We well remember the very chants. They were three ; one of Aldridge's

one of Langdon's, one of our own Stevenson's. We could not help feeling very deeply and lastingly impressed. We thought with ourselves how mighty the effect would be upon the country if the service of all our village churches was so conducted. How useful must such music be in preparing the minds of the congregation to listen to the evangelical and eloquent discourses of their distinguished and apostolic pastor,* under whose fostering care this village choir has been raised up!

Holding, as we do, such views as we have endeavoured to sketch out, respecting the important effect of music cultivation upon the general manners of society, and particularly upon our ecclesiastical system, we hail it as a most interesting and auspicious circumstance that the subject has at length attracted the attention of the legislature. The unreflecting worldling may smile with contempt at the idea of a British minister busying himself about crotchets and quavers, but the philosopher, who looks a little below the surface for the causes of national character and national greatness, will perhaps be inclined to doubt whether any of Sir Robert Peel's masterly financial measures will so powerfully affect the future history of the English people, as that simple arrangement which has made musical instruction a portion of the teaching of the national schools.

The committee of council on education, from the reports of their inspectors, were made acquainted with the fact that the cultivation of vocal music was totally neglected in the elementary schools of Great Britain. Their lordships were nevertheless convinced that the population of the sister island are naturally gifted with musical taste, from the manner in which the children, without any instruction, quickly pick up, by imitation, the psalm and hymn tunes employed in divine worship, and frequently sing them for amusement at their homes.

The committee of council became so strongly impressed with the necessity of remedying this deficiency, that they turned their attention, with a

most laudable anxiety, to the best method of introducing musical instruction into the elementary schools. They were, however, stopped in *limine* by the want of any system adapted for the purpose. "Among the impediments," we quote from the minute of the committee of council, prefixed to the work of Mr. Hullah, published under their lordships' superintendence, "among the impediments to the introduction of a more general cultivation of vocal music among the lower orders of Great Britain, has been the want of a method of instruction facilitating the teaching of vocal music in the elementary schools. As a preliminary to the preparation of such a method, their lordships had directed their secretary to collect or procure from various parts of Europe, where vocal music had been cultivated in elementary schools, the books in most general use in normal schools, and in the schools of the communes and of the towns: The manuals of vocal music were accordingly collected in Switzerland; Holland, the German States, Prussia, Austria, and France.

"The chief common characteristic of these works is, that they are generally framed in the synthetic order, and proceed from the simplest elements, with more or less skill, to those which are more difficult and complex. The synthetic method appeared to be developed with the greatest skill and care in the work published by M. Wilhem, under the sanction of the minister of public instruction in Paris.

"The accounts which their lordships received of the success of this method in Paris, induced them to direct their secretary to procure for them the assistance of Mr. Hullah, who was known to have given much attention to the subject, and to have been already engaged in making trials of the method. They were directed to proceed to Paris, to examine in detail the expedients resorted to in the practical application of this method to elementary schools; and also to communicate with the minister of public instruction, and with M. Wilhem, previously to the preparation of this

* The Rev. Henry Woodward, the Rector of Fethard, is well known to our readers as an eminent writer, and one of our first pulpit orators.

method for the use of elementary schools in England."

Certainly no higher practical testimony could be given to M. Wilhem's method than that he has succeeded in teaching the volatile Parisians. He must have the art of making his instructions very amusing, or he would not allure hundreds of Parisian youths each evening to his class rooms from the cafés and gardens, from the Boulevards, and the thousand *divertissemens* of the city of pleasure. And yet such is the pleasing fact. Mr. Kay, the secretary of the committee of council, found not less than four hundred artisans assembled in the Halle-aux-draps, receiving evening instruction from M. Hubert, the most distinguished of M. Wilhem's assistants.

In accordance with the directions of the committee of council, Mr. Hullah proceeded, after a careful examination of the various continental systems, to compile a manual of musical instruction suited to the use of English elementary schools. Of his intended work only the first part has been published, which is designed for beginners. He proposes shortly to bring out a second part, containing more of the science of music, and suited to give information to those who are not content with singing at sight, but desire to understand something of the *science*, as opposed to the *art*, of music.

This first part, whose title stands at the head of this article, is most admirably executed. Following the synthetic method, it proceeds from the gamut to intervals, and from intervals to simple airs, arranged for one, two, and three voices. A catechetical form has been adopted, which tends very much to facilitate the teacher's business, while it impresses his instructions upon the learners. The entire is arranged in so simple and methodical a manner, that, with the aid of Mr. Hullah's book, and the papers which are referred to in it, and printed in a cheap form, any person moderately skilled in music could undertake successfully the instruction of a class.

It is in fact a good grammar of music, and nothing more. The manual evolutions, which to the uninitiated appear so much the essence of the system, are in truth a very insignificant part, and might be perfectly dispensed

with. Neither M. Wilhem nor Mr. Hullah, have made any *discovery* in music. They have merely arranged a very convenient method of teaching children what, it is needless to say, every musician knew before. A great deal of mystification, as it appears to us, prevails on this point. Many people speak of the "new system," as if they thought some wonderful secret had been discovered of making all the world musicians. The "new system" is nothing more than a good mode of teaching; but the best technical mode cannot make proficient without diligence in the instructor, and diligence in the scholars. Mr. Hullah's system is in teaching music just what the Lancasterian system is in teaching a parochial school. They are both good methods of communicating instruction and nothing more. We are the more anxious clearly to explain this point, as we have known very injurious effects to result from a misconception of it. We know more than one instance where persons took up the "new system" with enthusiasm, expecting that they had really possessed themselves of a magic power to transmute those who never saw a musical note into good singers by the easy process of a few weeks' instruction. Such unreasonable expectations were, of course, utterly disappointed. The plan was then given up in disgust as a failure. The *system* of instruction was expected to supply the place of teacher's diligence, pupil's attention, and time's indispensable assistance. Such a load of absurd expectations not even the Atlantean shoulders of Hullah's system could sustain. It sank beneath the load, and as it fell was scouted by its quondam admirers as a most decided and justly prostrate *humbug*!

Although many of the teachers of Mr. Hullah's system seem disposed to encourage the notion, that there is something mysterious, something never before heard of, in their instructions; yet we are gratified to find the real state of the case plainly and honestly laid down in the "Minute of the Committee of Council," prefixed, by their lordships' authority, to his work:—"This method is at once simple and scientific—it contains no new and startling theories; makes no attempt at the very questionable advantage of

new musical characters; and rests its only claims to novelty upon a careful analysis of the theory and practice of vocal music, from which the arrangement of the lessons results, and which ascend from lessons of the simplest character, on matters adapted to the comprehension of a child, through a series of steps, until those subjects, which it might otherwise be difficult to understand, are introduced in a natural and logical order, so as to appear as simple and easy as the earliest steps of the method."

We cannot help expressing our dissent from the following theory of musical universalism, although it is broached by authority of the committee—"Persons must be informed that every individual, in a state of average bodily health, is capable of producing musical sounds unless the vocal organ has been the subject of some specific disease. 'Every ear,' says an ingenious writer on this subject, 'in a healthy state, is a musical ear; no voice means a voice never exercised; no ear means an ear whose power of attention has never been trained.' Frequent and well-directed practice will mend the least tuneful voice; and attention to the correct intonation of others will improve the most obstinate ear." This breathes strongly the spirit of wholesale theorizing so prevalent in our day. We believe a bad ear to be an "immedicabile vulnus." It is as much a natural defect as purblind vision, or want of a good palate. How many professional musicians have we known who, with all their "frequent practice," and "attention to the correct intonation of others," could, after all, scarce execute five bars consecutively without grating on any tolerable ear.

The whole apparatus necessary for communicating instruction, according to the system, to a class of forty persons, may be had for about two pounds. All that is required for the purpose is Mr. Hullah's Manual of Instruction for Teachers, a set of exercise books for the pupils, a large black board, ruled with large staves, and supported by an easel, a second large black board and easel, for the reception of such figures as may be required to illustrate the lesson, a sponge, some chalk, a small wand with which to point and

beat time, and a tuning-fork, sounding the note *Do* (C). The cost of all these articles, chalk, sponge, and all, will be somewhat under two pounds sterling.

The great difficulty, of course, will be to find persons qualified to teach our parochial schools. Every schoolmaster *ought* to be able, but hardly any *are* able. To supply this great want a singing school for schoolmasters has been opened in Exeter Hall, and already the masters, under tuition of Mr. Hullah, have made a rapid progress. "Every schoolmaster of a rural parish," again to cite the language of the committee of council, "ought to instruct the children in vocal music, and to be capable of conducting a singing class among the young men and women. The instruction thus communicated would enable him, with such assistance as he might receive from the clergyman, to form a respectable vocal choir for the village church. This, in itself, would tend to increase the attendance on divine worship among the uneducated, and would spread an interest in the services of religion, which might prove the first to more important benefits." We earnestly trust that the committee of our own excellent Church-Education Society will do something to bring about a consummation so devoutly to be wished for. Surely it would not be very difficult to establish a singing school for schoolmasters in connection with the metropolitan model and training schools. We are convinced that the zeal and energy which are lavished by our clergy upon such a multiplicity of objects, many of them foreign, many of them at least not *necessary*, could not be turned into any channel more useful and more legitimate than the improvement of the music of their parish churches.

We cannot draw to a conclusion without expressing how much we have been gratified by the tone and spirit of the songs arranged or composed by Mr. Hullah for the use of schools. They are all of a directly good tendency, while they are totally free from that revolting phraseology which deforms so many of our popular hymns, and which exercises so deleterious an effect upon the simple minds of children. We cannot refrain from afford-

ing our readers one specimen. How unsophisticated, how cheerful, and how edifying are the words! The air is sweetly harmonised for first and second voices. We commend the "The Lark" more especially to our fair readers. Alas! that we cannot leave our study table and ponderous tomes behind us, and follow our own pages into some of those elegant bou-

doirs to which they, happy leaves, will penetrate, and smooth the wrinkles of our thoughtful brow, as we looked on some of the many, very many, pretty mouths, which, we flatter ourselves, will part their rosy lips, and send forth their most dulcet notes, to give its best effect to a piece of music actually recommended to them by the grave authority of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE!

THE LARK.

Composed by John Hullah.

p

1. From his low and gras-sy bed, See the warb-ling lark a -
 2. Smell his gifts com-par'd with mine, Poor my thanks with his com -

p

rise! By his grate-ful wish-es led, Through the clear bright morning
 par'd! Yet I have a soul di-vine; An-gels' gifts with me are

Cres. *ff* *Dec.*

skies! Songs of thanks and praise he pours, Fill-ing all the arch of
 shar'd! Wake, my soul, to praise as-pire! Rea-son, all thy pow'rs ac -

Cres. *ff*

space; Sing-ing as he high-er soars, T'wards the throne of heav'nly grace.
 cord! Help to tune this tremb-ling lyre, That would glad-ly praise the Lord!

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. XVIII.

FREILIGRATH'S POEMS.*

POEMS!—Ay, in good sooth, and Pictures too!—only so atrociously vivid and Chinese in their colouring—so like a chandler's dipping-vault, all glare, without even the suspicion of a shade—that we almost fear to look upon them, lest

“—blasted with excess of light,
We close our eyes in endless night!”

What a “waste” of sun!—and what still more extensive wastes of sand! And then such snow and ice!—

“Ice and snow, above, below,
Peaks of ice, valleys of snow;
Never a vestige of azure or vernal,
But the snows are old and the ice is eternal.”

We beg to acquaint our friend Freiligrath, in the emphatic language of Jeffrey to Wordsworth, that “this will never do.” As Shelley indignantly remarks,

“It is so bright that the high noon doth breed
No shadow in the sky beside one's own!”

and one becomes almost opthalmic by anticipation. Surely an artist, when he paints Indian landscapes, ought to use a little Indian ink. He should afford some “relief” to his own white and yellow, though he may care nothing about relieving other people's eyes.

Ah! slender is our chance of prevailing with Ferdinand, and slight our hope of making an impression on Freiligrath. You would suppose, reader, from a survey of him as (without his “proud courser from Alexandria”) he toils onward yonder, knee-deep in the sands of the great Syrian Desert—that he had got enough and

to spare of all this hard bright barrenness—this meridian glow and glare. Behold him, worn and woe-begone as he is,—looking like the Anatomie Vivante à l'Arabe, “like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring,” or like Peter Schlemihl's shadow in search of Peter,—compelled, from sheer exhaustion, like the refugee Brown in the woods of Canada, to use one foot in order to push on the other—and inhaling at every breath somewhat less than an avoirdupoise ounce of that sand which sweeps fifty ways at once, as though Young's hypothesis were about to be realized, and -

“——— each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust!”†

Blind, brokenwinded, bewildered,—blinking like an owl—broiling like a herring—almost ready, like Mungo Park in the wilderness of Queira, to lay himself *nez à terre*, and gasp his last without inconveniencing the apothecary,—how faint, according to your notions, are his prospects of ever again replenishing a hookah within the precincts of the Golden Horn! See,—the sun is going down—you would stake the queen's crown to a huckaback turban that Ferdinand goes down along with him! Bah! you know nothing about the matter—or the man. Ferdinand drops not, droops not, yet! There be many lives in the bosom of that spectral pedestrian wayfarer! Heard you not the tramp of hoofs? Look!—

“What steed to the Desert flies frantic and far?”

It is his own—his Alexandrina—who goes upon six feet instead of four—and

* Gedichte von F. F.—Dritte, vermehrte Auflage. Poems, by Ferdinand Freiligrath. Third edition, enlarged. Stuttgart and Tübingen, 1840.

† “Has matter innate motion? Then, each atom

Asserting its indisputable right

To dance, would form an universe of dust!”

Young's Night-Thoughts.

concerning whom you may, or rather must, read more on page 34 of our present article. In the twinkling of a toman he is on the back of the fiery but faithful animal, and, feeling himself once again, like Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek,

“As tall a man as any in Illyria,”

gallops off, and in a comparatively short period from that fortunate moment (thirty minutes, by one of Tommy Moore's time-dials, the Balbec pillars*) is discovered smoking, (*en attendant* the coffee-pot) in dignified silence, an absurdly tortuous tcheebok, on a gold-fringed ottoman, by the side of His Ever-Serene and now-and-then Tempestuous Highness, Muhmud-Ibn-Alee-Sooleinaun-Baba, the six-tailed Pasha of Shem, *alias* Damascus.

Let him alone then,—leave him to cry, “Sand, ho!” to the end of the chapter. He is after all a man of distinguished genius, and a genuine poet, in the true sense of that often-profaned word. We are but little disposed to prepossessions in favour of new acquaintances, whether in literature or life—yet we confess we have been much struck by the extraordinary vigour and originality exhibited in many of his productions. Take, for example, the following poem, with which the volume before us opens. It bears the date of 1826; and its author was then but sixteen years of age—yet what wonderfully graphic power it manifests! We recommend it as a study to Herr Kopisch—the *Salvator Rosa* redivivus of Berlin.

Iceland-Moss Tea.

Old even in boyhood, faint and ill,
And sleepless on my couch of woe,
I sip this beverage, which I owe
To Geyser's depths and Hecla's hill.

In fields where ice lies layer on layer,
And lava hardens o'er the whole—
And the Circle of the Arctic Pole
Looks forth on snow-crag's ever bare—

Where fierce volcanic fires burn blue
Through many a meteor-lighted night,
'Mid springs that foam in boiling might,
These blandly-bitter lichens grew.

Where, from the mountain's furnace-lair,
From thousand smoke-enveloped cones,
Colossal blocks of red-hot stones
Are night by night uphurled in air—

(Like blood-red Saga-birds of yore)
While o'er the immeasurable snows
A sea of burning resin flows
Bubbling like molten metal ore—

Where from the Jokul† to the strand
The dimmed eye turns from smoke and steam
Only to track some sulphur-stream
That seethes along the blasted land—

* “Joyless, she sees the sun look down
On that great temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!” — *Lalla Rookh*.

† Ice-hills.

Where clouds lie black on cinder-piles,
And all night long the lone Seal moans,
As, one by one, the mighty stones
Fall echoing down on far-off isles—

Where, in a word, hills vomit flame,
And storms for ever lash the sea,
There sprang this bitter moss for me,
Thence this astringent potion came.

Yes! and my heart beats lightlier now,
My blood begins to dance along:
I now feel strong—O, more than strong!
I feel transformed I know not how!

The Meteor-lights are in my brain—
I see through smoke the Desolate Shore—
The raging Torrent sweeps once more
From Hecla's crater o'er the plain.

Deep in my breast the Boiling Springs
Beneath apparent ice are stirred—
My thoughts are each a Saga-bird,
With tongues of livid flame for wings!

Ha!—what if this green beverage be
The Chalice of my future Life—
If now, as in yon Isle, the strife
Of Snow and Fire be born in me!

Oh, be it thus! Oh, let me feel
The lava-flood in every vein!
Be mine the Will that conquers Pain—
The heart of rock—the nerves of steel!

Oh, let the flames that burn unfed
Within me wax until they glow,
Volcano-like, through even the snow
That in few years shall strew my head!

And, as the stones that Hecla sees
Flung up to heaven through fiery rain
Descend like thunderbolts again
Upon the distant Faroëse,*

So let the rude but burning rhymes
Cast from the cauldron of my breast
Again fall flashing down, and rest
On human hearts in farthest climes!

There was but little fear that he who at sixteen could thus revel in the sublime desolation of icy wastes and burning mountains, would at any future period subside into the drawing-room song-singer. We find no love-ditties among Freiligrath's poems—no light lays meet for ladies' ears. The only album he was ambitious of in-

scribing his name in was the Album at Chamouni on the High Alps—the only *Jungfrau* to whose "brow" he felt disposed to dedicate a sonnet was the Jungfrau Mountain in Switzerland. Yet he did not travel. As far as his materials for bookmaking were concerned there was no necessity. The fine, far-penetrating clairvoyance pe-

* A cluster of islands in the Northern Ocean, to the N.E. of Shetland.
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cular to the *Past* supplied every desideratum, and at once placed him *au fait* of all the geographical knowledge he wanted. It is to the mysterious magic of this wonderful agency that we are to ascribe the extensive acquaintance his poetry displays with even the minutest characteristics of foreign countries—an acquaintance which upon any other principles must appear inexplicable. But we are forgetting that these things should not be dwelt on in presence of the uninitiated. We pass on to another poem.

On the 21st of July, 1798, the Battle of the Pyramids was fought in Egypt between Mourad Bey and General Buonaparte. Some of the Arabs, who detested the Mamelukes, and dreaded the Sultaun Khebir—the Sultaun of Fire, as they styled Napoleon,—ranged themselves on the side

of the French. Among them was (we will suppose) a young warrior, who performed prodigies of valour, and of course came in for his share of the laurels and plunder of the victors: the army, however, (let us fancy,) soon lost sight of him, and nobody was ever able to track his whereabouts. The whole universe in fact gave him up as a gone man, until the year 1840, when Freilgrath's volume of smoke and sand came forth; and it then appeared that he had been visible for five minutes on Mount Sinai ten years before—shortly after the accession of the King of the Barricades to the throne of Saint Louis. Here is the Sandman's anecdote—related as through a ship's trumpet. Out of that five minutes' glimpse our friend has succeeded in constructing as noble a poem as ever was founded upon fact.

The Sheik of Mount Sinai.

A NARRATIVE OF OCTOBER, 1830.

"How sayest thou? Came to-day the Caravan
From Africa? And is it here?—'Tis well!
Bear me beyond the tent, me and mine ottomân!
I would myself behold it. I feel eager
To learn the youngest news. As the Gazelle
Rushes to drink will I to hear, and gather thence fresh vigour."

So spake the Sheik. They bore him forth; and thus began the Moor—
"Old man! Upon Algeria's towers the Tricouleur is flying!
Bright silks of Lyons rustle at each balcony and door;
In the streets the loud Reveil resounds at break of day:
Steeds prance to the Marseillais o'er heaps of Dead and Dying.
The Franks came from Toulon, men say.

"Southwards their legions marched through burning lands;
The Barbary sun flashed on their arms: about
Their chargers' manes were blown clouds of Tunisian sands.
Knowest where the Giant Atlas rises dim in
The hot sky? Thither, in disastrous rout,
The wild Kabyles fled with their herds and women.

"The Franks pursued. Hu Allah!—each defile
Grew a very hell-gulf then, with smoke, and fire, and bomb!
The Lion left the Deer's half-branched remains the while;
He snuffed upon the winds a daintier prey!
Mark! the shout, *En avant!* To the topmost peak upelomb
The conquerors in that bloody fray!

"Circles of glittering bayonets crowned the mountain's height.
The hundred Cities of the Plain, from Atlas to the sea afar,
From Tunis forth to Fez, shone in the noonday-light.
The spear-men rested by their steeds, or slaked their thirst at rivulets;
And round them through dark myrtles burned,—each like a star,—
The slender golden minarets.

"But in the valley blooms the odorous Almond-tree,
And the Aloe blossoms on the rock, defying storms and suns.
Here was their conquest sealed. Look!—yonder heaves the sea,
And far to the left lies Franquistán. The banners flouted the blue skies.
The artillery-men came up. Mashallah! how the guns
Did roar, to sanctify their prize!"

"'Tis they!" the Sheik exclaimed: "I fought among them, I,
At the Battle of the Pyramids! Red all the long day ran,
Red as thy turban-folds, the Nile's high billows by!
But, their Sultaun?—Speak!—He was once my guest.
His lineaments,—gait,—garb? Sawest thou *The Man*?"—
The Moor's hand slowly felt its way into his breast.

"No," he replied: "he bode in his warm palace-halls.
A Pasha led his warriors through the fire of hostile ranks;
An Aga thundered for him before Atlas' iron walls!
His lineaments, thou sayest? On gold at least they lack
The kingly stamp. See here! A Spahi* of the Franks
Gave me this coin in chaffering some days back."

"The Kasheff† took the gold: he gazed upon the head and face.
Was this the great Sultaun he had known long years ago?
It seemed not; for he sighed as all in vain he strove to trace
The still-remembered features. "Ah, no!—this," he said, "is
Not *his* broad brow and piercing eye: who *this* man is I do not know.
How very like a Pear his head is!"

Nothing, observes Jamie Hogg, in his "Flying Tailor," tends more to the production of incessant activity than perpetual repose. Freiligrath had a dim apprehension of this profound philosophical truth; and so he went and set up his tabernacle in Amsterdam. Here it was that, sauntering abroad one bitter winter's day, with a stern determination to amuse himself

in some way or other, he encountered a singular phenomenon of the season—a negro froth Darfoor—which is a land hotter than the hottest of the Hottentot regions—taking exercise in skates on the ice;—and, feeling very much astonished, nay, perhaps in some degree offended, at the sight, he stopped, and thus addressed the sable delinquent:—

To a Skating Negro.

Man of giant height and form,
Who, beside the Gambia river,
Oft amid the lightning-storm
Sawest the glittering Fetish quiver!

Who hast poured the Panther's hot
Life-blood out beneath the Equator,
And with poisoned arrow shot
Through red reeds the Alligator!

Wherefore art thou here? Why flies
Thy fleet foot o'er frozen places—
Thou, the child of Tropic skies,
Cradled in the sun's embraces?

Thou that, reeking from the wave,
On thy war-horse often sprungest,
And around the Foulah slave
Guinea's badge of bondage flungest?

* Horse-soldier.

† Governor.

Oh! at home, amid thy mates,
 There, where skulls tattooed and gory
 Whiten high o'er palace-gates,
 Let me see thee in thy glory!

Where gold gum from bursten trees
 Oozes like the slime of Lethe,
 As in dreams my spirit sees,
 Let mine eyes in daylight see thee!

See thee, far from our chill North,
 Which thou in thy soul abhorrest,
 Chase the Koomozeeno* forth
 Through the boundless banyan-forest!

See thee, in thine own rich land,
 Decked with gems of barbarous beauty,
 Keeping watch, with spear in hand,
 O'er thy Manza's† piles of booty!

Whirling, gliding here along,
 Ever shifting thy position,
 Thou resemblest, in this throng,
 Some strange African magician,

Who, within the enchanted Ring,
 All the hosts of Hell defieth,
 Or, upborne on Griffin-wing,
 Through Zahara's desert flieth!

O! when sunny Spring once more
 Melts the ice of western oceans,
 Hie thee back to that loved shore
 Where were born thy first emotions!

There around thy jetblack head
 Bright gold dust in garlands flashes—
Here hoar frost and snows instead
 Strew it but with silver ashes!

How fluently this Trochaic measure "trickles from the tongue!" Ferdinand, however, generally prefers the Alexandrine, as affording a larger latitude for his polysyllabical tooth-smashers. Prefers it, said we?—he is

enamoured of it. See—here is a poem not only in that metre, but actually *on* it—a poem which glories in trumpeting the beauty and swiftness of Pope's "wounded snake,"—now no longer a snake at all, but a Bucephalus.

The Alexandrine Metre.

Bound! bound! my desert-barb from Alexandria!
 My wild one! Such a courser no Emeer nor Shah
 Bestrides—whoever else may in those Eastern lands
 Rock in magnificent saddles upon field or plain!
 Where thundereth such a hoof as thine along the sands?
 Where streameth such a tail? Where such a meteor-mane?

* Rhinoceros.

† Sovereign's.

As it stands written, thus thou neighest loud, "Ha! Ha!"
 Spurning both bit and reins. The winds of Africa
 Blow the loose hair about thy chaffron to and fro!
 Lightning is in thy glance, thy flanks are white with foam,
 Thou art not, sure, the animal snaffled by Boileau,
 And whom Gottschedian* turnpike-law forbade to roam!

He, bitted, bridled, reined, steps delicately along,
 Ambling for ever to the air of one small song,
 Till he reaches the *Cæsura*. That's a highway ditch
 For him to cross! He stops—he stares—he snorts:—**at last**
 Sheer terror screwing up his pluck to a desperate pitch,
 He—jumps one little jump, and the ugly gulf is passed.

Thou, meanwhile, speedest far o'er deserts and by streams,
 Like rushing flame! To thee the same *Cæsura* seems
 A chasm in Mount Sinai. The rock is riven in two!
 Still on! Thy fetlocks bleed. Now for an earthquake shock!
 Hurrah! thou boundest over, and thine iron shoe
 Charms rattling thunder and red lightning from the rock!

Now hither! Here we are! Knowest thou this yellow sand?
 So!—there!—that's well! Reel under my controlling hand!
 Tush! never heed the sweat:—Honour is born of Toil.
 I'll see thee again at sunset, when the southern breeze
 Blows cool. Then will I lead thee o'er a soft green soil,
 And water thee till nightfall in the Middle† Seas.

Somewhat further on we find our
 friend attempting a solo, so-low as to
 be scarcely audible, through an odd
 sort of Cape horn, manufactured from
 an elephant's tooth. It is clear that
 he has not at present wind enough to

"Fill up the horn!—fill up the horn!"

as Dr. Peacocke sings. But what can
 he mean by laying violent hands on

that Brobdignagian lyre from the
 Cannibal Islands? Such an instru-
 ment! Shades of Orpheus and Per-
 golesi, only just look at it! The big-
 gest harp that ever came under the
 notice of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was
 but a type of thee, thou lyre of the
 first magnitude!

However, the music is at length
 hushed, and we are treated to a dish
 of Congo.

The King of Congo and his Hundred Wives.

Fill up with bright palm-wine, unto the rim fill up
 The cloven Ostrich-eggshell-cup,
 And don your shells and chowries, ye Sultaunas!
 O, chuse your gayest, gorgeousest array,
 As on the brilliant Beiram holiday
 That opes the doors of your Zenaunas!

Come! never sit a trembling on your silk deewawns!
 What fear ye? To your feet, ye timid fawns!
 See here your zones embossed with gems and amber!
 See here the firebright beads of coral for your necks!
 In such a festal time each young Sultauna decks
 Herself as for the nuptial-chamber.

* The allusion here is to Dr. Gottsched, the German Aristarchus of the eighteenth century. He was Professor of Metaphysics, Philosophy, and Logic, in the University of Leipsic; and his error lay in endeavouring to make Poetry metaphysical, philosophical, and logical.

† Mediterranean.

Rejoice!—your Lord, your King comes home again!
His enemies lie slaughtered on the desert-plain.

Rejoice!—It cost you tears of blood to sever
From one you loved so well—but now your griefs are o'er:
Sing! Dance! He leaves his land, his house, no more—
Henceforward he is yours for ever!

Triumphant he returns: nought seeks he now; his hand
No more need hurl the javelin: sea and sand and land
Are his, far as the Zaire's blue billows wander;
Henceforth he bids farewell to spear and battle-horse,
And calls you to his couch,—a cold one, for—his corse
Lies on the copper buckler yonder!

Nay, fill not thus the Harem with your shrieks!
'Tis he! Behold his cloak, striped, Quagga-like, with bloody streaks!
'Tis he, albeit his eyes lie glazed for ever under
Their lids,—albeit his blood no more shall dance along
In rapture to the music of the Tomtom-gong,
Or headlong war-steed's hoof of thunder!

Yes! the Great Buffalo* sleeps! His mightiest victory was his last.
His warriors howl in vain,—his necromancers gaze aghast,
Fetish, nor magic wand, nor amulet of darnel,
Can charm back life to the claycold heart and limb.
He sleeps,—and you, his women, sleep with him!
You share the dark pomps of his charnel!

Even now the headman whets his axe to slay you at the funeral-feast.
Courage!—a glorious fate is yours! Through Afric and the East
Your fame shall be immortal! Kordofân and Yemen
With stories of your lord's exploits and your devotedness shall ring,
And future ages rear skull-obelisks to the King
Of Congo and his Hundred Women!

But we have been long enough so- the seashore. It is evening; and the
journing among the sands of the solitude and deepening darkness will
desert: we will now, for variety's help to raise our spirits.
sake, take a stroll along the sands of

SAND-SONGS.

I.

Sing of Sand!—not such as gloweth
Hot upon the path of the Tiger and Snake—
Rather such Sand as, when the loud winds wake,
Each ocean-wave knoweth!

Like a Wrath with pinions burning
Travels the red Sand of the Desert abroad,
While the soft Sea-sand glisteneth smooth and untrod,
As Eve is returning!

Here no Caravân or Camel,
Here the weary Mariner alone finds a grave,
Nightly mourned by the moon that now on yon wave
Sheds a silver enamel!

* "A kind of hired encomiast stood on the Monarch's left hand crying out *à pleine gorge*, during the whole ceremony, "See the Buffalo!—the Offspring of a Buffalo!—a Bull of Bulls!—the Elephant of superior strength!—the powerful Sultan Abd-el-rachmân-el-rashid!"—Brown's *Travels in Africa*.

II.

Weapon-like, this ever-wounding Wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore :
So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind,
Ever, ever, evermore !

Darkly unto past and coming years
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands—
Marvel not, then, if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad, like the Sands !

III.

'Twere worth much love to understand
Thy nature well, thou ghastly Sand,
Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
Yet savest them that cling to thee !

The wild Gull banquets on thy charms—
The fish dies in thy barren arms—
Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
With vaults of treasure in thy heart !

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
Who eyed thee with such lofty scorn !
Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
Flow over like a too-full bowl !

IV.

Would I were the stream whose fountain
Gushes
From the heart of some green mountain,
And then rushes
On through many a land with a melodious motion
Till it finds a bourne in the globe-girdling Ocean !

That, in sooth, were truest Glory !
Vernal
Youth, and Eld serene and hoary,
Co-eternal !
All the high-souled stripling feels of Great and Glowing,
Tempered by the Wisdom of the world's bestowing !

V.

Gulls are flying, one, two, three,
Silently and heavily,
Heavily as winged lead,
Through the sultry air over my languid head.

Whence they come, or whither flee,
They, not I, can tell : I see
On the bright brown Sand I tread
Only the black shadow of their wings outspread.

Ha !—a feather flutteringly
Falls down at my feet for me !
It shall serve my turn instead
Of an eagle-quill till all my songs be read.

VI.

Mist robes the moss-grown castle-walls ;
And, as the veil of Evening falls
In deep and ever deeper shades,
The Autumn-landscape slowly fades,

And all is dusk. One after one,
The red lamps on the heights are gone,
And crag and castle, hill and wood,
Evanish in the engulfing flood.

Farewell, green valleys ! Did I not
Once wind my way through dell and grot,
And muse beside some wine-dark stream ?
Or, was it all an Eastern dream ?

The moonless heaven is dim once more,
The waves break on the shingly shore—
I listen to their mournful tone,
And pace the silent Sands alone.

Among the really first-rate things in this volume are the following stanzas on the death of poor Grabbe—an enthusiastic young German poet, who

closed his brief but dazzling literary career in 1836, having been literally burned out of life by the fire of his imagination.

Grabbe.

There stood I in the Camp. 'Twas when the setting sun
Was crimsoning the tents of the Hussars.
The booming of the Evening-gun
Broke on mine ear. A few stray stars
Shone out, like silverblank medallions
Paving a sapphire floor. Then flowed in unison the tones
Of many hautboys, bugles, drums, trombones,
And fifes, from twenty-two battalions.

They played, " Give glory unto God our Lord !"
A solemn strain of music and sublime,
That bade Imagination hail a coming time,
When universal Mind shall break the slaying sword,
And Sin and Wrong and Suffering shall depart
An Earth which Christian love shall turn to Heaven.
A dream !—yet still I listened, and my heart
Grew tranquil as that Summer-even.

But soon uprose pale Hecate—she who trances
The skies with deathly light. Her beams fell wan, but mild,
On the long lines of tents, on swords and lances,
And on the pyramids of musquets piled
Around. Then sped from rank to rank
The signal-order, "*Tzako ab !*" The music ceased to play.
The stillness of the grave ensued. I turned away.
Again my memory's tablets showed a saddening blank !

Meanwhile another sort of scene
Was acted at the Outposts. Carelessly I strolled,
In quest of certain faces, into the Canteen.
Here wine and brandy, hot or cold,

Passed round. At one long table Fredericks-d'or
Glittered à *qui mieux mieux* with epaulettes,
And, heedless of the constant call, "*Who sets?*"
Harpwomen played and sang old ballads by the score.

I sought an inner chamber. Here sat some
Dragoons and Yagers, who conversed, or gambled,
Or drank. The dice-box rattled on a drum.
I chose a seat apart. My speculations rambled.
Scarce even a passive listener or beholder,
I mused: "Give glory——" "*Qui en veut?*"—The sound
Came from the drum-head. I had half turned round
When some one touched me on the shoulder.

"Ha!—is it you?" "None other." "Well!—what news?
How goes it in Mulhausen?" Queries without end
Succeed, and I reply as briefly as I chuse.
An hour flies by. "Now then, adieu, my friend!"—
"Stay!—tell me ——" "Quick! I am off to *Rouge et Noir*."—
"Well—one short word, and then Good Night!—
Grabbe?"—"Grabbe? He is dead. Wait: let me see. Ay, right!
We buried him on Friday last. *Bon soir!*"

An icy thrill ran through my veins.
Dead! Buried! Friday last!—and here!—*His* grave
Profaned by vulgar feet! Oh, Noble, Gifted, Brave!
Bard of *The Hundred Days!**—was this to be thy fate indeed?
I wept; yet not because Life's galling chains
No longer bound thy spirit to this barren earth;
I wept to think of thy transcendent worth
And genius—and of what had been their meed!

I wandered forth into the spacious Night,
Till the first feelings of my heart had spent
Their bitterness. Hours passed. There was an Uhlan tent
At hand. I entered. By the moon's blue light
I saw some arms and baggage and a heap
Of straw. Upon this last I threw
My weary limbs. In vain! The moanful night-winds blew
About my head and face, and Memory banished Sleep.

All night *he* stood, as I had seen him last,
Beside my couch. Had he indeed forsaken
The tomb? Or, did I dream, and should I waken?
My thoughts flowed like a river, dark and fast.
Again I gazed on that columnar brow:
"Deserted House! of late so bright with vividest flashes
Of Intellect and Passion, can it be that thou
Art now a mass of sparkless ashes?"

"Those ashes once were watch-fires, by whose gleams
The glories of the Hohenstauffen race,†
And Italy's shrines,† and Greece's hallowed stream†,
Stood variously revealed—now, softly, as the face
Of Night illumined by her silver Lamp—
Now, burning with a deep and living lustre,
Like the high beacon-lights that stud this Camp,
Here, far apart,—there, in a circular cluster.

* A poem by Grabbe, thus entitled.

† The allusions are to Grabbe's historical and illustrative works.

"This Camp! Ah, yes! methinks it images well
 What thou hast been, thou lonely Tower!—
 Moonbeams and lamplight mingled—the deep choral swell
 Of Music in her peals of proudest power,
 And then—the tavern dice-box rattle!
 The Grand and the Familiar fought
 Within thee for the mastery; and thy depth of thought
 And play of wit made every conflict a drawn battle!

"And, oh! that such a mind, so rich, so overflowing
 With ancient lore and modern phantasy,
 And prodigal of its treasures as a tree
 Of golden leaves when Autumn-winds are blowing,
 That such a mind, made to illumine and glad
 All minds, all hearts, should have itself become
 Affliction's chosen Sanctuary and Home!—
 This is in truth most marvellous and sad!

"Alone the Poet lives—alone he dies.
 Cain-like, he bears the isolating brand
 Upon his brow of sorrow. True, his hand
 Is pure from blood-guilt, but in human eyes
 His is a darker crime than that of Cain,—
 Rebellion against Social Wrong and Law!"
 Groaning, at length I slept, and in my dreams I saw
 The ruins of a Temple on a desolate plain.

Here perhaps it were best for us to
 conclude, leaving the fine cadences of
 this remarkable poem fresh upon the
 reader's memory. As we have still,

however, a few square inches of blank
 space to expatiate in, we shall venture
 on just one other extract.

My Chimes.

TO MY READERS.

"Most weary man!—why wreathest thou
 Again and yet again," methinks I hear you ask,

"The turban on thy sunburnt brow?

Wilt never vary

Thy tristful task,

But sing, still sing, of sands and seas as now,
 Housed in thy willow zumbul* on the Dromedary?

"Thy tent has now o'er many times
 Been pitched in treeless places on old Ammon's plains!

We long to greet in blander climes

The Love and Laughter

Thy soul disdains.

Why wanderest ever thus in prolix rhymes
 Through snows and stony wastes, while we come toiling after?

"Awake! Thou art as one who dreams;
 Thy quiver overflows with melancholy sand!

Thou faintest in the noontide beams!

Thy crystal beaker

Of Song is banned!

Filled with the juice of poppies from dull streams
 In sleepy Indian dells, it can but make thee weaker!

* Basket;

"O! cast away the deadly draught,
And glance around thee then with an awakened eye!
The waters healthier bards have quaffed
At Europe's Fountains
Still babble by,
Bright now as when the Grecian Summer laughed,
And Poesy's first flowers bloomed on Apollo's mountains!

"So many a voice thine era hath,
And thou art deaf to all! O, study Mankind! Probe
The heart! Lay bare its Love and Wrath,
Its Joy and Sorrow!
Not round the globe,
O'er flood and field and dreary desert-path,
But into thine own bosom look, and thence thy marvels borrow.

"Weep! Let us hear thy tears resound
From the dark iron concave of Life's Cup of Woe!
Weep for the souls of Mankind, bound
In chains of Error!
Our tears will flow
In sympathy with thine when thou hast wound
Our feelings up to the proper pitch of Grief or Terror!

"Unlock the life-gates of the flood
That rushes through thy veins! Like Vultures we delight
To glut our appetites with blood!
Remorse, Fear, Torment,
The blackening blight
Love smites young hearts withal—these be the food
For us! Without such stimulants our dull souls lie dormant!

"But no long voyagings—oh, no more
Of the weary East or South—no more of the Simoom—
No apples from the Dead Sea shore—
No fierce volcanoes,
All fire and gloom!
Or else, at most, sing *basso*, we implore,
Of Orient sands, while Europe's flowers monopolise thy *Sopranos*!"

Thanks, friends, for this your kind advice!
Would I could follow it—could bide in balmier lands!
But those far arctic tracts of ice,
Those wildernesses
Of wavy sands,
Are the only home I have. They must suffice
For one whose lonely hearth no smiling Peri blesses.

Yet, count me not the more forlorn
For my barbarian tastes. Pity me not. Oh, no!
The heart laid waste by Grief or Scorn,
Which inly knoweth
Its own deep woe,
Is the only Desert. *There* no spring is born
Amid the sands—in *that* no shady Palm-tree groweth!

We thought it would come to this.
Freiligrath has no abstract passion for
the everlasting hills and streams and
"antres vast and deserts idle." He
merely wants to escape somewhither

beyond the range of the infecting in-
fluences that make thick the moral and
social atmosphere of cities. He plunges
into the African wilderness but as one
who knows that he leaves behind a

worse wilderness in society. It is the old poetical instinct, no more and no better. The Poet cares nothing for Solitude, but he wishes to avoid Man. His predilections are few; his antipathies a legion. We condemn him not. Any thing is better for us than imprisonment in a sphere within which we are "not at home;" and nothing can be more dreadful than compulsory companionship with beings who are

sufficiently alike us to awaken our sympathies in their behalf, yet more than sufficiently unlike us to make those sympathies recoil upon our hearts, burdened with the mournful lesson, that in

"Our wretchedness and our resistance,
And our sad, unallied existence,"

there lies a woe beyond our power to heal, a mystery our faculties are forbidden to fathom.

THE LAWYER, HIS CHARACTER AND RULE OF HOLY LIFE.*

THIS little book, which is manifestly the result of much patient and laborious reflection, deserves public attention on many accounts. The Subject it canvasses is one of the very highest practical importance to society at large; and the exhibition which the book presents of the character of the Author is scarcely less calculated to interest and to instruct. It is the posthumous work of a singularly upright, thoughtful, and gifted man; who had entered for some years on the practice of the profession it discusses, as a member of the Irish bar; and who, prematurely taken from the world by an illness which itself was caught in a course of devoted charitable exertion, left it behind him as a record of the maxims by which he meant his professional life to be regulated. The object of the book is, to apply the highest principles of conscientiousness to the practice of the Law; and of course many will at once pronounce maxims so inconvenient, to be altogether inapplicable to actual experience, the fond ideal of a benevolent speculatist. He did not think—what is much more important, he did not find them so. This book is no collection of moral exhortations leisurely delivered from the closet by a teacher unconcerned in the temptations it exposes; it is no binding heavy bur-

dens on men's shoulders by one who would not move them with one of his own fingers; this is no sophist† lecturing Hannibal on the art of war; we have here a manual composed by one personally engaged in the conflict, and who (it is well known and attested) was resolute to carry into daily practice every maxim of duty he delivered. And this trial was not likely to be spared him as he advanced in life. Mr. O'Brien had already begun to attain professional reputation, and was therefore to look forward to the prospect of perpetually testing, in his own person, the practicability of his principles. The book itself witnesses as strongly to the intellectual power which would have ensured distinction in the profession, as to the moral principles which he had determined should regulate its practice. The simplicity of his own character rendered it, indeed, much more likely that he would silently make his life transcend his precepts, than that he would overstate the precepts themselves: the notion of adjudicating moral questions for any other purpose than that of submitting the conduct to the decisions of the purified reason, was to his sincere and unaffected character intolerable. Assuredly the removal of such a man from among us is a severe loss to his profession, and to society at large;

* The Lawyer, his Character and Rule of Holy Life. By Edward O'Brien, Barrister-at-Law. London: William Pickering. 1842.

† Cicero *De Oratore*, ii. 18.

the rare example of such conscientiousness built not upon vague notions of honour, but upon simple and definite principles of moral truth, would have been invaluable for direction and encouragement to others. He has, however, left his own best monument in his admirable little treatise; and his memory has certainly been in no small degree fortunate in having the care and adornings of the monument consigned to the affectionate offices of the Friend who has exhibited it to the public.

"From his earliest years," writes his Editor in the introductory notice, "my lamented friend was remarkable for a scrupulous regard to justice. I have never known another person so entirely conscientious. On all occasions his first desire was to know what ought to be done, and to do it. The great and invisible things which belong to truth, justice, and mercy, seemed with him ever present. On the other hand, the ordinary objects of selfish ambition appeared to him fantastic and unreal. It is not uncommon to meet men who inquire, as metaphysicians, into the first principles of right and wrong: but he followed justice into its minutest details; he believed the broken bread of justice to be the food of all social life, and reverently gathered up its very crumbs: nothing seemed trivial to him in which conscience had a part. While his faith was thus strong, he was, from natural disposition, and from habits of philosophical inquiry, unusually sceptical as to matters of the mere understanding. Those who remember his extreme caution will not be tempted to think that on so important a subject he had rushed precipitately into a system of his own.

"His religious convictions were profound: he knew that moral principles have their root in divine truths, and can only be realized through aid from above. This will account for the Christian tone that pervades his work: indeed, but for these convictions, I do not know whether it would ever have been written. Justice is fond rather of upbraiding than assisting. It was Christian zeal and Christian charity which inspired him with an unceasing desire to maintain what he believed to be the cause of truth. In particular he was anxious to assist those young men of his own profession, who with views in the main honourable, and average clearness of mind, are yet unequal to contend against the favourite corruption of the time, supported as it is, not only by personal interest, but by a very large number of specious sophisms

offered to their choice, as well as a considerable weight of pretended authority and modern tradition.

"His religion was eminently practical in the true sense of the word. It was his habit to observe the influence of Christian principles as applied to the common detail of life. He disliked religious controversy; and occult dogmas, he thought, were to be believed in faithfully, not scrutinised impertinently. He loved the reflected light of Christian truth; and remembered that if we fix a direct gaze too long upon the sun, our eyes are dimmed, and we walk in the dark. He meditated often on that text, 'Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet;' and appeared to discover a spirituality in obedience which escapes the penetration of more speculative religionists. The consequence was such as might be expected. The Professions, indeed all occupations by which men live, and which are permanent elements in society, seemed to him delivered from the secular character that belongs to them naturally. He did not consider the Christian commonwealth as consisting of statesmen, lawyers, physicians, farmers, and other classes of men, who, besides their social avocations, possess religious opinions: rather he viewed it as a body of Christians who are led providentially to certain outward pursuits; who undertake them on Christian conditions; who speak sincerely in naming each such pursuit a calling ('the state of life to which it hath pleased God to call me'); and who regard it not chiefly as a means of selfish advancement, but as the sphere of those labours allotted to them by the divine command, and for the good of their neighbour. Such a doctrine must always appear to the world as visionary, because it requires us to become unworldly: nay, it carries the war into the enemy's camp: and seems to violate that silent truce by which religion, on condition of not trespassing beyond bounds, or interfering with the Babel-worship of the world, is permitted to remain herself unmolested—except by being superseded. Such, however, were the opinions which my friend maintained."—pp. xi.—xiii.

And again—

"The few points in my friend's character to which I have adverted will best explain the design of his book, and his motives in writing it. I have recorded them for that small but fit audience which alone he wished to gather round him. What degree of popular favour may await this work is of but little importance. The grave which has closed on its Author does not more securely

shield him from the arrows of fortune, or the sharp and flattering speeches of men, than did his own manly and modest nature; and those who remain will possess in this book a memorial of their friend more consoling than public applause could be. In it his portraiture remains; stamped upon it, they will find not his love of justice alone, but that kindness which made him seem, if injured, to remember justice only against himself: they will observe his fearless reverence for truth, and at the same time his respect for opinions long established, his slowness to oppose them, his candour in weighing them, his charitable desire to exculpate those who hold them, and that higher charity which stimulated him to combat their error: they will be reminded of his reluctance to give pain, and his greater fear of doing wrong; his distrust of his own judgment, and his invariable faith in the moral sense and the Divine commands; his indifference to promiscuous applause, and his solicitude for the esteem of those he esteemed, the love of those he loved. They will find many light traces for memory to fill up, of his single-heartedness, his humility, his earnestness, and his courtesy. Some passages will bring back before their eyes the very gestures and expression of countenance with which he used to enunciate such sentiments."—[p. xv. xvi.]

It is with perfect truth and fairness that he observes, of the work of so singularly sincere a mind—

"Such a work, if read at all, should be read with attention and respect. Unless we approach it in an ingenuous spirit, willing to understand before we criticise, deeming it possible that the objections which present themselves to our minds so readily, may have occurred to the Author also, and been for good reasons put aside; desiring to stand, at least for the time, on the spot which he occupied, and contemplate the subject from his point of view; if we do not possess this small measure of self-command and philosophical docility, then there does not exist between our mind and that of the Writer such a degree of moral conformity as is necessary for the appreciation of the work. We shall in such a case do ourselves least injury, and our Monitor least injustice, by leaving his book unread."—p. x.

The plan of the work is formed upon the model of George Herbert's beautiful Country Parson; a happy thought, which might, perhaps, be advantageously extended to the other Professions,

so as to form a cycle of moral directories for the different callings of life. It adopts (it would seem, almost unconsciously) the archaisms of Herbert and his times; and certainly the ancient costume has seldom been worn with more perfect ease. The thoughts of the writer, formed in an antique mould, appear to assume the corresponding dress as their natural garb. Separated as we are from those ages by the corrupt philosophy of the eighteenth century, which created its own appropriate formulas; when we would think with Hooker and Herbert, we can scarcely help borrowing more or less their very forms of phrase. Indeed we are sometimes obliged to do so, in order to preclude the false associations that gather round the language of a peculiar age, and that insinuate themselves into the mind of a reader in defiance of all our explanations. A bad philosophy contaminates the language which it has degraded by making it the instrument of its diffusion; pure thoughts consecrate that shrine of holy words in which they have been made to dwell, and from which they evermore reveal themselves to mankind. And thus the very language of our old sages comes to possess a sort of sacredness; we reverence even its fragments as we would the broken beams and columns of a temple; we cannot without an effort bend its dignified gravity to any low or trivial purpose, and we feel it, when out of its own high region, stiff, uncouth, and unsuitable. It is high praise of our Lawyer to say that he may fairly stand on the same shelf with Herbert. The difference of the two seems to turn more on the difference of their respective subjects than on any great inequality in the treatment of them. If there is more of contemplative tenderness in Herbert, perhaps there is more of force and dignity in our author—more too of that closeness of practical detail which gives body and substance to principles. It is possible also that the novelty of the subject strengthens the effect. For we are all accustomed to direct religious exhortation; but it is something new, something to startle and arrest, to find legal practice reformed to this high ideal. The Country Parson is at best but living the blessed life we were prepared to admit to be his duty and his

privilege; the Lawyer seen in the same light has unfortunately almost the novelty of a discovery. For even those (and they are not few in this country) who do carry their Christianity into their legal practice, seldom do so on any very definite principles; their honesty, real and unaffected as it is, seems but the indirect result of strong religious impressions; and they usually appear unprepared either to discountenance, by vigorous public protest, the less scrupulous course adopted by their brethren, or to exhibit as their own basis of action any absolute moral axiom or well-considered moral theory on the subject.

Our author was not to be satisfied with this indecisive position; he has thought out his theory; and has exhibited his ideal Lawyer moving under its influence through the whole orbit of his profession. An introductory "Apology for the Work" vindicates his general principle at considerable length; and we are then presented with a series of scenes from the moral drama of the Lawyer's life. We have the Lawyer choosing his Calling, his mode of Life, his Knowledge, and his Duties. He is exhibited in the details of his profession—drawing pleadings, advising on evidence, consulting with his brethren, examining witnesses, drawing wills and deeds; as a peace-maker—as an arbitrator—as engaged in the tumult of elections. He is seen exercising Humanity, Charity, Courtesy, Hospitality. He is contemplated in the higher characters of Legislator and Judge. And, "last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," he is beheld upon his death-bed—the death-bed of an humble but unshrinking Christian man. These successive chapters exhibit the Lawyer's various temptations to avarice, dishonesty, and craftiness; and they evince how the simple and inflexible Rule of Conscience is equally applicable to them all. In an appendix the author has collected a large body of testimonies, drawn principally from our elder divines, and confirming his statements in various ways; an appendix which he modestly "commends to the reader as the worthier part of this little book."

The first chapter offers a fair specimen of the style, and presents us with the author's conception of his Calling. It is very beautifully written,

though we fear we cannot answer for its universal popularity in the Four Courts.

"A lawyer is the servant of his fellow-men for the attainment of justice; in which definition is expressed both the lowliness and the dignity of his calling; the lowliness, in that he is the servant of all, ever ready to assist as well the meanest as the loftiest; the dignity, in that the end whereto he serves has among things temporal no superior or equal. For justice is nothing less than the support of the world whereby each has from all others that which is his due; the poor their succour, the rich their ease, the powerful their honour. For it were governments framed and powers ordained of God; flourishing it cheers, and languishing it dejects the minds of good men; and in its overthrow is involved the ruin and fall of commonwealths. That justice should ever be contemned or trodden under foot is a grief to God and angels; how glorious then is his calling whose work it is to prevent her fall, or to raise her fallen! Truly the Lawyer, while the servant of earth, is the minister of heaven; while he labours for the good of his fellow-men he works none other than the work of God."

The great principle of Mr. O'Brien's book is the obligation of governing legal practice by strict reference to the supreme Law of Conscience, in despite of the evil prescription that so strongly countenances oblique and dishonest courses. This, as we have said, he is induced in his "Apology" to reason out elaborately, in order to resist pre-judications which would have been fatal to the influence of his views. The insertion of this preliminary argument was the judicious suggestion of a distinguished legal friend. It is a valuable dissertation, expressed with great strength and unaffectedness, and leaving few or none of the popular allegations unanswered.

We will dedicate a page or two to the consideration of this question; stating its moral bearings as they appear to us, and in general conformity with the principles of pure and elevated truth, delivered in the excellent little digest before us.

The whole will of course turn upon our conception of the Relation of the Lawyer to his Client. The true idea of that relation is well expressed in various parts of Mr. O'Brien's book.

He feels the importance of precisely defining it.

Thus—"If, as is obvious, the *resulting* force (to speak mechanically) of the three persons united—the client, attorney, and advocate—ought to be the same as that of the client alone, were he endowed with the powers and knowledge necessary to plead his own cause, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the advocate should not lend himself to produce, in concert with his client and the attorney, an effect which could not with justice be produced by the client alone, when filling all the three characters in his own person."—(Appendix, p. 188.) Or again, and to the same effect—"To barristers properly it appertains, legally and in order, to set before judges and juries that which the diligence of the attorney has gathered from the complaint of the client; so that the whole together—barrister, attorney, and client—make as it were one man, whom of right one spirit of truth, justice, and mercy should move and animate."—(Chap. ii.) Or thus—"In one word, the lawyer regards himself as put in his client's place to do for him whatever he might do for himself (had he the lawyer's skill) consistently with truth and justice; more than this he will not do; and he desires not those for his clients who dare not trust him to act with the same prudence, integrity, and zeal as if the cause were his own."—(Chap. vii.) Or once more—"All that is maintained is, that the advocate has a right to expect what every person who calls upon another to aid him in any undertaking is bound to give—an assurance that the object he is called upon to co-operate in effecting is such as may morally and lawfully be sought."—(Apol. for the work, p. 33.) These statements as prefacing the argument for a high estimate of legal duties, are important, because they seem directly to meet the popular plea of the *identification* of the advocate with his client. They suggest at once the proper reply, which concedes the alleged identification, but maintains that the advocate is identified *not* with all the client may desire to do, but with all he *ought* to do—identified with the client not as with a being of mere will and blind or malignant impulse, but as with a moral agent essentially bound to all the laws of justice

and truth. For it is surely manifest that no man—lawyer or not—can justly abandon his own moral nature under any conceivable circumstance; can deliberately cease to be possessed of a sense of right and wrong, or possessing it, can voluntarily cease to be responsible for the actions which that sense of duty is meant to govern. Nor can that identification be more than a monstrous fiction which can only proceed upon supposing the *wilful suppression of an essential constituent of human nature* on the part of him who is to enter into this relation of imaginary identity.

Such is the conception of the Relation of Lawyer and Client which reason and justice appear to authenticate. Now let us attend to the rival statement.

The popular theory (for such we fear it must be styled) is expounded in all its fulness in the following passage of Lord Brougham's celebrated Defence of Queen Caroline before the House of Lords; a passage the enthusiastic reception of which by the majority of an honourable profession, only evinces how easily a principle of false honour may assume the dignity of self-sacrificing virtue. "An Advocate," said the eloquent speaker, "by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, *that client and none other*. To save that client by all expedient means; to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be to *involve his country in confusion for his client's protection!*" Surely we are not unreasonable in asking for some argumentative ground for such a subversion as this is of all Duty, under the name and sanction of Duty; surely it is not unfair to ask how the title and calling of a Lawyer obliges a man under pain of grievous guilt to become an accessory to guilt the most atrocious; justifies him in voluntarily assuming

and forces him to maintain, a position which, without the sanctity of the lawyer's gown, would merit the condemnation due to the abettor of conspiracy or treason.

To this very reasonable demand various answers have been given, to some of which we shall just now have occasion to draw attention. Our own opinion of them is clear: they are altogether inadequate to oppose the stricter views, or to justify such a statement as (for example) the remarkable one we have just cited. And yet, it is scarcely possible they could have obtained such currency without some foundation in the reality of things; nothing so very plausible was ever without some element of truth. The proper use, then, to be made of these ordinary pleas in justification of professional laxity is, not indeed for the purpose of *opposing or denying* the higher principles of duty—but salutarily to *qualify* the application of them, by impressing upon the conscientious advocate the danger of overstrained scrupulosity in the refusal of offices. This is the real value of these popular arguments; and as long as they are restricted to that object, they are not without substantial use and benefit. And, in truth, if most of the ingenious statements of these arguments be carefully examined, it will be found that, though they profess much more, they just prove this, and nothing else; for as long as it is granted (which is seldom or never formally denied) that there is *any* case which a lawyer ought unhesitatingly to refuse, so long the principle of conscience is reserved, and all the subsequent dissensions must turn upon the *degree and details* of its application.

To this, as a necessary supplement to the argument, we may, perhaps, return. It certainly ought not to be omitted, were any *complete* or methodical discussion of the question undertaken. The common views of legal duty *have* their proper place, and they ought to be given it. They are worth something, though not worth all their upholders would claim for them. And in moral subjects, though not in the word of mathematical truth, no demonstration is felt to be perfectly satisfactory which does not account for the existence and prevalence of the

objection, by in some way including it in the solution. The objections will still retain force if we do not show *how* they gained influence, and what, if any, is their real weight. Nor are the strict and conscientious principles advocated by our author at all weakened by candidly admitting that there is a considerable value in the ordinary representations, when *confined to their proper use*, as practical monitions against an *undue and exaggerated* scrupulousness.

Employed, then, for this subordinate purpose, we grant such arguments to have a real value; employed to contravene the main Principle, that conscience must rightfully claim to regulate the lawyer's adoption of cases, we strenuously deny their cogency. And yet to this issue the question has actually been urged. It is true that, as we have said, special cases might easily be proposed which would (we humbly hope) extort a disclaimer from even the most licentious of legal casuists; but it is, nevertheless, certain that, *in theory*, the doctrine here denied has been, in all its unqualified amplitude, earnestly and constantly maintained. We do not merely refer to such rhetorical bursts as that of Lord Brougham. It has been stated and defended as a fundamental maxim, not in the ardour of the speech, but in the gravity of the essay, that the lawyer is to know no will but that of his accidental consulter—that he is to see with no other eyes than those of his client, though, indeed, he may furnish those eyes with glasses to enable them to see farther, and to see more clearly. And though this opinion really—and, one would think manifestly—contradicts the primary elements of all morality, the attempt to question it is at this day often met, in ordinary society, not so much with laboured argument as with almost contemptuous pity. It is now, therefore, time for us to examine briefly the real worth of this very popular theory of a lawyer's duties.

The arguments in defence of it are variously modified, according to the peculiar temper and experience of the persons urging them; but, setting aside some obviously untenable positions—untenable, because they would equally apply to every case in which one man can be asked to help another—

they seem nearly all to reduce themselves to the general pleas (1.) of the merely *representative* character of the advocate, and (2.) of the ultimate tendency of the obligatory adoption of all cases by our lawyers to secure, on the whole, *the greatest amount of justice* in the country.

I. The former of these allegations we have already, in substance, answered. We have affirmed that the lawyer, unless he can voluntarily resign his moral nature, has no right to become the representative of the oppressor or the cheat; that is, to become the mechanical instrument for evil of any employer who may be wealthy enough to hire his services. There is no magic in either the Word or the Idea of Representation that can rightly effect such a transformation as this. Were the function of the Advocate merely the official duty of stating to a court the wishes of a certain individual, and the grounds upon which that individual rested his claims, *without being himself supposed, in any degree, to have furnished these grounds*, or authorized the public statement of them, there might be some force in the argument.

We might thus save the morality of the Lawyer, by lowering his office to that of a Clerk. But we all know that neither in theory nor by practice is this limitation of the Lawyer's office justified. The Lawyer, who is said to be the simple representative of his client's predetermined purposes, is *himself* the framer of the whole case; it is he who has decided that it shall be brought into Court, it is he who has prepared it for that issue; it is he who has devised the pleas by which it is to be supported, it is he who is engaged to watch over its progress, it is he who, having originally advised it, is answerable for its success. Surely it is impossible even to conceive a more perfect instance of a deliberate combination to the production of a common result. Surely it can scarcely be denied that in any case of wilful injustice, the Counsel, holding such a relation as we have described, is even *more* directly the Author of the whole proceeding than the guilty Client himself. And it remains to be shown—certainly it never *has* been satisfactorily shown—that the principles applicable to every other case of complicity in crime, fail to be applicable here.

This is sometimes met by the plea, that the Court and the World at large are well *aware* that the Lawyer is not always of the opinion he publicly maintains; that there is a universal "understanding" of this among all parties; and that this "understanding" is sufficient to make his partnership in evil only nominal. A conventional licence to deceive, annuls the guilt of deceit; as it annulled the guilt of secret theft in Sparta. But this will go but a little way in solving the difficulty. It is indeed at once clear that the principle must be defective *somewhere*; for a thousand cases could be named where any mind with a single spark of honesty would reject its application with horror; and yet, if it be valid at all, it ought to be so universally. Nor would the Spartan analogy help the matter; it would rather expose the defect of the argument; for surely the civil licence to indulge in secret thievery would scarcely have justified, *in foro conscientie*, him who (for example) robbed his own Father of sustenance, or a dying friend of the bed on which he lay. Exactly as in all minds of any degree of integrity, there must be understood *limits* to this licence of professional deceit, which yet is *stated* as if it were allowable universally;—and which is, in truth, of very little argumentative value, in a question of Principles such as this is, unless it be assumed to be thus absolutely applicable. But we take more decided ground. The very *fact* of such a conventional liberty to the professors of the Law is itself altogether imaginary. The corrupt practices of the Profession may have produced such an understanding; but is this profession, indeed, to take advantage of its own wrong? to erect the results of its own evil into a criterion to justify the evil that produced them? No *constitutional enactment*, in any country, has ever recognised this supposed understanding, that property, and reputation, and life, are only to be held and enjoyed subject to the attacks of legal cupidity; no civilized country has ever thus emancipated a particular body of its citizens from all the restraints of morality; and given it a percentage on the possessions of the rest as the legitimate prize of its authorized iniquity. So feeble are the very foundations of this pleading.—But, now, examine how far it will practically

apply. In the first place, it is plain that this licence to assume a part, and the indemnity from crime which it is supposed to bring, cannot in any degree apply to those *private advices* of Counsel, upon which the whole cause was originally undertaken, and which are usually considered to form the most important function of the profession. Here insincerity is so little authorized, that it is justly fatal to all professional reputation: here the Lawyer voluntarily charges himself with the whole moral character of the case, and makes himself deliberately responsible for it.—But even in the *public* conduct of the case in Court, this understood assumption of a part cannot fairly be pleaded as a vindication of wilful participation in a criminal intention to overreach or defraud. For it is obvious that the whole labour of the Advocate is practically to *destroy* this very supposition (that he is assuming a conviction which he does not feel) in the minds of his hearers; it being certain that his avowal, or even the suspicion at the time, of his not holding the opinion he supported, would be at once fatal to the success of his labours, especially of his appeals to a jury; and it being, in point of fact, the very characteristic of an unpractised pleader to allow any such disbelief to be detected. Here, then, we have the unscrupulous practitioner defended upon a supposition which it is *his own* most strenuous object to nullify; and the existence of which, during the period of his professional exertions, would be almost certain to neutralize the effect of the very assumption it is supposed to justify!

II. But the ground upon which the chief reliance rests, is unquestionably that other plea to which we have alluded; the alleged tendency of this system of professional ethics to ensure, *on the whole*, the greatest amount of justice to all parties of litigants in a country; by securing the adequate representation of every cause, and such thorough examination of its merits as is best calculated to elicit real truth.

When this is proposed as a satisfactory moral justification for the system which makes it obligatory upon Advocates to adopt all cases indiscriminately which are offered to their acceptance, it can only proceed upon the *general* principle, "that the probability of ulti-

mate public advantage is sufficient moral warrant for *any* private action;" and upon the *particular* assumption, "that this public advantage is really best secured by the system in question." We are not disposed to admit either of these propositions.

I. It is not possible for us now and here to enter into any elaborate examination of that peculiar moral system of General Expediency, of which the former principle is the expression. We shall, for the present, merely observe that we have no quarrel with those who see much that is valuable in the *expositions* of that system. It is no feeble or inoperative truth which they have got hold of, when they insist upon the duty of contributing to public benefit, and when they place that duty very high in the scale of human obligations. But it is only one truth among many. There can be no doubt that both affirmations are true, and equally true,—that we ought to act so as to increase public happiness, and that we ought to fulfil our special obligations for their own sake. But when the latter truth is made a mere corollary from the former, when the former is represented as involving all others, and constituting the only real ground of duty, we are forced to deny a system which, necessarily leaving many acknowledged duties incapable of reference to any such principle, leaves them, therefore, destitute of satisfactory proof;—a system which, in ambitiously claiming for its single principle universal empire, is really forced to abandon many of the most important provinces of morals ungarded to the irruptions of scepticism and sophistry.

In order to cover this deficiency, inherent in the "Greatest Happiness Principle," many efforts have been made; of which the most remarkable is undoubtedly the introduction of the theory of "general rules," which, collected originally from expediency, are supposed to become the immediate standards of moral action. These, it is conceived, will embrace all cases where no *direct* relation to general expediency can be discerned.

But with all the provision men can make, by this supplemental machinery of *general* rules and *classes* of actions, it is most certain that it is the *particular* action with which the individual

is concerned—the particular action so and so circumstanced; and that there are innumerable instances of unquestionable obligation where that particular action, being wrought or omitted in perfect secrecy, and influencing the positive enjoyment of no existing person, cannot be shown to have any relation whatever to the rule of general happiness, or to any happiness-test at all. Take, for example, the case of a promise privately made to a dying man to build him a monument, or to defray for him a certain amount of funeral expense. It being conceded that the promiser is bound to keep this covenant, the theorists, who deny that there can be any moral duty where the enjoyment of some animated being is not in some way involved, introduce their doctrine of general rules or classes of actions; and urging that it is for the advantage and happiness of men that, as a general rule, such promises should be kept,—as otherwise the *comfort of the dying* would be seriously impaired by the universal loss of confidence,—plead, that if *all* such promises ought to be kept we have granted that this particular promise ought, as being one of the number. But this seems a palpable fallacy. For if the only ground why *all* such promises ought to be kept, be the perceived connexion between such fidelity and general confidence, surely if a *particular* case arise, where an individual is absolutely certain that his faithlessness, being utterly and for ever unknown, cannot possibly diminish general confidence, in that *particular instance* he must, upon this theory, feel himself liberated from any obligation, even though he grant the propriety of fidelity as a *general* rule. It is manifest sophistry in such a case to object that we “assent and deny with the same breath” that promises ought to be kept to the dead. Nor does it alter the matter to introduce, with Paley, the Divine Will, as commanding “the general rule,” and thereby inclusively commanding all the particular actions; for still, on his own showing, the Divine Will commands the general rule, and all the actions it comprehends, *only in so far* as they can be evinced to affect happiness. That which alone indicates “the general rule” must surely govern its application, whether to enforce or to

suspend it.—It is triumphantly asked —“would it be well that *all* men should thus disregard their promises?”

We reply,—undoubtedly, if the creation of happiness be the only object of morality, it *would* be quite as well that all men should individually as the cases arose, disregard such secret promises as these, though not, of course, that they should so act by concert, or that they should ever divulge their conduct,—suppositions which are manifestly excluded in the hypothesis on which we are reasoning. For indeed, it is not the promiser's actual respect for his promise, but the dying man's *belief that he will* respect it, that can affect the happiness of the latter; and consequently on this theory the only obligation on the promiser is to preserve or not diminish *the belief* in him or in others; which in the present case we suppose to be done, whether he really ever fulfil the promise or not. So that such treachery seems completely to evade even that bond of “general rules,” which has been devised to include such cases.

But to return to the immediate application of the theory of General Expediency to the special question of Indiscriminate Advocacy. It has, as we have said, been held that the duty of all citizens, and of the Lawyer among them, can *only* be fixed by showing the comparative tendency of actions to the greater benefit of society. Now, it may be sufficient to say of this mode of discovering duty, that the theory seems to admit of refutation out of *itself*. For however the fixation of Virtues and Duties first arose, it is most certain that if the general welfare of Society be now the legitimate test of men's conduct, one of the earliest conclusions drawn from that doctrine would be that we should *not* practically recur to it as the first or principal directory of duty, inasmuch as nothing could be more infallibly *injurious* to Society than such habitual reference. It can scarcely be denied that men are *capable* of acting from some more direct and immediate rule of duty, the simple fact being that nearly every man *does*; and if this be thus *possible*, there cannot surely be the least doubt that it is infinitely more for the benefit of Society that they should follow this immediate dictate of duty, than that they should recur to a rule which requires innume-

rable elements of calculation before it can give any result at all, and which at every step of the computation affords a new disguise for self-deceit, and a new apology for the impatient passions. On the very hypothesis, then, that general expediency is the *ultimate test* (inadequate as that doctrine is), we argue that it can never have been designed as the *immediate rule*. No rule of duty can ever be of the slightest practical value—no rule of duty can ever have been meant for man—but one that is instantaneous and authoritative;—delay the verdict of Conscience, or weaken its certainty (and the calculation of utilities must do both), and in the warfare of temptation you inevitably annul its whole practical efficiency.

Now the position of the Lawyer in no respect insulates him from this immediate authority of the rule of Conscience, as rightfully superseding all remoter grounds of action. If the true rule for man be that of obvious justice and truth irrespective of ultimate results; if as a universal maxim, conduct be for man and consequences for God; there is no conceivable reason why *that* should be suspended in the case of one profession which is received in every other department of Society as the only safeguard of mutual confidence and common integrity. If we would at once reject the plea of the thief or the assassin, who should urge us to listen until he had evinced that on the whole there was a slight overbalance of probability that his crime would be useful to Society;—and *that*, not merely because we denied the alleged probability, but because we utterly disdained and repudiated the principle of such a defence; there cannot be adduced the smallest reason why we should tolerate the same principle as justifying the wilful partnership in guilt which belongs to him who knowingly assists by legal ingenuity a project of fraud, under whatever conventional respectability of profession he may be sheltered. What effect, indeed, ought the adoption or the countenancing of such maxims by a whole profession to have, except to *heighten* our indignation at their prevalence?

2. Having rejected the ethical principle upon which this argument proceeds, we may now devote a brief attention to the supposed *fact* it as-

sumes;—namely,—that the understood obligation among Lawyers to adopt all cases is necessary, or at least is more expedient, for the general attainment of justice.

Here it may be proper to prevent misconception by steadily defining the doctrine we really maintain; because most of the ordinary representations on the opposite side of this question seem to proceed upon gross exaggerations of the views they are brought to resist. All that we affirm is this;—that Conscience must not be refused its influence on the acceptance or rejection of legal agencies. And we oppose this proposition to the doctrine, that the acceptance ought to be compulsory, and the lawyer left no option. If the adversary (as is likely) attempt to *modify* the latter assertion, we then observe that the whole matter of discussion is at once changed; the real point of dispute is surrendered; the question becomes one of *degree*; and upon that new ground of consideration (a very important one too) there would probably be found little substantial difference between us and any honourable opponent. In point of fact this tacit substitution of another question is the usual issue of the discussion; naturally enough, when the unqualified doctrine is found untenable.

But at first the case is usually put in the most unmodified form; the force of the arguments resting upon *the universality of the obligation*. It is admitted, nay, urged, that their value would vanish, if *any* exception were admitted to the rule of compulsory advocacy. Among these arguments are such as follow;—that on this principle alone all cases will be secured an *adequate examination*;—that this practice, leaving the Lawyer no option to decline, separates, in public estimation, the real sentiments of Advocate and Client, and thus secures the former against the *tyrannical interference* of irritated Power;—that, on any other understanding the character of the Advocate who accepts or who refuses would *itself become evidence* for or against the party;—that pretended conscientiousness would afford a ready *excuse for the desertion of causes* with which the timid barrister was afraid to connect himself. The principle, universally understood and unflinchingly carried out, that the Lawyer is the

indiscriminate servant of the public, at once, it is said, remedies all these evils.

Now it would be very uncandid to deny that such disadvantages as these *might* sometimes result in the conscientious exercise of the profession: the real question is, whether they would ever result to a *degree* which could counterbalance the grievous evil of compelling a whole profession to become the helpless instruments of iniquity; or to a degree which could *seriously* injure the chances of truth and justice in any country. Reflect on the amount of these vaunted difficulties. What real advantage would it be that every case which malice and dishonesty may contrive *should* have a hearing? Why should it be so marvellously beneficial to the interests of Society, that a knave (and in the strictest times no other would ever find himself without a competent advocate in a profession comprising hundreds) *should* be furnished with every facility for deceiving a jury into sanctioning his turpitude? Surely to this plea we can cordially echo the reply given to its well-known parallel—"nous n'en voyons pas la nécessité." Is it chimerical to suggest that it might *possibly* be even beneficial to the general cause of justice, that such a man should be embarrassed by the difficulty of finding a practitioner to second his knavery?—Thus, too, the allegation that this understanding alone can screen the Bar from the vengeance of an enraged Government, is one that applies only to rare and peculiar crises of political excitement; and one that actually even then is not always verified; for we all know that in such trials the advocates selected *are* usually those who are understood to sympathize in general politics with their less fortunate clients; and who are safe—not because their sympathy is any secret (which would alone help the argument), but because, whatever be their political views, they are as advocates shielded in their high and important vocation by public opinion and the spirit of the Constitution—bulwarks which would remain unimpaired under *our* principles as well as under those we oppose. Again—that on these stricter views, the character of the Advocate would prejudice the case (a plea which seems

to have been urged with great power by Lord Erskine*) is of little practical importance; for if the case be one of palpable dishonesty, it is of no greater moment it should be thus prejudiced than by any other common inference of character from associates; and if it be one of integrity, the profession is never likely to be so poor in men of eminence as not to afford advocates of character to match with their weight of reputation the ablest who may be led to oppose it. Other objections are such as seem equally to apply to *every* instance in which men depend on the assistance of their fellows; and such as would equally suspend the exercise of Conscience in all. For example,—if the pusillanimous Lawyer can pretend a conscience, so can any *other* man solicited to help in any other case; nor has any casuist ventured on this ground to stigmatize all conscientious objections as inadmissible. If a conscientious lawyer may be deceived as to the moral character of a case, and thus do unintentional injustice, (for this too is earnestly pleaded) he will only exemplify the universal fact of human fallibility; while from the numbers of the profession, a remedy is in this instance peculiarly attainable. And to all these alleged difficulties (which, in truth, belong to every strenuous effort to obey the rule of Right), must now be opposed the direct and obvious *benefit to general justice* from conscientiousness in advocates. For when once it became understood that a Lawyer's own character was in some degree concerned in the trial of his client, he would naturally desire to seem to proceed only on grounds such as would justify his adoption of the case; that is, to be seen desirous only of the clear statement of right and the full elicitation of truth. Could this spirit be preserved, can there be the slightest doubt that the *public* would *benefit* largely by it? The master evil of human law, its facility of perversion to purposes of vexatious delay, or of positive injustice, being thus almost wholly eradicated!

And now we may introduce one or two considerations to which we before alluded as tending usefully to illustrate or to qualify the *application* of these principles; tending, at least, to make

* Cited by Mr. O'Brien, p. 164.

the prospect less discouraging of prosecuting the profession on these maxims of resolute integrity.

We believe, then, that the thorough reception of the reasonings on which we have insisted, by the mass of legal practitioners, while it would undoubtedly raise the tone of the entire profession, would produce far less diminution in the number of *cases actually undertaken*, than might be at first imagined. It is not that enterprizes of conscious injustice are not hazarded by clients; but that—especially in the hurry and occupation of the busy practitioner—it would seldom happen that even the most conscientious lawyer should be able at once to pronounce a case wholly unworthy of judicial arbitration, and that he would always feel it his duty to obey his client's declared and anxious wishes for a public investigation as long as there appeared the least fair claim for it. Let this be carefully weighed. We have already stated, that if after mature examination, the Lawyer consider the case simply unjust, he is bound to decline it. But on the other hand, as long as there appears a single element of right—of probable or possible right—to be pleaded, even when the chances are against its success, we hold it assuredly the Lawyer's duty, even after having (if he think proper,) advised the surrender of the cause in point of policy, still to hold himself ready to state and support it, should the Client so determine. It would be to overstate the case to represent the Lawyer *merely* as the Client's Adviser. There is unquestionably a relation established between these parties of a more peculiar kind. The Lawyer is not solely an Adviser; he is an understood Agent and Servant also; and considerations of duty are to apply to him just as they do to a Servant—neither less nor *more*. In adopting his profession and attending the Courts, the Lawyer announces himself as prepared to be the legal assistant of any man who may please to call on him; once engaged, to this he is bound; conscientious scruples coming in afterwards as a *limitation*. In other words, a man does not become a Lawyer in the first instance to benefit public justice, and then espouse at his option certain chosen cases as a means to that end; he becomes a Lawyer in the *first* instance to espouse all offered cases of

demand for justice, and applies his conscientious scruples *secondarily* as an occasional bar to that primary object. And this relation of voluntary universal public Servant arises not merely after he has considered all the merits of a particular cause; it arises from the day he has entered the profession; upon that day he became the Servant of the Public, and each special cliency only fixes the general relation to a particular instance of it. It thus results that from the first moment the Lawyer is consulted, and voluntarily bends to hear the statement of the consulting party, he establishes the relation with that party of Servant as well as of Adviser; and consequently is (as in all other cases of service,) to *presume* it in the first instance his business to execute according to his skill the wishes of his employer. If conscientious objections arise, of course he is to obey them; but this consideration, though absolute in order of authority, is secondary in order of time; they are not to be presumed as likely, or admitted without reluctance; and, as long as they do not palpably present themselves, the Lawyer, having engaged in the cause, ordinarily retains no option of retiring. And thus, it is perfectly consistent with all we have said, and indeed seems to flow out of the very conception of the Profession and of its Relation to the rest of society, to affirm,—that as long as there is a possibility that the Client *may* have right on his side, the conscientious Lawyer will feel it, not only a thing permitted, but a *duty*, to set forth the claim; and if the number of cases to which this characteristic fairly applies be considered, it will probably be found to leave not *very* many more rejected cases than those which most barristers of high character would even now unhesitatingly decline.

And hence we conceive the chief value of such a Book as this to be, not so much that its influence would very materially alter the *amount of practice* in the Profession, as that it would elevate the tone of *principle on which that practice is conducted*; furnishing good men with distinct grounds for their course, and setting before them the portraiture of the character they are to aspire to realize. This our Author has admirably done; and assuredly this is *needed*. It can-

not but move regret that the genuinely Christian Lawyers who now amount to a goodly fellowship at our own Bar, should make their views upon this important subject so feebly felt in society. And we cannot but think the reason to be (as we have before hinted) that these views are to *themselves* unfixed and indefinite; the almost unconscious effects of strong religious feeling, and not the direct and deliberate consequences of convictions of the peremptory Law of God. These are eminently religious men; and the cause of all this, doubtless, lies deep in the peculiar religious teaching of the age. But we forbear a subject too extensive, and perhaps too delicate, to attempt on this occasion.

We shall substitute for such discussions a beautiful piece of *practical* theology.

“THE LAWYER’S DEATH.

“It was a bright evening in summer—the rays of the declining sun fell full upon the couch where the old man lay—round him were gathered his wife and children awaiting in sorrow, rendered peaceful by the sweet smile which played upon his lips, the moment that should summon to a better world the departing spirit of a kind and affectionate father, husband, and friend. His domestics stood in the farther part of the room, scarce able to suppress their sobs.

“He raised himself with an effort and spoke. ‘Beloved wife and children, God, who has comforted and succoured me all my days, bless, preserve, and keep you. To his heavenly guidance I

commit you; despise it not—his law written on your hearts, set before you in the ensample of his dear Son, and taught you by his Holy Spirit, regard with holy fear, and follow with fervent love. Let no power force you, no wealth tempt you, no earthly splendour allure you to swerve from allegiance to this holy law. I have lived long, and in a long life been often called upon to encounter the enemies of this holy law, and often, alas! have I seen it trodden down and trampled under their feet; but sure I am that no peace fills their dwellings, no joy swells their breasts; but the worm that dies not gnaws their hearts, and a fearful-looking for of fiery indignation haunts and disturbs them in the midst of their loftiest triumphs. Envy not, then, the oppressor, and choose none of his ways. Listen to the law of God—the voice of heavenly wisdom—it will be a light to your feet and a lamp to your paths; a shield against every foe, and a shelter from every blast; its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace. Such has it ever been to me amid all the strifes and struggles of this transitory life—and now I go, where wars and tumults shall be no more heard, where strife and struggle shall have no place, but justice, peace, and righteousness shall reign eternal. Father of heaven, grant that in that kingdom of bliss we may all meet and join in the song of praise ‘unto Him that has loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.—Amen.’”—p. 142.

B.

ON THE NEWS FROM THE EAST.

A SONNET.

How did dejection wrap us in its pall,
When, like some plague upon far east-winds flying,
Came tales of our unburied soldiers lying
In that dread Pass, our British standard’s fall,
Our women’s bondage! Now, how changed is all!
Bursts forth from Affghan clouds our country’s star;
And many a mourner, cheered by it afar,
Awhile forgets a private sorrow’s thrall.
Scarce China’s millenary fence o’erthrown,
Which walled her from the human family,
More glads that eastward gaze than Sale to see,
Leading in honour back his rescued one,
While shout his comrades in triumphant tone,
And floats our flag above the proud Ghuznee.

W. R. H.

Nov., 1842.

THE TWO POETS.

A TALE IN TWO FASCICULI.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

FASCICULUS PRIMUS.

Slingsby vaunteth himself in his originality and great powers—He taketh a sly poke at “Invocations” to the Muses, though sanctioned by the ancients, but suggesteth a new method for those who *will* invoke—Rejecteth all aid of inspiration, and goeth headlong under his own guidance—Introduceth his heroes—Exhibiteth a genius in his “*studeo*” and the “*modus operandi*” therein.

“Friends, Romans, and countrymen, lend me your ears!”

(As Anthony said, in the play, over Cæsar;)

I'll not pinch them, nor pull them, but tickle them lightly,
With a story I'll vouch shall be *picquant* and sprightly,

And pointed with satire as sharp as a razor,

If you'll let me just manage my rhymes as I please, sir.

The tale is my own, for I scorn to plagiarize—

I'll bet you a guinea, and *there* now my wager lies,

That I neither have begged it, nor borrowed, nor stolen it,

But can lay honest claim, as my own, to the whole on it

For the very best reason, because I've begotten it,

Conceived and produced it,

To rhyme then reduced it,

And dashed it off thus, without making a blot in it—

So I pray you to “lend me the loan of” your ears.

Oh la!—

I was very near making a shocking *faux pas*,

To set to my task

Without waiting to ask

For my labours, the leave or the aid of the muses,

Which I take is a homage no poet refuses.

And though Byron makes bold to sneer at it, I hold

'Tis a canon poetic established of old.

See how Homer begins, the long yarn that he spins

(Which we thumbed when young urchins at school for our sins,

I remember it well, 'tis a long time ago)

“*Μῆνι ἄνδρες Θία Πηλεΐδης*”—

“Damn Homo,” as Northerton says in Tom Jones,

You exclaim, “I've the marks of him still in my”—bones.

He's an old fashioned prig, and we dont care a fig

For such musty authorities now—dash my wig!

Then listen to Tasso—'tis surely sublime,

How he woos on *Parnasso*, the muse to his rhyme.

(*Ahimé lasso!*)—A sigh for the time

When I read his sweet verse in his own sunny clime.

“*Oh, Musa, tu che di caduci allori*

“*Non circondi la fronte in Elìona—*

“*Mà, sù nel cielo, infra I beati cori*

“*Hai di stelle immortali aurea corona*

“*Tu spira all petto mio celesti ardori*

“*Tu rischiara il canto mio*”—*This lowers your tone a*

Peg, sir, so I beg, sir, as you haven't a leg, sir,

To stand on, you'll abandon the point, nor lay hand on
 My muse, for she's skittish if any one vex her ;
 But if you still choose your assent to refuse
 There's glorious John Milton's " Sing, heavenly muse."
 Now the thing being settled *as selon les règles*,
 I'll be off on my flight, bold and strong as an eagle,
 As I've made up my mind to astonish the nation
 With something quite novel in—

MY INVOCATION.

I.

Oh, thou heaven-born spirit! Holiest light
 That emanates from out Jehovah's throne,
 Whose wings swept o'er the harp, who purged the sight
 Of Zion's Prophet King—since thou hast flown
 From earth's fall'n sons to join the chorus bright
 Of Cherubim that harp to God alone,
 My impious tongue shall never dare profane
 Thy blest repose in heav'n to aid my earthly strain.

II.

And thou, bright Maiden! Poet-sprung, yet thought
 To warm the Poet's soul and guide his string—
 With much of heaven, yet some of mortal fraught,
 Not Seraph all, yet past Earth's imaging—
 Thou, from whom Milton thoughts unearthly caught
 While leaning o'er him as he learned to sing—
 Thou who to Shakspeare gave his verse of fire,
 And breathed thy sweetest tones o'er Petrarch's lyre—

III.

I dare not woo thee from thy " holy hill,"
 In my dark soul to shed thy heavenly fire—
 With trembling hand, and rude untutored skill,
 And faltering heart, I touch the sacred lyre ;
 But shrink dismayed, and swiftly drop the " quill"
 My rash ambition led me to desire,
 So harsh the tones my erring fingers bring—
 And feel that BARDS alone should strike the string.

IV.

But thou, all mortal—who dost deign to sing
 For Poetlings, by " Invocations" bought—
 Tho' I do deem them led by some foul thing,
 The " ignis fatuus" of their marshy thought—
 Thou who dost daily cause our ears to ring
 With rhymes as rigid as if furnace wrought—
 Thou wanton one, who wait'st each dotard's call,
 Prankt out in faded flow'rs, I woo thee—not at all.

Now it seems just as plain as the nose on your face
 That mine's a most awkward and critical case.

For as I can't find

Any guide to my mind,

I must launch on the ocean of rhyme without pilot,

And e'en suffer my craft,

As tides drift and winds waft,

To go dashing and smashing 'gainst quicksands and islet.

My own whims! ye shall guide me—then pull away so men,
 And as Clotho observed to the ghosts—*εὐλαμπέως*.

Two Poets once lived—when and where shall be nameless,
 I avoid time and place and shall therefore be blameless,
 For were I to give them, perhaps 'twould disclose
 That these worthies now flourish just under my nose:
 Then as certain as fate, both my hide and my pate
 Would run a great risk from the genus irate,
 Of a fierce castigation or sound flagellation
 With a weapon I wot of, beyond estimation
 More severe than their "grey goose quills" *I calculate*.
Verbum sat sapienti—one word to the wise
 Is equal to twenty, where no wisdom lies;
 And though I have plenty of excellent "why's,"
 Let this one suffice, that I'd feel rather loth,
 After what I'll relate, to encounter their wrath;

And so I'll refrain
 To divulge either name,
 But for euphony's sake call them Drivel and Froth.
 Well, these Poets were both, through all parts of the town,
 Like the giants of old, mighty men of renown—
 Wrote in young ladies' albums acrostics, enigmas,
 Signed with learned Greek words, "ΑΛφα"s, "Βητα"s, and "Σιγμα"s;
 And laboriously wrought, with more torture than thought,
 Impromptu's to wreak on each wretch that they caught,
 Composed "stanzas for music" which no one wrote music to,
 And "fragments," and "sonnets," and "odes," would make you sick too;
 Crept into the corners of country newspapers,
 So fine, that the readers in wonder grew gapers;
 Nay more, it is said, (but I own I am led
 To think there's no very clear proof on this head)
 They contrived an odd time, e'en to smuggle their rhyme
 Into great magazines, a most impudent crime:
 But this I can vouch as a fact, for I know it,
 That an annual was patronised once by each Poet;

And with wonder you'll hear
 That in each did appear
 "An ode" from the one—"Three sad songs" from the other,
 That were sighed o'er and cried o'er by each daughter and mother.
 But alack!—the poor annuals were found dead the next year.
 They were, to say sooth, two most comical fow;
 And moreover—a fact that requires some apology—
 To critics and *savans* who read ornithology—
 They were seen much together,
 Though not "birds of a feather,"
 For Drivel was a Parrot, and Froth was an Owl.

'Twas on a shocking sultry day
 About the latter end of June,
 And at the hottest time, they say,
 Just one hour after noon,
 That Froth was pacing up and down,
 Slipshod, and in his reading gown,
 A little crypt wherein he wrought,
 And wrestled with each muddy thought.
 Lashing his tortured soul, he sought
 To gather, like the "Pythoness,"
 Some "inspiration from distress"—
 Now rubbing his forehead, now biting his nail,
 Now catching some fugitive thought by the tail,
 But sturdy rhymes and angry Gods
 Perplex and vex him—on he plods

Poking out words to make a true fit
 For lines that Euclid could not measure:
 Like pensioners, some had too few feet,
 And would not carry more to suit his pleasure:
 Like centipedes, some others had too many,
 And then as a last hope, with furious pen, he
 Would amputate four, three, or two feet,
 As surgeons, rather than allow a man die,
 Attempt some desperate *modus operandi*.
 Alas! in vain his rage and pain—
 Lines will not fall in *line*, howe'er you beat your brain.
 Like the Scotch rabble crossing "o'er the border"—
 Some hurry on fast, some—move—slow,
 In most admired disorder on they go,
 While you roar out with all your might and main
 "Why the di'el dinna ye march forward in order?"
 Such was poor Froth's disastrous situation,
 (I know it well)—at last in deep vexation,
 Unable to arouse his true "divinior mens," he
 Put down his pen, put up his books,
 Put on his clothes, and with wild haggard looks
 Put himself out of doors in a most towering frenzy.

FASCICULUS SECUNDUS.

An Episodical laudation of "the Salmon leap"—A poetic congress—Specimens of the two most popular styles of Poetry, the "Hyperdiabolical" school of Germany, and the "Aqualactic" school of England.—The battle of the Bards and the issue thereof.

How sweet the slanting sun-beam plays
 Upon the Liffey's rippling water,
 As fervid noon withdraws his gaze
 Obtrusive from our Isle's fair daughter.
 Now half in light and half in shade,
 She trips along with joyous flowing;
 Now stealing coy through dell and glade
 'Mid bright parterres where flowers are blowing.
 Sedately now she calmly glides,
 Her silvery bosom scarce in motion;
 Now, chafed by rocks, she frets and chides
 And fleetly pours her sparkling tides
 In foam and wave—a mimic ocean.
 From morn till night, in ceaseless flight
 She flows by many a sylvan bower
 And cultured scene, but none I ween
 More fair than near Fitzherbert's tower.
 Thick woods of every hue hang o'er,
 Their branches to the margin bending,
 While plunging down, with constant roar,
 Mid whitening foam and vapour blending,
 She leaps the deep cascade, and then
 Flows clear and calm beneath again.
 Here the old bridge, one arch still left,
 Cliff like, stands battling with the water
 There, with a flash the wave is cleft,
 As springing o'er the rocky wall,
 The salmon leaps the waterfall
 With the strange skill that nature taught her.
 'T has been my fate to wend through many a land—
 Sometimes with knapsack and a staff in hand,

Sometimes by the "mal poste" and by *po'chay*,
 By "diligence" whens'er I could secure a
 Seat that I liked in the *cabriolet*
 Sometimes "en barque," and often "per vettura,"
 And what was best of all, the "temonella,"
 A funny Naples gig, driven by a funnier fellow,
 And though I do not mean to say
 I've not seen finer things in other lands,
 Nor dare compare this pet of mine
 With Po or Arno, Neckar, Rhone, or Rhine,
 Yet this I will maintain, deny who may,
 That tourists go abroad each year in bands,
 Making detours with guide-books in their hands,
 To see where rivers rise and hot springs bubble
 That will not half so well repay their trouble:
 And I do marvel much, oh, Anna Liffey,
 That native bards have never sung thy beauty.
 Wolfe's gone, alas! but Tom Moore lives, and if he
 Have not forgotten his old knack of rhyme
 He might at least afford thee one sweet chime—
 I think he owes it as a filial duty—
 Nor leave thee thus without a tuneful line
 To such rude hurdy-gurdy praise as mine.

Revenons a nos *moutons*—"I've been roaming,"
 Let's come back to our sheep—the Poetasters;
 Besides I fancy it is time
 To get a different measure for my rhyme,
 And give you a change of diet, "good my masters."

Well, in a sweet dell where these bright waters fell
 'Neath the hill, near the rill that turns round the large wheel
 That grinds all the corn in—Mister Reid's mill,
 There's a most charming spot, with a cool shady grot,
 And fount artificial, and walks, and what not,
 Where 'twas once all the rage, when the weather was fine,
 For the Cits upon Sundays to go out to dine—
 A resort, where mammas who had daughters on hand
 Would invite the young beaus to go with them *pic-nic-ing*.
 'Tis shocking to think how youths thus are trepanned
 With back hand-twitches, sandwiches, warm looks, and cold chicken—
 Ha! what noise do I hear, so startling and near,
 That falls in such regular time on my ear?
 Hist! hist!—it is clear past all manner of doubting
 'Tis either a man or the mill-stream that's *spouting*.
 Lo, buried in thought, with an air most distraught,
 Stretched out at full length lies a wight in the grot:
 Now he utters a verse 'bout "the balm-laden breeze,"
 And then his line lingers,
 So he counts on his fingers
Three bars tacet—then rounds it all off with "green trees."
 But, just as he gets to the height of his ranting,
 He stops short,
 With a snort—
 Lifts his head, cocks his ear, while his heart goes a panting:
 Like an echo he catches
 Strange rhythmical snatches
 As if some waggish spirit were mocking his chanting.
 When slowly advancing straight into his lair
 Comes a youth with fair hair, curled with exquisite care,

Light moustache, French kid gloves, and a smart *gentil* air
 That was half *diletante* and half *militaire*;
 His eyes are bent down o'er a book all the while
 From which he reads out *such* queer verse with a smile
 In a most self-conceited, coxcomical style.
 T'other starts to his feet to make good his retreat,
 But too late—with a crash their two *corpora* meet.
 They draw back, eye each other with looks full of wrath,
 Then exclaim both together, "What! Drivel,"—"Ha! Froth."
 Drivel rallied the first, and then after a pause
 And some *little* confusion, he opened his jaws—
 "Mon ami, *mais c'est drôle*, you've got in here before us,
 "Like Flaccus, eh? '*versos meditare canoros*.'
 "Sly dog, come no shamming, I know what you're on—
 "You're courting the muses as sure as a gun;
 "So you may as well own that you just have come down
 "To compose something grand to astonish the town."

Then Froth,
 Although indeed he felt a trifle loth
 To be, as 'twere '*deprensus in delicto*,'
 Replied, '*tout nonchalemment*,' "Why in troth,
 "I've strolled from town '*negotio relicto*.'
 "The beauty of the scene seduced me hither,
 "And somehow, in this most poetic weather,
 "Numbers and thoughts flow in on me so fast
 "I scarce can jot them down before they're past;
 "And as you're here, dear Drivel, I'd like to read you
 "A scene from my new drama, you're a judge—
 "I know no better, therefore, I much need you:
 "So give me your suggestions freely."—"Fudge!
 "None can mend you, or lend you a hint for I own
 "You're '*facile princeps*,' my dear Froth,—*allons donc*."

"*Der Blutschwur* ;"

OR, "THE BOND OF BLOOD."

ACT III.—SCENE I.

[A wild dark forest in Styria—in the back ground the mines—at the side "Die Teufelshohle."]

FRITZ (in a miner's dress, with a rifle in his hand).

The moon is in her zenith, 'tis the time
 When Rodolph swore to meet me; Satan grant
 He flinch not from his faith—*Wer dá?*

Enter RODOLPH hurriedly, his rich dress worn and stained, and his head bare.

ROD.—One without name to all the world save thee—

FRITZ—Rodolph?

ROD.—The same.

FRITZ.—Thou'st kept thy tryst, I see.

Welcome, *Mein Bruder*! in the Devil's name
 I bid thee welcome—*Gieb mir deine hand!*

(FRITZ grasps his hand, and, gazing on RODOLPH, compresses
 it slowly till the blood oozes from the fingers.)

Thou wincest not nor blenchest. Thou'rt a man
 Hewn out of goodly stuff, and wear'st a heart
 Tougher than steel that's forged in flames of hell
 To thunderbolts.

ROD.— I ~~was~~ a man—but now !——

FRITZ—Nay, thou art more than man or shalt be soon.
See, the blood-gouts drop down to Earth, the charm
Is ripe, attend—Demons, give ear and answer !——

FRITZ (*still holding RODOLPH's hand, repeats slowly*).

By the red blood from thee flowing——

ROD. I swear !

(*Demons are heard in response*)——

Amen.

FRITZ—By the blue fires 'neath thee glowing——

ROD.— I swear !

DEMONS——

Amen.

FRITZ— By the lightning's flame——

By the thunder's mutter——

By that nameless name

No tongue dare utter——

ROD.— I swear !

(*Demons in hollow tones, which die away towards the cave.*)

Amen ! Amen !! Amen !!!

FRITZ—'Tis well, the blood, crushed from the sweating pores
Not drawn by steel, now froths on the black ground :
The mine-fiend smells his banquet. See the flames
Like lurid serpents lift their fiery coils,
Lapping with lambent tongues the dark cave's sides——
Hist ! he calls.

(*Thunder and lightning, and then a low sweet voice is heard singing.*)

" During life, to work thy will,

" *Ich bin dein.*

" After death, for good or ill,

" *Du bist mein.*

" By the blood-cemented vow

" We are bound together now

" On earth, while time is rolling o'er——

" In Hell, when time shall be no more."

ROD.—Ev'n so, I know the compact, and abide it ;
Earth hath no ill to give, but I have tried it :
Heav'n hath no place for me, I'll find if Hell
Can grant my wish, though soul-bought.

FRITZ— Try the spell——

Thine ear, I'll breathe it low that no air ev'n

Bear the dread name aloft to frighten Heav'n.

(FRITZ *whispers* RODOLPH *who staggers and grows pale.*)

ROD.—(*After a pause*) Oh, terrible spirit, I am thine,
Body and soul, Lead on, I follow (*to FRITZ*).

(*They retire into the cave.*)

Drivel gasped, rolled his eyes in amaze and delight
Like a duck in a thunder-storm—" Soul-stirring, quite !
" You've out-devilled the devil—in truth it is capital,
" On conceptions so mighty, oh, how could you hap at all——
" *Quel esprit poetique !*
" *C'est superbe, magnifique ! !*
" And then so sustained
" From beginning to end.

" 'Dormitat Homerus,'—but *you* never nap at all"—
 " Vous me faites trop fier"—" Not at all—by the way
 " I'll show you a trifle *I* wrote t'other day.
 " It is not in the grand line,
 " Indeed there's no handling
 " Such subjects as you do,—'tis only a childish thing
 " To exhibit the progress of arts and of sciences
 " Some ages to come in their wondrous alliances—
 " There's Philosophy in it, although 'tis a wildish thing."
 With a solemn grimace Froth composed his dull face,
 While Drivel recited with exquisite grace
 The following lay

Yclept—

" THE GREAT HIBERNIAN STEAM RAIL-WAY."

I.

It was a lovely eve in spring—
 Old Peter wiped his brow
 And rested, now his work was done,
 On his pneumatic plough !
 He had been ploughing in since morn
 Some sixty roods of Indian corn.

II.

His little son, young Hodgy, stood
 Beside his father there—
 He had been feeding all the day
 His father's plough with air,
 And now he lifted from the ground
 A long black heavy lump he found.

III.

The old man asked the youngster then,
 What 'twas he thus surveyed—
 The youngster gave the old man then
 The lump which heavy weighed,
 Who from his fob, which he did ope,
 Drew forth a solar microscope.

IV.

Old Peter peered, then shook his head—
 Young Hodge looked wondering on—
 And with a natural sigh, he said,
 " An iron bar, my son.
 " Many like this I've met before
 " As I have ploughed these acres o'er."

V.

" Now tell me, father," Hodgy cries,
 " What brought this old bar here ?"
 Then cocked, to catch his sire's replies,
 His wonder-waiting ear.
 " It was, as I've heard old men say,
 " The great Hibernian Steam Rail-way.

VI.

" My grandsire lived at Bantry here,
 " And oft I heard him say,
 " That, when a little boy, he helped
 " The Railway lines to lay—
 " These iron bars o'er which 'twould seem
 " They drove great carriages by steam.

VII.

" By fire and water, through the land
 " From north to south they ran,
 " And many a soul blew up sky-high,
 " And ground down many a man :
 " But things like that, the old folks say,
 " Were common on each steam Rail-way.

VIII.

" They say it was a shocking sight,
 " Whene'er a boiler burst,
 " To see crushed bodies strew the way,
 " Covered with blood and dust.
 " But things like that, the old folks say,
 " Occurred on every steam Rail-way.

IX.

" Great praise the famous Brunel won,
 " And good friend Pim & Co."
 " Why 'twas a wicked thing," says Hodge,
 " To slaughter people so."
 " My little man," said Peter, " nay,
 " 'Twas a grand thing—that steam Rail-way."

X.

Said Hodge, " It was a silly thing
 " To waste their iron and fire,
 " When they'd go swift and safe by air
 " As heart could well desire.
 " But what became at last, I pray,
 " Of this Hibernian Steam Rail-way?"

XI.

" My child, the world was not so wise
 " In those rude times, as we,
 " Nor knew the proper use of air
 " Or electricity.
 " But these things came, and drove away
 " The great Hibernian Steam Rail-way."

XII

Then Peter took from out his poke
 A gold chronometer,
 And shrewdly said, "'Tis now past six,
 " I can't stay chatting here.
 " To Dublin I must go upon
 " The tenth-class *Aeronauticon*.

XIII.

" I've got five bushels of musk-seed
 " For Mr. Toole in town—
 " Go tell your mother that by seven
 " For supper I'll be down :
 " By then the turtle will be boiled—
 " 'Twon't suit poor folks to have things spoiled."

"In truth," says Froth, "it is exceeding sweet,
 "And an elaborately simplified conceit,
 "But still——" and then he looked up with a leer,
 A half triumphant, half malignant sneer—
 Cain-like he envied much his *innocent* brother
 His knack of stringing rhymes one to another—
 "But is not *quite* original, I *must* say,
 "You have read Southey's 'Battle of Blenheim'—Eh?"

This cut to the quick past all power of healing,
 For Drivel was rather notorious for stealing ;

Then looking up smartly,
 He replied somewhat tartly,—
 "Sir, it may be we have jumped on the same notions partly,
 "But I'm not such a sot as to borrow my plot,
 "And my scenes, and my characters, language and thought,
 "From some German Tom-foolery, like one that I wot."

Hollo !

As bottles of "brown stout," when the weather is hot,
 Send the corks flying out with a sound like a shot,
 Or as water boils over the fire in a pot,
 The two Poets engage, white and foaming with rage,
 Most indecent in men so accomplished and sage.

Now scowling and muttering
 And bitter jibes uttering,
 And screaming and sputtering
 Like two cats in a cage.

As Fortune should have it, it happened just then,
 That the Miller himself and a few of his men
 Came out to arrange something wrong in the sluice,
 And hearing quite near them a horrible rout,
 They fell straightway a wondering what 'twas about :
 Some thought 'twas the river, and some 'twas the *deuce*,
 And others a cage of wild beasts that got loose.
 But the Miller, a man very sober and surly,
 Soon discovered the cause of this grand hurly-burly,
 And seizing a pale full of water, like winking
 Cried, "Gadzooks ! but I'll soon cool their hot blood I'm thinking."

Splash !

Slap dash !

Swift and bright like a flash
 Comes the cataract down on the pair with a crash !
 Bespattering and battering,
 On their pates and necks pattering,
 Sets them sobbing and shaking with all their teeth chattering,
 Like a girl in a show'r bath, when first she has sat her in.
 Then they took a queer look

At each other, then shook
 The wet from their clothes and new Paris silk hats,
 And in a sad plight sneaked away like drenched rats.
 While "the Miller and his men" hollowed jeeringly after,
 Till the wood rangs again with the peals of their laughter.

OLD IRELAND AND YOUNG.

TRACTS EDITED BY THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

THE Irish Archæological Society has given satisfactory proofs of its existence, in the disinterment of some "Remains," which have been presented to its members in two slim volumes, creditable to the society for the learning with which they have been edited, and, it should not be omitted, for their typographical beauty also. The volumes contain an Irish poem, with a translation—historical annals—and a description such as might be looked for from an emigrant to one of our new colonies, by an English settler. As these selected pieces are not likely to be read very generally, having been printed for distribution to the members only of the Archæological Society, whose numbers, we regret to say, do not amount to three hundred; and as with much of little value, they contain matter which it may be seasonable to make known, we shall lay before our readers some notice of their contents, and append a few observations suggested by them.

The poem, a composition of the tenth century, is entitled, "A Circuit of Ireland, by Muircheartach M'Neil;" and professes to narrate a very memorable enterprise of that aspiring prince. He had defeated the Danes in a pitched battle—had reduced some tributary chiefs to the obedience which they owed the supreme ruler of Ireland; and in order to prove himself worthy of being elected sovereign, after the demise of the reigning king, undertook an expedition which was to make his power and his military genius generally felt and acknowledged. With this view he set forth on the "Circuit of Ireland," at the head of a thousand warriors, and enforced upon every suffragan prince submission to his authority. The army was small, but it was composed of chosen men. It was a selection from the forces at the young

prince's command. All were assembled; but, at the muster, none were enlisted into the army of the expedition, except those who proved their hardihood, by a trial, which none but the stout-hearted could have endured without shrinking. Each warrior was commanded to pass, alone, through a tent, where he had to meet, suddenly, the assault of an armed man, stationed at one side, and a ferocious dog at the other. The number who withstood these menacing surprises, without quailing or shrinking, was one thousand; and at the head of this intrepid band the young prince took the field, (or the road, if roads were then,) against all refractory vassals. His enterprise was successful, and he returned with many hostages, some gold,† and not a little glory to his regal residence. The return of the warriors is thus recorded:—

"We were a night at the green Magh-glas,
On the morrow we reached our home to drink the goblets.
There was noise of rejoicing, with glory,
In thy great house, O Muircheartach.
From the green Lochan na n-each,‡
A page was dispatched to Aileach,
To tell Dubhdairé of the black hair
To send women to cut rushes.
'Rise up, O Dubhdairé,' (*spake the page*),
'Here is company coming to thy house,
Attend each man of them
As a monarch should be attended.'
'Tell to me,' (*she answered*), 'what company comes hither
To the lordly Aileach Rígreann?
Tell me, O fair page,
That I may attend them.'
'The kings of Erin, in fetters,' (*he replies*),
'With Muircheartach, son of warlike Niall,
Ten hundred heroes of distinguished valour,
Of the race of the fierce fair Eoghan.'"

* Tracts relating to Ireland. Two volumes; 1841, 1842, 4to. Dublin. Printed at the University press.

† So at least might be inferred from the presents offered by Muircheartach to his queen.

"Out of the plunder of the cold Dalaradia,
In gold, in oxen, in good cows."—p. 230.

‡ "The small lake of the horses."

When the reader is assured that he can form a fair, perhaps the most favourable judgment of the "Circuit of Ireland," from this extract, he will not think it a sore privation to be denied any further specimens of its poetical merits. The poem (if rhythm may assign the name to an itinerary such as, if there were hotels in those days, a travelling courier might have compiled from the tavern bills furnished on the way) contains the names of Muirheartach's resting places during his expedition; and the briefest possible notice of his successes. But it has its peculiarities. The prince appears to have conducted his expedition with admirable prudence, having achieved all that he desired without the loss of a single soldier; and the bard has brought his story to a close, without the record (unless an obscure and passing notice* may be considered such) of a single battle. Such was the Ireland of the tenth century. We do not believe that, in any century since, it could have merited the praise of furnishing occasion for so peace-loving a poem.

Once, and once only, we seem on the eve of a conflict:—

"A night at Cashel of Munster,
There the great injury was inflicted on
the men of Munster;
There were arrayed against us three
battalions brave,
Impetuous, red, tremendous,
So that each party confronted the other,
In the centre of the great plain.
We cast our cloaks† off us,
As became the subjects of a good king."

This wears a promising air enough; the soldiers have disencumbered themselves of heavy cloaks, and if they wore swords, we can imagine that they have drawn them. "A very pretty quarrel as it stands;" but the result is not answerable—the Sir Lucius O'Trigger spirit seems of a more recent origin—the battle is prevented. While the soldiers on the one side and the other are ready for action, their chiefs appear to have little sympathy with them. The poem proceeds thus:—

"The comely, the bright Muirheartach
was at the time
Engaged in playing his chess.
The hardy Callaghan said,
(And to us it was victory,)
'O men of Munster, men of renown!
Oppose not the race of Eoghan;
Better that I go with them as a *hostage*,
Than that we should all be driven to
battle,
They will kill man for man,
The noble people of Muirheartach.'
We took with us, therefore, Callaghan
the Just,
Who received his due honour," &c.—p. 45.

An honour which the Poet slyly explains—

"*Namely*, a ring of fifteen ounces on his hand,
And a chain of iron on his stout leg."

We hear no more of war or semblance of war during this great "Circuit of Ireland," which, indeed, seems to have been in its orderly and peaceful character, more like a lord mayor's procession, than a military enter-

* "We were a night at the rapid Siul Daimh,
With Muirheartach the son of Niall;
And we were not defeated,
Through the valour with which we fought."—p. 51.

† These cloaks appear to have no little importance assigned to them among the "properties" of the expedition. The king has one of his titles from them—he was called Muirheartach of the Cloaks. The circumstance of casting them off when there was a fight expected, and wearing them upon more peaceful occasions, seems to prove that war entered far less than weather into the king's thoughts when he was preparing for his enterprise.

"In the plain of the Hy-Cairbre
Our *only* shelter, our *only* woods,
Were our strong leather cloaks.
Music we had on the plain and in our tents,
Listening to its strains we *danced awhile*,
There methinks a heavy noise was made
By the shaking of our hard cloaks."—p. 45.

The plain of Hy-Cairbre, where the leather cloaks were found so serviceable, was, the editor inform us, "the level country extending from the river Shannon to the town of Kilmallock, in the present county of Limerick."

prise. This may be the merit of the bard, who in his carefulness to chronicle the articles of good cheer* with which his patron was supplied—

“Of bacon—of fine good wheat, &c.
Joints of meat, and fine cheese—
Dinner sufficient for a hundred, given to
every twenty,” &c.

betrays an edifying indifference to the more unsubstantial, although more glorious varieties of bloodshed and battle. Cormac Eigeas, the author of this poem, is described as “Chief Poet of the *North of Ireland*,” we could wish much to have his peaceful strains compared or contrasted with some

“Syllables which breathe of the sweet
South,”

in the same century. If they were equally peaceful, they certainly resembled but little the southern lays of such poets as are now.

If the Ireland of the “Chief Poet of Ulster” did not aspire to the warlike glory which it coveted in later times, it maintained its character well as the Island of Saints—not, however, of saints to be invoked, for it is a memorable fact throughout the entire poem, no such invocation is found—but of those embryo saints, the clergy, to whom even in the body, old Ireland paid due and acceptable honour. The comparison employed by the poet, when describing the honourable attendance upon the captive kings, makes manifest the high esteem in which Ireland held its clergy.

“The noble kings were attended
According to the pleasure of the noble
Niall,
Without sorrow—without gloom in the
house,
As if they had been clerics.”

The kings were attended as if they had been the clergy—honour and comfort, it appears, so cheering, as to chase away sorrow and gloom from their captivity.

A peculiarity to which we have already alluded, renders this loyalty of the Irish people to their clergy more strikingly remarkable; and at the same time takes a prominent place among the internal evidences to the antiquity of the poem. Honour to the living clergy is not associated with any form of devotion towards the saints departed. In no one instance throughout the poem do we find a prayer or an allusion to any finite intelligence in the spiritual world. And yet the poet writes as a believer in the Christian religion. He sets it chief among the felicities of the king, his patron, that—

“The Son of the living God was pleased
With Muirheartach the son of Niall.”

He invokes a blessing upon the queen, but it is not the blessing of martyr, virgin, or confessor—

“The blessing of every man with a
tongue†

Be on the good, great daughter of
Kellaich;

And the blessing of the pure and glorious
Christ

Be on the daughter of the king of
Ossory.”

* He has given bills not only of the travelling fare of the prince and his train, but also of their more studied, though scarcely more elaborate luxuries. Indeed, the appetite of the times appears to be rather Homeric—more wise than nice—studious of abundance rather than of delicacy or variety in the viands provided for festal occasions. We are favoured with an account of the victorious prince's mode of entertaining when at home:—

“Ten score hogs—no small work—

Ten score cows, two hundred oxen

Were slaughtered at the festive Aileach,

For Muirheartach of the great fetters.

Three score vats of curds

Which banished the hungry look of the army—

(Rather an equivocal compliment, were we not assured by Spenser, that curds were in no little request, even at a later period)—

With a sufficiency of cheering mead

Were given by the magnanimous Muirheartach;

Twelve vats of choice mead

Were given to the kings of Erin.

The dinner of a hundred of each kind of food, nobly

Was given gratuitously to them from the queen.”

† The compositor has suggested “brogue” for “tongue,” but we have thought it better to let the reader choose.

Had the poem been written by an orthodox professor of the religion into which the faith of Ireland was reformed by the Norman lances and the intrigue of Rome, the saints would have had their honour in it, and there would have been interpolated in the prayer for the Queen Dubhdair, between the blessing of man and that besought of our Lord, another blessing also, from her whom Rome salutes as "mother of God." To us, therefore, it is evident that (if the author of the "Circuit of Ireland" were not some member of that persecuted remnant of the church which is said to have subsisted in unsubdued districts of our country, from the reformation of Henry II. to that effected in the reign of Elizabeth) the poem was written probably in the age of which it bears date, but certainly before the coming of Strongbow. It has been printed now, for the first time, from manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy, and has been translated and illustrated with notes by Mr. John O'Donovan.

Paulo majora canemus. We part company with the bard, (*poeta cyclicus* indeed,) and seek what information the annalist affords us. The Annals of Ireland, by James Grace, have been printed from a manuscript "formerly belonging to Archbishop Usher, and now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin." This volume is the last which the Archæological Society has produced: we place it second in our review because of the period of time it embraces, containing, as it does, historical notices of Ireland from a very early period down to the middle of the fourteenth century. Here we cannot complain of being satiated with the comparatively "innocent pleasures" of the "chief bard." Here there is no want of more stimulating and more appalling incidents—murders, battles, forays, the strong arm working the will of a proud heart, the erection of convents and cathedrals, like the crosses in Italian mountains, commemorating and compensating acts or lives of crime: the annals of Ireland have become picturesque and bloody.

The annalist had, indeed, fallen on

better, that is to say, more evil days than those of the poet. Ireland had become big with rude enterprises, oppressions, and crimes. Two nations, two religions, were struggling within her; nor does it appear that, for many troubled centuries, the land had rest, except at rare and distant intervals, when the passion for vengeance or conquest paused from exhaustion. The soldiers of Henry and the pope, or rather the adventurers, who, under the sanction of these great names, fought "for their own hands," persecuted and insulted the clergy* of the country, scoffed at their simple lives, and demolished the fabrics in which they celebrated the worship of their church. In some instances, the spirit of a wronged people rallied, and they made dreadful reprisals. Even after there had been a partial reconciliation between members of the Irish and the Roman or Anglican churches, unkind feeling became a principle of division: Irish religious communities passed laws that none of English descent should ever be admitted into their body. Rival communities retaliated; and so stubborn was the antagonism, even within the limits of English jurisdiction, that pope and king exerted their influence in vain against the frenzy of national and monastic hatred. Passions still baser rushed into the strife; and when exhausted Ireland implored and would have purchased, at a large price, the yoke and the protection of British law—when an English monarch would have acceded to the touching prayer, and demanded only the co-operation of his English subjects resident in Ireland, the vile cupidity of an ecclesiastical† faction prevailed against a king and a people—against the principles of justice, and wisdom, and mercy. Denied the benefit of English law, Ireland cherished its animosity; and war, divested of all the courtesies and the generosity of war, and infested with all the plagues of personal malice, hatred, and vengeance—war of predatory encounter, ambuscades, assassinations, executions—scourged and devastated the land and its inhabitants.

Dr. Phelan, we believe, was the first modern writer who showed that

* Even Taaffe, in his *History of Ireland*, records instances of this persecution.

† See Dr. Phelan's *History of the Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland*.

the aboriginal Irish suffered more from the weakness than the will of England. The Annals appear strongly to confirm his conclusion. The independent adventurers, through whom the conquest of Ireland was mainly effected, used their advantages, in too many instances, more after the fashion of freebooters than in that spirit of clemency in which the vanquished are formed into a brotherhood with their conquerors; and instances are not few in which the sovereigns of England strove, and not always successfully, against the lust and abuse of power in nobles who professed to be their subjects or vassals. How fraught with subjects of melancholy thought—how fruitful in topics which enrich romance, must such a state of society have been. Take, for example, the epitome of history for the year 1210:—

"1210. King John came with a fleet and a great army into Ireland, and drove from the country the sons of Hugh Lacy, Walter, Lord of Meath, and Hugh, for they had tyrannized over the common people, and killed John de Courcy, Lord of Kilbarrock and Rathenny, county Dublin, because he had complained of them to the king; but they fled into France, and remained for a long time unknown in the Abbey of St. Taurin, serving in menial employments, to wit, in the garden, digging and preparing mud and bricks; but at last they were discovered by the abbot, and at his entreaties reconciled to the king, and, having paid a great sum of money, were restored to their former authority in Ireland. Walter brought with him into Ireland John, son of Alured, that is, Fitzavery, son of the abbot's brother, and gave him the lordship of Dengin, and many other things. Both brought over and enriched some monks. King John having taken hostages everywhere, both from English and Irish, and having punished malefactors and established his power, returned into England the same year in which he came."—p. 23.

The tyranny of these two noblemen may have been sharpened by a thirst for vengeance. The brief history of a preceding year is as follows:—

"1186. Hugh Lacy is slain treacherously by a certain Irishman at Durrow, while in building the castle he was showing him how he should work, he took the instrument for striking the ground, and, as he stooped, the Irishman cut off his head with an axe. He left two sons,

Walter and Hugh, and the subjugation of Ireland went no further."—p. 19.

What a crowd of incident—what materials for thought and invention, in the following:—

"1307. On the first of April, Murcharth Ballagh is beheaded by that brave knight, David Canteton. Adam Dan is also killed. The English in Connaught on the day of St. Philip and James (May 1st) are slaughtered by the O'Scheles. The robbers also of Offaly destroyed the castle of Geasnull, and burned the town of Leix, and laid siege to the castle, but they were shortly driven back by John Fitz Thomas and Edmund Butler. King Edward dies. The Templars in Ireland are taken prisoners the day of the purification of the Virgin, (February 3rd.)"—p. 3.

"1309. Piers Gaveston subdued the Irish O'Brines (the O'Birnes of Wicklow); he rebuilt Newcastle, M'Kyneggan, and Castle Keryn, and cut and cleared a pass between Castle Keryn and Clandallogh, having also beaten the Irish, then he sailed for England on St. John's Eve." &c. &c.

"Piers Gaveston is taken at Dodington, and beheaded by the Earl of Warwick, by the advice of the earls and barons, on the 19th of June."

How happens it that Gaveston has escaped the writers of historical romance? They would have found rich material in his showy and chivalrous qualities and in the vicissitudes of his adventurous life. By the way, we think that Edward was not far wrong in appointing him his deputy in Ireland. The English barons wished that he should be sent home; but we are of opinion that his imaginative and ardent nature, his *gascon* temperament, (we speak in a good sense,) would have found a home in the "land of song."

Nor are heroes of romance wanting. In the year following we read—

"Piers Gaveston, proscribed by the nobles of England, comes into Ireland with his wife, sister to the Earl of Gloucester; he enters Dublin with great pomp, and seated himself there. William M'Walter, that famous robber, on the 12th of September is condemned before the justiciary, John Wogan, in the court of Dublin, and was dragged to the gallows at the tails of horses, and hanged."—p. 53.

"1311. Saggard and Rathcoole are attacked in autumn by the robbers, the

O'Tooles, with an army lurking both in Glendilory (Glenmalure) and other wooded places. On November 12th, Richard Clare slew six hundred galloglasses." &c. &c.—p. 59.

"1315. . . . The O'Moores laid waste part of Leix, in Leinster, but they were punished by Edmund Butler, the justiciary; for, having defeated them, he brought back eight hundred heads to Dublin," &c. &c.—p. 69.

"1318. . . . On the day of Gordian and Epimachus (May 10) O'Brian and M'Carthy slay Richard of Clare, with Thomas of Naas, Sir James de Canteton, John Canteton, and Adam Apelgard, and eight soldiers. *Richard's body is cut into small pieces, through hatred; the rest are burned at Limerick,*" &c.—p. 93.

The year 1316 seems to have been eminently prolific of great and marvellous events. The Bruce was in Ireland, and Scots, Hibernians, and English appear to have sustained their characters well. The annalist, too, has an opportunity, which he does not suffer to escape, of showing the temper of his devotion.

"The Irish of Imayle attacked Tullow, and lost four hundred men, *whose heads were brought to Dublin; marvellous things occurred, the dead rose again, and fought with one another, shouting their cry, after their fashion,*" (the author can scarcely design to intimate that this state of literal decapitation was a fashion,) "Fennok aboo."—p. 73.

"On the Feast of St. Laurence (Aug. 10th) four Irish kings rose against the English, who were punished by William de Burgh and Richard Birmingham, Lord of Athenry, with his men, who slew twelve thousand of them at the town of Athenry, which was afterwards surrounded with walls from the spoils of the Irish, for whoever took double arms of knights laid out half the price on this work. Here fell Felim O'Connor, king of Connaught, and O'Kelly, with many other captains. John Hussee, butcher of Athenry, by orders of his lord went from Athenry by night to look for O'Kelly, who was safe, and with his esquire, advised him not to run the chance of a combat, but to go off with him to receive a great estate as a reward; his servant approved of this; first, then, he slew his own servant, then O'Kelly and his servant; he brought back their three heads to his lord; for this deed he was knighted, and gifted with great estates by his lord."—*Ibid.*

This battle of Athenry is remembered by the reader, not so much for the disaster to the O'Connor tribe in the field, as because of Campbell's beautiful poem. The fairest memorial of the battle now existing is, "O'Connor's Child; or, the Flower of Love lies bleeding."

"Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, his brother Edward, the Earl of Moray, John Menteith, John Steward, Philip Moubray, stayed there (near the salmon leap at Lucan) four days; *they fired the town and plundered the church.* At last they went towards Naas, where, contrary to their oath, the Lacies were their leaders and advisers; but Hugh Canon appointed Wadin White, his wife's brother, to guide them through the country. *They burned Naas, and plundered the churches,* and opened the tombs, staying there two whole days. Thence they reached Tristler Dermot in the second week of Lent; *they plundered the friars minor, and destroyed the books and the vestments.* From thence they retired to Gowran, and from thence, without going to Kilkenny, to Callan, where they were about the Feast of St. Gregory (March 12.) In the meantime, letters came by Edmund Butler, justiciary, Thomas Fitz John, Earl of Kildare, Richard Clare, Arnold Power, Maurice Fitz Thomas, that the Earl of Ulster should be liberated by the king's desire. The men of Ulster came with an army of two thousand seeking aid against the Scots; the king's banner was given to them; and more evil was done by them than by all the Scots, *for they eat flesh during the whole of Lent, and laid waste almost the whole country.*"—p. 8.

A fair specimen of the moral sense of the annalist. The Irish and Scotch both plundered; but the Irish were worse, inasmuch as "they eat flesh during the whole of Lent." It is impossible not to discern here the judgment passed by the new religion, that of England and Rome, on the professors of the old faith of Ireland.

Notwithstanding the rancour, sectarian and national, of which the Annals contain indisputable and many proofs, it does not appear that instances of capital punishment for heresy were frequent. One occurs, A.D. 1327:—

"Adam Duff, son of Walter Duff, a Leinster man of the sept of the O'Tooles, was convicted of heresy for he had

denied the incarnation of Christ, and the Trinity, and the chastity of the blessed Virgin, and the resurrection of the dead, and asserted that the holy Scriptures were fables, and that the holy apostolical see was false; wherefore, by a decree of a civil court (Pemborge, it is added in a note, writes *per decretum episcopi*) he was burned after the octaves of Easter at the Hogges (College) Green in Dublin."—p. 107.

Punishments for witchcraft were not frequent. Indeed, they were not numerous in any part of the world until after the decree of Innocent VIII. in the fifteenth century. After the passing of that decree, which was enforced by Alexander VI., (a worthy confederate,) witches and wizards seemed to have fearfully increased in numbers. One instance of an investigation into a crime of witchcraft is related by the annalist. It occurred about the same time as the above punishment for heresy, and many circumstances seem to indicate that both were parts of a system by which the hierocracy of the day laboured to ensure their ascendancy.

The *Annals* notice a very daring attempt, on the part of the church, in the year 1328, but do not give full information respecting it:—

"Arnold Power is accused by the Bishop of Ossory of heretical pravity. When he was sent for by the council, he said he could not come by reason of the lying in wait of his enemies; he is therefore arrested, and placed in custody, in the Castle of Dublin, until the parliament, which was held at Midlent. At that time, the bishop accused Roger Outlawe, Prior of Kilmainham, as Arnold's counsellor, and as a partaker of the same pravity. Roger asked from the council an opportunity to clear himself, which was granted; and for three successive days proclamation was made, that if any one wished to prosecute the accusation, he should appear; but no one appeared. All the magnates in Ireland being assembled in Dublin, six examiners are appointed: Master Wm. Rodiard, Dean of St. Patrick's, the Abbot of St. Thomas's, the Abbot of St. Mary's, the Prior of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Master Elias Lawless, Master Peter Willeby, in whose presence Roger Outlawe was cleared.

In Lent Arnold Power died in the Castle, and was long unburied."—p. 111.

The accused Roger Outlawe was Lord Justice and Chancellor of Ireland. Having extended protection to Arnold Power, he became himself an object of the bishop's hostility, which it would appear, Power had incurred for a similar act of courage and humanity. Seneschal of the palatinate to which Kilkenny then belonged, he could not witness without a feeling of deep interest the persecution, as it seemed to him, of innocent sufferers, falsely accused of heresy and witchcraft. His concern in their behalf proved fatal to him. The enraged but not baffled bishop immediately turned upon the seneschal, and although he failed in bringing him to the stake, he succeeded in keeping him in prison until his death, and avenged himself further on the dead body, to which he denied burial until it had become an object of horror to the living—

"A heap,
Which makes men tremble who never
weep."

The bishop was accused of seditious practices, and evaded a trial before Irish commissioners by betaking himself to the king, to whom he appealed. A trial having been ordered in England, he seems to have made his appeal to the pope—before whom Edward lodged his complaint. Dr. Phelan says that "a papal brief was despatched to the king, desiring that he would issue an order to the chief governor and other officers of state in Ireland, to assist the Bishop of Ossory and his brother prelates in the extirpation of heresy."—*Hist. of the Pol.* cap. 1.

The bishop himself was accused of heresy, in 1339, by his metropolitan, and was driven to shelter himself under an appeal to the pope.*

According to Ware,† this appeal was made ten years earlier, and so successful were the bishop's representations, or such the esteem in which he was held at Rome, that, "after having lived ten years in banishment, he obtained," says Clyn, "an

* "*Annals*," &c. p. 110, note.

† "*Ware's Irish Bishops*," p. 410.

exemption in the court of Rome from the jurisdiction and superiority of the Archbishop of Dublin." Was the archbishop's accusation of heresy neutralised by the king's complaint against seditious practices?

The proceedings in the case of witchcraft took place in the year 1325, and are thus described by the annalist:—

"1325. Richard Ledred, Bishop of Ossory, cited Alice Ketil to clear herself of heresy. She was convicted of magic; for it was *surely proved* that a certain demon incubus (named Robin Artisson) had lain with her, to whom she had offered nine red cocks, at a certain stone bridge at the cross-roads; and also at prayer time, between compline and curfew, she swept the streets of Kilkenny with brooms, and as she swept, brought the dirt to the house of William Outlaw, her son, where she said, in conjurations, 'may all the luck of Kilkenny come to this house!' Many other women are found to have been partakers of this impiety, as Petronilla of Meath, with her daughter Basilia. The bishop imposed a fine upon her, and compelled her to *forswear witchcraft*; but afterwards, being again convicted of the same crime, she fled with Basilia, nor did she ever appear again after that time. Petronilla of Meath is burned at Kilkenny, and as she was dying she declared that the before-named William deserved death as much as she did, for that for a year and a day he had carried round his naked body the devil's girdle. Upon this he was immediately taken, by the order of the bishop, and shut up in prison, where he was detained about two months. There were assigned to him two servants, who had orders to speak to him only once a day, and not to eat or drink with him. At last he was set at liberty by the interest of Arnold Power, Seneschal of Kilkenny. But to the same Arnold he gave a large sum of money to throw the bishop into prison, which was done, and the bishop was kept there three months. Amongst the goods of Alice was found a host, on which the name of the devil was inscribed, besides a pix and an ointment therein, with which she used to besmear a beam, that is, a coultter, and when it was so besmeared, Alice, with her comrades, mounting upon it, as on a horse, was carried whithersoever she wished, through the world, without hurt or hindrance. And because the thing was so stupendous, Alice, on the evidence of Petronilla,

was again cited to Dublin, and when she had petitioned that a day should be appointed for clearing herself, and the next day was fixed on, meanwhile she is concealed by her friends, and the wind being fair, she sails to England. William Outlaw is again shut up in prison; at length he is set at liberty, at the entreaties of the lords, but on condition that he should cover a church at Kilkenny with lead, and give something to the poor."—p. 101.

"1343. St. Thomas-street, Dublin, burned. Sir Ralph Ufford came as justiciary, with his wife, the Countess of Ulster. At his coming there began showery weather, *which did not stop as long as he lived*. A man unjust and greedy of gain, doing every thing by force, giving justice to none; robbing rich and poor of their goods, and oppressing them; and all this much more by the prompting of his wife. Going into Ulster he suffered great loss from MacCartan, in the pass of Emerdullam, having lost his clothes, his money, his vessels of silver, and some of his horses, he also lost some of his men; yet, by the help of the men of Uriel he at last made his escape into Ulster."—p. 135.

Many a reader will feel but little surprise that this "showery weather" continued for three years, and will be disposed to lay it to the charge, not of the justiciary, but of the climate. Not so our annalist:—

"1346. On Palm Sunday, April 9, Robert Ufford, justiciary, dies, to the greatest public joy and applause of all men. The weather instantly changes, and becomes fine. His body, inclosed in lead, is carried by his wife to be buried in England. On the 2nd day of May (on which day, in the year before, she entered the city in triumph with her husband) she and her attendants fled out of it with his corpse, with sorrow, and amidst the clamour of the people, which thing was noted as a prodigy."—p. 141.

We shall add but one extract more. The work from which we have cited supplies fearfully abundant proof of the enmity subsisting between the races and the religions, which caused mournful distinctions in Ireland. The following passage will show that the religious estrangement continued long, and that even with all the power of England to aid it, the

papal power made slow progress in establishing its ascendancy. Thus writes the annalist of the year 1331 :

"The Leinster Irish rise against the English. They set fire to every thing, even the churches, and burn the Church of Freynstown with eighty persons in it; and even when the priest, in his sacred vestments, and carrying the host in his hands, tried to get out, they drove him back with spears, and burned him; for this cause they were excommunicated by a papal bull, sent to the archbishop of Dublin, and the country put under an interdict. They despised these things, and again wasted the county of Wexford."—p. 123.

Thus it appears that in ancient as well as in more recent days, papal excommunications in defence of English interests, proved but "spent thunderbolts."

The reader may now form an adequate idea of "Grace's Annals of Ireland," and in it, of the policy by which the country was (shall we say) governed, for centuries after the date of the conquest. Indeed government and conquest appear to be ill applied terms. During the long period which these annals embrace, Ireland was not either subdued or conciliated. She was not brought within the pale of English law, nor bowed to the yoke of the Anglican and Romish religion. However formidable the power, and however extensive the conquests of the ascendant English, a remnant of the native race still remained unconquered, and that remnant never laid down the sword. Indeed it is scarcely too much to say, that Ireland never felt the supremacy of English power until the coming of William III., except we regard the reign of the first James as an interval of English dominion, and never experienced the benefits of English law until the accomplishment of the legislative union. We shall have some observations to offer on this subject by-and-by—but we think it better first to conclude our notice of the tracts which have suggested them. We turn, therefore, to the description of Ireland, which appeared in the first volume of the works issued by the "*Archæological Society*," but which, because of the period to which it refers, we place last in our review.

The "*Brief description of Ireland*," now reprinted from a tract little known, was written by a settler, to whom the management of their property was confided by an English company. This company consisted of twenty-six persons, of whom the settler was one, who had purchased lands in Ireland, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and for whose information the manager wrote the tract. The first edition of it was thus noticed on its publication:—

"A '*Brief description of Ireland*,' made in this year 1589, by Robert Payne, unto xxv. of his partners, for whom he is undertaker there. Truly published *verbatim*, according to his letters: by Nich. Gorsan, of Trowell, Nottinghamshire, one of the sayd partners; for that he would his countrymen should be pertakers of the many good notes therein containd."—[*The Three Cranes*, &c.—16mo, 1589; *Typog. Anty.*, 4to, 1786: vol. ii.—p. 1127.]

The tract now presented by the *Archæological Society* for its members has been printed from a second edition, much enlarged, of which, until lately, it was not known that there were any copies in existence.

The manager or "undertaker," appears to have been a sober-minded and trustworthy person. He is neither unduly excited by the favourable prospects of the speculation in which he is engaged, nor depressed by its attendant difficulties. His errors are few and unimportant: the character of his work free from every species of exaggeration. He praises the soil, the climate, and even the people of the country, and divides the latter into three classes—the first, peaceable and industrious; the second, the military or adventurous class, for the most part cut off in the recent wars; and the third, mendicants of sound bodily constitution, and capable, he intimates, with good advice and government, of being reclaimed to habits of order and activity. The cost of living he describes as not more than a fourth of the expense which must be incurred in England, while such luxuries as nature supplies are to be had on terms of extreme cheapness. The danger of which he seems to think there is most apprehension is that of invasion by the Spaniards;

and he expresses a strong conviction that, under the circumstances of the country, and with such knowledge as had been diffused, the Irish people would not again take part with Spaniards in a war against England. His reason is complimentary :—

“The Irish is as wise as the Spaniard is proud; and there is no griefe more to the wise man than to live in bondage to the proud man.”

He is not, however, insensible to dangers nearer home, nor regardless of the means by which they may be averted. It is somewhat remarkable that his device for correcting the evil tendencies of Romanists, or, as he styles them, Catholics, in England, is to make them acquainted with the cruelties perpetrated by Spaniards of their creed. This seems a tacit acknowledgment of the better disposition of his countrymen. He requests his correspondent to read the detail of these enormities in a work written by a Spanish bishop, and adds :—

“When you have read the same, commend it to our Catholikes, that will be saved by their workes, and yet will not give God thanks at their meate; for that they will not once have in their mouth the prayer for the queene, annexed to our usuall thanks giving at meate. I pray God open the eyes of her upholders, and let them see what these men gap for, which is (no doubt) the ruine and overthrowe of her highnes, whom I pray God preserve. But none are so blinde as they that will not see. The Catholikes are borne with for their conscience sake, yet from such consciences spring all the traitorous practices against her maiestic.”—p. 6.

Mr. Payne was not without other disquietudes also; but they were occasioned by the English settlers rather than by the people of the country, or by foreign enemies. We pass over much interesting matter in his work for the sake of fastening attention on his notice of those of his own countrymen, who frustrated the wise and good policy of their sovereign, by abusing the opportunities and advantages of their position :—

“The worser sort of undertakers which have seignories of her majestie, have done much hurt in the countrie, and discouraged many from the voyage;

for they have enticed many honest men over, promising them much, but performing nothing—no, not so much as to pay their servants and workmen wages. They will not let any terme above xxi. yeeres, or three lives, and the demand for rent xii. d. the acre. This is so farre from the meaning of her majestie, as appeareth by her highnes graunt, that (as I think) they have, or shortly will make, al their estates voyde. *They find such profite from the Irish tenants, who give them the fourth sheafe of al their corne, and xvi. d. yearly, for a beastes grasse, besides divers other Irish accustomed duties. So that they care not although they never place an Englishman there.*”

This is, perhaps, the most important information afforded by the “Briefe description of Ireland.” The scheme of colonization devised by the wisdom of the sovereign of England, and her sage council, was frustrated by those who should have carried it into execution. Neither loyalty to their queen, nor fear of the aboriginal Irish, was strong enough to overbear the passion for speedy gain in the hearts of many “undertakers.” There were, no doubt, exceptions. There were not a few who respected the conditions on which their seignories had been granted, who were satisfied with deriving such advantages from them as were not incompatible with the claims of justice and benevolence—men who introduced English settlers because they had engaged so to do, and who were willing to extend to all within the sphere of their influence a share in the benefits which they themselves enjoyed. The services rendered by such men to the people and the state, to Ireland and England, were assuredly commensurate and equivalent to any benefits they may have derived from their own position; but it is not more than truth to affirm, that their good was in numerous instances neutralized by the corrupt and sordid practices of those between whom and the munificence of the state there was no reciprocity of favour.

Most true it is that Ireland suffered from the inability of the more powerful country to enforce obedience to her laws, or to carry her schemes into effect. It was a complaint of old standing, that while English law often became obsolete in a week, the laws

which the scattered Irish enacted in their forests and mountains seemed endowed with an authority which neither time nor circumstances could diminish. The complaint was only too well founded. A sense of private interest, of present gain, too often prevailed in the breasts of English settlers, against the majesty of law, and the permanent welfare of the community. They came, in truth, with the spirit of settlers. They loved not the land in which they were compelled to sojourn: they cared little for the favourable opinion of its inhabitants. To enrich themselves quickly was their main object, and to make such arrangement respecting their possessions as should give them most of the advantages, and least embarrass them with the duties, which property induces. When they came to know and love the land, oppression and extortion had become habits. They came with the passion of adventurers who hazarded all things, and hastened by all means to make themselves rich; and when use had made them acquainted with other feelings and purposes than they originally entertained, it had also bred a habit in them by which the adventurer was hardened into the tyrant.

All were not tyrants. Perhaps the far greater number of the English proprietors were of a different description; but the bad were numerous enough to procure for the settlement a bad name. It is important to bear in mind that the effects of an evil act, or an evil practice, do not terminate in the act, or in its immediate neighbourhood. We must take into account the use which may be made of it by those who will take it up as a weapon. An evil act may hurt an enemy; but it affords an opportunity also which an enemy may turn to his advantage; and it is an offence which he may return against the author. They who took possession of Irish lands, in right of England, and who violated the just and wise laws by which their possession was to be rendered a great national good, not only provoked hostility to themselves, but also furnished examples by which lying lips could accredit their defamation of the whole English name. And in what a country was this evil hazarded! A country where, whatever may be the justice with which acknowledged law was ad-

ministered, (whether the law were Brehon or Rockite,) few have ever ventured to affirm that rigid justice has been observed in the department of speech—a country where exaggeration and passion are said to be characteristics of the popular style, and where, indeed, a single instance of flagrant injury—or, what is less likely to be pardoned, insult—will serve “to point the moral” of immoral but stimulating eloquence;—for millions of orators will outlive long the times and circumstances in which it has been perpetrated; and, through the traditions in which it is preserved alive, will exert, on generations yet to be, a rancorous influence. The “fruits of a single error” will be likely to be more than ordinarily deleterious and abundant in a country where, in the tenacious memories of those who are silent, whatever is once intrusted to them will be retained, and returned with usury, and where the passionate earnestness of those who speak their wrongs, gives to the most exaggerated complaints a character of plausibility.

While we write these strictures, our mind is attracted more strongly to the crisis in which we live, than to the epochs of our retrospect. In the past we discern the present, in comparing present with the past we prognosticate the complexion of the future. Defective, disorderly, and inaccurate as is the history of our country, never did history offer more useful or more neglected admonitions. Never did history hold forth a light by which the real and the seeming could be more unerringly distinguished. Never was light for so great a length of time abused or disregarded. Some saw by it, and made a sinister use of their advantage; some declared the truths they had been gifted to see; and they who should have profited by the communication said, of them, “do they not speak parables;” but for the great mass of even the educated the light shone in vain—the history which interested and attracted them least was that of their own country. The Archæological Society is a living monument of this truth. The cost of joining it is four pounds on admission, and an annual subscription of one pound; it is in the third year of its existence; it numbers among its friends and

patrons many who are most eminent and exalted in rank, character, and acquirements; but, nevertheless, it has not yet attained the consequence of having enrolled three hundred (perhaps we should say two hundred and fifty) members.

Our notice of the productions of this society has not been of an antiquarian character. Our citations have been made principally, not because of their antique character, but because they were available for present admonition; not merely such as Lilitina has consecrated, but what have been recommended by their pertinency to existing circumstances. Neither have we been dependent on their testimony. The tracts of the Archæological Society we have regarded as remembrancers, not authorities: remembrancers the more unassuming, that they have been printed evidently without any view to the argument and instruction which statesmen and citizens of these latter days may find in them.

It would not be advisable, were it practicable, in the article now submitted to the reader, to lay before him the instruction thus provided. Of one truth he may rest thoroughly convinced:—Ireland was commonly ill-governed in the same degree in which the power of factious or grasping proprietors in this country exceeded the power of the English government. A corollary from this plain truth plainly follows—namely, that England was driven to the necessity of governing on principles accommodated to the state of society induced by her own refractory children in Ireland. They forgot the interests of the empire in a passionate determination to promote their own: the empire was constrained to retaliate, and often infringed the rights and offended the principles of individuals, in the measures adopted to provide for her own security. The principle involved in this truth is worthy of being studied and held in remembrance. It will explain many a seeming inconsistency in the conduct of British statesmen, and it offers a salutary and a very solemn admonition to a class of persons set in a post of much peril and difficulty, and from whom (we thank God) much good may be expected—the landed aristocracy of Ireland.

There is much in the tracts which

we have reviewed to sadden and oppress, but they are not without a "touch of comfort." It is an observation as old as the days when the eloquence of Athens was in its mature splendour, that they who would retrieve adverse affairs should feel encouraged by the knowledge that the disasters to be remedied are a result from past mal-administration. Whatever be the evils of our condition in Ireland, he who would correct and repair them, may convince himself that he is entitled to claim this melancholy but by no means feeble encouragement. It is not, as Spenser reports the opinion of his times, "the fatal destiny of the land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good, will prosper or take effect;" but it has been the affliction of the land, that "divers good plotts, devises, and wise counsels cast about the reformation," thereof have been defeated by influences directly and avowedly adverse, because they were marred by the indirect hostility of the parties to whom the execution of them had been entrusted. Nor have the "good plotts and counsels" proved altogether ineffectual. Ireland has improved, very greatly improved, under all disadvantages; and since the date of her union with Great Britain, although even after that date the sun of British prosperity continued for some time to shine with oblique rays upon her, the improvement of the country has been little less than marvellous. Let us now have the blessing of only a few years of repose, and the moral condition of Ireland will bear a comparison with her physical improvement; the natural bounties with which a good God has enriched us will not be a reproach to the spirit in which they are accepted. To obtain this precious boon, we again and again repeat, is given, if they will avail themselves of the grace, to the landed aristocracy of Ireland. To them England must necessarily look as the fast friends of British connection; to them the masses of the Irish people may soon be taught to look as their best human friends and protectors. Let them only be true to themselves, let them sow in faith, and the harvest will not long tarry; neither the acrimony of an intolerant religion, nor the open or the secret practices by which a separation from Great Britain is press-

cutted under the pretence of a repeal of the union, can withstand the influence of a benevolent landed proprietary, aided by the power of British law, and commending itself by the all-prevailing attractions of happy homes to the hearts of an affectionate people.

All appearances seem to denote that the relation between landlord and tenant in this country will soon become a subject of general and absorbing interest. As a body, we believe the aristocracy of Ireland may court inquiry into the administration of their property, with a cheering consciousness that exposure will only make manifest their liberality and benevolence, and bring into light, in various instances, proofs that even ingratitude and wrong on the part of tenants have never caused them to forget the duties by which property is attended. But while many landlords will not assert the full measure of their rights, there are also some few who habitually abuse them—by whom tenants are unrighteously oppressed, and in whose conduct calumny finds examples by which the defamation of a whole order seems in some sort justified. If upright and benevolent men will not strive to separate their cause from that of oppressors such as these, they may soon be taught that England, through her legislature, will interpose to execute such an office in, it is probable, an unacceptable form. By anticipating the state, property may recover its due place in the parliamentary representation of this country: to wait for the arbitration of the legislature may involve a forfeiture even of that degree of influence which the aristocracy still possesses.

We feel not less strongly than the reader, that inquisition into the private affairs of life is often odious, and that a landlord's management of his estate may be among those privileged rights which should not lightly or rudely be inquired into. But we are sure there are worse evils; and while we are convinced that, generally speaking, Conservative landlords may boldly, so far as their interests are concerned, challenge inquiry, with a certainty that the more diligent it is, the more to their honour will be its termination, we could wish they were less zealous as to what are termed *rights*, less sensitive to the point of honour than to leave unworthy persons sheltered in

their practices of oppression by the maxim too little understood, that "they may do what they please with their own." Let this maxim have what authority and support the civil law assigns to it, but let it also be qualified by the modifications it was designed to receive from the law of opinion. Let the landlords of Ireland strive to learn, betimes, who are the just, who the unjust, among their body. The very inquiry will have something of a curative process while it proceeds. When it has been brought to a close, with the evil it brings to light, it will also have discovered the remedy.

There never was a time when it more deeply concerned the landed interest in Ireland than now, to conciliate the good will of the Irish people at large, and to recover its place in the national representation. No Irish interests will be long secure which are not guarded in the imperial parliament. A day may come when it shall require a preponderance of the representatives of Ireland to prevent a repeal of the union. It is but a very short time since a ministry was removed, through whom the "repeal party," as it is called, exercised authority almost fatal to the British empire. Can it be doubted that the longer continuance of such a ministry in power would have mightily confirmed the ascendancy of the party to whom their tenure of office was owing? It was a strange spectacle: England governed by that party in Ireland who avow their desire of separation. Matters are certainly better now; but they will not be right until we have in the British senate a preponderance of those who desire to preserve the integrity of the empire. And this preponderance the Conservative landlords of Ireland have it in their power, through God's blessing, to ensure. It is a noble prize to contend for. The competition itself is noble, for the qualities are generous through which success is to be accomplished. We hope to take up the subject again, but for the present must conclude, entreating our readers to bear in mind, that, in the present circumstances of the empire, no combination of parties can protect Conservative interests here amongst us, if we are not true to ourselves; and that we are not thus true,

if we permit, without remonstrance, delinquencies not our own to be imputed to us.

Conservative landlords of Ireland, we commend this maxim to your best attention. You have before you an arduous task, but not a task beyond your forces. We have reflected much on your difficulties and advantages, and are deeply persuaded that we have formed a due estimate of both. Only have the resolution and the patience to acquire this indispensable knowledge, and the heaviest labour of your

task will have been overcome. Your great mission, under a divine blessing, will in due time be accomplished; you will have been instruments to protect the empire from division, and to introduce into your own country prosperity and repose, and you will be splendidly recompensed, not only in the consciousness of having done well, but by the attainment of a station more honourable than was ever enjoyed by the most illustrious of your predecessors.

BONNIE JEANIE JAMIESON!

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TUNE—"Carle, now the king's come."

Bonnie Jeanie Jamieson,
Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun!
Joy attend thee, lovely one—
Bonnie Jeanie Jamieson.

Weave a garland diadem,
Roses from their flow'ry stem,
Wi' dew-drops glittering—mony a gem
For bonnie Jeanie Jamieson!

Bring the lily from the lea,
The scented flower from hawthorn tree,
And they shall form a wreath for thee—
Bonnie Jeanie Jamieson!

When the sun glides down the west,
And feather'd songsters seek their nest,
I'll meet wi' her whom I loe best—
Bonnie Jeanie Jamieson!

And when the wintry tempests blaw—
Drifting round the whit'ning snaw—
I'll laugh the angry storms awa'
Wi' bonnie Jeanie Jamieson!

Bonnie Jeanie Jamieson,
Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun!
Joy attend thee, lovely one—
My bonnie Jeanie Jamieson

THE SMUGGLING RUN.

THERE was an unusual stir that day all along the coast in the neighbourhood of Rathmore. That seldom-visited spot of Ireland lies out of the reach of trade; and having but few attractions from its beauty or convenience—being traversed by no road, and accessible to none but the smallest craft by sea—it has escaped, even to our own day, almost every eye but that of the engineer of the ordnance survey, and remains a yet unopened page in the sketch-book of the artist, and the note-book of the traveller. Imagine an estuary formed by the junction of a small fishing-stream with the sea, which seemed between them to have cast back the shifting and shallow sands to a considerable extent at either hand, and agreed that in return for the free exit of the former, the latter should have the privilege of entry some miles up its channel every six hours, and overflow besides I know not how many thousands of acres all around. On one bank (the southern) of this wide sea-arm, a low barrier of rock forbid the further advance of the encroaching elements, and defined the boundary of a cultivated and fruitful district; but on the northern side, a distance of some miles across, desolation reigned paramount, and there seemed no reason why the sea might not in time carry the encroachment which yearly tore mass after mass from the land, to any conceivable length, and in the end submerge the village of Rathmore full as many feet below it as it now stood above it. Indeed, from the peculiar nature of the country there, every winter, nay, every gale transformed its features; and the long-absent sailor, arriving towards night-fall in the neighbourhood of his former home, has been known to experience considerable difficulty in recognising the locality and identifying the site of the cabin in which he was born. The region is, in fact, but an accumulation of almost pure sea-sand, which has cast itself into all the wild and fantastic shapes of a miniature mountain range, as the gales have had effect upon its valleys or

across its ridges. These undulations, which would otherwise constitute a shifting desert, derive some degree of stability from a growth of rank grass, of the nature of the rush, with which a short time and a scanty deportation of earth from the more inland districts have invested them; and they are thus rendered sufficiently secure to afford foundation for the hut of the fisherman here and there, and a place for his "garden," as the piece of land, sufficient scantily to feed his cow, his pig, and his children, is generally called in Ireland. At the same time, although there is so far a little crustling over of vegetation, it is but thin and inadequate, and the slightest disturbance is sufficient to restore the pure, barren, and shifting sand to its original position, and to sweep out all traces of fertility from the district. As it is, nothing can be more sickly than the appearance of all that grows upon it. The rushy grass comes up in tufts of a light green; a small pale moss puts forth its skinny fingers to hold down the shallow soil; and here and there the dwarf thistle shakes its bluish leaf in the blast, and presents its keen thorns against the rudeness it is exposed to. And yet amidst these bleak and miserable tracts, and upon the soil of this melancholy and forbidding region, is cast the lot of more than one human being, who views without dread or discontent the aspect of the waste around him, and even feels that there is an interest in the worst of its peculiarities—an interest derived from old associations and early recollections, the charm of familiarity, the power of that all-imparadising thought—this is my *home*. Of all the happy anomalies which puzzle the philosophical speculator on the human mind, that surely is the most happy, which reconciles man to his situation, be it polar or torrid, savage as the Alps or monotonous as the fens, and gives him by the mere dint of suffering long, a sort of relish for his misery, causing him to derive satisfaction from the very circumstances which debar him from those ordinary advantages others

enjoy. But our business lies not in the resolution of such questions, or moralizing upon them; suffice it to say, that on the day in question there was *one* heart which beat joyous and contented—contented with all she saw and all she had around her; joyous in the anticipation of sharing the future with him who was a native of her native place, and had not a thought or a wish beyond her and Rathmore. In truth, the morrow was to be Mary O'Hara's wedding-day. Father Flynn would ride across the sands at low water, and be at the cottage about the fall of the sun—the neighbours were invited, the little feast prepared, and—in short, Mary was *happy*—happy in the truest sense the term can ever be applied to the human heart, when fancy has painted a picture more bright than the future ever will realize, and reason lends its aid to the cheat, pronouncing the vision only what hope may fairly count upon as its own.

But still, although there was a bustle in the cabin, and agitation too within the heart of Mary O'Hara, the business of the approaching wedding was not sufficient, considering the rank of the parties and the smoothness of the arrangements, to give rise to the stir we have spoken of as observable in the whole district on the day in question. Something seemed to occupy and agitate the minds of the peasantry throughout its whole length and breadth—farm-work was in many instances wholly neglected, in others disturbed by gatherings and conferences;—men might be descried creeping along the backs of ditches, till they reached an open spot, across which they would saunter unconcernedly, and then, under cover of a fence or a hillock, steal swiftly along in a given direction; and here and there an eyeglass, such as is used in the humbler class of merchant and fishing vessels, would be pointed out seaward. The season was about the spring equinox; and although the gales had been very moderate as yet, and had now subsided to a light breeze, yet the weather was unsettled and variable, and it was generally supposed that the full strength of the equinoctials was yet to come.

"Fat," said one of two men, who leaned against a steep bank of sand

facing the east, or 'open sea-line, and screened from all other quarters—"Pat, she's in the offing."

"Well, by dad, John," replied Pat, "you must have a face like Pether Nelligan's, that kept one eye on the thief, while he ran round by the kitchen door to catch houl't of him, if what you're tellin' me's thrue. Shure, isn't it up towards the Five Houses you're lookin', and the Jane—the blessin' an the purty name—dare no more run in there than her namesake beyant could run out to her where she is."

"Whisht, Pat. Why need I be gettin' sore eyes looking out to say, when I have it all done handy by them that's paid for it, and saves me the trouble?"

"Well, John O'Hara, 'tis you that has the ready way with you, but it bates me to make it out."

"Look there, Pat—do you see any thing quare on the guager's gable-end?"

"Quare! by japers, 'tis every thing an it that's quare—ay, an the front an' rare, and what's quarest of all's inside, an' that's himself. Quare!—by dad, an' there is somethin' quare about it this blessed day, for sarra' a one of their quare lookin' selves I see about it, windys or doors, an' nothin' but an oul' bit o' carpet Moll Hagarty has hung out o' the top windy to dhry, maybe."

"Pat, you're a good thatcher, but you wouldn't do for thimble-rig. That's the sign they see her."

"Well, John," replied Patrick, looking somewhat crest-fallen, "how would I know that it wasn't Moll Hagarty smashed the pitcher an' the carpet?"

"Whisht! an' tell me, did any one go to Bryan More?"

"Ay, did there. But the boy had to lie in the ditch for feared ould Delany would lay his eye an him, and afore he could get in unknownt, Bryan was away—you know where."

O'Hara looked dark for a single instant, then replied—

"Ay, ay, that's the way with him now. But we want him, and must have him."

At this moment a shadow struck across the pure and glittering sand before their feet, and both turning their eyes upward, discovered the substance

to be the form of the individual they were speaking of, Bryan More, standing on the edge of the grassy acclivity, which terminated in the sandy cleft a yard or two over their heads. Bryan Delany, or Bryan More, as he was usually called in the neighbourhood, perhaps from his great size, was one of those singularly-gifted individuals, which may occasionally be seen amongst the peasantry of Ireland, and appear to have been thrown off from the hand of nature with the stamp of a higher order upon them, being supereminent above all that is about them, and the circumstances of their situation, in a degree not to be accounted for on the ordinary principles of hereditary transmission. He stood six feet three inches in height. His fine countenance was perfectly regular, and the expression of his light blue eye and curling lip was that of vigour and ingenuousness, with that air of guilelessness and independence so rarely seen amongst those born where dependence is a necessity, and guile generally a needful defence. His whole appearance and bearing might be described as aristocratic, without the pride which sometimes accompanies that distinction; and his disposition conformed exactly with the promise of his exterior. He was generous and brave, but soft-hearted and confiding; content with his lot, which had sent him to sea in his majesty's service as a boy, yet anxious to advance himself by the praiseworthy means of industry and good conduct. He had returned from long service some months before, bearing with him honourable testimonials from the officers under whom he had acted, and was now the affianced of Mary O'Hara, expecting with a breast as joyous, though less agitated than here, the lapse of the few hours which would intervene ere he could call the girl of his choice, as well as of his heart and affections, his own.

"Well, Bryan, I thought the sun had gone out when you crossed," exclaimed O'Hara, when he had recovered from a momentary start: "who would have dreamt of *you* standing betune us and the light?"

"Dad, an' 'twas I that knewn him," interrupted Pat, "just as you did the — what you know — just by lookin' th' other way. 'Tis the long shady of Bryan," says I, without throwin' my

eye aff the groun'. There's not a man in the place id come 'ithin five feet av it, barrin' it was evenin'. I wonder you didn't observe, John——"

"We were just talking of you, Bryan," cried O'Hara, without heeding the retort of his companion to the humiliation he had so lately subjected him to. "The word was scarcely out of our mouth when there you were on top of us."

"And your next will find me beside you," exclaimed the athletic young man, descending with one spring from the bank above to the sandy platform on which they stood. "Here I am, John, and my friend Pat, ready to hear you, and shake you by the hand, both of you. Pat, I didn't ask you to my wedding. But that's more John's place, so I'll put him up to it now, and he'll not refuse me."

"Refuse you, Bryan! 'Tis not in me to refuse a fair request from friend or foe—nor in you either, Bryan. And I've something for *you* to do for *me*, too, to-day."

"Let me hear it, John O'Hara. I'm ready to take, give, do, or dare any thing for the friend I honour, and the brother of the girl I love."

"Your hand to it, Bryan More. See you that piece of cloth dangling an' flapping out of the upper window at the revenue station?"

"Ay, John. The sign, I suppose, that the fellows within are, as usual, round the whiskey-bottle, instead of looking after his majesty's revenue."

"Your wrong there, for once," replied John, with a laugh. "That's a sign that they have been on the look-out, and know more than they'd tell to the whole world."

"Well, it appears, if it is, that they have you in their secrets, at all events."

"Maybe, maybe. I'm keeping a sharp look-out here for myself."

"I don't understand you yet," said Bryan, after a pause. "You've something to ask of me. Come, let me hear what it is, John, and, seriously, I'll serve you as I best can, whatever you put me to."

"Then he'll mind the rum in the Bucker's Cave," exclaimed Pat, slapping his thigh, "an' only stave one keg to keep the runners in heart. I'll keep nigh him, John, never fear."

"Whisht, for the love of heaven!"

interrupted O'Hara, shaking his fist at the cringing and rebuked Pat—"whisht! or I'll see what sort of rum is inside your ribs, you babbling fool!"

"What is the man talking of, John?" exclaimed Bryan, in real surprise. "Surely he must be drunk, or jesting, as usual."

"Not more than he ever is, or ever does," replied O'Hara, more calmly. "He has bolted it out a little strong, but—we have a job to do to-night."

"What? the lobster-pots—eh?"

"Lobster devils!" cried O'Hara, losing all patience at what he conceived his friend's wilful slowness. "Bryan More, every thing is arranged. The 'Jane' is in the offing, the country is ready, and the 'run' is to be made this night!"

"The run!" exclaimed Bryan, not yet allowing himself to comprehend the full extent of meaning attached to that well-known word.

"Well, man, we can do, I hope, without the likes of you. You'll not be *telling of us*, for the sake of the *colleen* at home, and——"

"John O'Hara," interrupted Bryan, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you're a man, and my friend. You're *her* brother. But, John, you've done wrong to get me to promise what I knew nothing about." He paused.

John looked at him, but he was too near him. The candid and open eye of his gigantic friend looked down calmly but searchingly into his face, as his hand rested upon his shoulder, and he turned uneasily this way and that, as if to get out of the focus of his gaze.

Pat, however, who was not so immediately fascinated, after looking from one to the other, at last burst out into a hoarse fit of laughter, and slapping Delany on the other shoulder with all his force, cried out—

"Don't let him off, John. He's fairly in for it, and he's the only man 'ill be trusted near the rum—barrin' myself. There's an illigant cargo," he continued, turning to the other, "and our forthin's made, if we could only get them revenue men one keg of the sperrits as a forestalment for the rest. They'd never stir, as long as they had a lump of sugar left, for there's a pump in the yard, and a turf-stack behind it to

hate the wather; and if they would go for to get up, by dad it's to the grocer's they'd be goin' for more sugar."

"You see, Bryan," said Delany, glad of the diversion in his favour, "how little we have to dread from these fellows. The truth is, there is a cargo to be landed this night—a valuable one, principally tobacco, but containing rum, brandy, and tea besides; and with all circumstances in our favour, we may reasonably hope to do the thing quietly and secretly—no one the wiser. I take a good share myself, for my labours in settling the landing—and, Bryan, it will make a difference with *her*, your helping us——"

"With *her*!—why, does *she* connive at the business?"

"Connive! not exactly. She loves her brother—she knows who befriends him—ay, and she understands what it is to hold by one's word—or to go back of it."

"Silence, John O'Hara! You have wronged me, as I told you before. Add not insult to injury, by supposing me capable of what would dishonour the highest, and disgrace the meanest, before you have even had a hint of what my real line of conduct will be, and from what you know of me, it is unjust of you to *presume* any thing of the kind."

O'Hara now felt a mingled sensation of satisfaction and shame, which held him silent a moment, but as the former feeling alone was shared by his comrade Pat, he lost no time in giving vent to it, and exclaimed—"I never feared ye, Bryan—ye'll be at the Bucker's Cave afore nine; and the first keg landed 'ill be carried there—let Pat alone for that. God bless him, John, any how, 'tis he that has the sperrit, and 'ill earn the colleen well, divil fear him."

Bryan replied not a word, but continued looking in O'Hara's face with a melancholy smile. At last he said—"O'Hara, what right have you to bind me to undertake an unlawful transaction, by an unworthy trick?"

"None, Bryan: I bind you to nothing. You're free. Leave the work to us to-night, and come to the wedding clean and fresh to-morrow. It 'll become you. But don't mind us, if we lie a little late in the morning, and perhaps are the worse for a bruise or

two, and the likes of that—we'll not tell the girls."

"You have entrapped me, John O'Hara. Never deny that, whatever comes of it. I say it in the presence of this man. I am an unwilling actor in the business. I have no heart in it. But, John O'Hara, I am ready for you. Dispose me where you think fit, so that no opposition and violence is intended towards his majesty's officers. I will risk life and limb for you—at the cave—at the boats—anywhere. Give me the instructions and the plan of the thing. But, as far as you can, keep it secret. It is no honour or glory to me. Succeed or fail, I care not to be heard of as a party to it; no, not even at the risk of losing—*her* favour."

He uttered these last words with deep emotion, and O'Hara scarcely knew how to reply. He thought it better, therefore, simply to take him at his word, and give him, as a matter of course, that information and instruction he had required. The parties soon after separated; and as Bryan withdrew, O'Hara and Pat followed him with their eyes, then exchanged a smile, the meaning of which might be interpreted to be—there goes another of those we have played the usual game upon: we know how to overcome conscience where it is most tender, for the sense of false shame is the most powerful of all motives with the upright to do wrong.

The cavern called the Bucker's Cave is a natural fissure in the limestone rock, which passes quite through a small promontory in an inclined direction, having its southern entrance elevated above the reach of any but very high tides, but descending towards the north, and enlarging into a magnificent arch, which is alternately submerged and deserted every tide. The upper entrance is carried through the ruins of blackening and time-eaten rocks, having a few sun-dried sea weeds adhering to their lower surface, and, a little above, the hardy samphire commencing the land vegetation with its rank and succulent shoots: but, as you clamber through it in your descent towards the other entrance, the floor at low water becomes gradually even—the roof and sides expand, and at last, having made a slight turn, you come upon a smooth and clean carpet

of the finest sand, from which, at each side, spring black masses of dripping rock, which rise with beautiful regularity to meet above in the point of a gothic arch, displaying, as through a mighty door, the mighty sea, to which the sand shelves almost imperceptibly, and on whose margin the waves spread one beyond the other in the manner of spacious steps. It is, indeed, a sort of temple of nature, into the composition of which only her most sublime elements are permitted to enter—the rock, the sea, and the sky. Solitude is here felt in its fulness. There is absolute silence, except for the monotonous roar of the sea outside, and an occasional drip in the recesses of the cavern—and the hollowness of that sound, and the damp chill of the air within, even when the day without is balmy, force upon man the feeling that here he is an intruder—that in the councils of the Great Architect it was for something more pure and more sublime than his presence the holy fane was originally constructed and consecrated.

It was about nine o'clock at night that Bryan stood within the arch of the Bucker's Cave, looking out upon the sea, which had now advanced its small billows towards its mouth, so as to leave but a few yards of sand dry before it. The night was rather dull than dark. A mist hung over the waters, and although there was but little wind, a moaning sound seemed to come from the deep, and fill the cavern. To say what the young man's feelings were at that hour would, we believe, have been impossible to himself. But his lip was curled, and his brow bent, even in the solitude and darkness, and ever and anon he turned suddenly from his seaward gaze, and strode a few paces into the back of the cavern, with gestures of impatience and anger, to return to his post again, and strain his eye and ear in the direction of the waters.

He had been nearly two hours in this dismal situation, the tide had driven him back gradually farther and farther up the sandy slope within the cave, and fancy, which in the most educated and philosophical of us all will occasionally run riot and get the better of us, had now begun to yield to the circumstances of the scene, and play her antics in the brain of the

watcher. The chill of the place sent a shudder through his frame, and as he turned his eyes from one side to the other, the masses of rock about him assumed shapes where the feeble glimmer of light fell upon their projections, and became instinct with a sort of visionary vitality. Once the imagination is set at large, it is hard to bring her within bounds again, and every moment added to the delusion with Bryan, who, as wave after wave drove him back into thicker darkness, felt himself thrust, as it were, into contact with the horrid shapes behind him. He fancied, too, that he caught sounds different from those he could account for, and the forms, so faint and shapeless, he could fancy moved and drew near. The belief of the humbler Irish in spirits is universal. They admit it, not as a superstition to be pardoned, but a faith to be avowed; and it is in no way derogatory to the sense or courage of the noblest peasant to be overwhelmed with ghostly fear. It cannot be wondered at, then, that Bryan, with whom conscience was ready now to suggest a cause for the worst that could happen, drew away from what he fancied he saw and heard, until his feet were immersed in the white foam of the seething waves. A thing—he thought—a white form—glided slowly down from the direction of the back, or upper entrance of the cave, and advanced almost imperceptibly down the sandy floor. A momentary desire seized him to rush into the sea, and resign the cavern to its bodiless and supernatural inmate—but the recollection that it was his *post* deterred him, and fixed him to the spot. It approached. A voice—so low, so subdued, so whispering, it seemed more like the echo of his own fears—pronounced his name: and at the same time a hand was put forth, as if to touch him. He recoiled, and drew his breath through his teeth—the being of his dread advanced no farther, however, but stood still, and almost inaudibly uttered the words—“What do ye here, Bryan More?”

“Mary!—Mary O’Hara!—I scarcely yet believe that I do not see a spirit!”

“And if you did, Bryan,” said the maiden, solemnly, “it would only ask ye the same question I do. I say the words over again—what do ye here, Bryan More?”

“And what do *you* here, girl of my heart?” replied Bryan, advancing towards her, and putting forth his hand to seize hers.

But she drew back; and raising her arm, which, enveloped in the folds of the white kirtle that reached from the top of her head to her feet, now by its attitude gave to her whole air the character of the supernatural even more strikingly than the time, place, and obscurity already lent it, she said in the same low and determined voice—

“I am here to warn ye, not to be approached. Until my question is answered, you shall receive no reply to yours.”

“How can you ask it, Mary? Surely you must know all, and I need not repeat to you all about the intended ‘run,’ your brother’s exertions, and my promised aid. Ah, how can *you* ask me, of all people, when but for *you* I should probably never have been here!”

“But for *me*! Bryan, what do you mean by that? Can you, *here*, and with such a confession just from your lips, think to banter with me?”

“It is you, it is you, Mary asthore, that I cannot understand. Is there any thing I would not do for you?”

“Then come away. I cannot make out what you mean—but that will do to speak of afterwards. Now the bad thing is not begun, and you have time to retire. Oh, Bryan, such a preparation for to-morrow!”

“Mary, I have been grossly, grossly imposed upon; your name has been used; and——”

“Well, now you know enough. I only guessed from some words let fall within my hearing, that it was you who were to be placed here; and—but blessed be God and the Virgin, I am in time, and you may now depart with their blessing and mine.”

“I cannot go, Mary,” replied Bryan, with a deep sigh. “Here is my post, and here I must remain. And—listen I can you catch a y sound like the plash of oars? I thought—ay, there they are, looming up right for the cave. God bless thee, Mary, get home, and leave this bad business to us.”

“Oh, Bryan,” exclaimed the agonized girl, now drawing close to him, and seizing his arm, “what is there to

keep you? have you not been deceived?"

"Yes—but I have been also betrayed into a promise. I have been taunted, ridiculed—my word is given—and I abide by it. Run, Mary! you have scarcely time."

"Oh, do you know all, Bryan? the revenue-officers are to be resisted if they appear. I saw arms with my brother. It is a bad, a terrible business—Bryan, Bryan, come, in the name of God!—quit them! It is wrong, it is wrong, before men, and in the sight of heaven!"

Had there been light, Bryan More's countenance might have been seen to grow dark and deadly, as if he was himself the villain and criminal he now suspected others to be. As it was, he seized the agitated maiden by the arm, and, taking her through the windings of the cavern to the other entrance, placed her with a force that could not be resisted on a little rugged path which led upwards to the level ground over the cliffs, and assuming an air of composure to give weight to his words, said—

"Away! go home, Mary, I implore, I command you; my part is taken; there will no harm come, and in the morning you will not recollect all this; it is unsafe, it is wrong your being here—you must not be seen—go!"

She said nothing, but raising her clasped hands, and turning her eyes to heaven, paused a moment till she had seen the last glimpse of her lover as he plunged again into the recesses of the cavern, and then turning round, she glided swiftly up the acclivity in the direction of her brother's cottage.

Bryan was yet struggling through the rocks back to his position, being principally guided by the hollow roar of the waves as they now successively broke in under the arch at the other extremity, when he heard a rough voice, rendered distinct by the reverberation of the cave, calling upon his name. He replied—and the next instant Pat was at his side, having a sort of wallet slung round his neck and hanging behind him, and a broad strap of leather round his waist, into which were thrust a rude-looking sword without a sheath, and a pair of horse-pistols.

"They're here, Brine my boy, an'

if the first boat-load hasn't the rum, they're not the ould crew of the Jane, anyhow. But, blur-an-nouns, how's this? Haven't you a cutlass, or a brace of fire-irons, or even a lump of a stick, to be workin' in your hand? Why, what the dickins could you do if you were set on?"

"Set on!" replied Bryan, coldly—"I have not thought of that yet."

"Well, then, you may save yourself the trouble of thinking of it at all. They won't come nigh you. The officer is away about the guagin' business, and the men have Billy Short in with them, purtendin' to be cotched with some sperrits from an ould run, that he gives to them, to have the evening a hearty one; not a fear of them, Brine jewel; the devil a ha'porth they'll seize this night, barrin' the handle of the mug, and maybe a grip of the bannisters going up to bed. By dad, and 'tis well they're so close in, for the breeze is stirrin' a bit, and there'll be more of it afore mornin'."

"Where's John O'Hara, Pat?" inquired Bryan, without heeding his observations.

"On the banks of Rathmore," replied Pat: "there's where the most of the baccy 'ill be run in, jist where the strame runs out; there's holes ready dug in the sand-hills for the bales, that the rabbits themselves, the darlints, wouldn't know from their own. Oh, Brine honey, 'tis we does the thing nate and clane, an where 'id be the good of the practice we've had, if we didn't?"

The boat now drew close in, and her bows plashed down heavily in the trough between the breakers, as the men held water with their oars, and slackened her way. One of the crew stood up in front, with one hand placed over his eyes, as if endeavouring to descry the entrance of the cave, holding at the same time a coil of rope in the other, as for the purpose of making fast to the first projection he should reach to. The next moment she was hailed with a low but distinct whistle by Pat, which the seaman answered by the like signal, and the oarsmen threw her forward by a few cautious strokes, till he was able to spring out of her on a projection of rock, at the same time stooping back, so as to save her bows from a collision against the

ragged rock he had reached. In an instant all the oars were shipped; the men, some jumped after the first seaman, others plunged into the water, and at the same moment, Pat struggled forward and got into the boat.

"Away with the goods, boys! up the hills with you, every mother's son of ye! There's holes enough to bury Flushing in, let alone the thrifle yez bring us; or, hould! up with the bales to the other end of the cave, and there the boys'll be waitin' that knows them, and back again with yez, for more."

"Come along with us, you lubber!" exclaimed a voice in the accent of the sister isle; "and show us the way, and be d—d to you, through this infernal black hole."

"Ye can't miss iv it," answered Pat, who appeared busy in the bottom of the boat, "devil a turn in it; the first daylight ye'll come to; on with yez, smart!"

Just then Bryan fancied he saw against the sky, Pat's head thrown back, and something held to his mouth by both his hands.

It may easily be imagined that the unwilling accomplice was not very much inclined to aid in the transit inland of the illicit debarkation, as long as his assistance was not actually required; and as all were too much occupied to take much notice of what was about them, and as the shouting and the roar of the waves in the entrance of the cavern served to prevent any assistance from the ears, he was enabled to stand aloof in a dark recess at the side of the cave, and let the confusion of men and the elements pass and repass before him, without mingling in it. That his heart and thoughts were away from the turmoil of the scene, may be understood in the case of one in whom the natural temperament and the life he had followed conspired to render him unsubject to be excited by confusion, din, or danger, and able to reflect in the midst of action and difficulty. As the wild exclamations and fearful curses of the smugglers swept past him ever and anon, he prayed to God that Mary might have effected her escape homeward unobserved, and kept herself out of the ken of that lawless and infuriate gang. He saw that they had made use of part of the cargo they were land-

ing, and ever moment it began to tel more fearfully upon them; Pat, too had joined them, in a state which explained sufficiently the meaning of the action Bryan had observed.

The tide was still rising, and the boat was threatened with destruction every moment, being left to strike as she might against the jagged angles and projections at the mouth of the cavern. A small space of even floor was left dry within, and the recess where Bryan had placed himself he was now obliged to quit for that sandy spot—when suddenly the men who had just gone up through the shaft of the cavern, loaded with the last few bales that remained, came falling back upon him with headlong precipitation, and one of them muttering as he passed—"By G— we're in for it!" they made a simultaneous rush to the lower boat, and tumbling in as they could, pushed her off in an instant, dashed the oars into the rullocks, and sent her foaming and seething through the surf out to sea.

Was Bryan in the boat along with them?

He saw in a moment how it was, and was just preparing to spring on her gunwale, having indeed been carried so far by the rush of the crew—when he heard a voice;—it was John O'Hara's, far up towards the other extremity of the cave, yet distinct above the cry of men and the roar of the elements.

"We've nothing else for it; hide till they fire on the runners, and then at them with the arms we have!"

Bryan stopped—and then, throwing past him a man who was endeavouring to force him on into the boat that he might leap after him, stood the next moment on the level spot of land again, while the loaded skiff swept off among the breakers into the darkness.

There was a silence for a few moments, and then the report of musketry was heard in single shots, as if from some eight or ten men, close to the upper entrance of the cave.

"Who's here?" exclaimed a voice, coming onward to where Bryan was posted. "That villain Bryan of course is off in the yawl."

"Is he, John O'Hara? He would not be the villain you are, to be in that yawl and in safety this moment."

"By the eternal, Bryan More, I thought you were among them! you're a true man, and I wronged you. Here, here's a cutlass and one of my pistols—you've no choice for it now. We thought we had the officer away, and his men drunk, and here he is now on us with the force from ten miles round. What can we do? The boys with the bales have killed one of them, and now they'll give no quarter, and if they do, it's only to leave it for the hangman; so, Bryan, we've one chance, and only one, to beat them off—make them run before daylight, and then we can get up the *abhais* as we please. You're equal to three—I to one, at least—and the rest have the courage of despair; let the excisemen load again, and pepper the limestone a bit—and then on them altogether."

"Lead on, O'Hara! I follow to death, and will stick to you even in the face of his majesty's officers." So saying, he and his comrade made their way up the cave, and presently came upon the rest of the smuggling party, hid behind the rocks near the upper mouth of the cave. Just as they arrived, a volley was poured in from above; and then O'Hara, shouting, "On them, boys, before they can load again!" rushed out of the opening, closely followed by Bryan and the rest of his gang.

The action, if so it may be called, was short. The sudden rush of the men at the moment the revenue boatmen had expended their fire, struck a panic into them; and after a slight and brief resistance, they turned about and fled up the precarious pathway in the direction of the level ground above, closely pursued by the gang, with O'Hara at their head. As, however, the revenue men were as well accustomed to the cliffs and crags as those who followed them, they succeeded in reaching the level ground before they were overtaken by their assailants, whose object it was to prevent their rallying so as to come again to close quarters, and be thus enabled to recognise their persons. Could they at once disperse them over the plain above, their purpose was gained; and this was only to be done, as O'Hara knew, by pressing them close. Accordingly with reckless step he rushed along the ledge of the cliff, and had just attained its summit, when the last of

the fugitives, being the officer himself, turned as he placed his foot on firm ground, and waving his sword over his head, shouting at the same time to the men who preceded him to turn and back him, confronted his pursuers, who could only advance in single file, and stood determined to give them battle. O'Hara did not stop, but sprang upwards towards the officer, making at the same time a cut, which was received on the sword of his adversary, who, at the same instant, dashed at his throat and collared him, being enabled to do so with more facility from his having the advantage of the ground. Bryan, who was next him, lost not an instant in raising his powerful arm, and the next moment had in all probability witnessed the death of his majesty's revenue officer, and the treason of our unfortunate hero, had not two or three of the boatmen, whose retreat had been arrested by the cry of their command, fired a volley from the edge of the precipice right into the party below them. One shot took effect—and Bryan More, making one convulsive grasp at a tuft of grass beside him, fell; and rolled down the cliff into the darkness.

It is not in the scope of a tale like this to detail all that happens even on an occasion as striking as the present; it is sufficient to follow those whose actions and characters form the more immediate theme of our interest, and leave in the unsearched storehouses of the imagination, or in those faithful records of real occurrences which exist and will ever exist in the memory of eye-witnesses, much that might leng then our story, without, perhaps, subjecting it to the charge of offensive prolixity.

The night had passed by—the next day rose clear, and bright, and beautiful. As the worthy Father Flynn sat shaving himself in his little window which overlooked the estuary and the sand-hills of Rathmore beyond it, he could not help exclaiming aloud, with that mixture of piety and humour which is so strangely blended in the composition of a large portion of the Irish priesthood—"Well, the blessed name of the Virgin bepraised, but Mary O'Hara has bespoke the day for the weddin'! By this and that, (the Lord forgive me for swearin') it 'ud be hard

to refuse her any thing. Maybe we'll have a sup of the 'run' from last night. I towld Pat not to forget his clargy—and, next to himself, he thinks of them most always. The wather 'ill have to run in and run out afore I'm to cross. Well, there goes the razor into the drawer, and bad luck to it for a beard, that'll have it at work again afore the weddin'! Now down to the chapel, and after that across to Flaherty's about the pigs; and then, when the dirty work's done, it's time enough to put on the clean shirt."

So saying, the worthy divine buckled his lawn-covered stock around his neck, and buttoning his all-concealing surt-out, or cassock, as it might more properly be called, up to his throat, he thrust out his chin with an air of dignity at a cracked looking-glass, and turned for the purpose of descending to his little parlour. At that moment the door opened, and a female figure, concealed in a dark blue cloak, entered the room.

The apparition was so sudden, that the worthy priest started back, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed—

"The Lord between us and harm!"

"Amen, holy father!" responded the stranger, sinking on a seat, and lowering the hood of her cloak, which had been drawn over her head so as carefully to hide her face—"amen, this day. May the Lord come between us and harm! for there's harm done, that's beyond our own help."

"Mary O'Hara!" cried the priest, recovering himself by degrees, and reinduing in some measure the dignity of his function as he recognised the maiden,—“in the name of God what brings you here, my daughter? I was ready for five o'clock, but—tell me, my child—something bad has happened."

"Come somewhere, father. Bad it is, and it may be worse—ay! worse many ways. Come somewhere, where we shall not be heard or seen. I'm in trouble, father, and I come to you and to God."

"Come to God first, my poor girl," said the priest, taking her hand with a parental smile, "we're safe here where we are, and you'll have more help from Him in your trouble than what Father Flynn can afford you, much as he'd wish to serve you. Kneel down beside

me, and before we come to the grief, ask of Him that's high above us for His Sperrit in our hearts to put us in the right way." The kind man then went down upon his knees, and repeated some of the Romish formularies, in which he was devoutly joined by his visitor.

The substance of Mary's communication has been, up to a certain point, already detailed to the reader; and the remainder is easily told. The faithful and affectionate girl had not retired far from the scene of the expected landing. Her heart held her hovering near, and whispered to her the legends she had read herself, and the stories gleaned from Scripture, in which woman was accorded the privilege of rendering help to man, when his own best efforts were unavailing. Concealed in a fissure of the rocks, at a point not likely to be approached by any party, she had been aware of the arrival of the boats, (for others had pushed in upon the sandy beach of Rathmore, farther south,) the "run" being made, and the subsequent presence of the revenue officers. When the fray begun, her fears for those dear to her had overcome the natural timidity of her sex, and she had come forth from her hiding-place, so that when the few smugglers who got out of the hands of the revenue officers were hurrying into concealment, she met them, and seizing one of them by the arm as passing, obtained a hurried answer to the question—"Is Bryan More with ye?" That answer was a fearful one; a woman brought up in the enervation of more exalted rank would have sunk to the earth on hearing it.

"He's over the cliffs!"

But with her it only struck one blow at her heart, and turned her brow white and damp. She once more concealed herself, till the officers had carried off the seized goods and the prisoners they had made, in the direction of Rathmore, where there was more to be done; and then, without having attempted to understand the purport of the words she had heard, she flew to the spot which had been the scene of the late struggle.

Long did she search, and often did she call upon the name of her lover, but it was not until daylight had begun to dawn, and gradually disclose

objects at a greater and greater distance, that she at length descried what appeared to be the body of a man, stretched across a projecting angle of rock, but a short way below the top of the pathway, and so close to the edge, that the head was suspended at a fearful height over the foaming sea beneath. She lowered herself cautiously down till she was beside it, and was not long in discovering it to be indeed the object of her search; but, oh! to all appearance, never fated to return answer to the simple but agonized question—"Bryan, my beloved, have they murdered you?"

It was some time ere she could discover any signs of vitality, but at last, having by great efforts drawn the head from its position, turned it a little, and raised it against the bank, and having procured a little water in her hand, which she put to his lips and temples, he gradually came to himself, and was enabled, with the maiden's assistance, to crawl along the short distance of pathway which led to the cave. There she got him into one of its most retired recesses, and having discovered that he was struck by a ball in the side of the head, which had, by a miracle, only grazed it, taking up the scalp and stunning him, she washed the wound, bound part of her dress round it, and then returned to her cottage, whence, ere the sun rose above the horizon, she had conveyed some provision and a large coat of her brother's. It may be difficult to conceive, at the present day, how she could have effected all this without the cognizance of those whom it was her chief business to avoid; but those who remember the days of the revenue police in Ireland, will find small difficulty in understanding that she had not much to fear, and that an exploit like that of the night before, instead of being followed by continued vigilance, rather afforded an opportunity for things being done, which at other times might have been dangerous and difficult. That splendidly organized force, the coast-guard, has altered the face of things round the shores of our islands; and it is now as impossible to be unobserved on the margin of the ocean, as it was then deemed easy by the simplest device to evade the vigilance of the inadequate and ill-managed band appointed to watch it.

Having afforded her lover what assistance the place and her means could command, Mary O'Hara directed her next thoughts towards the future; and through the obscurity which enveloped every thing in that direction, she could only see her way as far as her priest's house. To him she came without a hope or a suggestion, she could only lay her woes before him, and look in his face.

"It's a bad business, Mary anothor. The boy 'ill be hung, if he's caught, even though he didn't strike a blow. The only safety is, his being dead, or their thinking he is. An accomplish, Mary, that's what he was, and is, as long as he lives."

"Oh, father, what are we to do?"

"Why then, my good girl, it's what I'm striving to think myself. Stay, where he is he cannot, not to say it's cold lying and a hard bed. Oh! Mary dear, different from what he expected, poor fellow, this night!—Well, there's no use in aggravating you, when it's comfort I ought to be giving if I have no advice for you, so let Father Flynn think a bit—couldn't we get him to your house, Mary?"

"Oh, Father Flynn, 'tis there he would be found out at once."

"Right, girl, almost as soon as at his own. That'll not do. Let me thry at it again. Aasy—sure there isn't a snagger spot in the parish than the one we're in, and no call to any one to inther it, barrin' the girl that does it out."

"No, no, father, you then would be in danger yourself, as harbouring the criminal. No, father, better any thing than bringing you into peril."

"Oh, child, it's mighty hard for the best of them to bring the clargy into a scrape. 'Tis we can do things that them in power, with all their money and all their authority, cannot succeed in. Don't fear for me, we'll have him here this night, Mary honey."

Mary made no answer farther than by a burst of tears, the first she had shed since the beginning of her troubles, and they were a relief to her; it is the first instance of kindness, the first bright ray through the cloud of our misfortunes, that generally melts us, and having opposed all our strength against the storm, we are upset by the slightest breath that comes in a contrary direction. The good

Father Flynn arranged every thing. That evening, as soon as all was quiet, he was to ride across the ford, and when it was dark proceed to the neighbourhood of the Buckler's Cave, whence Bryan was to be conveyed, as well as could be managed, on the back of the poney, and when the tide should serve transported across the estuary to the priest's cottage. There he was to be assigned the good father's own room, and while the common belief of the neighbourhood would consider him as dead, (for the people who witnessed his fate took it for granted that he had been swept away by the waves,) the visits which Mary was to pay, under the sanction of her ghostly adviser, to his sick-bed, would be accounted for, and attributed to the excess of her grief under the circumstances leading her to repair with unwonted frequency to what in her religion are considered the fountains of spiritual consolation—the altar of confession, and the converse of the priest. There she might watch his recovery, if he was to recover, and have leisure, too, to concert with him some plan for the future, for of course his present concealment could only be temporary.

The transit was accordingly made, and the wounded sailor conducted without observation or accident to the priest's house, where he found such kind arrangements made for his accommodation as the thoughtful care of this worthy minister could suggest. For many weeks did the devoted Mary O'Hara cross and recross the ford daily, and tend the wounded man for as many hours and at such times as the tide would allow of. His room was out of the reach of much observation, and indeed there were but two persons who were aware of his inhabiting it at all—the good priest and his servant; and the latter was as secret as if she had been aware of the fact under the seal of confession. The simple inhabitants of Rathmore, subdued and scared by the awful issue of their last smuggling adventure, gave themselves little trouble to ascertain the reason of Mary's frequent transits; indeed there were few to observe them, and those few were content to believe that the poor girl, her brother and expected husband having been torn from her at once, was either insane, or had

become a devotee to a particular penance, a thing not unusual in Ireland. Her old doating mother, the only inhabitant left in her cottage, was not accustomed to inquire of her movements, and thus the daughter was able to give a large portion of her time to the performance of those attentions, which, more than any thing else, tend to expedite amendment in an invalid, and sweeten recovery.

But though externally it appeared that Bryan Delany was getting over the effects of his disaster, yet those who observed him—that is, Mary O'Hara and Father Flynn, could not but see that with returning strength there did not appear a corresponding spring in his mind and spirits. All that assiduous attention and the most considerate affection could do was done, without having the slightest effect upon the profound and spiritless melancholy which rested over him. The world, he used to say, was now half-mast high with him. He rarely, indeed, uttered a word, even to Mary, and steadily refused to speak of the future; so much so, that it was at first surmised, and then too plainly understood by both his attendants, that he had come to the determination of rendering himself up to justice as soon as ever he should be able to quit his present confinement. When this suspicion crossed Mary's mind, she unceasingly racked it for some mode of extricating him out of his desperate situation. She spoke more than once to Father Flynn of going up to Dublin herself, disclosing to government the fact of one of the smuggling gang being alive and in concealment, giving a brief narrative of his case, and petitioning for his pardon; but she was as constantly dissuaded from this course by the priest, who would ask her how she would feel in case government refused to listen to her prayer, and only made use of her information for the purpose of dragging the offender to justice. She then thought of his going to sea again, and ventured to hint this to Bryan one day—but was soon silenced by the stern and vehement determination with which he intimated his mind on the subject. He was utterly unworthy, he said, ever again to act in his majesty's service; and even if he could escape detection, his own conscience-stricken look and manner would

be enough to betray his guilt to his companions. "No—my own evidence openly given against myself, shall hang me to the yard-arm, and the only consolation I shall have in dying will be, to think that I have rendered my king the service to bring to justice one who has drawn his sword on his lawful officer."

To reason against this was impossible—what was to be done? There might be a middle course, which would reconcile him in some degree to their objects, and after much consultation; and many plans discussed and rejected, one was at length adopted, and at length, after much urging, agreed to by Bryan himself.

To explain what this was, we must transport the reader to a little room in a court off Thomas-street, in the Earl of Meath's liberties in the city of Dublin. There was but little furniture in the room of any kind; a few rickety chairs and a deal table constituted the chief part of it, and the walls and floor were almost ruinous in their condition. Nevertheless, the sunshine of a lovely May morning shone cheerily through the bull's-eye glass of the window, and the merry scream of children playing in the court below lent animation to what would otherwise have been sad from its solitude. There were, moreover—although the regular furniture of the room we have described as scanty—a number of articles scattered round, which fully occupied its place. Boxes tied carefully up, two largish bundles, and a hamper, part of the straw of which lay about, with some salt provisions, and other edibles, spoke of inmates, though not permanent ones; and there might be seen besides a large bowl, and some antique-looking books, the presence of which was not so easily to be accounted for. At the moment we have chosen to introduce the reader into the room, it was empty; but a creaking was heard on the stairs, and the next the door was opened, and Bryan Delany, Mary O'Hara, and Father Flynn entered it together.

There was a deep and striking alteration in the appearance of two of the parties—more than could be produced by any ordinary circumstances in the few weeks which had elapsed since we were first introduced to them; and

even the third, Father Flynn himself, looked graver and more sad than he was wont. They entered together, and all three sat down without saying a word. At last the silence was interrupted by the priest, who exclaimed, turning his eyes in the direction of the window—

"Well! glory be to God, the day's fine, and the wind's fair. It's warmer than it was the day, you know, it *was to have been*; and you're not a bit less willing and able to fight with the world now than you were then. Any how, here I am, and with the help of heaven, I'll do for ye what I was ready for six weeks ago; and if it was more I had in my power, I'd be ready, ay, and willing, for I love you both, and it goes hard at my heart to part ye." The good man was forced to break off, for he said no more than he felt, and his heart *was* down that day, in spite of his endeavours to assume an air of cheerfulness. Neither of the other parties present said much—they too were full of deep and clouded thoughts, though there beamed a ray through them, which did not extend to their reverend companion.

"Now father," said Bryan, with a faint smile, looking at the same time encouragingly at Mary, "I think all's ready, and we have not too much time to spare."

"Oh, wait a little—wait a little!" exclaimed Mary, bursting into tears, from which she was in some measure repaid by a tender embrace from Bryan—"leave it to the last!"

"What! you want time to make up your mind, Mary, before you are made partner in the exile's fortunes for ever!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed Mary, passionately; "to share your fortunes and your exile is my highest hope on earth, but——"

"Well, Mary O'Hara," said the priest, taking her hand, "we'll give you ten minutes to dry your tears, and settle your hair after your walk, and I'll have all the things ready by the time you come back." So saying, he conducted her to the door of the room, and then turning back, made the preparations usual on such occasions. When she returned, she had evidently taken advantage of the good father's hint, and

assuredly Bryan, great as his own personal advantages were, might have felt proud of being the object of the heart's choice of so lovely a being as Mary O'Hara. Her face, of a clear and pure paleness, was shaped into the most perfect oval by the line of her black and luxuriant hair, which was drawn, Madonna-like, from her forehead, and along each cheek, with simple but graceful elegance. Her dress was the plain stuff gown suited to her station, with a thin and fine white handkerchief concealing without confining her bosom. With this poor assistance from art, nevertheless, there was a charm and a beauty which might have excited the envy of many a richly-habited *belle* in the city around her, for the purity of her mind blushed, as it were, through the transparent veil of her features, and traced an image of its own loveliness on her surface.

She perceived on entering that all was ready. A small table had been moved into the middle of the room, with a bowl of water upon it, and a large and rather richly-clasped volume of devotion lay beside it, its long tassels reflecting the full sun as it shone on them. The priest was arrayed in the picturesque robes of his church, having over his cassock the full white surplice which reaches like the ephod of the Jewish priest a little below the middle, and a cope of crimson velvet, deeply fringed with gold lace. On his head rose the high and conical black cap, such as is commonly seen in the streets of many a continental town; and it seemed that with the garments of sanctity, the clergyman had also induced its dignity, his manner having lost its humour and tenderness at once, and adopted that which became the officiating minister of the Church of Rome.

The ceremony, most of which was performed in Latin, was soon over; the minister hearing but a single sob, as he sprinkled the holy water over the pair, and uttered the words, "*Conjungo vos in nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*" The bride having been tenderly embraced by her husband, once more retired—and when she returned, Father Flynn met her with extended arms, and kissed her with tears running down his cheeks—he was again a man and a friend.

A hasty meal was then dispatched, and the hamper having been packed with the residue, the whole party set forth in one of those humble conveyances which in their convenience are the boast and in their equipment the disgrace of Dublin, towards the North wall, being the quay which bounds the north bank of the Liffey at its junction with the bay, and serves as a place of embarkation for the few ships which hold intercourse with the port of Dublin.

The sun was yet high, though mid-day was past, and as they wound their way through the bright and happy-looking throng that filled the principal streets, past the chariots of fashion and the waggons of merchandize, it may be well imagined that the wedded pair felt with painful intensity how little all this was to them—how completely, though yet among them, they belonged to a different state of being—a new world.

On the quay, the scene was of a different nature. The large and gaudily-painted barque, with her top-gallant masts tapering to the sky, and a bright array of flags streaming from all parts of her, looked every thing that was inviting to the voyager, and creditable to the owners. It required, however, no very close inspection by Bryan to ascertain that though the paint was new, the timbers were old; and as for the flags and spars, he knew how soon after they had cleared the bay all these would be struck, and the clumsy proportions of the hull left to show themselves to the now secured passengers. He did not think it necessary to make these observations to his bride, however: one thing he had taken care to ascertain through the priest—which was, that they were to sail *direct* for their destination, without touching at Liverpool—this he had made a *sine qua non* in taking his passage. The last land, he trusted, they were to set foot on in the old world was to be that wall, the first in the new, the shores of New York.

The quay and deck of the vessel were now covered by a dense and tumultuous throng, in all imaginable states of feeling, spirits, and action. There was the sob and sigh of sorrow, and the busy orders of haste—the frantic yell of inebriety, and the as frantic exclamations of separating friends—

the indifferent rudeness of the crew, as they shoved their own passengers to the right and left, for the accommodation of a leg-weary cow or refractory pig—the search of children for parents, and parents for children, lost in the crowd—the scarcely less agonized inquiries of the emigrant after the boy with whom he had left his box in charge; the scream of children, the cursing of men, and the bellowing of cattle—all mingled together in one infernal chorus and concert, caused the timid bride to shudder and draw back, as the little party descended from their conveyance and found themselves in the midst of the throng.

The ship, it had been stated, was to have sailed early, but Bryan soon saw that she was fast aground, and that an hour or two must probably elapse ere she could be got fairly under weigh. This caused him some uneasiness, for it increased the chances of his detection, and, wrapped as he was to the eyes in his seaman's coat, he lost no time in getting his effects on board and wringing the hand of the priest, whom he informed at the same time that if he saw that all was likely to be safe, Mary and he would come on deck again, and have a last word with him, immediately before the casting off of the vessel from the quay-wall.

One affectionate embrace—'twas all he had time for—the good father gave to Mary O'Hara; and indeed the confusion was such that they could scarcely have wished to have remained long together in such a place. She felt ill—sick at heart—fear, disgust, grief, terror, combined to overwhelm her, and having been conducted below, she sunk, more dead than alive, upon one of their own chests in a corner between decks.

It was not till the sun approached its setting that the slow swaying of the vessel showed them that she was at last afloat upon that element which was to be traversed by her to so vast and perilous a distance. The multitude had now divided into two parts—the emigrants, and those who were to remain—and most of the former were already on board. The lamentations became louder, the inebriety more outrageous: many of those who hoped to realize independence in other lands exhibited their qualifications by lying in

hopeless drunkenness about the deck; and more than one, who up to that moment had been firm, now gave up the unavailing struggle against nature and affection, and sprung from the vessel once more into the arms of his relatives and his country, preferring penury and privation—ay, and the sting of ridicule at home—to all that exile could offer of happiness and prosperity elsewhere.

Of this number, however, notwithstanding the heart sickening agony of their minds, Bryan and Mary Delany did not make a part. They ascended to the deck, looked anxiously from the ship's side for their reverend friend; and having at last discovered him; stretched their hands over, and held him until the last rope was cast off, and the vessel began to swing slowly out from the shore. Oh! it was heart-breaking, the whole scene. That was the moment that concentrated in itself days, years of suffering. To the Irish, constitutionally fond of their own country, peculiarly sensitive to the pangs of separation, and tremblingly alive to the influence of the domestic affections, a struggle such as this is little short of a mortal one.

"God Almighty bless ye, my children!" faltered the priest, in a suffocating voice; "I would to Him I was with ye! not that I'd call ye back—ye'll do well, wherever you go!"

"Oh, Father—Father Flynn!" sobbed Mary, "'tis we that have the breaking hearts this minute! God protect you, father, and take my heart's blessing back to—to—home with you!"

"Write to us, Father Flynn," said Bryan, in a low voice. "We'll want to know about you, to help our hearts. Let go—let go Mary's hand, father,—you'll fall in!"

"I must, I must:—farewell!" he cried, as he suffered the vessel, as it were, to force her from his grasp, and raised both his hands to heaven. "Farewell!—I'm older now than I thought to be ten years hence."

The barque, having now cast off its last cords, which might be said to have been formed of the interlacing hands of friends, caught the breeze in a sail or two, and gradually widened her distance from the wall, still, however, not

exceeding a few yards in distance, followed by the crowd, which moved along the bank, with the oft-repeated adieu still uttered from many a mouth. At length the word, "starboard!" was given, and she swung out towards the mid-stream. This was the signal for a cheer, loud and long, to break simultaneously from the crowd on shore, and the answer wrung shrill from the crowded deck of the emigrant ship. It was the expression on both sides that the trial was past, the effort completed, the resolution proved, the grand act accomplished. It raised the hearts of all as if by magic. Enthusiasm beamed in every face, and though Bryan did not join in the cheer, yet the priest could discern in the glorious beams of the sun which was now setting over the lovely line of the Wicklow mountains, that he took the hand of his bride, and looked in her face with a smile.

The good father saw no more—his eyes swam—and as he turned away, the truth forced itself bitterly upon him, that it was to such as he that the exterior circumstances of life were indeed essential, and that the condition of

that man who could turn from the frown of the world without, and the chances of peril and exile, to a face and a heart beside him, the companion and solace of the worst that could befall him—was not the rigour of misfortune—the true solitude of exile.

"Bryan More has a clear conscience, and a blessed wife. His is the happy lot, even in the wilds of America!"

With these words, he returned slowly back to where he had left his pony, and mounting it, set out upon his long and lonely journey to Rathmore. As he went, he ruminated upon the events that had passed and the causes of them, and ere he arrived at the cottage, had made up his mind to deliver over the keg of "sperrits," which he was to find under the hay in his stable, to the revenue officers, and for the future to make his preaching and practice subservient to the removal of that fatal delusion, which leads the Irish peasant in so many cases, and in that of smuggling in particular, to conceive it not only pardonable, but praiseworthy, to oppose the execution of such laws as may interfere with his prejudices or predilections.

A CHAPTER ON LYRICAL MATTERS.

HAIL, Muse! *et cetera*. It were not a very difficult task to enter loftily and lengthily into the history of Lyric Poetry, but we shall not; because we have no ambition to incur the reproach which Swift addresses to those who repeat with airs of superiority that which has been repeated ten thousand times before—

“How haughtily he cocks his nose
To tell what every schoolboy knows.”

Of lyrical poetry it may, however, be very safely said, that it is as old as any other, and perhaps a little older; for what is more likely than that the first simple efforts of passion or feeling, to express itself in numbers, should be for the purpose of *singing* by the cradle of childhood, or reciting in measured chant to beguile the household evenings of the hunter or the warrior. The usual habit is to trace the commencement of lyrical poetry to the Greeks. With Solon, says Frederick Schlegel, “the proper epoch of Grecian literature begins. Before his time the Greeks possessed no more than commonly falls to the share of every people who are blessed with a favourable corporeal organization, while they are animated with the fresh impulse of a youthful society—traditions which hold the place of histories, and *songs*, and poems, which are repeated and remembered, so as to serve instead of books. Such *songs* calculated to arouse national feelings, and to give animation in the hour of battle—or to be sung at the festivals of their religion—or to perpetuate the joys of a successful, or the rage and hatred of a slighted lover—or the tears which the poet has consecrated to the memory of his departed mistress—all these were possessed by the Greeks in the utmost variety from the most early period of their existence as a nation.” Most true, O Frederick! and not less true of other nations which were old before the ancient glories of Greece began. As soon as we become more intimate, and on a more favourable and friendly footing with the Chinese, which by the simple method of

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killing some seven thousand of them, and taking twenty-seven millions of dollars by way of *compensation*, it seems we are likely to be, we may possibly learn a good many old songs from them, which were ancient ditties before the wrath of Achilles was heard of. Even now, forth from the dim and shapeless clouds of the remotest antiquity, there seems to come a voice of song, and our faint imaginings of the first periods of the inhabited world, are inextricably associated with the modulated mutterings of ancient crones, or the chants of mysterious bards. The builders of the pyramids must have eaten supper, and of course sung songs. They could not *chant* hieroglyphics. What and how did they sing? Heaven knows; but if their words were as stupendous as their works, they must have mouthed it rarely.

The oldest Indian poetry relates to a strange mixture of natural and supernatural personifications—jumbled together in cloudy contention. The *Mohabharat*, says the German critic already quoted, celebrates an universal struggle in which gods, giants, and heroes, were all armed against each other. In some similar fictions respecting a war between gods and heroes almost every people which possesses any ancient traditions, “has embodied its mysterious recollections of a wilder and more active state of nature, and the tragical suppression of an *earlier world of greatness and heroism*.” The glimpses which passages like these afford, take us back to days of song, in comparison with which the oldest songs of Greece, are, as it were, fresh ballads. Frederick Schlegel, however, shadows forth an idea that time has been so ancient and so grand, that the thoughts of men could find no sufficient vent in oral expression—their ideas were too big for utterance, and so they took to emblemizing in stone. The whole passage which winds up with this idea is so fine, that we shall here transcribe it from Lockhart’s translation:—

“The high antiquity of the Indian mythology is in the main sufficiently

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manifest from the ancient monuments of Indian architecture which are still in existence. These monuments are in their gigantic size, and in their general formation, extremely similar to those of the Egyptians; and it is difficult to suppose that their antiquity is not equally remote. All these monuments, both the gigantic works of Egypt, covered over with hieroglyphics, the fragments of the city of Persepolis with their various shapes and unintelligible inscriptions, and lastly those Indian rocks which we may still see hewn into the symbols of an obscure mythology, have an equal tendency to carry us back to a state of things from which we feel ourselves to be prodigiously removed both in time and in manners. We may almost say that as the traditions of every people go back to an age of heroes, and as nature, too, has had her time of ancient greatness—a time of mighty revolutions whereof we can still perceive the traces, and gigantic animals of which we are every day digging up the remains; even so, both *civilization and poetry* have had *their* time also of the wonderful and the gigantic. And we may add, that in that time, all those conceptions, fictions, and presentiments, *which were afterwards unfolded into poetry*, and fashioned into philosophy and literature; all the knowledge and all the errors of our species, astronomy, chronology, biography, history, theology, and legislation, were embodied, not in writing, as among us puny men, but in those enormous works of sculpture of which some fragments still remain for inspection."

Here, then, we get to "the back of beyond," as we say in Ireland, for notwithstanding the music-emitting statue of Memnon, (upon which, if so minded, we might make an extremely erudite digression,) it would be rather too much to call gigantic sculpture, lyrical poetry. Still, however, being profound philosophers, we must not idly or wantonly give up the theory of the analogy between form, and motion, and sound. And this theory, occult as it may seem to some, appears, either by accident or on purpose, to have found a permanent place in our common English tongue; for we familiarly speak of the *music of the spheres*, by which we mean assuredly some harmony of motion rather than of sound;

and we recite the couplet in Addison's hymn concerning the stars—

"For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made them is divine."

without any shock from a sense of impossibility, and without any idea that "the spangled heavens, a shining frame," actually open their mouths, and pour forth sounds after the manner of Signor Lablache or Miss Adelaide Kemble, now, we trust, living at home at ease with the more matronly name of Mrs. Sartoris. Beaumont or Fletcher (for one never can distinguish) speaks of a swain who accounted the voice of his mistress "far above singing," thereby charmingly estimating a sense of music inspired by love, more exquisite than sound could impart. Byron somewhere has the line

"The mind—the music breaking from
her face;"

to which he attaches an explanatory note, the particulars whereof we do not remember, but you may find them in the book. Moreover—but this preface is getting too long, so we must pull rein, and think of our proper business.

Lyrical poetry, as perhaps some very acute persons may discover from the name, means strictly the poetry which is suitable to the accompaniment of the lyre. That instrument, however, not having been in fashion for some time, the term lyrical is fairly applied to all poetry which is fitted for any musical accompaniment, or for being sung with musical cadence and divisions, without instrumental accompaniment. This, however, may be remarked, that though lyrical poetry is suitable for all kinds of music, there are some sorts of music very ill adapted for lyrical poetry. For instance, it is highly inconvenient to play the Scotch bagpipes, and at the same time sing or chant a poem, almost as much so as contemporaneously to eat a hot potato, and whistle an Irish jig. But the Irish pipes offer no such impediment to the utterance of song by him who plays upon them, and there appears to be at least no physical reason why the melting lays of love, or the animating verse which excites to war, might not be accompanied with the music of that

national instrument. They who are accustomed to classical models of sculpture and of painting, might observe a want of that grace and dignity in the outward form of the accompaniment, which by habit we associate with the lyre; but as there is great harmony and proportion in the harness of the Irish pipes, the wind-bag on one side, being balanced by the bellows on the other, the *unprejudiced* beholder would perhaps perceive no lack of that congruity which is the soul of grace.

Notwithstanding, however, this palpable national advantage of the Irish in respect to an accompaniment for lyrical poetry, we fear it must be admitted that in comparatively modern times at all events we are beaten all to nothing in the matter of songs by our Scotch neighbours. Of course we are now referring to something peculiarly national—to those songs which murmur from the lips of the multitude, as they ply their daily tasks of labour, or still more abundantly, and with more freedom of heart and voice, in the occasional festivities of their humble homes. The great lyrical poet of the day is, no doubt, an Irishman. Many of his subjects are taken from the events of Irish history, and much of the *political feeling* of his strains is nationally Irish. But after all he is an English poet, and his beautiful compositions can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have not only a good English education, but also some general notion of the refinements of ancient classic lore. Irish though he be, his allusions are never to the common life of the Irish people, but frequently to the classical records of Greece or Italy. His language is more elevated and elegant than the common people of Ireland or of England ever use. Instead of taking the simple thoughts of the people, and breathing into them the life of poetry, he follows with exquisite art the theory of Boileau as to the poet's office—

“Orne, eleve, embellit, agrendit toutes choses.”

If he be Ireland's poet, he is the poet rather of her history and her politics than of her people—of her orators, her warriors, and her political martyrs, rather than of her domestic life and daily habits. The result is, that Moore

is far more generally read in England than in Ireland, because literary education is there far more generally diffused. Of the Irish millions, not one in a thousand could repeat a line of Moore, and if they did they would not understand it. It is above the range of their sensations. How different are the circumstances of the Scotch in this respect! Where is the Scotchman or woman, boy or girl, beyond the age of childhood, that cannot sing or say something of the poetry of Burns? From the peasant lad that pulls heath upon the cloud-swept steep of Ben Cruachan, to the pale cotton-spinner, who breathes a warm fuzzy atmosphere amid the everlasting clack and buzz of Glasgow machinery, all can repeat something appropriate to sadness or to mirth,

“Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side.”

Perhaps there is no people now existing so rich in popular lyrics as the Scotch, that is, in musical poetry applicable to the common *homely* concerns of life. They have a sort of Doric of their own—a peculiar dialect which, while it belongs to the common people, is not considered a sign of vulgarity in any rank—a dialect susceptible of the highest elevation of feeling as well as the purest simplicity—a dialect, in short, which was fitted to convey the thoughts of Burns and of Walter Scott. This is peculiarly associated, however, with a degree of homely domesticity, which has charms even for those of high degree. In England and Ireland the humblest person who essays poetry, thinks it needful to attempt the language, and the turn of thought, which belongs to education and refinement, while in Scotland the educated and refined seem to feel a delight, when the poetic impulse is upon them, to clothe their thoughts in the dialect of the common people, and to relax themselves in the contemplation of the most homely scenes of domestic enjoyment. The most rich and glowing poetic prose that ever was written is perhaps to be found in the broad Scotch of John Wilson, when speaking under the guise of the Ettrick Shepherd. There happens to be now before us a lyric attri-

buted to Sir John Clerk of Penny-cuick, no very remote ancestor (we presume) of the honourable baronet who at present shares with Sir Thomas Freemantle the heavy cares, and not inconsiderable emoluments, of secretarizing for her Majesty's Treasury. This composition exhibits in the common dialect of the Scotch peasantry a very keen relish of the *comfortable*-ness of homely life.

"O merry may the maid be
Who marries wi' the miller,
For foul day, or fair day,
He's aye bringing till her ;
He's aye a penny in his pouch,
Has something hot for supper,
Wi' beef, and pease, and melting cheese,
An' lumps o' yellow butter.

"Behind the door stand bags o' meal,
And in the ark is plenty ;
And good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And mony a sweeter dainty.
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,
Are standing in the byre—
Whilst winking puss, wi' mealy mou,
Is playing round the fire.

"Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me take the miller ;
A miller's wife's a merry wife,
And he's aye bringing till her.
For meal or maut she'll never want,
Till wood and water's scanty,
As lang's there cocks and cackling hens,
She'll aye hae eggs in plenty.

"In winter time, when wind and sleet
Shake ha', house, barn, and byre,
He sits aside a clean hearth-stane,
Before a rousing fire ;
O'er foaming ale he tells his tale,
And aye to show he's happy,
He claps his weans, and dawties his wife
Wi' kisses warm and sappy."

Conceive an Irish baronet of poetic temperament—Sir Aubrey de Vere, for example—attempting any thing of this kind ! As soon might one imagine him going out to cut turf, or to milk a cow.

In truth, the poor Irish are not in general comfortable enough at home to make their domestic circumstances agreeable subjects for lyric poetry, however simple. Neither does the genius of the people lead them towards homely things. No sooner does an Irishman get any education than he looks immediately to the stately and artificial. He considers the dignity of learning, and grows classical. The

simplicity of common life seems to him rude, and beneath literary notice. He takes to oratory and to politics. His poetry is rhetoric modulated to numbers. His politics are the politics of passion and romance.

To return to Frederick Schlegel : he maintains that the whole charm and excellence of lyrical poetry consists in its being the free emanation of individual feelings. To this we would add, that to be interesting, it must possess the energy of passion, or the earnestness of feeling—unless, indeed, it be of the lighter sort, in which mirthfulness makes up for every thing else. In such a convivial country as Ireland, we must, of course, have songs of some kind for all sorts and conditions of men. Father Matthew not having utterly abolished whiskey-punch, but only abridged the use of the raw material, they who are under its influence will break forth into zinging. And what do they sing ? Not, generally, the polished verses of Moore, but other lyrics, to which critical persons sometimes object as coarse and *slangish*, rather than simple and merely common. Perhaps these critics are too severe ; but let us try for ourselves. Let us take up an Irish "song-book" of the ordinary kind, and take our chance of what it may afford at the first opening. No sooner said than done ; and here we have a serenade at your service, called "Barney Brallaghan's Courtship with Judy Callaghan." It is a mixture of narrative and supplication, and runs thus :—

"'Twas on a windy night,
At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love tale did pour,
And this was part of his wailings—
Only say
You'll have Mister Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

"Oh, list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may,
There's only the wall between us ;
You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring—
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say, &c.

"I've got nine pigs and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindled cow,
And got a cabin to keep 'em;
Sundry hose and coat,
An old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot,
What you may ride astride on.
Only say, &c.

"I've got an acre of ground,
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'backey a pound,
And got some tea for the ladies.
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whiskey to make us gaily,
A mattress feather-bed,
And a handsome new shillelah.
Only say, &c.

"You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As every body's knowing—
You've got a dacent tongue,
Whenever 'tis set a-going.
Only say, &c.

"For a wife till death
I am willing to take you—
But och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake you.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover—
I'll call to-morrow again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll have Mister Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan."

This is, unquestionably, a very unequal performance, and cannot be considered refined; yet an eye not indisposed to friendly appreciation may discover beauties. It is our business to point them out, rather than to speak with harshness of any specimen of the popular poetry of this land. Who can deny the happy freedom of the opening, combined with a judicious particularity? We feel the night wind playing about our temples as we read. Unconsciously we have buttoned our coat. Great is the power of poetry! Now it places us in Thebes, and now in Athens, and it can also place us at any hour of the day or night. It is noonday when we read—but the poet transports us at once to "two o'clock in the morning," and admirably in harmony with the wind before raised at the bidding of his

muse. It is a windy hour that same two o'clock in the morning, and bitterly cold. We feel the forlorn state of Mr. Brallaghan, as he sat disconsolate upon the palings. There is an exquisite propriety in mentioning the *refrain*, or "chorus," as we commonly call it in Ireland, as only "a part" of his wailings. It wraps the whole in a mantle of dreary infinitude. We know not, nor can guess, the full extent of the *funeste passion* which he poured forth. The delicacy of the suggestion, that Judy might own her love, as nobody save her lover and the wall could overhear the soft confession, is a touch worthy of Romeo and Juliet. Indeed the whole poem, to say nothing of the name of the lady, often reminds us of the most charming love drama that ever was, or probably ever will be written. Except for the allusion to snoring, which, while it adds to the truth of the picture, takes away from its delicacy, what can be more earnestly pathetic than the lines—

"You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring—
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring."

It is probable that the poet may have unconsciously borrowed this idea from the ode *ad Lydiam*, the twenty-fifth of the first book of Horace—

"Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia dormis."

The enumeration of the various property of the lover (we mean "Mister Brallaghan") is not quite so grand as the catalogue of the ships in Homer, but it has abundant precedent in the classic pastoral poetry. The enumeration of flocks and herds, of hives of honey, and of stores of cheese, has employed some of the most charming verses that have ever been written in the sweetest and most powerful of languages. The poet who sings the loves of Mister Brallaghan, has, we believe, had the modesty to keep his name secret; and even were it known, it would perhaps be too much to place it exactly in the same rank with Theocritus, for the Greek came first. Still it is evident enough that our anonymous friend hath a soul for the pastoral. The sublimest touch, however,

of the whole poem, is that in which the hero, suddenly stung with a sense of neglect, and slightly melted with a shower of rain, abruptly breaks the passionate love strain, and bursts forth in a no less passionate declaration of the fruitlessness of his endeavours—

“For a wife till death
I am willing to take you—
But och! I waste my breath,
The devil himself can't wake you;”

The famous passage in Virgil, where Neptune suddenly recollects that he has something more important to do than scold the winds, is the only thing we know in poetry to be compared with this passage in the loves of Mister Brallaghan—

“Quos ego;—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.”

The classical reader may trace some considerable resemblance in the general tone of the poem, to one of the serenading songs of the *Komastai* or Athenian Revellers, which is to be found in Aristophanes. Of this a very learned *Quarterly Reviewer*, some twenty years ago and upwards, gave the following chastened and charming translation:—

“Wake, wake, wake!
Night's not yet at odds with day,
And the stars that shoot and play,
With fiery lights upbraid thy slumber,
Waiting thy eyes to fill their number,
Wake, wake, wake!

“Fair one, wake; 'tis love that pours
These soft numbers round thy doors,
If, perchance, thy peerless sheen
May for a moment shine between
Night and this thy sullen screen.
Wake, wake, wake!

“Still is thy lattice barr'd, my fair!
Dost thou spurn me?—cold and bare
Here on the earth exposed I lie,
To meet the morning's wandering eye:
But oh, for gentle pity's sake,
Be moved my pillow, sweet, to make,
Where on that bosom's frozen snow,
Such pinks as April weareth grow.
Wake, wake, wake!”

To point out minutely the passages, and turns of thought in this poem from the Greek, which resemble the lyrically-recorded love story of Mr. Brallaghan,

were to pay but an ill compliment to the judgment and discretion of our readers. And yet it must be confessed that while possessing all the essential qualities which give life and spirit and force to the Greek poem, the Irish song is wanting in that elegance and finish which the Greek lyric, or the kindred genius of Moore, would have imparted.

The public, we trust, will fully understand that in taking this love poem of Barney and Judy for our observations, we have not played them false by selecting one of which the tenderness and energy surpass the average of poems of the same class. We really do not think so. It is perfectly true that we opened the book at random, and took what came first; and we doubt not that many other Irish songs of the common kind might be brought forward, having even greater claims upon the admiration of the judicious and impartial critic. Perhaps we may at another opportunity employ ourselves in a similar examination of other songs.

It will be observed that the peculiar events of the Irish song upon which we have commented as an illustration of the views previously stated, fully bear out those views. Though we have had occasion to mention the pastoral beauty and genuineness of Mr. Brallaghan's detail of his rural property, yet it is not in *homely* simplicity that the poem excels. The hero of it, indeed, mentions his pound of tobacco and his tea, and his whiskey, but with certain allusions “to the ladies,” which plainly show that he had an idea of a general entertainment, a rustic rout, perhaps, for which some village Gunter would furnish the accessories, and arrange the feast, rather than that more concentrated domestic joy which is so feelingly dwelt upon in the songs of Burns, and in hundreds of other songs, which have flowed from the full hearts of the peasantry themselves. The lover Brallaghan, we must allow, makes distinct mention of the bed—the intended sacred nuptial couch, which nobody can deny is a purely domestic matter; but it is to be noted that along with the bed he announces the possession of a shillelagh, an instrument which is not suggestive of affectionate intercourse and domestic felicity, but rather seems to indicate

that the lover foresaw the probable necessity of having at hand a ready answer or antidote to those "curtain lectures" which the providing of the bed has brought into his mind. This detracts from the pleasure of the poem as a domestic picture, but it was necessary to its fidelity, and without this allusion, showing how apt strife is to attend close upon pleasure, the poem of Brallaghan and Callaghan would not be truly Hibernian and national.

Critics may feel surprised that so broad a distinction as that we have noticed should subsist between Scotland and England in respect of lyrical poetry; but after all it is not more

marked nor more singular, than that between Portugal and Spain in respect of dramatic poetry, though these nations might fairly be expected to be almost identical in their literary character. So it is, however, that while no nation, except the nation of Shakespeare, can compare in richness of dramatic genius with Spain, Portugal is utterly without an original drama.

Thus it is that nations, however closely allied, have, like brothers in the same family, different tempers and dispositions, the sources of which no one can trace. Let us make the best we can of our Brallaghans and Callaghans.

THE CRADLE OF THE CONQUEROR.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

WITHIN ten leagues of the curious town of Caen, where William of Normandy and his queen lie buried, the traveller who devotes a short space of time to a search after the picturesque, may, without straying too far a-field, find what he desires in the clean, bright, gay town of Falaise, where the great hero of the conquest was born. From Southampton to Havre, it requires but twelve hours to cross, and, having climbed up the precipitous hill which overlooks the *city of parrots*, and admired the charming villas on the height of Ingouville, from whence a magnificent sea view delights the eye; the wanderer has only to take the packet-boat, which, in four hours, will land him at Caen, or if he has already been introduced to the abbeys *aux Hommes* and *Dames*, he may step into the boat which crosses the fine bold river to Honfleur, dreaming meantime of the days when Henry V. sailed so triumphantly into the Seine, or when Sir Sidney Smith's daring valour led him, by the same route, to captivity.

In an hour Honfleur is reached, a diligence starts from the quay, and proceeds through an avenue of a league's length, between beautiful hills and orchards, and corn fields, to the

strange old town of Lisieux, prettily situated, with pleasant walks and views all round it, a fine cathedral, and a church of St. Jacques, both grand specimens of the massive architecture of the twelfth century. In this town lived and died the traitor bishop of Bayeux, afterwards of Lisieux, who sold the heroic Jeanne d'Arc for English gold. An expiatory chapel was erected by him, where it was hoped the tears of the pious would help to wash his sins away; but no one now remembers him or his crime when prayers are offered at the shrine of the virgin, in the chapel which still exists. The money of the cruel bishop, Pierre Cauchon, was therefore expended in vain, for the centuries it must have required to pray his soul out of purgatory cannot have expired by this time.

It is a very pretty drive from Lisieux to Falaise, and the hotels there are good and clean: most of the ruinous striped houses, with projecting stories, such as still deform the streets of Lisieux, are cleared away at Falaise, leaving wide spaces and pure air, at least in the centre town, where the best habitations are to be found; there are two other divisions less airy and more picturesque, these are the faubourg of

Guibray, and those of St. Laurent and Le Val d'Ante, where many antique houses are still standing ready for the pencil of the antiquarian artist.

Rising suddenly from the banks of a brawling crystal stream, a huge mass of grey rocks, thrown in wild confusion one on the other, sustains on its summit the imposing remains of a feudal castle, whose high white tower, alone and in perfect preservation, looks round over an immense tract of smiling country, and tells a tale of by-gone power and grandeur; adjoining this mighty *donjon* are walls of enormous thickness, adorned with a range of beautiful windows with circular arches of early Norman style; close to the last of these, whose pillars, with wreathed capitals, are as sharp as in the first year of their construction, is a low door leading to a small chamber in the thickness of the wall; there is a little recess in one corner, and a small window, through whose minute opening glimpses of a fine prospect can be caught. It was in this narrow room, once said to have been adorned with gold and vermillion and other gay hues, that a child was born in secrecy and mystery, and that by the imperfect light his beautiful mother looked upon the features of the future hero of Normandy. Arlette, the skinner's daughter, whose beauty had attracted the eye of her lord, tradition says, while she was bathing in the fountain which still bears her name, was here confined of William the Great, conqueror of England; and it was in this gloomy retreat that the wondrous infant, who was to decide the destinies of two nations, uttered his first shrill cry, which echo caught up and sent throughout the land. Little, perhaps, did his poor mother exult in his birth; she was of lowly lineage, had never raised her eyes to the castle but with awe, nor thought of its master but with fear; her pleasures were to dance under the shade of trees, with the simple villagers, her duties to wash her linen on the stones of the silver stream which flowed past her father's cottage.

There might be one amongst the youths who admired her beauty whom she preferred to the rest—she might have dreamt of love and happiness with him—she might have imagined his asking her of her father, who gave a gracious consent: the bells of the

church of St. Gervais would ring a merry peal, her companions would strew flowers in her path—he she loved would lead her home to his humble cot amongst the heath-covered rocks of Noron—But no—such was not to be her fate: a mail-clad warrior, terrible and powerful, whose will may not be resisted, whose gold glitters in her father's eyes, or whose chains clank in his ear, has seen and coveted her beauty. Her father trembles while he feebly resists; he entreats the mighty duke to spare his child; he dares not tell her of the proposition made to him; he hopes that time and new adventures will efface Arlette from the mind of her dangerous lover: but again he is urged. How shall he turn from the heaps of gold that tempt him?—how shall he escape the *oubliette* that yawns for the disobedient vassal in yonder tower? He appeals to his daughter. She has no reply but tears. Men-at-arms appear in the night—they knock at his door, and demand Arlette. They promise fair in the name of their master; they mount her on a steed before the gentlest of their band; his horse's hoofs clatter along the rocky way; her father hears the sobs of his child for a little space, and his heart sinks within him: he turns and counts the pieces thrown upon his threshold. Arlette returns no more to her paternal cottage; she is concealed from view in a turret of the castle, but it is not as a hand-maiden of the duchess she remains there—her existence is not supposed to be known, though the childless wife of Duke Robert weeps in secret over her wrongs.

This may all be fancy, and perhaps Arlette did not weep at her distinction. She might have been ambitious, and have seen glories to come in her child—she might have been artful, and commanded the affections of her lover; and when she told him that she had dreamt “a tree sprang from her bosom which overshadowed all Normandy,” her designs might have been deep and resolved. When her little son, placed on straw by his side, filled his strong but tiny hands with as much as he could grasp, she might have taken advantage of the circumstance to rouse his father's pride, and have dictated the saying of the *sage femme*—“*Par*

Dieu! this child begins early to grasp, and make all his own!" The child, at all events, was "honourably brought up," and treated as if legitimate.

Close to the natal chamber of Duke William may be seen another opening in the wall still smaller and much more dismal, to which a ruined window now gives more light than in the days when poor young Arthur of Brittany looked vainly through its loop-hole over a wide extent of country, now all cultivation and beauty, but probably then bristling with forts and towers, all in the hands of his hard-hearted uncle, John.

After having made his nephew prisoner in Anjou, John sent him to Falaise, and had him placed in this dungeon in the custody of some severe but not cruel knights, who treated him with all the respect they dared to show. An order from their treacherous master arrived, that they should put their captive to death; but they refused obedience, and indignantly exclaimed, that the walls of the castle of Falaise should not be disgraced by such a crime. Arthur was therefore removed to Rouen, and there less conscientious men were found to execute his uncle's will, if tradition, so varied on the point, speaks true.

Stephen maintained himself in this castle against the father of Henry II., and these walls have probably echoed to the lays of minstrels who tuned their harps in praise of the beautiful and haughty heiress of Aquitaine. The fair and neglected wife of Cœur de Lion had the castle of Falaise for her dower, and for some time is said to have lived here. Philip Augustus accorded some singular privileges to Falaise, two of which deserve notice. If a woman were convicted of being *fond of scandal*, and known to backbite her neighbours, they were permitted to place cords under her arms, and duck her three times in the water: after this, if a man took the liberty of reproaching her with the circumstance, he was compelled to pay a fine of ten sous, or else he was plunged into the stream in a similar manner. If a man were so ungallant as to call a woman *ugly*, he was obliged to pay a fine, but if the women were as pretty then as they appear now in Falaise, it was not likely that such an offence would often be committed. With their neat petticoats, smart feet in sabots, high but-

terfly or mushroom caps, as white as snow, scarlet handkerchiefs, and bright-coloured aprons — with their round cheeks, lively eyes, and good-humoured expression, the Falaisiennes are as agreeable-looking a race as one would wish to see, and more likely to elicit compliments than reproach.

Many curious customs prevailed in the middle ages in this old town, and one was portrayed on the walls of a chapel in the church of the Holy Trinity. It was the execution of a delinquent who had injured a child by disfiguring its face and arms. The culprit was no other than a *sow*, and when the crime committed was brought home to her, the learned judges assembled on the occasion pronounced that she deserved condign punishment, and, in order to hold her up as an example to all sows in time to come, her face and *forelegs* were mutilated in a similar manner to those of her victim. The spectacle took place in a public square, amidst a great concourse of spectators, the father of the child being brought as a witness, and condemned to see the punishment as a reward for not having sufficiently watched his infant. The viscount-judge of Falaise appeared "on horseback with a plume of feathers on his head, and his hand on his side." The sow was dragged forth dressed in the costume of a citizen, in a vest and breeches, and with *gloves on*, having on a mask representing the face of a man. What effect this wise execution had is not related, probably it produced as salutary a result as most of those exhibited for the *amusement* of an enlightened multitude.

The chain of the rocks of Noron, on part of which the castle is situated, are singularly picturesque, and from those opposite, rising from the side of Arlette's Fountain, the fine ruins have a most majestic effect, and the prospect is extremely beautiful. A soft turf, covered with wild thyme, and heath, and fern, makes the walks amongst the huge blocks agreeable and tempting, and the delicious perfume of the heathy beds is refreshing in the extreme; the air is pure and brilliant, and the landscape all brilliancy and brightness. At the time of the annual fair, celebrated in its kind, these rocks are covered with peasants in holiday costumes; but at other periods their

pleasing solitude is uninterrupted, and hours may be passed of quiet enjoyment amongst their intricate windings. From many a point the majestic walls of the opposite castle appear to advantage, and endless drawings may be made from every elevated spot, all so inviting to the artist, that he pauses embarrassed by the riches before him. There the snowy *donjon* with its sharp machicoulis marked against the blue sky ; here the range of fine windows belonging to the ancient arsenal—here the broken wall and its wide breach, through which the victorious white plume of *Le Vert Galant* might be seen waving proudly as he cheered his men on to the attack when he changed the six months proposed by *Brissac* into six days, and took the fortress and the town.

One anecdote is related of a heroine of *Falaise*, whose exploits are recorded with pride by her countrymen, by whom she is called *La Grande Eperonnière*. She had headed a party of valiant citizens who defended one of their gates, and fought with such determination as to keep her position for a long time against the soldiers of *Henri 4^{re}*. The king, when the town was in his power, summoned her before him. She came with the same undaunted air, and before he had time to propose terms to her, demanded at once the safety of the old men and all the women of *Falaise*. *Henry* was struck by her courage, and desired her to shut herself up in a street with all the persons she wished to save, together with all their most precious possessions. He gave her his word that no soldiers should penetrate into that retreat, and he, of course, kept his word. She called together her friends and took charge of much of the riches of the town, closed the two ends of the street in which she lived, and while all the rest of the town was given up to pillage, no one ventured to enter the sacred precincts. The street is still pointed out, and is called *Le Camp-fermant*, or *Camp-ferme*, in memory of the event. The heroic *Eperonnière* was fortunate in having a chief to deal with who gladly took advantage of every opportunity to exercise mercy.

The town of *Falaise* is well provided with water, and its fountains stand in fine open squares. A pretty rivulet runs through the greatest part and

turns several mills—for corn, oil, eot-ton and tan : it is called the *Ante*, and runs glittering along amongst the rugged stones which impede its way, with a gentle murmur making a chorus to the numerous *Arlettes* who, kneeling at their cottage doors, may be seen rubbing their linen against the flat stones over which the stream flows, bending down their heads, which, except on grand occasions, are no longer adorned with the high fly caps which so much embellished them, but are covered with a somewhat unsightly cotton night-cap, a species of head-gear much in vogue in this part of lower Normandy, and a manufacture for which *Falaise* is celebrated, and which has obtained for it the unromantic name of *the town of cotton nightcaps* ! However, there is one advantage in this practice ; the women have better teeth than in most cider countries, owing, perhaps, to their heads being kept warm ; and ugly as the cotton caps are, they are to be admired accordingly.

There are several churches more or less defaced in *Falaise* : in each still exist the circular arches of Roman construction which distinguish the earliest buildings. Some of them are very perfect, and there are specimens of almost every period to be found in their sombre retreats. Very little painted glass remains, and not a single tomb or image of a saint has been spared ; huts and hovels are built close up to the walls of the chief church of *St. Gervais*, and conceal what little beauty time and war have spared. No traces now remain of convents or hospitals endowed by pious founders. *Berengère's* statue no more adorns the choir of the church of *Guibray*, which was so much an object of interest to the fair queen.

A few antique houses still exist, but they have no elegance of carving, as at *Angers* and *Bourgos*, to atone for their extremely slovenly and ruinous aspect. One is called the house of *William the Conqueror*, and a rudely sculptured bust is exhibited there which is dignified by his name. Some tottering houses still contrive to keep together, though much out of the perpendicular ; one is singular, being covered with a sort of coat of mail formed of little scales of thin wood lapping one over the other, and having the remains of some carved pillars ap-

parently once of great delicacy. A pretty tower is still to be seen at the corner of the rue du Campferme which seems to have formed part of a very elegant building, to judge by its lightness and grace; it has sunk considerably in the earth, but from its height a fine prospect can be obtained.

There is a good public library, that great resource of all French towns, and several fine buildings dedicated to general utility; but the boys of the college excite the envy of the stranger, for their abode is on the broad ramparts of the fine old chateau of William the Conqueror.

SPECIMENS OF MEXICAN POETRY.

THE following specimens of Aztec or Mexican poetry require to be introduced to our readers with a few preliminary observations. The inhabitants of Mexico, at the period of their conquest by the Spaniards, had attained to a considerable degree of civilization. They possessed a regularly-organised government, with its system of laws and finance. They were in advance of many European governments of the age, in the establishment of posts for the regular transmission of intelligence. The most extraordinary proof of their science is afforded by their mode of computing time, which was far more accurate than that of Greece or Rome, and involves a degree of astronomical skill of which it is difficult to ascertain the origin.* Such a nation could not be destitute of poetry, but unfortunately only a few fragments of it have been preserved. We know, however, on the authority of the early Spanish and native historians, that Mexican poetry was of different kinds, as historical ballads, hymns in honour of their gods, and lyrical pieces, and some very quaint approximations to what may be called dramatic. The deeds of their ancestors were recorded by two methods: they were depicted by hieroglyphics or picture writings, and also formed the theme of popular ballads, which the Spaniards called *romances*. These were remembered long after the conquest, an event which afforded an abundant accession of tragic

matter, and the atrocities of Cortez and Alvarado, the ruin of their chiefs and nation, formed the subject of many a plaintive song. Three generations after the Spanish conquest, a learned Mexican, who wrote a history of his country, often appeals to the ballads of the peasantry as historical evidence for many minute details in the transactions of the Spaniards. Unfortunately the fate of Mexican antiquities followed that of the nation; the Spanish priests, who followed in the wake of their worthless countrymen, waged war against the national relics, and the first bishop, Zumara, destroyed every thing which was not indestructible. At a later period, when men of intelligence attempted to collect such portions of information as still remained, the Spanish government threw every imaginable obstruction in the way, and many precious manuscripts have slumbered for centuries in the monasteries and libraries of Mexico and Spain. The observation of Murhofius in the sixteenth century was true of Spain in the nineteenth. "In the Spanish libraries," he says, "there were many manuscripts, but, like dragons, they watch over their wealth, neither using it themselves nor permitting those to do so who have the ability and the inclination." Since the independence of the Spanish colonies, these obstructions have been removed in America, and also, we believe, in Spain, since the recent change in the

* The great similarity between the Mexican calendar and that of the ancient Etrurians has been noticed by Niebuhr—a remark, however, which can only stimulate an unavailing curiosity.

government, and manuscripts written two hundred years ago are now coming to the light. M. Ternaux, an intelligent French bookseller, has published many of these heretofore unknown papers, and from them we have extracted the following little pieces.

We have not seen any remains of the historical ballads, nor any of the religious hymns which, perhaps, may still exist, nor are we aware that any dramatic fragments have been published. This latter kind of poetry is highly praised by Boturini, but from the less imaginative accounts of Acosta (an old writer), it appears to have been of but little merit. He informs us that there was in the city of Cholula, a small theatre about thirty feet square, surrounded by arches of flowers and feathers. The performers exhibited burlesque characters, feigning themselves sick with colds, deaf, lame, and addressing themselves to the idol for a return of health: all recited their complaints and misfortunes, which produced infinite mirth among the audience; others appeared under the names of different little animals, some in the disguise of beetles, some like toads, some like lizards, and upon encountering each other reciprocally recounted their employments, which was highly satisfactory to the people as they performed their parts with infinite ingenuity. Several little boys also belonging to the temple appeared in the disguise of butterflies and birds of various colours, and mounting upon the trees, which were fixed there on purpose, the priests threw little balls of earth at them with slings, occasioning incidents of much humour and entertainment to the spectators.*

The following poems were composed by Nerahualloyott, a celebrated king of Tezcuco, who died some time before the arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico. This remarkable king was highly distinguished for his talents, his virtues, and his love of justice, which, however, he administered with the characteristic severity of the Indian race. He was assuredly one of the most enlightened of the Mexican race, and in intellectual and moral character far superior to the profligate crew, who,

a few years later, desolated the country. He composed sixty hymns in honour of the Creator of heaven, some of which were afterwards translated into Spanish by one of his descendants. According to the testimony of the older authors, whether Spanish or Indian, he devoted much of his time to the study of nature. He collected an extensive menagerie of every kind of animal, and employed skilful artists in preparing natural history drawings, many of which escaped the ravages of the conquerors, and are spoken of with praise by Hernandez, the Spanish naturalist. It is also a remarkable circumstance that this Tezucan king was also a pagan theist; he despised the idolatry and bloody rites of his country, and paid his devotions to the Creator of heaven alone. It is also much to his credit that he discouraged as much as possible the custom of human sacrificing.

The character of the poetry which has come down to us is not one of great merit, and in this respect it must be confessed it is of but little interest. It is chiefly valuable as displaying the genius of the Indian mind. On perusing them we find they are in perfect accordance with all that we know of the dispositions of the American Indians. Solemn, melancholy, and lugubrious, we find in them nothing of a gay and festive nature; they are a contemplation of death, of a piece with the death-song of an Irriquois or Algonquin. We find in them not merely the melancholy of a heathen destitute of all consolatory prospects and correct views of Divine Providence, but, in addition, the sombre mind of the unsocial Indian, indifferent alike to pain or pleasure—of a mind accustomed to human sacrifices and frightful idols. The only poetry of a similar cast which we can remember is in the fragments of Mimermus.

The subject of all these poems is the instability of all human affairs derived from the fate of the Teapaneca monarchy. The Teapanecas had, for a considerable time, been the oppressors of the kings of Mexico and Tezcuco, until a successful insurrection com-

* We have copied this account from Clavigero, as we have not a copy of Acosta beside us.

pletely destroyed their ascendancy. Previous to that result the author of the poems had been for many years an exile.

Of the native versification we can say but little, as our translations are made from the Spanish: some form of rhythm must have been observed, for we are informed that the Mexican poets were in the practice of introducing interjections and words destitute of meaning to complete the metre.

The following little piece bears internal evidence of being composed on contemplating the fate of the able usurper Tezozomoc. It is at least as good in its kind as any thing we find in MacPherson's *Ossian*—

"Listen with attention to the lament which I, the king Nezahualcoyotl, speaking to myself, have made concerning the lot of empire, and exhibit to others as a warning.

"Oh, turbulent and restless king, when death has overtaken thee, thy subjects will be destroyed and despised, they will find themselves in deep perplexity, and then it will not be thy power which rules the empire, but God the Creator all-powerful.

"Whoever has seen the palace and court of the old king Tezozomoc, and the prosperous and powerful condition of his tyrannical dominion, at present dry and withered, would have believed that it would have endured for ever, but every thing this world offers is mockery and delusion, since every thing wastes and finishes.

"It is saddening to contemplate the success which followed the policy of this old and infirm monarch, who, like a willow watered by cupidity and ambition, rose above and lorded over the weak and humble. His spring time offered him meadows and flowers, and long did he enjoy them; but at last worm-eaten and dry the whirlwinds of death arrived, and uprooting him scattered his fragments over the soil. The fate of the ancient king Colzastle was not more dreadful, for there is no memorial of his house or lineage."

"At present, by this plaintive song, I awake the memory and warning example of what happened in the season of flowers, and at the end of the career of Tezozomoc long as he enjoyed his

prosperity. Who is there who in listening, however hard-hearted he may be, can refrain from tears, since abundance of riches and variety of enjoyments, are like bouquets of flowers, which pass from hand to hand, and at length lose their leaves and wither from before us.

"Sons of kings and powerful chiefs, reflect upon that which in my mournful song I have set before you, when I call to mind that which happened during the flourishing spring season, and the last end of the powerful king Tezozomoc, when I again repeat who will be so cruel as to refrain from tears, since the abundance of various flowers, and the greatest pleasures are but bouquets which wither and die before us.

"Nevertheless the talkative birds by their melody enjoy the beauty of the opening season: every thing is like the bouquet which passes from hand to hand, and at last withers and dies from before us."

The foregoing little poem, which we have in some degree abridged (by omitting the tautologies of the Spanish translation, and the paraphrastic expansion of the French one), was composed by the king of Tezcuco on contemplating the ruin of the usurper's family and nation. The following elegy, in a still more melancholy strain, and still more characteristic of the Indian mind, appears to have been suggested by the destruction of Azcopozalco, the capital of the usurper's kingdom. The old usurper (Tezozomoc), as we have mentioned in the foot-note, lived for some years in a state of decrepitude, during which his mind lost nothing of its vigour. He was succeeded by his son, who exceeded his father in cruelty. The legitimate king of Tezcuco was an exile, and his father had been murdered by the old usurper. The legitimate heir (the author of these poems) after several years' exile, was restored to his throne by the aid of the neighbouring states. The usurping prince was killed, and his capital destroyed.

"The decaying splendours of the world are like the green willows which, although they may aspire to maturity; at last an unforeseen fire consumes them,

* To understand this paragraph we may observe, that the old usurper obtained his ascendancy more by his policy than his courage. During the last years of his life he lost all power over his limbs, and was kept in a sort of cradle wrapped up in cotton, but from this sepulchre he governed his people with his accustomed ability.

the sharp hatchet cuts them down, a whirlwind uproots them, or age and decrepitude bend and disfigure them

"The purple" resembles the rose in complexion and fate. The tints of both only last as the chaste buds board up some portions of the rich pearls with which the morning decorates them, and carefully distributes them in liquid dew. But scarcely has the father of all living† directed upon them the slightest ray of his light, than he despoils them of their luxuriant beauty, and sends them withering, instead of the purple and flaming colours in which they were so proudly robed. The lovely commonwealths of the flowers measure their dominion by brief periods: that which in the morning was proudly erect in form, vanity, and power, in the evening laments its fallen throne, its decay, death, and the tomb.

"Every earthly thing has its term: in the midst of the most festive career of their pride and splendour, their breath is stopped, they fall, and are thrown into the grave. The wide circumference of the earth is but a sepulchre; there is nothing unless sustained by piety, but will be lost and buried.‡

"The rivers, streams, and fountains flow onward, none of them return to their slender source, they hasten recklessly to the vast realm of Zlalve,§ and the nearer they approach his wide-extended borders, (the sea-shore,) the deeper they excavate their own gloomy urn for their funeral. That which was yesterday is not to-day, and no one can tell what is to be on the morrow.

"The funeral vaults are filled with infected dust, which once were the bones of living bodies which sat on thrones, under canopies, presided in assemblies, commanded armies, conquered kingdoms, possessed treasures, received honours, flattered by fortune, majesty, and dominion. Their glories

are passed like the dusty smoke thrown from the Tartarian fire of Popocatepec| with no other memorial of their existence than the parchments on which their history is written. Alas! if I introduce you into the obscure recesses of these catacombs, and inquire of you which are the bones of the first leader of the old Toltecs,¶ of Necaxemiltl, the reverend worshipper of the gods; if I should inquire of you where is the incomparable beauty of the glorious empress Xiuhztal, or the pacific Topiltzin, last king of the unfortunate monarchy of the Toltecs; ** if I inquire where are the sacred ashes of our first ancestor Xolotl,†† the magnificent Nopaltzin, and the generous Tlotzin, and even the ashes yet warm of my father, so glorious and immortal in spite of his misfortunes; if any one address to you such questions respecting your illustrious ancestors, what can you reply unless '*indephohdi indephohdi*,' I know nothing, I know nothing, for first and last they are mingled with the earth, as we will be, and they who follow.

"Let us aspire, invincible princes, brave captains, and as faithful friends, loyal subjects, let us aspire to heaven, for there every thing is eternal, nothing decays. The horror of the grave is (to us) but an agreeable cradle to the sun, and the funeral shadows are brilliant lights to the stars. No one can deface those celestial hieroglyphics, for they in the most immediate manner display the immense majesty of their author, and they are the cause why our eyes behold what our fathers saw, and our descendants will perceive after us."‡‡

The next poem is of a less melancholy nature—it was composed by the prince who is the author of the two preceding ones. The Spanish ver-

* Probably as emblematic of honour and power.

† The sun, the deity of the Mexicans.

‡ The meaning is obscure, but we are unwilling to lose so excellent a sentiment. The words are, "no hay cosa que sustente que contitulo de piedad no la esconda entierne." The French rendering is certainly farther from the original, and the meaning far less pleasing; "Rien ne peut nous defendre du trepas la mort est impitoyable."

§ The god of the water.

A volcanic mountain in the vicinity of Mexico—its name signifies smoking mountain.

¶ The Toltecs were the oldest and most civilized people of Mexico.

** The Toltecs were remarkable for their civilization and humanity; pestilence, famine, and the attacks of hostile tribes drove the greater part of them from Mexico. There is little doubt that they found an asylum in Guatemala and Nicaragua.

†† The founder of the monarchy of Texcuco; the names that follow are those of chiefs of the same people.

‡‡ Alluding to the volume of nature.

sion is probably a very correct one, as it was made by an Indian prince, the grand nephew of the poet, and who was equally versant in the two languages:—

"1. I desire to sing for a moment, since I have opportunity and leisure, and I hope to be listened to with kindness, for my good intentions deserve that favour. I begin my song, which should rather be called a lament.

"2. And thou my beloved friend, enjoy the beauty of these flowers and rejoice with me, cast aside the apprehension of evil, for pleasure is meted out to have its end with an unhappy life.

"3. I keep time while singing to the sounding musical instrument.* Thou enjoying the beauty of flowers, dance and celebrate the powerful god (the sun). Participate in the present happiness for human life is fleeting.

"4. From Ochlacan, where thou hast chosen to establish thy noble court, thou hast willed that thy throne should be adorned with rich tapestry, from which I infer that the empire will increase in magnitude and renown.

"5. Prudent Oyoyotzin, illustrious king and monarch, enjoy the present good which the flowering season gives thee, for a day will come when you will seek for happiness and joy.

"6. Then a day will come which will snatch the sceptre from thy hand, thy moon of happiness shall wane, thou wilt not then be so powerful and glorious, then thy dependents will be deprived of all their prosperity.

"7. In these melancholy circumstances, the noble brood of thy nest, who are the strength of princes, those who are descended from noble parents, will forsake thy chieftainship and taste the bitterness of destitution.

"8. They will preserve the memory

of thy vanished greatness, which cause the envy of all thy victories, and triumphs, and lost power; reflecting on their ills they will shed floods of tears.

"9. Thy progeny who have served thee in plumes and coronets when deprived of the will, emigrate to Calhuacan, and regarded as exiles, their ills will be the more acute from the reflexion.

"10. This powerful dynasty, worthy of a thousand crowns and honours, will be neglected by fame. The nations will only remember those who governed with justice even the three capitals which maintain the honour of the empire.†

"11. In the illustrious Mexico, Montezuma is the pride of Indian valour; in happy Colhuacan, Nezahualcoyotl reigns; at Acataplan, the strong Toloquil is the protector.

"12. I am not afraid that any one forgets the beneficent administration of thy reign, where thou wast placed by the hand of the governor of the world who acts wonderfully.

"13. Enjoy then, Nezahualcoyotl, the utmost good which you still possess, crown thy illustrious forehead with the flowers of this delightful garden, listen to my song, accompanied by music, as its object is to delight thee.

"14. The pleasures of this life, its wealth and honours, are only lent—they are only feigned goods, having only the semblance of reality. This is an important truth, and you cannot reply to this question.

"15. What has become of Cihuapan, of Comtzin the brave, and Conahuatzin? What remains of them all? Their name, and perhaps they have passed to another life—this is all we know.

"16. God grant that we, who are still connected by the feeble thread of love, that we treasure up friendship. We see the cruel hand of death, for there is no certain good, and the future is always uncertain."

* The musical instruments of the Mexicans were very imperfect, consisting of flutes or reeds, and different kinds of drums. It is probably to a kind of the latter to which the poet alludes, (Huehuatl,) of which the leather could be slackened or tightened, and which was struck by the fingers.

† It is a mistake to suppose that the Mexican kings were the sole heads of the empire; on the contrary, the greatness of their dominion was founded on the confederacy of three states, Mexico, Tlacopan, and Tezcuco, although Mexico was of course the leading state.

NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. VII.

"The world's my filbert which with my crackers I will open."

Shakspeare.

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
And the lawyer beknives the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade's as honest as mine."

Beggar's Opera.

"Hard texts are *nuts* (I will not call them cheaters,) Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters;
Open the shells, and you shall have the meat:
They here are brought for you to crack and eat."

John Bunyan.

A NUT FOR THE SEASON.—JULLIEN'S QUADRILLES.

A VERY curious paper might be made, by any one who, after an absence of some years from Ireland, should chronicle his new impressions of the country, and compare them with his old ones. The changes time works everywhere, even in a brief space, are remarkable, but particularly so in a land where every thing is in a state of transition—where the violence with which all subjects are treated, the excited tone people are wont to assume on every topic, are continually producing their effects on society—dis-membering old alliances—begetting new combinations. Such is the case with us here; and every year evidences by the strange anomalies it presents in politics, parties, public feeling, and private habits, how little chance there is for a prophet to make a character by his predictions regarding Ireland. He would indeed be a skilful chemist who would attempt the analysis of our complex nature; but far greater and more gifted must he be, who, from any consideration of the elements, would venture to pronounce on the probable results of their action and re-action, and declare what we shall be some twenty years hence.

Oh, for a good Irish "Rip van Winkle," who would at least let us look on the two pictures—what we were, and what we are. He should be a Clare man—none others have the same shrewd insight into character, the same intuitive knowledge of life; none others detect like them the flaws

and fractures in human nature. There may be more mathematical genius in Cork, and more classic lore in Kerry; there may be, I know there is, a more astute and patient pains-taking spirit of calculation in the northern counties; but for the man who is only to have one rapid glance at the game, and say how it fares—to throw a quick *coup d'ail* on the board, and declare the winner, Clare for ever!

Were I a lawgiver, I would admit any attorney to practise who should produce sufficient evidence of his having served half the usual time of apprenticeship in Ennis. The Pontine marshes are not so prolific of fever, as the air of that country of ready-witted intelligence and smartness; and now, ere I return from my digression, let me solemnly declare, that for the opinion here expressed I have not received any money or moneys, nor do I expect to receive such, or any place, pension, or other reward, from Tom Steele or any one else concerned.

Well, we have not got this same western "Rip van Winkle," nor do I think we are likely to do so, for this simple reason, that if he were a Clare man, he'd never have been caught "napping;" so now let us look about us and see, if on the very surface of events we shall not find something to our purpose. But where to begin, that's the question: no clue is left to the absentee of a few years, by which to guide his path. He may look in vain even for

the old land-marks which he remembered in boyhood; for somehow he finds them all in masquerade. The goodly King William he had left in all the effulgence of his Orange livery, is now a cross between a river-god and one of Dan's footmen. Let him turn to the Mansion-house to revive his memory of the glorious hip, hip, hurrahs he has shouted in the exuberance of his loyalty, and straightway he comes plump against Lord Mayor O'Connell, proceeding in state to Marlborough-street chapel. He asks who are these plump gentlemen with light blue silk collars, and well-rounded calves, whose haughty bearing seems to awe the beholders, and he is told that he knew them of old, as wearing dusky black coats and leather shorts; pleasant fellows in those days, and well versed in punch and polemics. The hackney coaches have been cut down into covered cars, and the "bulky" watchmen reduced to new police. Let him turn which way he will—let it be his pleasure to hear the popular preacher, the eloquent lawyer, or the scientific lecturer, and if his memory be only as accurate as his hearing, he will confess "time's changes;" and when he learns who are deemed the fashionable entertainers of the day—at whose boards sit lords and baronets most frequently, he will exclaim with the poet—

"Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high."

Well, well, it's bad philosophy, and bad temper too, to quarrel with what is; nowhere is the wisdom of Providence more seen than in the universal law, by which every thing has its place somewhere; the gnarled and bent sapling that would be rejected by the builder, is exactly the piece adapted for the knee timber of a frigate; the jagged, ill-formed rock that would ill suit the polished portico, is invaluable in a rustic arch; and perhaps on the same principle, dull lawyers make excellent judges, and the people who cannot speak within the limits of Lindley Murray, are admirable public writers and excellent critics; and as Doctor Pangloss was a good man "because he knew what wickedness was," so nothing contributes to the detection of faults in others, like the daily prac-

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tice of their commission by ourselves; and never can any man predict failure to another with such eloquence and impressiveness, as when he himself has experienced what it is to "be damned."

Here I am in another digression, and sorry am I not to follow it out further; but for the present I must not—so now, to try back: I will suppose my absentee friend to have passed his "day in town," amazed and surprised at the various changes about him; I will not bewilder him with any glance at our politics, nor puzzle him with that game of cross corners by which every one seems to have changed his place; nor attempt any explanation of the mysterious doctrine by which the party which affects the strongest attachment to the sovereign, should exult in any defeat to her armies; nor how the supporters of the government contribute to its stability, by rabid attacks on its members, and absurd comparisons of their own fitness for affairs, with the heads of our best and wisest. These things he must have remembered long ago, and with respect to them, we are pretty much as we were; but I will introduce him to an evening party—a society where the *élite* of Dublin are assembled; where, amid the glare of wax lights, and the more brilliant blaze of beauty, our fairest women and most gifted and exalted men are met together for enjoyment. At first blush there will appear to him to have been no alteration nor change here. Even the very faces he will remember are the same he saw a dozen years ago: some pursy gentlemen with bald foreheads or grey whiskers who danced before, are now grown whistlers; a few of the ladies who then figured in the quadrille, have assumed the turban, and occupy an ottoman; the gay, laughing, light-hearted youth he formerly hobnobbed with at supper, is become a rising barrister, and has got up a look of learned pre-occupation, much more imposing to his sister, than to Sir Edward Sugden; the wild, reckless collegeman, whose name was a talisman in the "Shades," is now a soft-voiced young physician, vibrating in his imitation of the two great leaders in his art, and alternately assuming the "Epic or the Lake" school of physic. All this may amuse, but cannot amaze him: such is the

natural current of events, and he ought to be prepared for it. The evening wears on, however; the frigid politeness and ceremonious distance which we have for some years back been borrowing from our neighbours, and which seem to suit our warmer natures pretty much as a suit of plate armour would a *danseuse* in a ballet—this begins to wear off and melt away before the genial heat of Irish temperament; “the mirth and fun grow fast and furious;” and a new dance is called for. What then is the amazement, shall I say the horror, of our friend to hear the band strike up a tune which he only remembered as associated with every thing base, low, and disgraceful; which in the days of his “libertine youth” he only heard at riotous carousals and roistering festivals; whose every bar is associated with words—ay, there’s the rub—which in his maturer years he blushes to have listened to! he stares about him in wonderment; for a moment he forgets that the young lady who dances with such evident enjoyment of the air, is ignorant of its history; he watches her sparkling eye and animated gesture, without remembering that *she* knows nothing of the associations at which her partner is perpsaps smirking; he sees her *vis-a-vis* exchanging looks with his friend, that denote *their* estimation of the music; and in very truth, so puzzled is he, he begins to distrust his senses. The air ceases, and is succeeded by another, no less known, no less steeped in the same class of associations, and so to the conclusion. These remembrances of past wickedness go on “*crescendo*,” till the *finale* caps the whole with a melody, to which even the restraints

of society are scarcely able to prevent a humming accompaniment of concurring voices, and—these are the Irish Quadrilles! What can account for this? What special pleading will find an argument in its favour? When Wesley objected to all the good music being given to the devil, he only excused his adoption of certain airs which in their popular form had never been connected with religious words and feelings; and in his selection of them was rigidly mindful to take such only as in their character became easily convertible to his purpose: he never enlisted those to which, by an unhappy destiny, vulgarizing and indelicate associations have been so connected as to become inseparably identified; and although the object is widely different, I cannot see how, for the purposes of social enjoyment, we should have diverged from his example. If we wished a set of Irish quadrilles, how many good and suitable airs had we not ready at our hands? Is not our national music proverbially rich, and in the very character of music that would suit us? Are there not airs in hundreds, whose very names are linked with pleasing and poetic memories, admirably adapted to the purpose? Why commit the choice, as in this case, to a foreigner who knew nothing of them, nor of us? And why permit him to introduce into our drawing-rooms, through the means of a quadrille band, a class of reminiscences which suggest levity in young men, and shame in old ones? No, no; if the Irish quadrilles are to be fashionable, let it be in those classic precincts where their merits are best appreciated, and let Monsieur Jullien’s popularity be great in Barrack-street!

THE PLANET-SYSTEM OF LIFE.

BY A DREAMER.

"Le preghiere
S'alzar volando alle celeste spere."—TASSO.

I.

Nor only high above in mid regions of air may be observed worlds to roll along in eternal progression, an earth-system is likewise to be found by those who will diligently look for it, in the analogy of our human fortunes with the states and revolutions of the celestial bodies. We look in lone midnight to the heavens, and meeting our gaze, and from the kindling sky gleaming down upon us, shine forth the lights of other worlds,

"Distinct, but distant—clear, but oh!
how cold!"

But nigh at hand, and rejoicing in the warmth of affinity, are the worlds of whose conjunctions and oppositions we shall now speak, and appealing to our hearts by every engaging interest of kindred and home.

II.

Astronomy hath not taken in this knowledge, neither may it be apprehended by the grosser senses of man. The clouds of worldly occupation hanging continually over our heads, chiefly obstruct our vision of this sub-lunar firmament, and intervening as an impenetrable atmosphere, shorten the ascending glances; but not the less truly, though unseen, do the stars shine on; and when the garish sunlight of life's tumultuous day is withdrawn, they reveal themselves to the anxiously-expectant eye, like Luna hastening down from heaven to a trysting with her dear Endymion.

III.

In days not long dead, through mistaken longing after this subtle truth, men unbumbled in mind, and led astray through deceitful imaginations, sought to draw forebodings from the places and positions of the heavenly

bodies. Naught of the horoscope is here to be found, nor are nativities by it to be measured; yet beaming, deeper and holier, dwells within its recesses, and the lowly but rejoicing heart confesses such teaching to be not in vain, when it has submitted itself to the guidance of this new science.

IV.

Possessed with these thoughts, all wayward as they may appear, a student determined with himself to observe man under this new aspect. Seeking truth, that coy, unwilling mistress, he deemed her hidden beneath this lumber of quaint imagery. Far and wide had he long followed the errant maid, now catching a glimpse of her departing figure, now hearkening to the faint rustle of her evanishing garments; and untired he still pressed on in his lover's search, for beauty looks for such meed, and merits it, conscious as she is of her worth, which "will be woo'd, and not unsought be won."

V.

He builded him for that purpose an observatory, so that separated from the wild whirl of human societies, he might in more steadfast contemplation pursue the trackways of this hidden knowledge. In deep communion with his own heart, and reverencing its sacred wisdom, he dwelt apart intent upon his purpose. It is only when we do so, we begin to be wise. And so, surrounded by the multitude, he still lived on in his quietness, both severed from their tumult and saved from their tormenting trouble, and, like the first herald of infant Christianity, commencing his ministry in the lonely, but self-chosen wilderness.

VI.

Yet not in pride or high-mindedness did he in this manner abide, for he was gentle in spirit, and very lowly.

From the deep wounds of the bruised tree exuded the fragrant healing balm, and sorrow had softened a heart, of its own self given too well to tenderness and compassion. In his mournful fixedness he found strange delight in sympathizing with the weary and way-sore, and weeping constantly with them in their afflictions; his full heart acknowledged the sacredness of the claim of suppliance. Saddened and solemnized as were his feelings, they partook not in anywise of distance or gloom; rather resembled they the gentleness of Mother Night descending on her ebon pinions to tranquilize a wild and weary world.

VII.

And fit times for his pursuit did this still season of his heart furnish him with. His was

A soul by force of sorrows high
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity.*

Those that he loved best had betaken themselves to their long slumbers, their joyous voices were heard no more, and they were at rest. And thickening outside were the fast-falling shadows of evening, but within there reigned a holy calmness: glorious indeed is the peace which follows the lulling of the passions, when that fierce elemental war is finished which is wont to disturb the whole course of nature.

VIII.

How beautiful the night of mourning, when in the deep hush of the reposing heart the dews of heaven are the only tears poured forth over our bereavement, and worlds of light and glory are seen breaking forth in all quarters—else unapprehended! In the daytime the sky seemeth one immense waste of azure,† but at midnight how many homes may be therein beheld, and space discovered to be densely inhabited. Thus felt that lone Man, lonely no more, for on his every side the expanse was lighted up with haste, and around and above him thick fires were seen to enkindle

themselves, and eyes of love to look down upon his solitude in all the tender fulness of sympathizing affection.

IX.

But, alas! perishing is beauty; like music, called into being for its loveliness' sake, the act of creation bestows with it only the faculty of dying; and as those fires burned brightly overhead, they, many of them, speedily disappeared from the Watcher's eye. Passingly sweet but perishingly so was their delicate existence, and soon the envious darkness hurried them from him, and they were seen no more. But others speedily took up their places, and shone there as brightly as did once their short-lived predecessors; and the student knew too well that so it is in human life, and with a heavy sigh he turned him to the other appearances that were there awaiting him.

X.

Then saw he some of the bodies in this terrene sky, and around them were many revolving, and from them deriving all heat and vitality. And his first were thoughts of bitterness, for he remembered the life of the sycophant, and had clearly before his view its imaged representation; but soon recollected he a holier antitype in deep and passionate love, for this makes of its object a sun and centre, round which every feeling and thought must revolve. This finds the fulness of its life in the presence of its luminary, and being deprived of it, sinks down in despondency and death, as those sweet flowers which exist no more so soon as the sun-god withdraws from them his shining.

XI.

Nevertheless, unexpectedly setting, those brighter worlds withdrew themselves in like manner as the lesser constellations: gloom usurped the throne of their glory—they passed away, and were forgotten. So perish the best loved, for deep affection cannot hold

* Wordsworth. *The White Doe of Rylstone.*

† Il n'est de jour qu'un desert.—*Corinne.*

back its treasure from the grave, when the king of those silent mansions beckons it on. So depart also the great and good, and they who bequeath to the world blessings innumerable, must themselves pass away ere mankind succeed to inheritance. The costly monuments survive; but how mocking their duration to the little heap of dust which is collected in the walls of each!

XII.

And pale-cheeked maidens, those stars of earth, when scarcely risen in beauty, to his grief the student beheld to fade away, and they left the quarter of the sky in which they shone lone and tenantless after them; and sounds of weeping were heard to issue from their early homes, and grey-haired parents bewailed their fair child, and would not be comforted without her. But the Watcher, though he mingled his tears with theirs, did it not unhopingly, for he knew she had quitted them only to ascend nearer in vision to the Eternal Majesty, and by her departure the heavens had gained an angel.

XIII.

And while he mused upon these things he was startled from his passionate dream by descriing one of the bright sovran stars to be loosed from its place, and, dropping downwards, to disappear beneath the horizon of his prospect; and steadfastly gazing, he perceived that it also swept in its fall many other fires which had congregated about it, even to the full third of the lights of the spirit-land.* At the same moment thick shades of trial passed over the face of the star universe; but these, the rest, continued in their stations firm and fixed, and the cloud passed away, and left them shining on and more brilliantly.

XIV.

Then a voice clear and calm was heard announcing "victory," and tens of thousands of trumpets in archangel hands caught up the cry and echoed the triumphant strain. And straightway were the portals of heaven opened, and issuing into the full tide of re-

covered glory poured forth the armed sons of immortality; on they came, unwearied hosts, and leading them was one mighty to behold, whose countenance was as the sun shining in his strength—on every lineament was divinity, in every motion the eternal God. He led them forth conquering and to conquer, and the war in heaven was ended.

XV.

By an innate consciousness which they alone possess who have subtilized within them the delicate flame of existence, our student recognised in that fallen and cast-out spirit, Lucifer, Son of Morning, and in those conjoined with him in punishment, the stars given to rebellion. But dreadful in very truth is their doom, for they are thrust down utterly from their lovely abode in the empyrean; the blackness of solid darkness environs them round; nor evermore crown they the calm forehead of heaven, or receive again the lustre whereof through evil ambition they have deprived themselves.

XVI.

Then trembled he for the fate of those lovely stars, which before this he had seen to fade away from the blue expanse; for joining in his sorrow their dimming with the darkness of these latter, he considered a ceasing to shine to be some punishment sent upon worlds for sin, and he thought at that moment of his own much loved dead, and fear took possession of him, lest the pale shadow visit human homes in anger, and for wrathful judgment carries away into the unseen, those that he removes from the dear converse of their friends.

XVII.

But more closely looking, he perceived on the other hand, that all stars which retain their place in the sky receive again their fires, though they set for a season and are obscured. Their light is not lost to them; it is only for a very little while laid aside. Wearied with shining they withdraw

* Rev. xii. 4.

themselves that they may repair to the fountain of light, and having drunk of its fulness, then return to their appointed stations in beauty renewed, and for ever after exist they in redoubled splendour ; no more can cloud bedim their brightness, or passing ages steal away their glory, but their added duration is now alone to be measured by the lifelong days of eternity.

XVIII.

Whereupon his soul was gladdened by the prospect of a resurrection ; and he said within himself : " Must it not be so with my lost ones ? How often heard not I their longing, so to depart and be at peace ? How often yearned not their full hearts for better things than the care and cumber of this earth ? And wearied with its tumultuous throbbings, how often sought they in their respirations, the sure, the undisturbed repose ? And they have found it. My heart assures me that it must be so ; and like those fresh risen stars, new life shall be one day added to the dead. The departing was sad ; but oh, how glorious the revival !"

XIX.

With joy and gladness that student returned to the manifold duties of his gentle life, esteeming death no more a

thing to be dreaded either in others or for himself ; for its influence is not felt in the destroying of existence, but passing lightly as a summer shadow over us, it veils for a short season the beauty it may not extinguish, and, soon departing, all things resume their wonted hues. Nay ! appear they in the beholder's eye even the more lovely through the contrast, for he loves to compare their renewed glory with the dulness which enveloped them in those moments of trial.

XX.

If we would hear the conclusion of the matter, this allegory doth teach the simple duty of so living as that when our fires are quenched, we may hope they will be at a fit and appointed time relumed. It would warn us against the hateful pride which worked woe to the rebel star, the prince of the power of the air. It would cheer us with the knowledge that our dead have not perished—as the stars, by day we see them not, though in all still, sad beauty they are looking down upon us : * it is the rich sunlight of the heaven in which they dwell that hinders our seeing them plainly, and this perfect vision we shall alone attain to when we join them in the same blessed abode.

* I desire to ascribe this thought to its author, Mr. James Montgomery of Sheffield.

THE USE OF ELEPHANTS IN WAR.*

COUNTLESS treatises have been written on ancient strategics and tactics; but this volume is the first devoted to the use made of elephants in war. The author has an equal reputation for his military skill and his classical acquirements, and in both respects the present work is well calculated to extend his fame. His investigations have thrown so much new light on the interesting period of history, extending from the age of Alexander to that of Julius Cæsar, that we shall, without further preface, proceed to lay before our readers a condensed abstract of the most interesting portions of the information contained in this classical monograph.

The military history of elephants commences with the invasion of India by Alexander the Great; the battle fought with Porus is the first well authenticated account of the appearance of these animals in war. Thenceforward we find them used by the successors of Alexander, particularly the Ptolemies and the Seleucides. Antipater introduced them into Greece, and Pyrrhus transported them into Italy. The elephants used by these princes were of the Asiatic race, (*Elephas Indicus* of Cuvier,) but the Carthaginians and Numidians about the commencement of the Punic wars, began to make a similar use of the African elephant (*Elephas Capensis* of Cuvier), which differs from the other, by having less size, weight, and strength, but longer ears and tusks.

What may be called the military qualifications of the elephant are his size, his strength, his docility, his power of swimming, and the toughness of his skin, which in most places was impenetrable to the weapons of ancient warfare. It must, however, be observed, that the strength of the elephant, though great, is not at all proportionate to his magnitude. The ordinary pictures of ancient battles, in which elephants are represented bearing huge

towers, crowded with armed men, are ludicrous exaggerations; the most that the animal could carry is a *houdak* with from four to six persons, and even this weight could not be sustained on a long march; the *houdak* was called *Θαλασσιον* by the Greeks, a word which literally signifies "a little cuirass," but is sometimes used by military writers for the hurdles or wicker work employed in the construction of field-works. The passage of Silius Italicus, which has led to the exaggerated notion of these towers is merely descriptive of the excessive alarm which would be excited in an army seeing such a spectacle for the first time.

"High on his back the soldiers saw,
amaz'd,
Embattled towers and threatening
forts uprais'd;
The pinnacles, ascending to the clouds,
Shake as he moves and threat to crush
the crowds."

Punica ix.

This is just such an exaggeration as we find in the Hindu poem, translated by Wilkins in the Asiatic researches: "His elephants moved like walking mountains, and the earth, oppressed by their weight, crumbled into dust."

M. Armandi justly remarks, that elephants and war-chariots were used in ancient warfare for purposes analogous to parks of artillery in modern times. In the battle of the Hydaspes, Porus employed his elephants to cover his centre and left wing, believing that his right was sufficiently protected by the river. According to Polyenus he committed the fatal error of placing his elephants so close together, that they prevented him from making any change in his lines; consequently, when Cæsar charged through his right wing, and attacked his centre in flank and rear, the Indians, kept back by the elephants in front, and pressed hard by Cæsar in the rear, became a helpless mass of confusion. Porus tried to

* The Military History of Elephants, from the Earliest Ages to the introduction of Fire-arms. By the Chevalier Armandi. (*Histoire Militaire des Elephants, &c.*) Paris: D'Amoyot. London: Dulau.

remedy this disaster by ordering his elephants to charge the phalanx which formed the Macedonian centre; but the Greeks having room to manœuvre, attacked each elephant with a separate detachment of light troops, Alexander having selected picked men, armed with sharp axes and crooked swords for the purpose, who were taught to aim at the trunks and throats of the elephants. The animals were finally driven back, and thus any new formation of the Indian lines was effectually prevented. In this instance, then, it may be said that these cumbrous animals caused the defeat of the Indian army, by rendering its lines immovable, after they had been once formed.

Elephants being used as a covering force, were usually stationed in the front of the lines, the intervals between them being occupied by divisions of light troops, who had to prevent the enemy from turning the elephants back upon their own ranks. Some leaders were so much afraid of the elephants being turned, that they kept these animals in reserve, and only brought them up to turn the doubtful scale of victory. It was thus that Pyrrhus won the battle of Heraclea. The Roman cavalry were cutting lanes through his columns when he brought up the elephants; the Latin horses were more frightened than their riders at the unusual sight, the squadrons fell back on the legions, and threw them into disorder, Pyrrhus seized the decisive moment to charge at the head of his Thessalian cavalry, "and the red field was won."

A curious circumstance corroborates the assertion of Florus, that elephants were previously unknown to the Romans; they called the animals "Lucanian oxen," the battle having been fought in Lucania, and this was the name usually given to the elephant by Latin writers, down to the Augustan age. The battle of Asculum was remarkable for two circumstances, which have been omitted by nearly all the modern writers of Roman history: the legionaries had so far recovered from their fear of elephants, that a centurion, named Minucius, attacked one of these beasts single-handed, and cut off a large portion of his trunk. The second incident is, that the Romans borrowed war-chariots from the Gauls as a counterpoise to the elephants of

Pyrrhus, but never used them except in this battle.

Minucius was not the only hero who ventured singly against an elephant; a more noble instance of devoted heroism is recorded in the history of the Macabees, at the battle of Bethzacharias—"Eleazar, surnamed Savaran, perceiving that one of the beasts, armed with royal harness, was higher than the rest, and supposing that the king was upon him, put himself in jeopardy, to the end he might deliver his people, and get him a perpetual name; wherefore he ran upon him courageously through the midst of the battle, slaying on the right hand and on the left, so that they were divided from him on both sides, which done he crept under the elephant, and thrust him under, and slew him, whereupon the elephant fell down upon him, and there he died."—1 Macc. vi. 43-46. On this narrative it may be remarked, that the words rendered "royal harness," properly signifies "a royal houdah;" and that the thirty-two men said, in a preceding verse, to be united with the *mahout* in the charge of each elephant, include not only the warriors in the tower, but also the soldiers who had the charge of protecting the unwieldy animals from the skirmishers and light troops of the enemy.

Pyrrhus was indebted to his elephants for his victory at Heraclea, but these same animals caused his utter ruin in the battle of Beneventum. Curius Dentatus had trained a body of archers to shower burning arrows on these animals, which sticking in their flesh, burned through their thick skins, and drove them mad with pain. No animal is more ferociously destructive than an infuriate elephant; even in the domesticated state they are known to be gratified with carnage, and hence they have been frequently employed as executioners by the despots of the East. One of the Epirote elephants, furious from pain, shook off his driver, and rushing back upon the phalanx, which Pyrrhus had formed with closer ranks than usual, crushed and destroyed a great number of soldiers before any remedy could be found for such a disaster. On a previous occasion the delight of the elephant in carnage had been fearfully demonstrated; before the body of Alexander was laid in the tomb, three hundred of his bravest

companions were crushed to death by elephants, in the presence of the entire army, by command of the regent Perdiccas. Arrian says, that this sickening massacre was rendered the more revolting by the trumpeting, roaring, and other signs of savage delight which the animals exhibited while engaged in the work of slaughter.

The military value of elephants was best tested in the second Punic war. Hannibal attached more importance to these animals than any cotemporary general, and he certainly made a more skilful use of them than any great captain of antiquity. At the battle near the river Trebia, Hannibal charged and routed the Roman cavalry with his elephants; but the infantry stood firm against these animals, and even drove them back on the Carthaginian lines. We are told that the legionaries were encouraged to this resistance by the example of Fibrenus. The incident is well told by Silius Italicus; and as this most prosaic of historical poets is rarely read by English students, we shall venture to translate the passage.

"Fresh horrors now are added to the fight,
The fearful elephants appear in sight;
They gain the bank, they rush into the stream,
High o'er the wave their spear-fenc'd turrets gleam;
The Trebia trembles at the sudden shock,
As if invaded by some monstrous rock,
Which, torn by tempest from some mountain's head,
Chok'd up the stream, and drove it from its bed.
But valour rises under adverse fate,
And dangers still excite the truly great:
Fibrenus, only anxious that his name
Should live recorded in the rolls of fame,
Shouts, 'Thank thee, fortune!—underneath the wave,
Thou didst not give me an unhonour'd grave;
My deeds are seen, and here on land I try
What force the Roman falchion can defy,
Or what the monster is that must not fear
The Latin javelin and Tuscan spear.'
He spoke, and eager sought some tender part,
Then at the monster hurl'd his rapid dart;

Right to the eye the weapon held its way,
Tore through the ball, and quench'd the visual ray;
The horrid beast sent forth a fearful roar,
Which echoed wildly round the blood-stain'd shore,
Then, blind with rage, and madden'd by the pain,
He threw his driver helpless on the plain,
And fled amain. The Romans at the sight,
Receive fresh courage, and renew the fight:
They press the monster with incessant blows,
From gaping wounds his blood in torrents flows;
Arrows and darts are quivering in his hide,
Till one wide gash extends along his side;
A bustling forest on his back appears,
Of waving javelins and of deep-driv'n spears;
Worn out at last, the dreadful monster reels,
And seeks the river as his death he feels:
He falls—the mighty ruin chokes the flood,
And the clear stream runs crimson with his blood."

Punica, iv.

According to Polybius, whose authority is incidentally confirmed by Juvenal, Hannibal lost all his elephants but one in this battle, and did not receive a fresh supply until after his victory at Cannæ. Hanno joined him at Capua with forty elephants and four thousand Numidian cavalry, but this reinforcement did not enable Hannibal to pursue his career of conquest. He was defeated at Nola by Marcellus, with a loss of four elephants killed, and two taken; he met a similar loss at Grumentum; two of his elephants were killed in the unsuccessful attempt to relieve Capua, and five more were slain at the battle of Camisium. At the battle of the Metaurus the elephants were repulsed by the pikemen of the eleventh legion, four being slain on the spot, and the rest driven back on the Carthaginian lines.

But the most remarkable example which can be cited of the use of elephants during this period was presented at the battle of Zama, where Hannibal covered his line with no less than eighty of those animals. Scipio

immediately changed the usual order of Roman lines; he left wide spaces like lanes between the manipuli of the legions, masking this arrangement by throwing forward a cloud of skirmishers and light troops, principally Numidian cavalry furnished to them by Massinissa. Hannibal, annoyed by the skirmishers, ordered his elephants to charge the Roman lines in a body, and the skirmishers retreated through the lanes or passages (*via*) left open by the formation of the legionaries. The elephants pursued, and the moment one of those animals was engaged in one of the passages his doom was sealed; on either side were the pike-men, whose serried weapons could not be beaten down, whilst the light troops attacked the animals with spears, javelins, crooked swords (*serpæ*) and battle-axes. The chief danger arose from the cavalry; the Italian horses could not be got to face the elephants. Scipio, however, promptly set the example of dismounting, and after a fierce struggle the elephants were all *hors de combat*. Eleven of these animals were taken alive by the Romans, all the rest fell in the action.

This battle taught the Romans the advantage of an open formation of the lines in a contest with elephants, and in some degree proved the inutility of these animals when sent against disciplined troops. Thenceforward the use of these animals in war declined, and they are mentioned for the last time in the military history of Rome at the battle of Thapsus, where Julius Cæsar overthrew the last army of the republic and its African auxiliaries. All the accounts of this battle which we possess are so imperfect, that it is not easy to determine how Juba employed his elephants; but that the

victory over them was deemed very important is manifest from the frequent appearance of the elephant on the coins and medals of the Julian family.

The neglect of elephants in the western world after the battle of Thapsus became an established principle; both Livy and Arrian speak of them as utterly contemptible for the purposes of war;* but in the east the use of them was revived by the princes of the house of Sassan, and they were employed in the wars of India so late as 1779; Hyder Ali having sent his elephants to charge the disordered lines of the unfortunate Baillie. In the eastern wars, not less than in those of the west, elephants have proved an uncertain and dangerous support; thus when the Portuguese were attacked at Colombo in 1520, the elephants sent against them by the Cingalese, daunted by the fire of the harquebusses and maddened by wounds, turned back upon their own lines, and crushed to death whole troops of unfortunate islanders. Some of the emperors of Delhi mounted light guns on the backs of elephants, but the slow movements of the animals prevented this kind of artillery from being generally adopted. In our day, elephants are chiefly used for the transport of ordnance and heavy stores; and many are of opinion that even for this purpose they are inferior in value to horses. It would lead us too far from our subject to enter into any discussion respecting the exhibition of elephants in the amphitheatre and circus; but we may at some future opportunity examine the accounts of these shows, as illustrating the progress of inland discovery under the Roman emperors.

* Nam sicut pleraque commenta mortalium sine ullo effectu evanescent, ita tum elephantum in acie nomen tantum sine usu fuerunt.—Tit. Liv. xxiv. 41.

THE EMBROIDERESS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY, LATE MISS M. A. BROWNE.

She plies her needle till the lamp
Is waxing pale and dim ;
She hears the watchman's heavy tramp,
And she must watch like him :—
Her hands are dry, her forehead damp,
Her dark eyes faintly swim.

Look on her work !—here blossom flowers,
The lily and the rose,
Bright as the gems of summer hours,
But not to die like those ;
Here, fadeless as in Eden's bowers,
For ever they repose.

Once, maiden, thou wast fresh and fair
As those sweet flowers of thine ;
Now, shut from sunny light and air,
How canst thou choose but pine ?
Neglected flows thy raven hair,
Like the uncultured vine.

Look on her work !—no common mind
Arranged that glowing group—
Wild wreathes the stately roses bind,
Sweet bells above them droop—
Ye almost *see* the sportive wind
Parting the graceful troop !

Look on her work !—but look the more
On her unwearied heart,
And put aside the chamber-door
That doth the daughter part
From that dear mother, who before
Taught her this cunning art.

She sleeps—that mother, sick and pale—
She sleeps—and little deems
That she, who doth her features veil
All day, in flitting gleams
Of anxious hope, this hour doth hail,
But not for happy dreams.

God bless her in her lone employ,
And fill those earnest eyes
With visions of the coming joy,
Waiting her sacrifice,
When they, who give her this employ,
Pay her its stinted price !

Think how her trembling hand will clasp
The treasure it will hold,
With that which seems a greedy grasp—
Yet not for love of gold :
That look—that sigh's relieving gasp,
Its deeper springs unfold.

Think how her hasty feet will roam
 The market and the street,
 To purchase for her humble home
 The food and clothing meet,
 And with what gladness she will come
 Back to this poor retreat!

Poor maiden! if the fair ones who
 Thy graceful 'broidery buy,
 Only *one-half* thy struggles knew,
 And filial piety,
 Methinks some drop of pity's dew
 Would gem the proudest eye!

It is not *here* its full reward
 Thy gentle heart will prove;
Here ever must thy lot be hard,
 But there is ONE above
 Who sees, and will not disregard,
 Thy consecrated love.

1842.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ORGAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

Heard Sunday, the 18th September, 1842.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY, LATE MISS M. A. BROWNE.

The glorious burst of music! how it swelled,
 And rolled in thunderous transport through the aisle!
 The sudden gush of music! how it held
 In awe the worshippers within that pile!
 How did the spirit seem
 Wrapped in a wondrous dream,
 Yet all awake to Heaven's own voice the while!

The glorious music! surely some deep soul
 Dwelt in the instrument that poured it forth;
 Some bright intelligence had there control,
 Some being of a more than mortal birth,
 Proclaiming, full and high,
 Some message of the sky,
 Some triumph of the Lord upon the earth!

And there *is* triumph—those who often listened
 Unmoved to Wisdom's precepts, tremble now—
 In hardy eyes the friendly tears have glistened,
 Delight hath smoothed the early wrinkled brow,
 And hearts, too worldly oft,
 Have humbled grown, and soft,
 With springs, fresh gushing forth, they know not how.

Now, now in victory seems it to rejoice,
 Now sinks to plaintive accents low and clear,
 As if an angel's full, majestic voice
 Had stooped to whisper in a mortal's ear,
 Reaching the inmost heart
 With tones that seem to dart
 Straight from the fountains of another sphere!

And yet again, triumphant chorus, swell !
 Reverently be it spoken—yet it seems
 Of birth beside the throne of God to tell,
 Of the deep, echoing voice of Heaven's own streams ;
 Of where, beyond the sky,
 Shrined with His majesty,
 Melodious thunder rolls, and starry lightning gleams.

The strain is o'er—the echo dies away,
 But not its influence—many shall go home,
 Bearing its memory, like a spell, to stay
 Upon their spirits 'midst the toils to come ;
 Who would not grateful be
 For such strange harmony—
 Transport to all, deep blessing unto some ?

Cork, Oct. 1842.

SOMETHING TO THINK OF.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Lone, by my solitary hearth,
 Whence peace hath fled,
 And home-like joys, and innocent mirth
 Are banished ;
 Silent and sad, I linger to recall
 The memory of all
 In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost,
 Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the world can boast.

My home—why did I say my home !
 Now have I none,
 Unless thou from the grave again could'st come,
 Beloved one !
 My home was in thy trusting heart,
 Where'er thou wert ;
 My happy home in thy confiding breast,
 Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
 And best of womankind ;
 Or whether earth yet beareth fruits more rare
 Of heart and mind ;
 To me, I know, thou wert the fairest,
 Kindest, dearest,
 That Heaven to man in mercy ever gave,
 And more than man from Heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
 Came word or look awry,
 Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
 For mastery :
 Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
 So to endure :
 My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will
 Compelled my good, withholding me from ill.

No art of selfishness
 Thy generous nature knew ;
 Thy life all love, the power to bless thy bias ;
 Constant and true,
 Content, if to thy lot the world should bring
 Enduring suffering ;
 Unhappy, if permitted but to share
 Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burdens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
 I found thee still :
 Whatever change our fortunes might betide
 Of good or ill,
 Worthier I was life's blessings to receive
 While thou did'st live ;
 All that I had of good in other's sight,
 Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
 We wont to share ;
 The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
 Thou art not there.
 The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss, '
 Who would not miss ?
 Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
 Th' important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh ! mayest thou, if permitted, from above
 The starry sphere,
 Encompass me with ever-during love,
 As thou didst here :
 Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
 Unworthy thee ;
 Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,
 SO GUIDE MY LIFE AS THOU WOULDST HAVE ME LIVE.

SUCCESSSES IN THE EAST—AFFGHANISTAN—CHINA.

Joy, joy to England! She has gloriously triumphed. Her meteor flag and her banner broad have floated in victory over the citadels of her enemies. Joy, joy, her wrongs are avenged. The manes of her immolated heroes no longer cry aloud for vengeance delayed. And a lesson has been read to the treacherous savages by whom they were butchered in cold blood, which will long be profitably remembered.

But never was the silent *Non nobis Domine* more becoming a nation in the midst of its exultation, than it is at this present moment of England. For truly never were calamities so imminent, so providentially averted. We had always foreseen, as our readers will bear us witness, that the first fatal consequences of the reform bill would be felt in the perilous insecurity of our foreign possessions. We saw clearly that democratic legislation must throw into incompetent hands the management of the distant concerns of our great empire. We felt persuaded that vulgar popular notions of unlimited freedom of commercial intercourse, would prevail against the settled wisdom by which our trade with the east had been so long regulated, and that the consequence would be collision with China. We knew that, under democratic government, a starving parsimony, mis-called economy, would supersede the system of liberal allowances by which we had been enabled to call into active service a force, upon the efficiency of which we might rely against any enemy that could be apprehended. And we were but too certain that the weakness and the folly by which retrenchment was thus injudiciously prosecuted at the risk of damaging and dilapidating our best defence, would not be unattended by the short-sighted rashness by which hostilities would be needlessly provoked, which might bring into question the invincibility of our arms, and compromise the security of our Indian empire.

All happened as we had surmised. The sudden throwing open of the China trade, soon caused a disturbance of our relations with that vast, opulent, and peace-loving empire; which our blundering superintendent, Elliot, soon improved, by his absurd

proceeding, into open war. Under Lord William Bentick the Indian army were put upon reduced allowances, and the service was made so poor a thing, that no longer were our regiments recruited from the families of substantial farmers in that country, who before were but too happy to be received into the pay of the company, and upon whom, in any emergency, we might rely; but in their stead, a class of men were enrolled, their inferiors in every respect, and who might be described as the refuse of India. And it was when the army was thus worsened, and our quarrel with the Chinese proceeding to its height, that it entered into the wise heads of Lord Auckland and Sir John Cam Hobhouse—the discreet Lord Palmerston, no doubt, affording them every encouragement—to send our army across the Indus, for the purpose of carrying the terrors of war into the territory of the semi-civilized Affghans—a region of rude and mutually hostile tribes, who could only be induced to make a common effort, by having presented to them a common enemy; and a people with whom, literally, we had no proper ground of quarrel, unless that their chief seemed indisposed to act with the submission of a vassal to our government, and that he claimed and exercised the rights of an independent prince in his dealings with foreign powers who were reputed as our enemies.

Persia had laid siege to Herat. She had already manifested something stronger than mere indifference to our alliance, by the insults which were heaped upon our ambassador at the Persian court, and the open favour with which the manifest intrigues of Russia were regarded. All this, undoubtedly, portended hostility, which rendered it desirable that the rulers in Affghanistan should be friendly rather than adverse. Russia was at the same time advancing upon Khiva; and that we should have been sensitively alive to the double dangers by which we were thus menaced, would only bespeak a becoming sense of the very great responsibility which rested upon us. But what should that have led us to do? Manifestly, to conduct

ourselves in such a way as would dispose the Affghan people and their rulers to take part with us rather than with the enemy. It will be seen, presently, how far our conduct tended to an effect like that. It will be seen whether the measures which we pursued—in defiance, we believe, of the advice of our ablest counsellors—tended to alienate or to conciliate that wild and reckless people. Because, if the former, we were only doubling our difficulties, and creating a present instead of averting a prospective danger. And that such was precisely the pass to which our Whig rulers had now brought matters, must be clear to any one who only bestows a calm attention upon the course of their eastern policy during the period of their administration of Indian affairs.

It is now apparent that the apprehension of either Persian or Russian aggression by way of Affghanistan was a bugbear. It is also manifest, that to meet such aggression by advancing into such a country, would be to put ourselves into a false position, while it shortened the toil, and facilitated the enterprise of the enemy. In such a country a single defeat would be utter ruin. Even with no Russian enemy to contend against, through what perils, and at what expense have we been able to retrieve the disasters which befel our arms from the insurrectionary hostility of the Affghans themselves? But if a powerful enemy were encamped against us, commanded by generals by whom the hostile population might be organized, and skilful to take advantage of the geographical peculiarities of the country, which present such countless facilities for defence against invaders, nothing short of a miracle could prevent our being cut off to the last man. Such was the wisdom by which the Whigs were guided in their first great military enterprise in India. They weakly apprehend invasion from a quarter where no such thought is entertained; and instead of consolidating their force and strengthening their frontier, they send away the flower of their troops, (that upon which they could alone rely for the permanent supremacy of British rule,) more than a thousand miles from their own resources, where they could

only be maintained at an expense by which the Indian treasury must be drained; and all this for the purpose of giving the enemy an *earlier* opportunity of attacking us upon *advantageous* terms, when any loss on their part might be more readily retrieved, and any check on our part must prove utter ruin. Fortunately, the enemy whom their imagination had invested with so many terrors, did not make his appearance. The miserable Russian army which had advanced against Khiva, were perishing in detail under the fury of the elements, when it was thought that, flushed with victory, they were in full advance upon Candahar. But had the anticipations of our Whig rulers proved true, far wiser would it have been to leave to the enemy the natural difficulties of the country west of the Indus; thus drawing him farther from his own resources, and into a region of sandy deserts and barren mountains, incapable of furnishing the means of subsistence; while we awaited him in our collected might upon our own undoubted territory, and chose our own battleground for the decisive combat, where our efforts would not be baffled, or our energies dissipated, by the necessity for watching the movements of a hostile population.

Let our readers peruse the narrative of Colonel Dennie, which has been given in some of our former numbers,* and he will see some of the difficulties which attended our march through the Bolan Pass, and which could only have been surmounted by the gallantry and the skill of that meritorious and ill-used soldier. Had an active, intelligent, and popular leader been found, by whom the tribes of Moslem might be combined in active hostility to those whom they would denominate the accursed infidel invaders, the detachment never could have reached Lord Keane; and had that detachment not arrived, the attack upon Ghuznee either would not have been attempted, or would not have succeeded; and had Ghuznee not fallen, the advance upon Cabool could not have been made, and the whole expedition must have proved a failure. Then would be seen at once the profundity of Whig wisdom, and the fruits of Whig enterprise. The

* See our Numbers for September and October, 1842.

first check would, in such a country, be but the signal for a universal rising, by which our whole army must be destroyed.

As matters did turn out, we were enabled to place our puppet, Shah Soojah, upon the throne. Rather, indeed, Runjeet Singh, the old Lion of the Punjaub, as he was called, was enabled to make his own terms with that wretched imbecile, from whom he extorted Peshawar, and a tract of country to the west of the Indus, extending to the Khyber Pass, as the price of his aid in overthrowing the domination of his formidable and popular rival.

Dost Mahomed would fain have devoted himself to the English interest, if he could but persuade our functionaries to make that interest compatible with his own. He desired to recover the possession which had, in a moment of weakness, been wrested from him by the Maharajah. But that prince was our ally, and we could not be aiding or abetting in such a project. He was ready to dismiss the Russian ambassador, and to give up any thought of an alliance with Persia, provided, only, we would consent to aid him in the recovery of those portions of his territory, without which whatever remained of it must be insecure. But our alliance with the tyrant of Lahore was too close to permit of our entertaining such a proposition for a single moment. Accordingly, in despair he looked to Persia, which we no sooner perceived than his deposition was decreed. After a series of events, which the reader will find detailed with graphical accuracy in Colonel's Dennie's correspondence, this gallant old ruler surrendered himself a prisoner of war, and Shah Soojah, by the aid of foreign bayonets, was enabled to assume the state and the dignity of a sovereign prince, and to riot in all the luxuries of unaccustomed dominion, until, in an evil hour, the plans of insurrection were matured, which brought to a speedy termination his life and his kingdom.

In all this miserable business, the want of sound intelligence upon the part of our functionaries is clearly observable in the over-estimate which they formed of the popularity of Shah Soojah. It now appears perfectly evident that he was a creature whose estimation was as mean as his

character was despicable. And it is also manifest, that, of all the Affghan chiefs, Dost Mahomed was the only one who possessed either the energy or the ability which were necessary in a supreme ruler. Runjeet Singh undoubtedly had an interest in disturbing such a man in the possession of his power. He was a great gainer in point of territory, and still more in position, by the arrangement which substituted a weak and an incompetent prince for an able and a valorous chief, who might have proved a troublesome neighbour. But had we been properly represented at the court of Lahore, the project would have been from the first discomfited by which the ambition of the ruler of the Punjaub was to be gratified. The aggression never would have been attempted by which Dost Mahomed was so provoked, and in retaliation for which he threatened that alliance with Persia which constituted our excuse for the invasion of his kingdom.

No; a wise British government in India would have silenced Runjeet Singh by telling him, authoritatively, that they could afford him no countenance in seeking to extend his dominion to the west of the Indus. This he was far too sagacious not to have seen as most reasonable; and his acquiescence, we have no doubt, would have been complete. But the bugbears of Russia and of Persia had startled us from our propriety. Against this imaginary aggression our Whig rulers saw no safety except in having sovereign of their own choosing at Cabool; and to this infatuation it is owing that scarcely less than twenty thousand lives have been sacrificed, and that disgraces and reverses were incurred, which, had they not by our late successes been gloriously obliterated, would have shaken to its base our empire in India.

Let us suppose for a moment that, while we were engaged in what may be called this our Russian expedition in the east, the powers to the east of the Indus, upon whose aid, or whose forbearance, we entirely relied for our safety, had proved unfaithful, what, in such a case, must have been the consequence? We never should have reached British India. And upon what were we to calculate for a continuance of their friendly offices? Granting that Runjeet Singh was a

faithful ally, he was a very old man, whose life was very near to its close; and what his successor might prove, or how the advisers of that successor might be actuated, were events in the womb of time, of which no mortal could have any certain knowledge; save, only, that the continuance of their friendship could alone be certainly calculated upon as long as our victorious arms rendered us independent of their assistance. During all this time the head of the British lion might be said to be in the mouth of the tiger. Any one of twenty accidents, all of which were more or less probable, would have rendered it a matter of the greatest difficulty to secure the safe return of our troops to British India. It was for the Whigs to get us into the difficulty; it was for the Conservatives, under divine Providence, to get us out of it;—and for our happy deliverance from troubles and dangers, into which we were so rashly plunged, there are few right-minded persons amongst us who will not feel it a bounden duty to offer grateful acknowledgments to Almighty God. Our first great reverses would have been a temptation to eastern perfidy too great to be resisted; and the chances were, that in the hour of adverse fortune we should have been enveloped by a circle of hostility from which, humanly speaking, all attempts to escape would be vain. And this was the position into which we were drawn by the admirable management of those to whom our Whig-radical ministers entrusted the administration of India!

Can we, therefore, view our rescue from such calamities, and our vindication of the honour of the British arms by the signal victories lately achieved, without special gratitude to that Providence by whom we have been so abundantly favoured? Yes: at home as well as abroad our affairs had been brought into the extreme of peril. At home, debt, and embarrassment, and stagnation of trade, were co-operating with a seditious radicalism in loosening all the defences of the monarchy; and abroad, a giddy and unprincipled policy was precipitating us rapidly into an abyss from which extrication would have been hopeless—when that change of government took place, by which wisdom succeeded to a reckless folly in the administration of our

affairs; and, by a series of cautious and well-combined movements, not only have our gallant troops been dexterously withdrawn from their false position, but the injuries of their gallant comrades have been avenged, the invincibility of British arms has been asserted, and an impression of the might and the majesty of England has been made upon surrounding states, which must long cause the supremacy of our rule in the east to be respected. Only let our conduct now be signalized by righteousness and justice, and no end can be prescribed to the continuance of a dominion, which will exist not more for the glory of the sovereign than for the happiness of the subjects.

Could it, then, be with any other feelings than those of deep and cordial pleasure that we read the manifesto of Lord Ellenborough, announcing the definitive resolution to withdraw our troops from Affghanistan, having taught the savages to respect British power, and that treachery and cruelty, such as they were guilty of towards our gallant soldiers, who trusted to their good faith, will always, in the long run, meet with its appropriate reward? It is, indeed, a document which must produce effects of incalculable importance. It pronounces with withering severity upon the folly and infatuation in which the hostilities commenced; and it announces, with a manly distinctness, the strictly Conservative principles upon which the government in India shall be in future carried on—having due respect to the independent rights of others, and determined to assert our own; while all the energies of our functionaries shall be directed to the improvement of those internal resources, which have never yet been properly attended to, and in the cultivation of which, more than in any extension of territorial dominion, are to be found the advantages of our Indian empire.

And had not the late unhappy expedition been resolved on, for the purpose of seating a despicable puppet upon a throne, which nothing but the presence of an overwhelming foreign force could enable him to maintain, these internal resources would, ere this, have been developed to an extent that might be called surprising. Already that great artery of Central and Western Asia, the Indus, had been

carefully explored, and found navigable to vessels of considerable burden for more than eight hundred miles. From the sea to Attock, it would have been available for the conveyance of merchandize of every kind, for the purchase of which dealers of almost every clime would congregate, and from which British manufactures would be sure to find their way to the extremities of the world.

And yet Lord Palmerston, in the flash speech by which he concluded his labours during the last session, pretended that the navigation of the Indus was one of the objects of the war, and that our successes in Afghanistan were necessary to enable us to avail ourselves of its advantages! The fact being, that our unjust and impolitic invasion of the Afghan territory was that alone which opposed an insuperable bar to the completion of the commercial arrangements, which were all but concluded, when, in our frantic folly, we insisted on seating Shah Soojah upon the throne of Cabool;—and that in defiance of the loudly-expressed reclamations of the ablest of the military and political authorities, by whose wisdom it would have been well if we had been guided.

But now it is to be hoped no time will be lost in resuming and carrying into effect the plans which were in progress, and which the unhappy decision of Lord Auckland alone caused to be suspended. We must not deny to that nobleman the credit of having authorized that careful exploration of the Indus, by which its course and its sounding are now almost as well ascertained as those of the Thames. He is also entitled to some praise for the arrangements by which the security and the neutrality of a central position upon the banks of that river were to be guaranteed under British protection, and where an annual fair, to last one month, was to be held, which could not fail to stir up a spirit of active enterprise throughout the whole of the countries bordering on that noble river, by which, while a new vent was created for British manufactures, a new bond of connection would be discovered between the people of different nations, and the peaceful pursuits of commerce would suspend, or mitigate, if not eradicate, the

bloody feuds by which they had been divided.

The very friendly relations at present subsisting between our government and the ruler of the Punjaub, must considerably facilitate any plan which may be resolved on for encouraging a profitable commerce upon the Indus, from which that country would derive almost inappreciable advantages. The five rivers, which give its name to that fertile region, spreading, as they do, like a fan through it, might all be made available for the conveyance of such merchandize as might find a market along their banks, in exchange for the agricultural produce, which at present is comparatively profitless, but would then be a mine of wealth to its possessors.

Upon this subject the Indian government would do well to hold in mind some of the suggestions of the late lamented Sir Alexander Burnes:

“Grain,” he observes, “is an article which the fertile banks of the Indus and the Punjaub rivers would afford in large quantities for export; but the present treaties grant no privileges to encourage the export of this bulky article beyond sea; and they are, consequently, tantamount to a prohibition. An arrangement should immediately be entered into with all the powers to free grain of every description from all but a nominal duty. So long as the rate of duties prevents a profit being derived from grain, none of course will be exported, except from one section of the river to another, whilst a revised system would be productive of advantages alike to the community of western India and to the proprietors and cultivators of land on the Indus and its tributary rivers.”*

But above all things it will be necessary to preface any measures, such as are here advised, by the fullest, the clearest, the most candid, and the most unequivocal communication to all the powers bordering on the Indus, of the intentions of our government in thus seeking to promote and to facilitate the navigation of that noble river. There prevails, Sir Alexander Burnes has told us, a lamentable ignorance upon this subject amongst the native merchants.

“The natives of Scinde,” he observes, “in particular, fear to embark capital, believing, as they do, that they would not be entitled to, or rather could not

* Coal is to be found in abundance on both sides of the Indus.

insure the same protection as a strange merchant from India or the Punjab. This impression would be removed by having the regulations which are fixed upon made public, under the authority of the rulers themselves, followed up by further personal explanations from the agents of the British government. The Ameers of Scinde and all the other powers are guaranteed by treaty from any interference with their usages regarding internal trade; but they are not, on that account, at liberty to prevent the merchants of their country, should they wish it, from profiting by the opening of the Indus. If this were so, it would certainly be an exclusion of the natives for the sole benefit of foreigners. This is a subject which requires to be clearly and fully explained, particularly in Scinde."

But into the details of such a system of commerce as is here contemplated, it will be time enough to enter, when we have good grounds for believing that it will be adopted. The state in which we leave Afghanistan will, no doubt, for some time to come, be unfavourable to the peaceful prosecution of such traffic as we have supposed. That unruly nation must be settled under a ruler capable of conciliating their prejudices, and quelling their turbulence, before the inhabitants of the regions to the west of the Indus could securely resort to its banks with a view to profit by the trade which would be created by its mighty waters. And we do confess our strong regrets that Dost Mahomed was ever driven from the throne.

The following is Sir Alexander Burnes's description of his reception by the Ameer, when he visited him in his character of official resident:—

"On the 21st of September we were admitted to a formal audience by Ameer Dost Mohammed Khan, and I then delivered to him my credentials from the Governor-general of India. His reception of them was all that could be desired. I informed him that I had brought with me, as presents from his Highness, some of the rarities of Europe. He promptly replied, *that we ourselves were the rarities which best pleased him*. Seeing our draftsman, Mr. Gonsalves, he asked of what country he was, and upon being told that he was a Portuguese, made many inquiries as to the present power and prospects of that nation. When he heard that the Portuguese had intermarried with Indians, he observed, *that their spell as Europeans was broken, and their fall certain*."

"Our visits were soon returned both by the Ameer and his brother the Nawab. Power frequently spoils men, but with Dost Mahomed neither the increase of it, nor his new title of Ameer seems to have done him any harm. He seemed even more alert and full of intelligence than when I last saw him. In reply to my inquiries regarding the descent of the Affghans from the Jews, he said, 'Why we marry a brother's wife, and give a daughter no inheritance;—are we not, therefore, of the children of Israel?' Speaking afterwards on our English law of inheritance, and of a daughter sharing with a son, the Ameer observed, *that it must have originated from the respect paid by Christians to the Virgin Mary!*"

Sir Alexander was impressed with a profound respect for the character of this extraordinary man, but he does not seem to have been aware of the peculiar depth and sagacity of this last observation, which we regard as indicating a mind of very superior order indeed. There can hardly be any doubt that the degradation of the female sex had its origin in the tradition of the fall of man; and as little, that the restoration of woman to her proper place, or her temporal redemption, as it may be called, dates its origin from the birth of the Saviour.

This person is at this moment a state prisoner in India. Committed as we have been by Whig-radical folly to the family of Shah Soojah, we could not countenance this injured man in any attempt to recover his lost authority; at least until the present occupant of the throne of Cabool finds his position so uncomfortable that he can continue there with safety no longer. Should he be willing voluntarily to return to the company's territory, and become its pensioner, in our humble judgment Dost Mahomed should be immediately enlarged, and suffered to resume his old authority over the Affghans. We believe he is the only living man by whom they could be governed well. Let Ackbar Khan take his place;—and his son, his favourite son, as our hostage, would secure his good behaviour more effectually than any treaties into which he could be induced to enter. He has now a full knowledge of British integrity and British power. He knows full well both what he might hope for, in case he continued a friend, and what he might fear in case he proved an enemy. It is our belief that with him, in his present position,

terms might be made, by which the differences between him and the ruler of the Panjab would be reconciled, and the whole of Western Asia combined into a system of active and cordial co-operation for the facilitating of those commercial arrangements, upon the successful accomplishment of which, more than upon any other conceivable project, depends the civilization and the prosperity of Central Asia.

But we must not forget, that if there are Affghans abroad in the punishment of whose barbarous treachery we have reason to exult, *there are Affghans at home*, for whose distresses at the mischances of their defeated kindred, as they may well be called, we are bound, in common humanity, to feel a due commiseration. Alas! alas! our Irish Affghans are, indeed, in a miserable plight. England, which they had hoped was engaged in a disastrous war, has triumphed. Those opportunities of throwing off her accursed dominion which they hoped would have arisen from the results of such a war, have passed away; and instead of being crippled or exhausted, she rises invigorated from the contest. Is it any wonder that a howl of dismay should be heard from their ranks, and that language such as the following should appear in the newly-created journal, which has been established to give emphatical expression to the sentiments of the late Lord Mayor and the repealing priests, whose hatred of England has never been disguised, except alone to those who were wilfully blind to their machinations.

"Alas, and woe, and mourning.—Tyranny has conquered—crime has triumphed. The patriot and the true are vanquished or dead. The blood of the brave is upon the hill sides of Afghanistan: and the treacherous and cruel, the bloody and rapacious, the faithless and the ravisher, sit triumphant in the palaces of the nations, and sing hymns of hell over burnt homes, over levelled vineyards and forests, over ruined women and murdered men. Spirit of liberty, thou who issued wild and desperate from the reeking pass of Thermopyæ, thou who ledst Athens from its home to escape the tyrant, and didst traverse the desert with the faithful children of Israel; thou who didst bind up the bleeding wounds of Germany, and who went forth with the Hollander and the Circassian to conquer or die

upon the morass and the mountain; thou who hast bid Poland hope, and hast sustained the soul of Ireland for centuries of sorrow! Oh, in pity give thy balm to our suffering brethren in Asia; let thy light so shine upon them, that even amidst the eclipse of defeat they may be enabled to walk upright in thy ways, faithful to death and victory, (for the grave has no fetters,) if it be the will of the supreme—yet till that last hour, striving, writhing, hoping!"

Yes; most truly has it been said by our great poet,

"'Tis the bright day that doth bring forth the adder."

The sudden and un hoped-for blaze of England's victories in the East, has startled into an unwary manifestation of its hidden virulence that latent treason against our Protestant state, which is engrained in the hearts of a servilely popish population. The circulation of Mr. O'Connell's paper, (which is, however, read by twenty for every one by whom it is purchased,) will enable any one to understand to how vast a number the sentiments above quoted must be acceptable, and how thoroughly they must be in accordance with the feelings and the wishes of the Romish priests. These are the great agents for the collection of "the rent," the promoters of associations for the accomplishment of repeal, the organizers of a seditious agitation, by which the government may be alarmed, the gentry intimidated, and the clergy plundered; and without their active patronage, vain would be the attempt to establish a weekly paper, such as that which has been lately announced in the prospectus of "*The Nation*," and in one of the earliest numbers of which the foregoing extract has appeared. We conclude, therefore, that it was written with a perfect conviction that it was by no means calculated to offend the patrons of the new journal, by any excess of anti-Anglican feeling into which it was betrayed; and that their displeasure would be sooner and more unsparingly incurred by any exultation at the successes of our arms, than by the open expression of a demoniac regret that our gallant troops were not worsted in the conflict, and trodden to the earth under the feet of savage and merciless enemies.

Yes; such is the spirit of popery.

Such is, emphatically, popery in Ireland. Had defeat attended our efforts in the field, and had our noble and honourable women still continued in hopeless captivity, the Irish Affghans would have been well pleased. The corporators who refused to pass a vote of thanks to Sale and Nott, and their gallant companions in arms, would have regarded with chuckling complacency events by which British authority would be lessened and British pride humbled. As matters have turned out, what is felt by the loyal as a source of gratulation, is regarded by them as a cause of woe. Once more our arms have triumphed. Once more we have escaped from the blunders of the Whigs, and baffled the malice of the enemy. And one dismal howl of lamentation is raised by the O'Connell press, and the partizans of repeal, which includes nine-tenths of the popish priesthood in Ireland. Can the *animus* of that body towards the British government be any longer misunderstood? Can any one be now deceived as to the policy, as far as they are concerned, of the game of what is called conciliation? Mistake us not, reader. We have no desire for any other course of policy than that which is based upon equal justice. We desire that the law should regard all complexions and denominations of Christians alike; that equal favour should be extended to all, in every thing that relates to their civil rights. The conciliation which we deprecate is, that which would sacrifice the feelings and the interests of the loyal and the good, to the passions and the prejudices of the sympathizers with the Affghans in Ireland. No, with such we have no sympathy. To us their offence is rank. It taints the very atmosphere they breathe. To mourn over the victories of our troops! To exult in the anticipation of their disasters! To revel with fiendish joy at the thought of their dry bones bleaching in the sterile plains of Western India, while their treacherous enemies are indulging in a savage triumph! All this indicates a rooted hatred of England which no conciliation can remove. We are now writing at the close of the year 1842. Is not the reader reminded by what has been already quoted of the tragical occurrences of 1641? Is not the spirit the same? Is not the fiendish malignity the same? Is not

the baleful bigotry which withers and consumes every gentle and generous affection of the human heart, the same? And shall we not rejoice, with a Christian's and a patriot's joy, that no terrible reverses have happened to our arms abroad, which might expose us again to their "tender mercies?"

But further woe has been the lot of the repealers. In China, also, we have triumphed. Woe! woe! woe! How shall they ever raise their heads again? There is a terrific sublimity in the language which Milton puts into the mouth of the arch fiend, when he pronounces a curse upon the sun. But there is something ludicrous as well as melancholy in the angry writhings and contortions of the repealers, when their eyes are offended by the bright beams of England's glory. A dog baying: the moon is respectable and pathetic in comparison; for there is no malice in the poor animal's ululations. But let us not, for one moment, be thought to confound the Roman Catholic community in general, with that portion of it which is its opprobrium. Well we know the worth and the loyalty which are to be found amongst the better educated classes of the Romish persuasion; and satisfied we are that they entertain towards that section by whom their body is disgraced sentiments of disgust and abhorrence similar to our own. We only hope that every day this will be more and more apparent; that they will see the necessity of separating themselves from all connection from a band of traitors, by whom, should the evil day of their ascendancy arrive, they would be respected as little as ourselves; and that they will identify themselves more and more with the advocates of social order, by whose strenuous efforts alone such miscreants as we have here denounced and exposed, can be prevented from rioting in the calamities of Ireland. Let the Irish Affghans only accomplish repeal, and the spirit of the new corporation, which refused a vote of thanks to Sale and Nott, abundantly manifests what the *animus* of the new parliament would be, to whose generous protection we should be entrusted. Then, indeed, we should all of us feel the terrible reality of the threat contained in the words of which we have heard so much of late, that "England's extremity is Ireland's op-

portunity." The first embarrassments of Great Britain, of which they could take due advantage, would cause our patriots to throw off what they call "her yoke;" and a spirit of fierce and immitigable bigotry would prevail, by which reprisals would be made upon our Protestant proprietary, for whose broad lands there would be no want of eager claimants, and who would suffer, both in their persons and their properties, the miseries of which some foretaste was afforded in the proscriptions and the confiscations of the second James, the worst consequences of which were, by our glorious deliverer, William, so providentially averted.

Shall we not then repeat, that we are grateful to Providence for the successes of our arms; that our best thanks are due to the gallant men by whose instrumentality these so signal successes have been achieved; and that we have no little reason to feel additional gratification at a manifestation of treasonable malignity which, by many amongst us, was not suspected before? and without the exposure of which we should not know the extent of our deliverance, or the depth of that gratitude which we owe to the Supreme Ruler for protecting us against its machinations?"

And now may we not congratulate ourselves upon prospects of peace, of

* In Tipperary, the winter campaign of the Irish Affghans has already commenced. Two respectable gentlemen have been savagely murdered. This is exactly as any wise government must have anticipated, from the system of seditious excitement which has been in operation in that unhappy county during the whole of the summer and autumn which have just expired; and we regret to perceive that so powerful and so truly respectable a paper as "The Times," in commenting upon these atrocities, writes so as to convey an impression that the landlords in that county are in fault, and that if they respected their duties as much as their rights, such awful crimes would be less frequent. This, we must say, is ill-advised; and is nothing more or less than a repetition, in a somewhat less offensive form, of the heartless impertinence of the late under-secretary, Mr. Drummond, which was deservedly considered as a most insulting and profligate apology for the system of crime by which the country was disturbed, and life and property rendered insecure, and upon which "The Times" of that day bestowed memorable and most merited castigation. It was, in fact, a new edition of "Killing no Murder." Now, we are far from denying that landlords may be tyrants; and that a system of proscription and persecution may be carried on, which, although it could not justify, would account for much that is most deplorably reprehensible in the conduct of the peasantry. But this we do say, either "The Times" has gone too far in insinuating such a charge; or it has not gone far enough. If there be *good grounds* for it, that powerful journal should never rest until the monster landlords were detected and exposed, and until measures were taken by the legislature to protect the poor people from their oppression. If there be *no ground* for it, (and we assert, as a matter of fact, that there is no ground for it in the sweeping manner in which it has been made,) then, we say, the editor of that great journal has been guilty of a grave offence, in thus making his columns suggestive of apologies for murder. As to any intermediate course, which would merely "hint a fault and hesitate" an accusation of cruelty such as must naturally provoke a vindictive retaliation, it would be utterly unworthy such a journal as "The Times." "The madman scattereth firebrands, and saith, 'Am I not in sport?'" It would be worse than madness, it would be deliberate wickedness, to hazard, without very sufficient grounds, so very serious a charge against a body of men who are standing daily in peril of their lives, and whose miscreant assailants well know, that by how much the more they are deprived of sympathy, by so much the more they are exposed to vengeance. We know Tipperary and its landlords well; and we do not say that there is not an individual case in which severity may be practised in the exaction of exorbitant rent; but this we do say, and fearlessly say, that, *as a body*, the proprietors of land in that county need not shrink from a comparison with any proprietary in the empire. It is too bad, therefore, that a great organ of public opinion should be employed in telling the world, that for the perils to which they are exposed they may thank themselves, and that the outrageous violence by which they are assailed is nothing more than the natural reaction which their own conduct is calculated to produce, "the wild justice of revenge," which we may indeed lament, but can hardly be surprised at, considering the wrongs and the injuries of those by whom it is exacted.

But "The Times" cannot understand how these atrocities are to be otherwise:

prosperity, and of glory, such as never opened upon us as a nation before. We are now at peace with all the world.

In such circumstances, amongst the ancient Romans, the temple of Janus would be closed. It is to be hoped

accounted for, seeing that Roman Catholic as well as Protestant gentlemen are their victims. Is it not reasonable to think, that *the gentlemen* of any denomination must be obnoxious to the members of the Ribbon conspiracy, respecting which quite enough has already appeared in the columns of "The Times" to justify the belief that it is most extensive and most atrocious, although its depths have by no means yet been fathomed, or its secret movers brought to light? The Roman Catholic gentleman, or he who is nominally such, is generally careless in the profession of his religion, and is seldom so assiduous in his attention to the priest as to establish any claim to the particular good will of that important personage, from whom a word spoken in haste or in warmth may operate as his death-warrant. We know the pernicious industry with which these clerical agitators have been employed during last summer, and the manner in which their altars have been desecrated by harangues more worthy of a Jacobin club, than of a house set apart professedly for divine worship. We know the manner in which the local press of that county has been leavened by these same agitators, and the envenomed rancour with which the landlords and the constabulary have been assailed, and marked out for vengeance; and we deliberately repeat Lord Glengall's observation, when the magistrates met the other day in consequence of the murder of Mr. Scully, that so far from being surprised at what has occurred, we are only surprised that such incentives to bloodshed have not been still more terribly answered. The following we extract from O'Connell's paper, "The Nation," and it is but the echo of what may be found in almost every publication which circulates amongst the peasantry in Tipperary, and which is, no doubt, read for them by "the national school master," when they are unable to read it for themselves:—

"CAPTAIN ROCK'S ADDRESS.

"AIR—'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'

"Boys, who in the tithe-war bled,
Till Knocktopher's Peelers fled,
And the parson shook with dread:
At your victory!

*Shall the landlord's locust power
All your labour's fruits devour,
While beneath his yoke you cower,
Sunk in misery?*

No!—let each rack-renting knave
Think on many a despot's grave,
If he longer would enslave
Better men than he!

Though his sword the landlord draws,
Vain are Saxon steel or laws,
To uphold oppression's cause,
If ye *will* be free!

By your wives when winter reigns,
From your heartless lord's domains
Turned adrift in child-birth's pains,
Oh! if men ye be,

Swear to teach the poor man's foe,
That his rent MUST soon be low,
Or the land can never know

Peace and liberty!"

We might multiply extracts such as the above, until our pages could no longer contain them; and, under the influence of such stimulants, can any one be surprised that violence and murder should be the order of the day? The truth is, that throughout a great part of Ireland popery has ceased to be a religion, and has become a system of seditious agitation, just retaining so much of the external form, and availing itself of so many of the sanctions of a Christian creed, as may give a more tremendous efficacy to its death-dealing denunciations.

Protestant gentlemen, to whom the services of our scriptural church are familiar, cannot but understand the blighting effects which must follow from the want of such services, and where the people have nothing better, as a substitute, than a

that we will not less emphatically manifest our sense of the divine mercy and goodness, in bringing us unscathed out of our recent troubles; and that a public thanksgiving will be duly authorized in which our acknowledgments may be made to Almighty God for these so signal mercies.

That our ground of quarrel with the Chinese was not such as should satisfy reasonable and conscientious minds, has, we believe, been very generally felt, and we hesitated not, on a former occasion, to declare that we were ourselves under that persuasion. By the bungling incapacity of our Whig rulers we were involved in a series of angry disputes with the Chinese authorities, by whom the trade in opium was interdicted, and who sought to enforce their interdict after a fashion of their own. There can be no doubt whatever that our smuggling merchants persevered in the forbidden traffic, long after an authoritative denouncement of it had been officially promulgated, which ought, in all propriety to have been treated with respect. Under the old system of trade, as in operation during the monopoly of the East India Company, due provision would have been made against any infraction of subsisting regulations. But under the new system of free trade, there was no power in the superintendent to exercise any effective control over the conduct of individuals, who were all too intent upon private gain to be much concerned for the public safety. Accordingly the work of smuggling went perseveringly on. The Canton river was crowded with vessels which only awaited their opportunity to land their pernicious drug

upon the Chinese shores; until the extreme measure was resolved on, of surrounding the building in which our residents resided, and compelling them, under a threat of starvation, or even some more ignominious death, to deliver up all the opium of which they were the proprietors in the river, and to pledge themselves against persevering in a traffic which had so deservedly incurred his celestial majesty's high displeasure.

It is then, we think, demonstratively clear, that had a prudent and provident government directed our councils, the opium disputes would either never have occurred, or have been easily settled without proceeding to open war.

Undoubtedly what now occurred rendered a vindication of our outraged merchants, criminal though they may have been, a matter of state necessity. No nation should submit to such an insult without redress, because no nation could submit to such an insult with safety. It was, therefore, indispensably necessary that the Emperor of China should be made to feel that we were possessed of a power of self-vindication; and, accordingly an armament was despatched by which it was hoped an impression would have been made, such as must speedily bring his celestial majesty to reason, and compel such an acknowledgment of the injuries which we had sustained, as might compensate the individual sufferers, and satisfy the national honour. But although the Whigs have shown themselves dexterous enough in getting into a quarrel, they were not so dexterous in getting out of it. The war, if such it may be called, as prosecuted by them, consisted in a paltry

ceremonial administered in an unknown tongue. It would readily be understood as a very deplorable state of things, if no divine service were administered at all; and nothing more would be deemed necessary to account for almost any degree of ferocious depravity, which, under such circumstances, might prevail. Will any intelligent reader tell us what the difference is in those cases where the service is performed in a language which cannot be understood, and where the pure light of the divine word is never suffered to be seen or felt, except as shaded or chequered by the darkening shadows, which pervert, where they cannot eclipse, the Gospel? This it is which peoples society with monsters: this it is which has turned Tipperary into a jungle of wild beasts in human form; and this it is which, if the circumstances of the two portions of the island were reversed, and the popery of the south could change places with the Protestantism of the north, would reverse their actual condition, and render the latter savage and ferocious, while the former would assume an unwonted character of tranquillity and obedience. But when will these plain truths be practically understood by our rulers? Or when will they cease to say to those by whom it would fain be impressed upon them, "Ah, Lord, do they not speak unto us parables?"

nibbling at the extremities, instead of striking boldly at the heart of the empire. The only creditable measure which was undertaken, that of the siege of Canton, was frustrated at the very moment when it was on the point of being successful, by Mr. Superintendent Elliott, superseding the military authorities, and consenting to spare the city for a ransom. This is, we believe, the first instance in British history in which our army have appeared in the character of buccaneers. Well! no proper impression was made upon the Chinese. Two miserable years passed away, and the war seemed no nearer to its close than it was at the beginning. Our time, and our means, and our patience were being consumed in dribbling and driftless hostilities, in which frightful massacre was productive of no results; when providentially a change of government took place, by which the conduct of the war was transferred to other hands, and it was thenceforth carried on with a spirit of enterprise and vigour which has brought it, as we have seen, to a successful termination.

Under the Whigs, neither were the objects aimed at of vital importance, nor were the means provided adequate to hostilities upon a large scale, and such as it was indispensable we should adopt, if we hoped to make any serious impression upon the Chinese empire. Under the Conservative government, both these defects were remedied. The scene of hostilities was proposed to be changed, the great river Yang-tse-Kiang, and the great cities upon its banks, being now our principal objects; and the force, both by land and sea was considerably more than doubled, and that at the very time when the massacre in Afghanistan might well have given to our preparations a pause, until we learned what its effect would be upon our security in the rest of India. But at that trying moment the prime minister was not wanting to the interest of England or to his own fame. The Chinese armament was augmented. It floated in grandeur upon the majestic waters which flow by the walls of the principal cities in China. Demonstration after demonstration was made, which proved but too clearly that the troops of his celestial majesty could not meet us in mortal combat. Victory after victory

was won, town after town was taken. And when, at length, we were about to storm the city of Nankin, a flag of truce was sent forward which caused a suspension of hostilities, and the terms of a peace, which we were in a condition to dictate, were very soon agreed upon, to which his celestial majesty has signified his assent, and which will, we have every reason to believe, be duly observed.

It is, we confess, a relief to our feelings that this miserable war is at an end. The butchery of a helpless and feeble-minded race, however it may have been justified by a dire necessity, could not have been other than most painful to the feelings of a brave and a Christian people. Never, we devoutly pray, may it be our lot to hear of such again. But our readers would be very much mistaken if they supposed that all the hostility which we experienced in that country was of the despicable character that it has been represented. Wherever we met the Tartar troops, they fought like brave and skilful warriors, who only required a knowledge of the art of war, as we understand it, to make a powerful defence against any invaders. Sir Hugh Gough has had a far more difficult task to perform than any for which the public here have given him credit. He has had to conduct all his operations, in the total absence of all that intelligence which, upon any other theatre of warfare, must be sure to be found. And while he could only depend upon his own personal observation, or that of his immediate staff, for the arrangements which he might deem it prudent to adopt, we are, we believe, strictly within the limits of truth when we say, that most of his reconnoissances were made on foot, and without being able to take a survey of the country on horse-back. His, therefore, has been a most anxious and difficult part. And having performed his duty to the satisfaction of his sovereign and his country, we do confess our disappointment that the meagre honor of a baronetcy is to be his only reward.

Some of the private letters which we have seen represent the troops as suffering from the heat of the weather, and from cholera, and also as labouring under an insufficiency of proper animal food. They were living for some time upon old goats; all the

animals of a better description being driven, by John Chinaman, at their approach, "over the hills and far away." One black regiment is said to have behaved very ill indeed, being brought with the greatest difficulty into action, although, when the fight was over, they were always the foremost in plunder.

Another gives a lamentable account of the consternation and the sufferings of the wretched Chinese: the women of rank rushing in crowds to escape through the gates into the open country; their small feet scarcely sufficing to take them over any obstacle: some with children in their arms, who had never before known what it was to encounter the inclemency of the elements; and rushing wildly they knew not whither. All they knew was, that certain death awaited them if they remained behind. For the Tartar chiefs, in sullen desperation, feeling their overthrow complete, were, on all sides, immolating their wives and children, and rushing upon self-destruction! Alas! alas! such are the calamities of war! How deeply, then, should we rejoice that it is over! And how sedulously should we address ourselves to the task of obliterating from the minds of this unhappy people the remembrance of the miseries which we have caused them, and of laying such a foundation for mutual confidence and esteem, that henceforth we may only be known to each other by an interchange of reciprocal advantages.

By a comparison of the best authorities, the gross revenue of China may be estimated at about fifty-six millions sterling annually. Of this, from eleven to thirteen millions finds its way to Peking; the difference remaining in the provinces, to meet the expenses of their internal administration.

The entire extent of cultivated land is estimated at five hundred and ninety-six millions of English acres; and of these by far the greatest portion is in the hands of the people, and subdivided into little plots of one or two acres, which are generally cultivated by the personal labour of the occupants, not, indeed, with all the skill which in England or Scotland may be seen, but with an exact and scrupulous husbandry, unknown even there, or in any other part of Europe.

The standing army, or what is called such, is chiefly composed of individuals

of the Tartar race, who have lands allotted to them, which they hold by a species of feudal tenure, and for which they are bound to render military service. They amount to between seven and eight hundred thousand men, who, if their discipline was equal to their valour, would be found very formidable assailants.

And here it is our decided persuasion that that trade in opium, which has caused all these troubles, should cease. It was right, perhaps, that no stipulation respecting it should have been permitted to find its way into the late treaty; but not the less should it be our endeavour to meet the wishes of the Chinese government upon that subject, and to show them that what we would not do upon compulsion, we were yet ready to do of our own free will, and in obedience to the dictates of morality and justice. It is impossible that such conduct on our part should not produce a powerful effect upon such a people. It would show them that when all terrors of human violence were set at naught, there was a Power to which we held ourselves amenable; and it could not but powerfully aid us in the inculcation of those moral lessons which we are, it is to be hoped, destined to teach them, to see that we ourselves are not unmindful of the divine instruction which they convey.

It is quite impossible to regard our country as occupying the commanding position which it has at present obtained, without feeling that there are high moral and religious purposes to be answered by its pre-eminence and its exaltation. For the first time, in the history of the world, from three to four hundred millions of human beings who have hitherto been a world to themselves, and lived in as great a seclusion from the rest of mankind as if they occupied another planet, are brought into contact and alliance with an European power, peculiarly calculated from its position and influence, to impart to them the saving truths of the gospel. A wise government, upon whom such a responsibility devolves, should deeply ponder how this may best be done. Never did an occasion arise upon which a British ministry had more need of anxious and prayerful meditation. It would answer no good purpose to let loose a flight of heady missionaries, whose

knowledge might bear no proportion to their confidence, and whose zeal might infinitely exceed their discretion. If the blessed work of evangelization should meet in that country with any serious obstruction, we confidently predict that it will arise from the contentious jarrings, of mutually hostile zealots, by whose bickerings the cause of the gospel will be scandalized. Far different must be the course, which may be attended by any solid or permanent advantage.

The peculiarities of that country, in a moral and religious point of view, are, a semi-scepticism or rationalism on the part of the learned, and on the part of the vulgar, a childish and groveling superstition. But this important distinction is to be observed, that their priests, or Bonzes, possess no rank or property, as in the other eastern countries, and are entirely dependent upon the alms of the people for their subsistence. They are, in fact, a species of begging friars; and their resemblance, both in dress and ceremonies, to that class of the Roman Catholic clergy is so great, that at a short distance the one might be mistaken for the other. The people, however, are curious and inquisitive respecting the arts, and the belief and the customs of strangers; and would, we believe, more readily admit the approaches of judicious and intelligent missionaries than any other of the nations of the east. The principal difficulty would consist in overcoming the inveterate aversion which is entertained by the chief mandarins to novelties of any description in religion or government; and by whom hitherto all such inculcation of new notions as might lead to the subversion of ancient usages, have, with a stern and vindictive jealousy, been proscribed.

But not the less do we conceive it to be the duty of a Christian govern-

ment, brought as we have been, for the first time, into such close contact with this ancient and most peculiar people, to labour with earnestness for their conversion to the true faith. The influence to which we have already alluded as imposing a check upon the free circulation of new opinions, is one which, under different circumstances, may be made to operate for our advantage. If we can only succeed in exciting their respect for our attainments in the physical sciences, and establishing our superiority to themselves, a very great barrier will be removed to the communication of that better knowledge which may profit them both in time and eternity. It was thus that the Jesuits succeeded in establishing that influence which at one time proceeded to an extent that enabled them to send their missionaries through almost every part of this extensive empire. They taught their philosophers to rectify the calendar, and we owe to them some of the best maps by which the interior of this country is laid down. Under their auspices, Christianity such as as they teach, became very extensively diffused, until the jealousy of the orders to whom we before alluded was aroused, when proscription and persecution ensued, by which the further spread of Gospel teaching was effectually prevented.

There still, however, exists in the country a remnant who profess the Christian faith, albeit in an adulterated form, in which it may be doubtful whether Christianity approaches nearer to heathenism, or heathenism to Christianity. A beginning, at all events, has been made, which may be improved upon by the more scripturally-instructed disciples of a better system. In the year 1810, the following statement was made to Sir George Staunton by the Rev. J. B. Marchini, "of the actual condition of the converts in China."

	Bishops.	Missionaries.	Native Priests.	Converts.
Quang-tung, Quang-see, and Hainan	1	—	5	7,000
Peché-lee, Shan-tung, Leao-tong, & Eastern Tartary	1	11	18	40,000
Kiang-nan and Honan	1	—	6	33,000
Fokien, Formosa, Tche-kiang and Kiang-see	1	5	8	30,000
Se-tchuen, Koei-tcheou, and Yun-nan	1	3	25	70,000
Shan-see, Shen-see, Kan-su, Hou-quang, and Eastern Tartary	1	6	18	35,300
	6	25	80	215,300*

* Edinburgh Cabinet Library, vol. xix., p. 155.

That the Jesuits will again endeavour to regain their ground in that empire, and nothing be left by them undone to secure the accomplishment of so darling an object, it would argue a criminal ignorance of their history and their character to doubt. The frauds which they have already practised upon the good people of China, (and which have been detected and exposed with so much consummate ability, by Dr. Wall in his learned and ingenious work on the ancient orthography of the Jews,) are amongst the most singular and dexterous of their devices, in which the end has been always held to justify the means, for upholding the cause of truth by the aid of delusion. Their falsification of ancient Chinese records was admirably calculated to give an air of hoar antiquity to the system of which they were the advocates. The oracles were thus, as it were, made to give lying responses in favour of the Christian revelation; and even the papal authority was thus made to seem so venerable, that Doctor Wiseman has not hesitated to avail himself of an evidence in its favour which was so sufficient and so unsuspecting, that, in the judgment of that worthy Romanist, it could not be resisted. Alas! for the doctor's antiquarian reputation, Doctor Wall has cruelly demolished the foundation on which it was built; and shown instead, an amount of persevering, systematic, and unscrupulous fraud, such as the father of lies could alone have suggested. But even this exposure will not deter from similar attempts at the present day, if any hope might be thereby afforded of accomplishing similar objects. The creatures, we may be very sure, "will be at their dirty work again."

Nor have Protestant missionaries been altogether idle. In 1807, Mr. Morrison was sent out by the London Missionary Society, and devoted himself to the work upon which he had set his heart with a wise and untiring perseverance that was not long rewarded. He first made himself complete master of the language; then imparted oral instruction in the truths of Christianity to such as could be induced to receive it; afterwards he proceeded to translate the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament into the Chinese language, and to compile, for the use of European students, a

Chinese and English dictionary, by which all future missionaries must be greatly aided. He then conceived the noble project of a college, in which the English might learn whatever was curious or valuable in the literature of China, and the Chinese whatever was most worthy of attention in the science and the learning of Europe. In 1818; the foundation stone of this college was laid at Malacca, and notwithstanding the difficulties through which it has had to struggle, its limited means, and the short time during which it has been in operation, its usefulness has been sufficiently proved to render it very desirable that its advantages should be extended.

We can now come into closer contact with the whole of the Chinese empire, and with a certainty that our laws, our literature, our philosophy, and our religion, will be regarded by its learned men with a respect and an interest of which they never deemed them worthy before. Is it not important that we should take advantage of our new facilities to present to them our attainments as an intellectual nation, in an aspect which may draw their special notice, and compel the acknowledgment of our vast superiority to themselves? We have no doubt whatever that the respect thus inspired would lead to an attentive consideration of the foundations upon which we rest the truth of our divine religion, which could have but one result, namely, that they were infinitely stronger than any which could be pretended in favour of their own. We look not, of course, to any sudden influx of moral or religious light. In such a country, prejudice and habit must long oppose an obstinate resistance to the knowledge by which inveterate error would be detected and removed. But by establishing a respect for our intellectual pre-eminence, we would best insure a respectful attention to the records of inspiration, a faithful reception of which is sure to lead to that godliness that is profitable for all things, and which has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.

Now is there, in the habitable globe, a country in which impressions once made upon the learned are so easily stamped upon the people. The whole empire may be said to be one vast school, in which the people are com-

pelled to pass through a certain prescribed course of learning, according to their proficiency in which their promotion to stations of dignity and emolument is determined. The lettered class thus constitute the aristocracy of the empire. Despotism as the emperor is, he could not disregard the constitution which thus prescribes to learning and ability its appropriate reward, without shaking the prejudices of all the better classes of his subjects to a degree by which his throne would be endangered. His functionaries, through all their ramifications, are, therefore, individuals who would naturally, under any circumstances, exercise an important influence upon public opinion. They are the elite of Chinese society; the presiding minds by whom the masses are governed. And once let them be instructed in sound philosophy, and they must be speedily indoctrinated in divine truth, which the very forms of their despotism would enable them to inculcate upon those placed under their authority with a persuasive influence that could not long be resisted.

Is it not, therefore, most desirable, that a college, upon a large and liberal scale, should be established, by means of which every intelligent Chinese might acquaint himself with the arts and the sciences in the advanced state to which they have at present attained in Europe? Would it not be a blessed thing if the first fruits of English commerce were devoted, let us rather say consecrated, to such an object? By so doing we should most fittingly atone for the calamities which we have already caused that people to suffer; and best approve ourselves worthy of that divine protection by which we have been so signally favoured. Assuredly our successes have not been permitted merely that we might be enriched by the grubbery of commercial gain. Other and higher objects have been contemplated in the lofty pre-eminence to which, as a nation, we have been conducted. If we have been brought into contact with this most ancient of empires, after a fashion that ensures to us a moral influence over it, which no other nation has ever yet possessed, we may be perfectly sure that all this has been ordered, not for the purpose of *Brumagemising* England, but for the purpose of Christianising China. It therefore well becomes our rulers to

consider how we may be profitable to such a people in one sense, as well as how we may make a profit of them in another; and to do whatever in them lies to make the vast extension which will now be given to our trade in the East, contribute to the diffusion of that light, and the establishment of that truth, to which we ourselves are indebted for the priceless blessing of pure and undefiled religion.

Never did an opportunity present itself by which a British minister might be so beneficially signalized, as that which now opens to this great empire. Sir Robert Peel may now lay the foundation of a reputation such as would endure and be acclaimed by countless millions in the far east, when England herself may be numbered amongst the departed nations;—and that, without in the slightest degree impairing the efficiency of those mercantile arrangements, which may be necessary for the furtherance of strictly commercial objects. A small per centage upon our profits would abundantly suffice for the establishment of such a collegiate institute as that to which we have already alluded, and which has been already tried (though upon a small scale, and at an inconvenient distance) in the establishment at present existing at Malacca. In China, we may depend upon it, our arts and sciences will be the most effectual heralds of our faith. Let them, therefore, be exhibited always in company with it, and to the most advantage. The Chinese are a grave and decorous people: ceremonial may be said to be the religion of the empire. Whatever offends against their notions of dignity and propriety, is sure to damage the offending party, whoever he may be, in their estimation, to a degree by which his influence must be much impaired. We would, therefore, have religious truth presented to them with every accompaniment by which it may be most effectually recommended. Already they have been compelled to do involuntary homage to our arms; let that be a precursor, as it were, to an acquaintance with our arts; and directly they are convinced of our vast intellectual superiority, and in proportion as they are persuaded that we seek "not theirs but them," the fields will begin to be white for the harvest.

Nor would the establishment of

moral influence amongst our traders in the East be any let or hindrance to the profitable pursuit of an honourable commerce, but might, on the contrary, greatly conduce thereunto. The establishment of a character for truth and for justice ought now, in the East, to be England's first object. It should be the premier's earnest endeavour to remove from the minds of the Chinese the impression which the bungling and unprincipled policy of his predecessors must have made upon them to our disadvantage. By that impression our trading relations were disturbed, and losses were incurred which, if not compensated by recent successes, must have ruined a vast number of individuals, and proved heavily injurious to us as a nation. Let, therefore, every care be now taken to prevent, in future, any such untoward accidents and unhappy collisions. And for this purpose, let an enlightened public opinion be created, by which the greedy spirit of commercial gain may be controlled, and it must powerfully aid the civil authorities in compelling even the most unscrupulous traders to respect the character of their country even when they are most careless of their own. Thus would confidence be produced, and amity perpetuated, by which our dealings with that peculiar people would be rendered most profitable and most delightful. There is a mode, both nationally and individually, of hastening to be rich, and which tendeth to poverty; and this mode was, under Whig auspices, incontinently pursued, when, at the expiration of the Company's charter, every adventurer was privileged to traffic in the East. We have now, it is hoped, discovered our mistake; and happy will it be for us if our experience should lead to the practical adoption of better maxims, which may cause us to prosecute our personal ends with an habitual and a reverential reference to higher objects; for we may depend upon it, it is not less true of nations than of individuals, that if we seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all things pertaining to our worldly weal will, in his own good time, and by his gracious Providence, be added unto us.

And England is, of all countries, that one in which it may be most truly said that there is no natural repugnance between philosophy and religion. In Italy, and also in France, it is well

known that most of the literati are tinctured with infidelity. And the neology of the German school is but little calculated to recommend their philosophical divines as the expounders of the sublime and mysterious simplicity of the Gospel. In our country alone are its truths to be found free from the cloudiness of mysticism, and separate from the grossness of superstition; and therefore it is that the highest minds amongst us both are, and always have been, the readiest to acknowledge the paramount authority of revelation. "Some of your people here seem to believe in Christianity," was the observation of a foreign Romish ecclesiastic to Doctor Robinson, of the observatory at Armagh, at one of the meetings of the scientific association. The doctor gravely replied, "Yes, truly; and there are very few, indeed, of our scientific men, who *are* philosophers, and who *are not* Christians." This, we say, furnishes an additional reason why England should address herself to the work of evangelization in the East, with an earnestness proportioned to her peculiar fitness for such a task, and the vast facilities for its accomplishment which, in her extended dominion, are so providentially afforded. By other nations, if religion be presented, it will be in antagonism with philosophy; or if philosophy, it will be in antagonism with religion. Amongst the enlightened members of the Church of England alone, the highest truths of the one blend and commingle, as it were, with the highest attainments in the other. Religion is recognised as the perfection of philosophy, even as philosophy is recognised as the perfection of reason. They lead to, and mutually support each other. The path is as the shining light, lustrous as the galaxy in the heavens,

"Which leads through nature up to nature's God."

And the difficulties attendant upon revelation are found, upon the most impartial and diligent examination, to be no other than those which would equally militate against natural religion, respecting which they are admitted to be no difficulties at all. Let us, therefore, bestir ourselves as the peculiar people to whom this great task has been specially enjoined, of making reason the herald of faith, and

turning the labours of pure science to the account of revelation ; and let us evince our sense of the blessings which we have so long enjoyed, by our readiness to extend them to, and disseminate them amongst the benighted nations, who may thus be led to recognise us not only as conquerors by whom they have been subdued, but as deliverers by whom they have been brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel.

The French papers have lately informed us that an application was made, through Professor Arago, to the Academy of Sciences, on the part of the missionary society in France, who have resolved upon establishing two bishops in New Zealand and on the coast of California, for such instructions as might enable them to conduct scientific investigations in meteorology, magnetism, and analysis of the air. The academy rejoiced, it is said, thus to see missionary zeal connecting itself with philosophical inquiry. But if the application had been for learned men by whom the mission might be attended, what must have been the result in such a country as France? Simply that infidelity would be associated with religion. The philosopher would go out to mock at the faith which the missionaries laboured to teach ; and instead of promoting, their efforts must be adverse to the cause in which they professed to be engaged. But how easy would it be in this country to supply a society bent upon missionary purposes, with the ablest scientific men, who are at the same time the firmest believers in revelation? Sir William Hamilton, Professor Lloyd, Professor McCullagh, Dr. Wall, Professor Whewell, and a host of other distinguished names might be enumerated, who are most devoted adherents to our Established Church, and by whom science is regarded but as the handmaid of religion ! This it is to have a scriptural church, which respects antiquity, but reverences the Bible ; and neither requires, on the one hand, the belief of dogmas by which reason is outraged, and the foundation of credibility overthrown ; nor permits, on the other, any curious or carnal questioning respecting those mysterious truths which must be received implicitly upon the authority of revelation.

Let England, therefore, not be forgetful of the great and the glorious

destiny for which she has been exalted so far above all the other nations of the world. Let her rulers be convinced that her prosperity and greatness are intimately bound up with an honest endeavour to become the enlightened disseminator of revealed religion, in the purest form in which it has ever been professed since the days of the apostles. The Grecian states were raised up, and permitted to attain the pre-eminence which they enjoyed, for the cultivation of literature and the arts ; and the finished products of the genius and the skill of that exquisite people have survived the ravages of conquest and the horrors of slavery, and have asserted, and still do assert, the supremacy of their dominion over the taste and the imaginations of the most enlightened nations, even to the present day. The Roman empire was raised up to be the great seed-bed of law and order ; and the laws of the ten tables, and the code Justinian, are, under one modification or another, at this moment in active operation over the most enlightened portion of the world. The destiny of Great Britain is, to uphold and to exhibit purified religion, for the instruction and edification of distant nations ; to be thus the herald messenger of glad tidings to those who are "lying in darkness and in the shadow of death," and to cause the Gospel verities to shine with so pure and sweet a light, that their own intrinsic excellence may be their all-sufficient recommendation. May she worthily discharge this high and holy duty : may her rulers be duly impressed with their great and solemn responsibility ; and may the new fields of commerce which have been opened by her arms, be cultivated by her arts, and enriched and adorned by that better knowledge, which would cause the Chinese people to regard all their present terrors and sufferings as the cheap purchase of the greatest blessings which they could enjoy on this side heaven.

We repeat it, a field of glorious enterprise is now before the British statesman ; and never, since we were a nation, did a conjuncture arise in which a minister of a large and lofty mind had such an opportunity of combining commercial prosperity with moral usefulness, and of achieving immortal fame by stamping an impression of his policy upon the world.

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LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT II.—THE BOAR'S HEAD AT ROTTERDAM.

If the noise and bustle which attend a wedding, like trumpets in a battle, are intended as provisions against reflection, so firmly do I feel the tortures of sea-sickness are meant as antagonists to all the terrors of drowning and all the horrors of shipwreck.

Let him who has felt the agonies of that internal earthquake which the "pitch and toss" motion of a ship communicates—who knows what it is to have his diaphragm vibrating between his ribs and the back of his throat, confess, how little to him was all the confusion which he listened to over head! how poor the interest he took in the welfare of the craft wherein he was "only a lodger," and how narrowed were all his sympathies within the small circle of bottled porter, and brandy and water, the steward's infallibles in suffering.

I lay in my narrow crib, moodily pondering over these things, now wondering within myself what charms of travel could recompense such agonies as these, now muttering a curse, "not loud but deep," on the heavy gentleman, whose ponderous tread on the quarter-deck seemed to promenade up and down the surface of my own pericranium; the greasy steward, the jolly captain, the brown-faced, black-whiskered king's messenger, who snored away on the sofa, all came in for a share of my maledictions, and I took out my cares in curses upon the whole party. Meanwhile I could distinguish, amid the other sounds, the elastic tread of certain light feet that pattered upon the quarter-deck, and I could not mistake the assured footstep which accompanied them, nor did I need the happy roar of laughter that mixed with the noise, to satisfy myself that the "Honourable Jack" was then cultivating the alderman's daughters, discoursing most eloquently upon the fascinations of those exclusive circles wherein he was wont to move, and explaining, on the clearest principles, what a frightful chasm his absence must create in the London world—how deplorably flat would the season go off where he was no actor—and wondering who, among the aspirants of high ambition, would venture to assume his line of character, and supply his place either on the turf or at the table.

But at length the stage of semi-stupor came over me; the noises became commixed in my head, and I lost all consciousness so completely, that whether from brandy or sickness, I fancied I saw the steward

flirting with the ladies, and the "Honourable Jack" skipping about with a white apron, uncorking porter bottles and changing sixpences.

* * * * *

The same effect which the announcement of dinner produces on the stiff party in the drawing-room, is caused by the information of being alongside the quay to the passengers of a packet. It is true the procession is not so formal in the latter as in the former case: the turbaned dowagers that took the lead in one, would, more than probably, be last in the other; but what is lost in decorum is more than made up in hilarity. What researches into portmanteaus, to extricate certain seizable commodities, and stow them away upon the person of the owner, till at last he becomes an impersonation of smuggling, with lace in his boots, silk stockings in his hat, brandy under his waistcoat, and jewellery in the folds of his cravat. There is not an item in the tariff that might not be demonstrated in his anatomy: from his shoes to his night-cap he is a living sarcasm upon the revenue. And, after all, what is the searching scrutiny of your Quarterly Reviewer to the all-penetrating eye of an excise officer? He seems to look into the whole contents of your wardrobe before you have unlocked the trunk "warranted solid leather," and with a glance appears to distinguish the true man from the knave, knowing, as if by intuition, the precise number of cambric handkerchiefs that befit your condition in life, and whether you have transgressed the bounds of your station by a single bottle of *eau-de-Cologne*.

What admirable training for a novelist would a year or two spent in such duties afford; what singular views of life; what strange people must he see; how much of narrative would even the narrow limits of a hat-box present to him; and how naturally would a story spring from the rosy-cheeked old gentleman, paying his duty upon a "*paté-de-fois-gras*" to his pretty daughter, endeavouring, by a smile, to diminish the tariff on her French bonnet, and actually captivate a custom-house officer by the charms of her "*robe à la Victorine*."

The French "*douaniers*" are droll fellows, and are the only ones I have ever met who descend from the important gravity of their profession, and venture upon a joke. I shall never forget entering Valenciennes late one night, with a large "diligence" party, among which was a corpulent countryman of my own, making his first continental tour. It was in those days when a passport presented a written portrait of the bearer; when the shape of your nose, the colour of your hair, the cut of your beard, and the angle of incidence of your eyebrow, were all noted down and commented on, and a general summing up of the expression of your features collectively appended to the whole; and you went forth to the world with an air "mild," or "military," "feeble," "fascinating," or "ferocious," exactly as the foreign office deemed it. It was in those days, I say, when, on entering the fortress of Valenciennes, the door of the "diligence" was rudely thrown open, and, by the dim flicker of a lamp, we beheld a moustached, stern-looking fellow, who rudely demanded our passports. My fat companion suddenly awakened from his sleep, searched his various pockets with all the trepidation of a new traveller, and at length produced his credentials, which he handed, with a polite bow, to the official. Whatever the nature of the description I cannot say, but it certainly produced the most striking effect on the passport officers, who laughed loud and long as they read it over.

"*Descendez, monsieur,*" said the chief of the party, in a tone of stern command.

"What does he say?" said the traveller, in a very decided western accent.

"You must get out, sir," said I.

"Tare-an-ages," said Mr. Moriarty, "what's wrong?"

After considerable squeezing, for he weighed about twenty stone, he disengaged himself from the body of the "*diligence,*" and stood erect upon the ground. A second lantern was now produced, and while one of the officers stood on either side of him, with a light beside his face, a third read out the clauses of the passport, and compared the description with the original. Happily, Mr. Moriarty's ignorance of French saved him from the penalty of listening to the comments which were passed upon his "*nez retroussé,*" "*bouche ouverte,*" &c., but what was his surprise when, producing some yards of tape, they proceeded to measure him round the body, comparing the number of inches his circumference made, with the passport.

"*Quatre vingt dix pouces,*" said the measurer, looking at the document.

"*Il en a plus,*" added he, rudely.

"What is he saying, sir, if I might be so bowld?" said Mr. Moriarty to me, imploringly.

"You measure more than is set down in your passport," said I, endeavouring to suppress my laughter.

"Oh, murther! that dish of boiled beef and beet-root will be the ruin of me. Tell them, sir, I was like a greyhound before supper."

As he said this, he held in his breath, and endeavoured, with all his might, to diminish his size; while the Frenchmen, as if anxious to strain a point in his favour, tightened the cord round him till he almost became black in the face.

"*C'est ça,*" said one of the officers, smiling blandly as he took off his hat; "*Monsieur, peut continuer sa route.*"

"All right," said I; "you may come in, Mr. Moriarty."

"'Tis civil people I always heard they wor," said he; "but it's a s thrange counthry where it's against the laws to grow fatter."

I like Holland, it is the antipodes of France. No one is ever in a hurry here. Life moves on in a slow majestic stream, a little muddy and stagnant, perhaps, like one of their own canals, but you see no waves, no breakers—not an eddy, nor even a froth-bubble breaks the surface. Even a Dutch child, as he steals along to school, smoking his short pipe, has a mock air of thought about him. The great fat horses, that wag along, trailing behind them some petty, insignificant truck, loaded with a little cask, not bigger than a life-guardsman's helmet, look as though Erasmus was performing duty as a quadruped, and walking about his own native city in harness. It must be a glorious country to be born in. No one is ever in a passion; as to honesty, who has energy enough to turn robber. The eloquence which in other lands might wind a man from his allegiance would be tried in vain here. Ten minutes' talking would set any audience asleep, from Zetland to Antwerp. Smoking, beer-drinking, stupifying, and domino playing, go on in summer before, in winter within the *cafés*, and every broad flat face you look upon, with its watery eyes and muddy complexion, seem like a coloured chart of the country that gave it birth.

How all the industry, that has enriched them, is ever performed—how all the cleanliness, for which their houses are conspicuous, is ever effected, no one can tell. Who ever saw a Dutchman labour? Every

thing in Holland seems typified by one of their own drawbridges, which rises as a boat approaches, by invisible agency, and then remains patiently aloft till a sufficiency of passengers arrives to restore it to its place, and Dutch gravity seems the grand centre of all prosperity.

When, therefore, my fellow-passengers stormed and swore because they were not permitted to land their luggage; when they heard that until nine o'clock the following morning no one would be atir to examine it, and that the Rhine steamer sailed at eight, and would not sail again for three days more, and cursed the louder thereat, I chuckled to myself that I was going no where, that I cared not how long I waited, nor where, and began to believe that something of very exalted philosophy must have been infused into my nature without my ever being aware of it.

For twenty minutes and more Sir Peter abused the Dutch, he called them hard names in English, and some very strong epithets in bad French. Meanwhile his courier busied himself in preparations for departure, and the "Honourable Jack" undertook to shawl the young ladies, a performance which, whether from the darkness of the night, or the intricacy of the muffling, took a most unmerciful time to accomplish.

"We shall never find the hotel at this hour," said Sir Peter angrily.

"The house will certainly be closed," chimed in the young ladies.

"Take your five to two on the double event," replied Jack, slapping the aldeman on the shoulder, and preparing to book the wager.

I did not wait to see it accepted, but stepped over the side, and trudged along the "Boomjes," that long quay, with its tall elm trees, under whose shade many a burgomaster has strolled at eve, musing over the profits which his last venture from Batavia was to realize; and then having crossed the narrow bridge at the end, I traversed the Erasmus platz, and rang boldly, as an old acquaintance has a right to do, at the closed door of the "Schwein Kopf." My summons was not long unanswered, and following the many-petticoated handmaiden along the well-sanded passage, I asked, "Is the Holbein chamber unoccupied?" while I drew forth a florin from my purse.

"Ah, Mynheer knows it then," said she, smiling. "It is at your service. We have had no travellers for some days past, and you are aware that, except greatly crowded, we never open it."

This I knew well; and having assured her that I was an *habitué* of the Schwein Kopf, in times long past, I persuaded her to fetch some dry wood and make me a cheerful fire, which, with a krug of schiedam and some canastre, made me happy as a king.

The "Holbeiner Kammer" owes its name, and any repute that it enjoys, to a strange quaint portrait of that master seated at a fire, with a fair-headed, handsome child sitting cross-legged on the hearth before him. A certain half resemblance seems to run through both faces, although the age and colouring are so different. But the same contemplative expression, the deep-set eye, the massive forehead and pointed chin, are to be seen in the child as in the man.

This was Holbein and his nephew, Franz von Holbein, who in after years served with distinction in the army of Louis Quatorze. The background of the picture represents a room exactly like the chamber—a few highly-carved oak chairs, the Utrecht velvet backs glowing with their scarlet brilliancy, an old-fashioned Flemish bed, with groups of angels, Neptunes, bacchanals, and dolphins, all mixed up confusedly in quaint carving; and a massive frame to a very small looking-glass, which hung in a leaning attitude over the fire-place, and made me think, as I gazed at it, that

the plane of the room was on an angle of sixty-five, and that the least shove would send me clean into the stove.

"Mynheer wants nothing," said the *vrouw* with a court'sey.

"Nothing," said I, with my most polite bow.

"Good night, then," said she; "*schlaff wohl*, and don't mind the ghost."

"Ah, I know him of old," replied I, striking the table three times with my cane. The woman, whose voice the moment before was in a tone of jest, suddenly grew pale, and, as she crossed herself devoutly, muttered—"Nein! nein! don't do that;" and, shutting the door, hurried down stairs with all the speed she could muster.

I was in no hurry to bed, however. The "krug" was racy, the "canastre" excellent: so, placing the light where it should fall with good effect on the Holbein, I stretched out my legs to the blaze; and, as I looked upon the canvas, began to muse over the story with which it was associated, and, which I may as well jot down here for memory's sake.

Frank Holbein having more ambition and less industry than the rest of his family, resolved to seek his fortune; and early in the September of the year 1681, he found himself wandering in the streets of Paris, without a liard in his pocket, or any prospects of earning one. He was a fine-looking handsome youth, of some eighteen or twenty years, with a sharp, piercing look, and that Spanish cast of face for which so many Dutch families are remarkable. He sat down, weary and hungry, on one of the benches of the Pont de la Cité, and looked about him wistfully, to see what piece of fortune might come to his succour. A loud shout, and the noise of people flying in every direction, attracted him. He jumped up, and saw persons running hither and thither to escape from a caleche, which a pair of runaway horses were tearing along at a frightful rate. Frank blessed himself, threw off his cloak, pressed his cap firmly upon his brow, and dashed forward. The affrighted animals slackened their speed as he stood before them, and endeavoured to pass by; but he sprang to their heads, and, with one vigorous plunge, grasped the bridle; but though he held on manfully, they continued their way; and, notwithstanding his every effort, their mad speed scarcely felt his weight, as he was dragged along beside them. With one tremendous effort, however, he wrested the near horse's head from the pole, and, thus compelling him to cross his fore-legs, the animal tripped, and came headlong to the ground with a smash, that sent poor Frank spinning some twenty yards before them. Frank soon got up again; and though his forehead was bleeding, and his hand severely cut, his greatest grief was his torn doublet, which, threadbare before, now hung around him in ribbons.

"It was you who stopped them?—are you hurt?" said a tall handsome man, plainly but well dressed, and in whose face the trace of agitation was clearly marked.

"Yes, sir," said Frank, bowing respectfully. "I did it; and see how my poor doublet has suffered!"

"Nothing worse than that?" said the other, smiling blandly. "Well, well, that is not of so much moment. Take this," said he, handing him his purse; "buy yourself a new doublet, and wait on me to-morrow by eleven."

With these words the stranger disappeared in a caleche, which seemed to arrive at the moment, leaving Frank in a state of wonderment at the whole adventure.

"How droll he should never have told me where he lives!" said he,

aloud, as the by-standers crowded about him, and showered questions upon him.

"It is Monsieur le Ministre, man—M. de Louvois himself, whose life you've saved. Your fortune is made for ever."

The speech was a true one. Before three months from that eventful day, M. de Louvois, who had observed and noted down certain traits of acuteness in Frank's character, sent for him to his *bureau*.

"Holbein," said he, "I have seldom been deceived in my opinion of men—You can be secret, I think?"

Frank placed his hand upon his breast, and bowed in silence.

"Take the dress you will find on that chair: a carriage is now ready waiting in the court-yard—get into it, and set out for Bale. On your arrival there, which will be—mark me well—about eight o'clock on the morning of Thursday, you'll leave the carriage, and send it into the town, while you must station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, and take an exact note of every thing that occurs, and every one that passes, till the cathedral clock strikes three. Then the caleche will be in readiness for your return; and lose not a moment in repairing to Paris."

It was an hour beyond midnight, in the early part of the following week, that a caleche, travel-stained and dirty, drove into the court of the minister's hotel, and five minutes after, Frank, wearied and exhausted, was ushered into M. de Louvois' presence.

"Well, monsieur," said he impatiently, "what have you seen?"

"This, may it please your Excellency," said Frank trembling, "is an note of it; but I am ashamed that so trivial an account——"

"Let us see—let us see," said the minister.

"In good truth, I dare scarcely venture to read such a puerile detail."

"Read it at once, monsieur," was the stern command.

Frank's face became deep-red with shame, as he began thus:—

"Nine o'clock.—I see an ass coming along, with a child leading him. The ass is blind of one eye.—A fat German sits on the balcony, and is spitting into the Rhine——"

"Ten.—A livery servant from Bale rides by, with a basket. An old peasant in a yellow doublet——"

"Ay, what of him?"

"Nothing remarkable, save that he leans over the rails, and strikes three blows with his stick upon them."

"Enough, enough," said M. de Louvois, gaily. "I must awake the king at once."

The minister disappeared, leaving Frank in a state of bewilderment. In less than a quarter of an hour he entered the chamber, his face covered with smiles.

"Monsieur," said he, "you have rendered his majesty good service. Here is your brevet of colonel.—The king has this instant signed it."

In eight days after was the news known in Paris, that Strasburg, then invested by the French army, had capitulated, and been reunited to the kingdom. The three strokes of the cane being the signal which announced the success of the secret negotiation between the ministers of Louis XIV. and the magistrates of Strasburg.

This was the Franz Holbein of the picture, and if the three *coups de baton* are not attributable to his ghost, I can only say, I am totally at a loss to say where they should be charged; for my own part, I ought to add, I never heard them, conduct which I take it was the more ungracious on the ghost's part, as I finished the schiedam, and passed my night on the

hearth rug, leaving the feather-bed with its down coverlet quite at Master Frank's disposal.

Although the "Schwein Kopf" stands in one of the most prominent squares of Rotterdam, and nearly opposite the statue of Erasmus, it is comparatively little known to English travellers. The fashionable hotels which are near the quay of landing, anticipate the claims of this more primitive house; and yet to any one desirous of observing the ordinary routine of a Dutch family, it is well worth a visit. The bucksome vrows who trudge about with short but voluminous petticoats, their heads ornamented by those gold or silver circlets, which no Dutch peasant seems ever to want, are exactly the very types of what you see in Ostade or Teniers. The very host himself, old Hoogendorp, is a study; scarcely five feet in height, he might measure nearly nine in circumference, and in case of emergency could be used as a sluice-gate, should any thing happen the dykes. He was never to be seen before one o'clock in the day, but exactly as the clock tolled one, the massive soup-tureen, announcing the commencement of the *table d'hôte*, was borne in state before him, while with "solemn step and slow," ladle in hand, and napkin round his neck, he followed after. His conduct at table was a fine specimen of Dutch independence of character—he never thought of bestowing those petty attentions which might cultivate the good-will of his guests; he spoke little, he smiled never, a short nod of recognition bestowed upon a townsman was about the extent of royal favour he was ever known to confer; or occasionally, when any remark made near him seemed to excite his approbation, a significant grunt of approval ratified the wisdom of the speech, and made a Solon of the speaker. His ladle descended into the soup, and emerged therefrom with the ponderous regularity of a crane into the hold of a ship. Every function of the table was performed with an unbroken monotony, and never, in the course of his forty years' sovereignty, was he known to distribute an undue quantity of fat, or an unseemly proportion of beet-root sauce, to any one guest in preference to another. The *table d'hôte*, which began at one, concluded a little before three, during which time our host, when not helping others, was busily occupied in helping himself, and it was truly amazing to witness the steady perseverance with which he waded through every dish, making himself master in all its details of every portion of the dinner, from the greasy soup to that *acmé* of Dutch epicurism, Utrecht cheese. About a quarter before three, the long dinner drew to its conclusion. Many of the guests, indeed, had disappeared long before that time, and were deep in all their wonted occupations of timber, tobacco, and train oil. A few, however, lingered on to the last. A burly major of infantry, who, unbuttoning his undress frock, towards the close of the feast, would sit smoking and sipping his coffee, as if unwilling to desert the field. A grave, long-haired professor, and, perhaps, an officer of the excise, waiting for the re-opening of the custom-house, would be the extent of the company. But even these dropped off at last, and, with a deep bow to mine host, passed away to their homes or their haunts. Meanwhile the waiters hurried hither and thither, the cloth was removed, in its place a fresh one was spread, and all the preliminaries for a new dinner were set about with the same activity as before. The napkins enclosed in their little horn cases, the decanters of beer, the small dishes of preserved fruit, without which no Dutchman dines, were all set forth, and the host, without stirring from his seat, sat watching the preparations with calm complacency. Were you to note him narrowly, you could perceive that his eyes alternately opened and shut, as if relieving

guard, save which he gave no other sign of life, nor even at last when the mighty stroke of three rang out from the cathedral, and the hurrying sound of many feet proclaimed the arrival of the guests of the second table, did he ever exhibit the slightest show or mark of attention, but sat calm, and still, and motionless.

For the next two hours it was merely a repetition of the performance which preceded it, in which the host's part was played with untiring energy, and all the items of soup, fish, *bouilli*, fowl, pork, and vegetables, had not to complain of any inattention to their merits, or any undue preference for their predecessors of an hour before. If the traveller was astonished at his appetite during the first table, what would he say to his feats at the second. As for myself, I honestly confess I thought that some harlequin trick was concerned, and that mine host of the "Schwein Kopf," was not a real man but some mechanical contrivance by which, with a trap-door below him, a certain portion of the dinner was conveyed to the apartments beneath. I lived, however, to discover my error, and after four visits to Rotterdam, was at length so far distinguished as actually to receive an invitation to pass an evening with "Mynheer" in his own private den, which I need scarcely say I gladly accepted.

I have a note of that evening somewhere—ay, here it is—

"Mynheer is waiting supper," said a waiter to me, as I sat smoking my cigar, one calm evening in autumn in the porch of the "Schwein Kopf." I followed the man through a long passage, which, leading to the kitchen, emerged on the opposite side, and conducted us through a little garden to a small summer-house. The building, which was of wood, was painted in gaudy stripes of red, blue, and yellow, and made in some sort to resemble those Chinese pagodas we see upon a saucer. Its situation was conceived in the most perfect Dutch taste—one side, flanked by the little garden of which I have spoken, displayed a rich bed of tulips and ranunculuses, in all the gorgeous luxuriance of perfect culture—it was a mass of blended beauty and perfume, superior to any thing I have ever witnessed. On the other flank lay the sluggish green-coated surface of a Dutch canal, from which rose the noxious vapours of a hot evening, and the harsh croakings of ten thousand frogs, "fat gorbellied knaves," the very burgomasters of their race, who squatted along the banks, and who, except for the want of pipes, might have been mistaken for small Dutchmen enjoying an evening's promenade. This building was denominated "Lust und Rust," which in letters of gold was displayed on something resembling a sign-board above the door, and intimated to the traveller, that the temple was dedicated to pleasure and contentment. To a Dutchman, however, the sight of the portly figure, who sat smoking at the open window, was a far more intelligible illustration of the objects of the building than any lettered inscription. Mynheer Hoogendorp, with his long Dutch pipe and tall flagon, with its shining brass lid, looked the concentrated essence of a Hollander, and might have been hung out, as a sign of the country, from the steeple of Haarlem.

The interior was in perfect keeping with the designation of the building: every appliance that could suggest ease, if not sleep, was there; the chairs were deep, plethoric-looking Dutch chairs, that seemed as if they had led a sedentary life, and throve upon it; the table was a short thick-legged one of dark oak, whose polished surface reflected the tall brass cups, and the ample features of Mynheer, and seemed to hob-nob with him when he lifted the capacious vessel to his lips; the walls were decorated with quaint pipes, whose large porcelain bowls bespoke them of home origin;

and here and there a sea-fight, with a Dutch three-decker hurling destruction on the enemy. But the genius of the place was its owner, who, in a low fur cap and slippers, whose shape and size might have drawn tears of envy from the Ballast Board, sat gazing upon the canal in a state of Dutch rapture, very like apoplexy. He motioned me to a chair without speaking—he directed me to a pipe, by a long whiff of smoke from his own—he grunted out a welcome, and then, as if overcome by such unaccustomed exertion, he lay back in his chair and sighed deeply.

We smoked till the sun went down, and a thicker haze, rising from the stagnant ditch, joined with the tobacco vapour, made an atmosphere like mud reduced to gas. Through the mist I saw a vision of soup tureens, hot meat, and smoking vegetables. I beheld as though Mynheer moved among the condiments, and I have a faint dreamy recollection of his performing some feat before me; but whether it was carving or the sword exercise, I won't be positive.

Now, though the schiedam was strong, a spell was upon me, and I could not speak; the great green eyes that glared on me through the haze seemed to chill my very soul; and I drank, out of desperation, the deeper.

As the evening wore on, I waxed bolder: I had looked upon the Dutchman so long that my awe of him began to subside, and I at last grew bold enough to address him.

I remember well, it was pretty much with that kind of energy, that semi-desperation, with which man nerves himself to accost a spectre, that I ventured on addressing him: how or in what terms I did it, heaven knows! Some trite every-day observation about his great knowledge of life—his wonderful experience of the world, was all I could muster; and when I had made it, the sound of my own voice terrified me so much that I finished the can at a draught to re-animate my courage.

"Ja! Ja!" said Van Hoogendorp, in a cadence as solemn as the bell of the cathedral; "I have seen many strange things; I remember what few men living can remember; I mind well the time when the 'Hollandische vrow' made her first voyage from Batavia, and brought back a paroquet for the burgomaster's wife; the great trees upon the Boomjes were but saplings when I was a boy; they were not thicker than my waist;" here he looked down upon himself with as much complacency as though he were a sylph. "Ach Gott, they were brave times, schiedam cost only half a gilder the krug."

I waited in hopes he would continue, but the glorious retrospect he had evoked seemed to occupy all his thoughts, and he smoked away without ceasing.

"You remember the Austrians, then?" said I, by way of drawing him on.

"They were dogs!" said he, spitting out.

"Ah!" said I, "the French were better then?"

"Wolves!" ejaculated he, glowering on me fearfully.

There was a long pause after this, I perceived that I had taken a wrong path to lead him into conversation, and he was too deeply overcome with indignation to speak. During this time, however, his anger took a thirsty form, and he swigged away at the schiedam most manfully.

The effect of his libations became at last evident, his great green stagnant eyes flashed and flared, his wide nostrils swelled and contracted, and his breathing became short and thick like the convulsive sobs of a steamer, when they open and shut the valves alternately; I watched these indications

for some time, wondering what they might portend, when at length he withdrew his pipe from his mouth, and with such a tone of voice as he might have used if confessing a bloody and atrocious murder, he said—

"I will tell you a story."

Had the great stone figure of Erasmus beckoned to me across the market-place, and asked me the news on 'change, I could not have been more amazed; and not venturing on the slightest interruption, I re-filled my pipe, and nodded sententiously across the table, while he thus began—

VAN HOOGENDORP'S TALE.

It was in the winter of the year — the first week of December, the frost was setting in, and I resolved to pay a visit to my brother, whom I hadn't seen for forty years; he was burgomaster of Antwerp. It is a long voyage and a perilous one, but with the protection of Providence our provisions held out, and on the fourth night after we sailed, a violent shock shook the vessel from stem to stern, and we found ourselves against the quay of Antwerp.

When I reached my brother's house I found him in bed, sick; the doctors said it was a dropsy, I don't know how that might be, for he drank more gin than any man in Holland, and hated water all his life. We were twins, but no one would have thought so, I looked so thin and meagre beside him.

Well, since I was there I resolved to see the sights of the town, and the next morning after breakfast I set out by myself, and wandered about till evening. Now there were many things to see—very strange things too; the noise, and the din, and the bustle, addled and confused me; the people were running here and there, shouting as if they were mad, and there were great flags hanging out of the windows, and drums beating, and stranger than all, I saw little soldiers with red breeches and red shoulder-knots running about like monkeys.

"What is all this?" said I to a man near me.

"Methinks," said he, "the burgomaster himself might well know what it is."

"I am not the burgomaster," quoth I, "I am his brother, and only came from Rotterdam yesterday."

"Ah! then," said another, with a strange grin, "you didn't know these preparations were meant to welcome your arrival."

"No," said I; "but they are very fine, and if there were not so much noise, I would like them well."

And so I sauntered on till I came to the great platz, opposite the cathedral—that was a fine place—and there was a large man carved in cheese over one door, very wonderful to see; and there was a big fish, all gilt, where they sold herrings; but in the town-hall there seemed something more than usual going on, for great crowds were there, and dragoons were galloping in and galloping out, and all was confusion.

"What's this?" said I. "Are the dykes open?"

But no one would mind me; and then suddenly I heard some one call out my name.

"Where is Van Hoogendorp?" said one; and then another cried, "Where is Van Hoogendorp?"

"Here am I," said I; and the same moment two officers, covered with gold lace, came through the crowd, and took me by the arms.

"Come along with us, Monsieur de Hoogendorp," said they, in

French ; "there is not a moment to lose ; we have been looking for you every where."

Now, though I understand that tongue, I cannot speak it myself, so I only said "Ja, Ja," and followed them.

They led me up an oak stair, and through three or four large rooms, crowded with officers in fine uniforms, who all bowed as I passed, and some one went before us, calling out in a loud voice, "Monsieur de Hoogendorp !"

"This is too much honour," said I, "far too much ;" but as I spoke in Dutch, no one minded me. Suddenly, however, the wide folding-doors were flung open, and we were ushered into a large hall, where, although above a hundred people were assembled, you might have heard a pin drop ; the few who spoke at all, did so only in whispers.

"Monsieur de Hoogendorp !" shouted the man again.

"For shame," said I ; "don't disturb the company ;" and I thought some of them laughed, but he only bawled the louder, "Monsieur de Hoogendorp !"

"Let him approach," said a quick, sharp voice, from the fire-place.

"Ah !" thought I, "they are going to read me an address. I trust it may be in Dutch."

They led me along in silence to the fire, before which, with his back turned towards it, stood a short man, with a sallow, stern countenance, and a great, broad forehead, his hair combed straight over it. He wore a green coat with white facings, and over that, a grey surtout with fur. I am particular about all this, because this little man was a person of consequence.

"You are late, Monsieur de Hoogendorp," said he, in French ; "it is half-past four ;" and so saying, he pulled out his watch, and held it up before me.

"Ja !" said I, taking out my own, "we are just the same time."

At this he stamped upon the ground, and said something I thought was a curse.

"Where are the *echevins*, monsieur ?" said he.

"God knows," said I ; "most probably at dinner."

"*Ventré bleu !* ———"

"Don't swear," said I. "If I had you in Rotterdam, I'd fine you two gilders."

"What does he say ?" while his eyes flashed fire. "Tell *La grande morue*," to speak French.

"Tell him I am not a cod-fish," said I.

"Who speaks Dutch here ?" said he. "General de Ritter, ask him where are the *echevins*, or, is the man a fool ?"

"I have heard," said the general, bowing obsequiously—"I have heard, your majesty, that he is little better."

"*Tonnere de Dieu !*" said he ; "and this is their chief magistrate ! Maret, you must look to this to-morrow ; and as it grows late now, let us see the citadel at once ; he can show us the way thither, I suppose ;" and with this he moved forward, followed by the rest, among whom I found myself hurried along, no one any longer paying me the slightest respect or attention.

"To the citadel," said one.

"To the citadel," cried another.

"Come, Hoogendorp, lead the way," cried several together, and so they pushed me to the front, and, notwithstanding all I said, that I did not

know the citadel from the Dome Church, they would listen to nothing, but only called the louder, "Step out, old '*Grande culottes*,'" and hurried me down the street, at the pace of a boar-hunt.

"Lead on," cried one. "To the front," said another. "Step out," roared three or four together; and I found myself at the head of the procession, without the power to explain or confess my ignorance.

"As sure as my name is Peter van Hoogendorp, I'll give you all a devil's dance," said I to myself, and with that I grasped my staff, and set out as fast as I was able. Down one narrow street we went, and up another: sometimes we got into a *cul de sac*, where there was no exit, and had to turn back again; another time we would ascend a huge flight of steps, and come plump into a tanner's yard, or a place where they were curing fish, and so we blundered on till there wasn't a blind alley nor crooked lane of Antwerp, that we didn't wade through, and I was becoming foot-sore, and tired myself with the exertion.

All this time the emperor—for it was Napoleon—took no note of where we were going, he was too busy conversing with old General de Ritter to mind any thing else. At last, after traversing a long narrow street, we came down upon an arm of the Scheldt, and so overcome was I then, that I resolved I would go no farther without a smoke, and I sat myself down on a butter firkin, and took out my pipe, and proceeded to strike a light with my flint. A titter of laughter from the officers now attracted the emperor's attention, and he stopped short, and stared at me as if I had been some wonderful beast.

"What is this?" said he. "Why don't you move forward?"

"It's impossible," replied I, "I never walked so far, since I was born."

"Where is the citadel?" cried he in a passion.

"In the devil's keeping," said I, "or we should have seen it long ago."

"That must be it yonder," said an aid-de-camp, pointing to a green grassy eminence at the other side of the Scheldt.

The emperor took the telescope from his hand, and looked through it steadily for a couple of minutes.

"Yes," said he, "that's it; but why have we come all this round, the road lay yonder."

"Ja!" said I, "so it did."

"*Ventre bleu!*" roared he, while he stamped his foot upon the ground, "*ce gailliard se moque de nous*."

"Ja!" said I again, without well knowing why.

"The citadel is there! It is yonder!" cried he, pointing with his finger.

"Ja!" said I once more.

"*En avant!* then," shouted he, as he motioned me to descend the flight of steps which led down to the Scheldt; "if this be the road you take, *par Saint Denis!* you shall go first."

Now the frost, as I have said, had only set in a few days before, and the ice on the Scheldt would scarcely have borne the weight of a drummer-boy, so I remonstrated at once, at first in Dutch, and then in French, as well as I was able, but nobody would mind me. I then endeavoured to show the danger his majesty himself would incur, but they only laughed at this and cried—

"*En avant, en avant toujours,*" and before I had time for another word, there was a corporal's guard behind me with fixed bayonets, the word "march" was given, and out I stepped.

I tried to say a prayer, but I could think of nothing but curses upon the friends, whose shouts of laughter behind put all my piety to flight. When I came to the bottom step I turned round, and, putting my hands to my sides, endeavoured by signs to move their pity; but they only screamed the louder at this, and at a signal from an officer, a fellow touched me with a bayonet.

"That was an awful moment," said old Hoogendorp, stopping short in his narrative, and seizing the can, which for half an hour he had not tasted. I think I see the river before me still, with its flakes of ice, some thick and some thin, riding on each other; some whirling along in the rapid current of the stream; some lying like islands where the water was sluggish. I turned round, and I clenched my fist, and I shook it in the emperor's face, and I swore by the bones of the Stadtholder that if I had but one grasp of his hand I'd not perform that dance without a partner. Here I stood," quoth he, "and the Scheldt might be, as it were, there. I lifted my foot thus, and came down upon a large piece of floating ice, which, the moment I touched it, slipped away, and shot out into the stream."

At this moment Mynheer, who had been dramatizing this portion of his adventure, came down upon the waxed floor with a plump that shook the pagoda to its centre, while I, who had during the narrative been working double tides at the schiedam, was so interested at the catastrophe, that I thought he was really in the Scheldt, in the situation he was describing. The instincts of humanity were, I am proud to say, stronger in me than those of reason. I kicked off my shoes, threw away my coat, and plunged boldly after him. I remember well catching him by the throat, and I remember too, feeling, what a dreadful thing was the grip of a drowning man; for both his hands were on my neck, and he squeezed me fearfully. Of what happened after, the waiters, or the Humane Society may know something: I only can tell that I kept my bed for four days, and when I next descended to the *table d'hôte*, I saw a large patch of black sticking-plaster across the bridge of old Hoogendorp's nose—and I never was a guest in "Lust und Rust" afterwards.

* * * * *

The loud clanking of the *table-d'hôte* bell aroused me, as I lay dreaming of Frank Holbien and the yellow doublet. I dressed hastily and descended to the *saal*; every thing was exactly as I left it ten years before; even to the cherry-wood pipe-stick that projected from Mynheer's breeches-pocket, nothing was changed. The clatter of post-horses and the heavy rattle of wheels drew me to the window in time to see the alderman's carriage with four posters roll past; a kiss of the hand was thrown me from the rumble. It was the "Honourable Jack" himself, who somehow had won their favour, and was already installed, their travelling companion.

"It is odd enough," thought I, as I arranged my napkin across my knee, "what success lies in a well-curled whisker—particularly if the wearer be a fool."

IRELAND—REPEALERS AND LANDLORDS.

THE circumstances of his country constrain almost every Irishman capable of reflection to become, in act or thought, a politician. Whatever his profession, whatever his ostensible pursuit, politics, either wholly or partially, engage each individual's attention. The lawyer, the physician, the ecclesiastic, the itinerant preacher, the man of letters, the man of science, the poet, each, however faithfully he may be devoted to the duties or interests of his especial vocation, knows a time when political considerations acquire an influence over him which may not be resisted, and cause him to feel, that whatever talent, or genius, or study may have made him, he is incapable of experiencing any change by which his sense of the interests and duties of citizenship can be wholly obliterated.

The explanation of this phenomenon is to be sought in the condition and circumstances of Ireland, rather than in the peculiar character of its inhabitants. The same eagerness of temperament which imparts more passion to political attachments, would also render estrangement from politics wider and more effectual. It would animate the interest taken in other pursuits, and so inflame the prevailing passion of the soul that it would brook no rival. But, in the condition of Ireland, politics have a support that enables them to defy all other attractions. They may grant furloughs, longer or shorter, more or less qualified or restricted, but they retain their power; and however long and general the "leave of absence" may be, even they who are most free must, from time to time, appear and return, as it were, to their duty, in order to obtain a renewal of indulgence. Such will ever be the estate of this country, so long as the great majority of its inhabitants continue to regard a repeal of the union with Great Britain as an object passionately and devoutly to be wished for.

We do not expect universal or even general acquiescence in our opinion.

On the contrary, we are convinced, that there are many who will reject our explanation, and who will affirm, that in their political anxieties, the apprehension of a dismemberment of the empire, such as a repeal of the union would effect, has no part whatever. The acerbity of religious antagonism, agrarian outrage, and that malignant agitation which denies to a suffering country repose—these are the evil influences by which they are disquieted, and to these alone they would ascribe whatever of intemperance may be chargeable upon their political opinions. This we believe, and, nevertheless, we retain our fixed opinion; fully persuaded as we are, that all those evils which appear upon the surface of Irish politics, find the principle of permanence, if not of being, in the sentiment which has given birth to the project of "repeal." Until the hearts of the Irish people are weaned from this perilous project, and the dispositions which foster it corrected in them, the country will not know lasting repose.

This is a result not to be produced by reasoning. The real argument in favour of a repeal of the union is not divulged in the harangues of its advocates; and accordingly the speeches of its antagonists are not addressed to the question really at issue. To the mass of the people "repeal of the union" means total separation from Great Britain, dispossession of the present occupants from their properties, and distribution of the forfeited lands among the successful party. These are the considerations which have weight with the masses; but they are considerations which no prudent leader dare avow. Missionaries of repeal therefore very wisely decline all controversial discussion upon the merits of their scheme. They may not, yet, reveal the real strength of their case, and they know the impolicy of provoking frequent exposures of its apparent weakness. Neither their cause nor their influence suffers detriment from the semblance of tri-

umph with which they thus, occasionally, indulge their antagonists. The annoyance which such little disgraces occasion to the mass of their followers is easily smoothed away, and even the contempt which they inspire in their triumphant adversaries is not without its advantage. A system of agitation which seems calculated only to provoke derision, is safe from the stern interposition of the legislature or the government. The cause of repeal is, indeed, marvellously favoured: for the masses, who constitute its physical strength, it has the powerful charm of revolution; while the leaders, who make arrangements for its final success, contrive their schemes with the security of men, who prosecute, by honest means, a legitimate enterprise.

In our speculations on this very momentous subject, we are, and we think it right to confess that we are, very much alone. We are not of those who anticipate the decided and speedy success of the Repealers; neither do we share in the haughty confidence of those who hold an opposite opinion. Indeed the professions of this latter party have sometimes caused us no little surprise; and when we have learned the grounds upon which, in too many instances, their confidence rests, our astonishment has been mingled with regret. "The union," we have heard men of reputation insist, "will not be repealed, because *the people of Ireland are divided*. While the Protestants of this country distrust the Roman Catholics, British connection is secure." If this were true, the good, great as it is, is not worth the price at which it is purchased. To preserve the integrity of the empire at the cost of perpetual disunion between those who should be brethren—to assign religious rank a place among the necessary elements of British prosperity and power, and to declare Romanism in Ireland the guardian of connection between this country and Protestant England—would be an evil for which the expected result, were it certain, could not make adequate compensation. But the result is not certain. There is nothing certain but the evil which division inflicts; the consequences which are to follow it may be worse.

It may be said, that we are here combating, or questioning, conclusions

which history has abundantly confirmed. We may be told that Ireland would have been separated from the British empire at the epoch of the Volunteers, had her population been *exclusively* Protestant; during the rebellion of 1798, or, perhaps, during the eclipse of British principle under the Melbourne administration, had it not been *partially* Protestant. This we freely admit. Had not the physical strength of Romanism been sufficiently formidable to check, by the salutary apprehension it caused, the giddiness of a high-spirited but too headstrong Protestant party, the Volunteers would have at least fought for, what they would term, their country's independence. Had not the spirited exertions of Irish Protestants assisted in counteracting the schemes of Romanism in 1798, and curbing its power in the interval between 1835 and 1841, there is much reason to fear that Great Britain must have acquiesced in a separation from Ireland, or, in order to prevent separation, must have made conquest of it anew. This is true. History bears testimony in many a pregnant instance, that the connection between Great Britain and Ireland has been preserved by division; but offers warning also, that such a bond is precarious as it is unnatural. The agencies which cause disunion are not invincible. Some powerful excitement may supersede them—*has superseded them*. They may resume, as they have resumed, their influence; but they may remain inactive long enough to permit the occurrence of irreparable evils. Their power was suspended in the days of Swift, and the whole country, Protestant and Romanist, stood up against England and its Whig ministry; their power was suspended in the time of the Volunteers, and no less exasperation was manifested against the sister country, and the Tory government which then held the reins of empire; their power was suspended under the temporary ascendancy of French politics at a later period, and recovered only in time to prevent rebellion from having success, and to facilitate the accomplishment of that great measure—the legislative union; the late government, the present government, nay, many of those who reckon upon religious dissension as a

guarantee for the stability of British connection, are, at this moment, exerting themselves to neutralize the very division upon which they place a sinful dependence. Have they a right to believe that their efforts will always be counteracted? May there not be a season of repose from disturbing influences between countrymen—a season even when triumphant faction shall wear the mask, and speak the language, of virtue; or when, in a paroxysm of national pride, all the calculations which are founded on evil agencies shall be baffled, and an irreparable evil wrought to the whole British empire.

No reflecting man will voluntarily place his trust, for the maintenance of a good, upon evil influences. Such a reliance is bad—religiously, morally, prudentially bad. The friends of British connection in Ireland must look for a better dependence; one more worthy of their character and their cause. They must look for a *surer* dependence. The spirit of religious discord will prove itself too capricious to be trusted. They must remember, too, that their reliance is now placed not merely upon religious dissension in the abstract, not upon a persuasion that bigotry will pre-occupy the Irish people against dangerous political enterprises, but upon the trust, that the Protestants of Ireland will hold themselves estranged from Roman Catholics and their devices. It is now clear that the great mass of the Roman Catholics of Ireland contemplate with desire, and, it may be said, not without hope, the prospect of repealing the legislative union. If they could secure, even for a time, a strong Protestant co-operation, their hope would not be irrational. And in this critical moment there are plausible and even clear-sighted men, friends of British connection, who trust for the maintenance of their cause to the recollections and the prejudices which keep the Protestants of this country as a distinct people in the land. But they ought to remember that the spirit of rough loyalty which lived amid these influences has, for no short time, been subjected to processes not easily resisted. The government has frowned upon it. The repeal association has assiduously and artfully spread out attractions to allure it. The government has starved it,

or given as its food what it received as the bread of affliction. The "Loyal Repeal Association" has offered dainties for its entertainment.

"Melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
Objicit—"

may not, perhaps, literally be affirmed; but certainly so long as *hoped words* could be hoped to lull the stern fidelity of Irish Protestants, the patrons of the repeal scheme lavishly tendered them. Neither the rebukes of the government, nor the praises and allurements of Mr. O'Connell, have had all the success which disaffection would wish for them; but it should not, therefore, be imagined, that either were wholly without effect.

And here let it be permitted us to address a brief word of counsel, which can scarcely be termed a digression, to those who earnestly desire (what we freely confess to be a most desirable object) union between fellow-countrymen. We would remind them that union may sometimes be of a character which no good subject or good man would desire. The union which draws over the better-affected to the party, and the principles, and the purposes of the worse, is not desirable. A union which should draw hearts and minds of Protestants and Roman Catholics together, awakening in all a cheering glow of brotherly affection, and expelling from all every passion, prejudice, or principle, rancorous or intolerant, were a blessing in which the most sanguine dreams of Christian patriots would find their richest realization: and a union, in which intolerance triumphed on the one side, and loyalty expired on the other, would be the beginning of troubles of which the consummation must be very disastrous. Which of these two species of union would be the most likely to be effected at this moment in Ireland we do not ask. The answer, perhaps, is not far to seek. But if we ask, for which species of union has most preparation been made? the answer would be by no means satisfactory. The English or British government, let it be well remembered, has never even attempted a single measure for the improvement of Romanism within her dominions. She has launched severe laws against

the superstitions of the religion of Rome. She has left unregarded the rancour of its *political morals*. Hence, the Romanism domesticated amongst us is the least mitigated, perhaps, that the age would endure. And this form of Romanism the state indulges and assists. Is it certain that the union of Protestantism with such a system must be a good? Can such a union rationally be expected? No; so long as a theology conformable to the views of Maldonatus, and Dens, and the *Secunda Secundæ* of Thomas Aquinas, &c. &c. is inculcated upon the Roman Catholic priesthood in the Royal College of Maynooth, the government which thus teaches, by its paid agents, the worst politics of the worst days of Romanism, *recommending them as a religion*, ought not to expect that Protestants can lay aside the apprehensions which the spread of anti-social principles, in such a form, by such means, and with such authority, must naturally awaken.

There is a cry now raised by many who have no faith in the power of truth, against the hopes of those who believe that Roman Catholics may be converted. And there are many ready to legislate for Ireland as if this hope were a chimera, who, about fourteen years ago, hazarded, in order to realize it, as they said, a mighty change in the constitution of England. We might, "an if we would" say much on this topic, but we let it pass. We assume, for the moment, that the degenerate and faithless notion is well founded. Roman Catholics will not change their religion. Romanism is to be, until the Millennium, the religion of the great majority of Irishmen. It is a heresy against which it is useless to reason, or preach, or pray, for it may not be cast out. What is then to be done? Where the labours of the divine can no longer be attended with advantage; the politician, the statesman, should enter zealously upon his proper duties. *Romanism may be improved*: and they who reconcile themselves to the idea that it is insuperable, should be diligent in the endeavour to reclaim it. The church of Rome comprises in one system much which she pronounces unalterable, much which, she affirms, may be changed. The former constitutes *her faith*, the latter *her polity*. If our laws are to tolerate and protect

the unchangeable parts of Romanism, let that other part, which admits of change, be rendered conformable to our laws, let it be rendered compatible with the existence of social order. This, we are deeply convinced, is no more than a very large proportion of the Roman Catholic body would most cheerfully grant, if it were demanded of them by the proper authority. We are persuaded that there are tens of thousands of Roman Catholics, who would say with truth, what Mr. O'Connell affirmed with much boldness, respecting principles flagitious and abominable, advocated in the Rheimish commentaries on Holy Scripture: but how can Roman Catholic gentlemen be expected to engage in a reformation of the policy of their church, when they see it, in its worst form, with its worst principles, the worst it ever dared to assume and avow in the darkest ages of human history, adopted, aided, and recommended in the College of Maynooth, at the public cost, with the sanction of the sovereign's name, by paid agents of the crown, as part and parcel of the religion of a body of men into whose hands enlightened and Protestant England abandons, for their religious and moral culture, six millions, perhaps, of human beings for whom she has made herself answerable. While ever the British government thus graces with her countenance, and arms with her authority and support, the *policy of Hildebrand*, she disables honourable Roman Catholics to reform it, and she gives a character of insincerity to her admonitions when calling upon Protestants to dismiss their suspicions and their fears of it.

We must turn from this sickening subject. We have little reason to hope for sympathy when we confess the apprehensions and the distress it causes us, although we believe the day is not far distant when those who despise our warnings will acknowledge that they were not idle. We turn from vain remonstrances, and resume the argument from which we have diverged.

It is not wonderful that they who are acquainted with the political character of the Church of Rome shall easily be persuaded, that Protestants will not cordially ally themselves with the members of such a church for any purpose hostile to Great Britain;

and shall feel satisfied to regard this division between Irishmen as an assurance that the project to repeal the legislative union is not likely to succeed. They ought not to be overconfident. There is no certainty in things upon which the thoughts and imaginations of the heart of man can exert a controlling influence. Signs of the times can be discerned—the appearance and the occultation of heavenly bodies can be predicted—their periods are known; and the revolution which, some say, waits upon them, of storm, and sunshine, and gloom upon earth, may be matter of reasonable conjecture; *but a cycle for human will* remains yet to be discovered: there is no known law to determine the year or the circumstances in which passion may change its purpose, and the mutual repulsion of two estranged and hostile parties become suspended, at the command of influences such as shall draw both into one by the pernicious attractions of faction. Influences, too, less odious, may have a disastrous effect. “Misery makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows,” is a truth not less instructive for being trite, and it conveys a warning which no triteness can render unimpressive; namely, that they whom prejudices, or principles, or circumstances hold apart, may, for a time at least, be made one by community of suffering.

But let it not be imagined that British connection is secure, so long as the Irish people are divided. Whilst in the division either party has a decided preponderance, the interests of the other, at least the objects for which it combines, are in danger. The Conservatives of Ireland should never forget, that for six years of rebuke and alarm, a majority of Irish members of parliament withstood and overcame the power of Great Britain. Eight years are passed since the time when England, restored and in her right mind, would have righted the nation. King (if we may allude to royalty)—King, Lords, and Commons were Conservative, sound in principle, and of power to restore the ascendancy of sound principle over the union of England, Wales, and Scotland. They were not strong enough to neutralize the antagonist power of Ireland. Here, amongst us, revolution had its great triumph—a triumph by which

the successes of Conservatism were overcast, and a British majority was constrained to surrender power and place to a minority, which consented to accept them as nominees and instruments of an Irish faction. Thus was a policy hostile to England introduced into the British cabinet. For six dreary years its baleful influence prevailed. At home, abroad—in commerce, in colonies—in soldiery and shipping—in principles, (better than all material dependencies,)—in justice, in honour, in true clemency—the empire sorely suffered; until the upright principle and strong will of English hearts, through much adversity, accomplished their assigned mission, and cast off that worst form of foreign domination, which is inflicted upon a country through the instrumentality of its own unworthy children. We earnestly warn the Conservatives of Ireland, that if such a visitation be again sent down upon England, and sent upon her from us, there may not be in her senate or people the will, *and the wisdom*, to endure it: in an unreflecting impatience of a temporary evil, although to the eventual weakening, to the ruin, perhaps, of the empire, *we may be sacrificed*. If we would retain the protection which union with Great Britain affords to the minority in Ireland, we should take our share, and do our part in the maintenance of it.

We are fallen upon days in which no portion of the people can safely rely upon any party or principle for the defence of their interests or themselves. The confusion attendant on “reform” has not yet been reduced into order. The Rob-Roy principle,

“That good old rule, that simple plan,
That those may take who have the
power,
And those may keep who can,”

revived in the year 1831, has not yet become inoperative;—nay, provided that its sphere of action be the senate, and its agencies parliamentary, is recognised among the elements of the British constitution. All estates and interests are required to send in their votes to the national congress, (as in days of old they furnished men-at-arms,) and none are permanently secure who do not contribute their fair quota. The interests which do not

appear by their representatives, are in danger of being treated as if they were non-existing.* They will slip out of the remembrance of the legislature upon some occasion when its thoughts are set upon rival interests better provided with advocates, and which peremptorily insist on being attended to. Forgetfulness and neglect will be fatal to them. If a British senate were called upon, periodically, to pronounce upon the question—"Should the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland be dissolved?" the answer, under the same circumstances, would be the same which has already been delivered: British connection would rest safe. But we are not warranted in expecting that the champions of repeal will indulge us in such a habit of indiscretion. They will not exhaust their strength and expose their evil purposes in bootless debates and divisions. They will endeavour to gain positions from which the object at which they ultimately aim may be commanded. They will endeavour to increase their power, to extend their influence, to disarm their opponents; and, in their tortuous course, will often, perhaps, surprise advantages of which their adversaries knew not the value, and often obtain concessions which shall help them on their way, although yielded in an indiscreet expectation that they might turn them from it. In a war of this kind it would be the extreme of infatuation to expect that our most vital interest can be safe, unless we have, in the senate of Great Britain, a party resolute, and vigilant, and strong, to guard it.

At this moment we are blessed with a ministry whose interests are as closely connected with their country's welfare as were those of the late ministry with their retention of office; and yet, even under the present government, we feel that Conservatism in Ireland is bound to be energetic and wary. A good government *should encourage exertion rather than furnish an excuse for supineness*. It is useful to remember that the measure which

contained in it the germ of the greatest political change experienced by Ireland, was the fatal gift of William Pitt. To him we owe the *extension of the forty-shilling franchise to Roman Catholics*. In the year 1784, this great statesman expressed, in a confidential letter to the Duke of Rutland, his desire to see the Protestant interest united "in excluding the Catholics from *any share in the representation or the government of the country*." Within a space of nine years, in the year 1793, the same great man coerced the Protestant interest into a concession to the Roman Catholics, which involved in its consequences the measure of 1829, and would much earlier, and with probably fatal consequences, have brought that measure to pass, but for the determined resistance of the king and people of England. To Mr. Pitt is also to be ascribed the establishment of Maynooth, the Royal College of Maynooth. What could have saved Ireland from the conjoint effect of these two perilous concessions, had not the legislative union been effected? Nothing less than miracle.

It is not our purpose, in these observations, to cast a slur on the reputation of an illustrious man. We have, in truth, no such petty object in view. An article in a recently published number of the *Quarterly Review*,† undertakes a defence of Mr. Pitt against the charge of inconsistency which might have been rested on the expression in his letter to the Duke of Rutland, taken in connection with his conduct in the year 1801. In 1784, he seems resolved that Roman Catholics should have no "share in the representation or the government of the country." In 1801 he resigns office, because the sovereign would not consent to the removal of their political disabilities. The reviewer reconciles the seeming inconsistency by referring to Mr. Pitt's opinion, that a measure which would have been injurious while Ireland had its

* Witness the injustice done the tithe-owner in the Poor Law for Ireland. Landlords pay half, and are entitled to a drawback of the *whole* poor-rate on tithe-rent charge. It is clear that either the under-tenants, or the tithe-owners, or the poor are wronged by this enactment. It is, in all probability, the precursor of a mulct upon landlords.

† September, 1842, "Correspondence between Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Rutland."

own parliament, had been rendered safe and expedient by the legislative union. The ingenuity of the apologist is misdirected; at least, were we disposed to tax Mr. Pitt with inconsistency, we should not think of grounding our charge upon his conduct of 1801, while his measure of 1793 was matter of history. That measure we regard as decidedly at variance with his profession to the Duke of Rutland; but we do not notice it for its inconsistency—we do not even think it of consequence to inquire how the sagacious minister was overpowered or misled in this particular instance: we notice the fact only for the purpose of reminding our readers that they must not hold themselves excused from a great and imperious duty, by the dependence they may think themselves justified in placing on the wisdom and firmness of the most exalted of human beings. We have chosen a very eminent man, for the purpose of showing how frail and precarious must be all such dependence. William Pitt would have, at one period, done much to exclude Roman Catholics from power; and at another period he did much to give them the means of acquiring power—the very power he would have withheld. William Pitt pledged himself to his sovereign that Roman Catholics admitted to the imperial parliament could not possibly exert a commanding influence there; and because his pledge was not accepted, and his schemes approved, he withdrew from his sovereign's councils. We have seen his promises and assurances tested by fact—is it necessary to ask, with what result? That item of power, which Pitt affirmed must be neutralized, we have seen erected into the highest authority in the legislature. Roman Catholics were not two years capable of having seats there, *when their votes decided a motion which decided the success of the Reform Bill.* Thus was the Conservative party overthrown. Then came the fierce contention of three years between the Roman Catholics and the reform party, ending in their signal conquest over Earl Grey. And then came the years of their exultation, when they were able so to profit by party divisions as to intrude into place, and to keep in it for nearly seven years, a cabinet subservient

enough to govern England and her still more afflicted dependencies by the pernicious policy they dictated. Pitt could not have foreseen a state of things like this. Who shall dare to predict how England will act if she experience such a visitation again?

The landed aristocracy of Ireland, we have a well-grounded persuasion, may, through God's blessing, avert the calamity of such a trial. A duty of great moment has been assigned to them, and with it commensurate powers and facilities. If, through their own apathy or imprudence, they fail, the consequences of their laches will be irreparable. While the repeal party of Ireland kept the Melbourne ministry in power, there was a spirit in the British empire which withstood them, first setting bounds beyond which their proud waves could not pass, and finally prevailing against them. The Protestantism of England, and the sense of justice which lives amid religious principles, answered to the appeal of men persecuted for their loyalty and their faith. Conservatism had the benefit of the successes which the newly-awakened energies achieved. Revolution felt the influence of their distrust, and the righteous cause prospered. Some there were in Great Britain, perhaps many, who could discriminate between the views and politics of parties—who could allocate and apportion with nicety the praise or blame to be bestowed on measures of finance, and on schemes of general government: *the whole people, the heart of England, could apprehend, by the force of those good habits which have become instincts, the necessity of maintaining true religion, the duty of arresting the wrong-doer in his career of iniquity and oppression.*

For many years British Conservatism and Protestantism seemed one—two forms of the same eternal principle. By this principle the mind of a powerful party was occupied and governed; and differences, which often rend parties asunder, were postponed or overlooked in the resolution to defend a good, which was intelligible alike to the wisdom and the passions, and even the prejudices of the great body who guarded it. This state of things endured until 1829. In that year Protestantism ceased to be the principle

of cohesion in the leading party of the state ; and elements of strength which no principle of inferior power, or less intelligible, could bind, crumbled away from it. The revolution, denominated reform, followed ; the conspiracy against the Established Church in Ireland was matured ; the scheme to overturn the establishment and exterminate pure religion, became manifest in the dread agencies exerted to promote it. The Protestants of Ireland, disregarded by the legislature, scorned by the ministers of the crown, appealed to the people of Great Britain, and asked of the constituencies, shall these things be ? The result it is unnecessary to state. Protestantism again animated and cemented a great party, by whose aid Conservatism day by day waxed strong, and finally attained authority. All may not admit these views to be correct. It may be that the appeal to Protestant principles had not the power we ascribe to it. It may, also, be, that a party in power shall disavow the aid which sustained it in disaster, and shall dis sever itself in the time of success, from an assistance which it feels as an incumbrance. If such a policy prevail, events will test its prudence : the common feelings of mankind will judge it by considerations still higher than those of worldly wisdom. For our parts we dispute or deny neither its wisdom nor its justice. We would be, indeed, among the last to offer argument or remonstrance on such a subject ; but we warn those who entertain our opinions respecting the pure agencies which saved the state from ruin, and gave its interests into the charge of the able men who are now their human guardians, that, if these agencies are disclaimed or slighted, an appeal from Conservatism to the disappointed Protestantism of England is an experiment which it would not be profitable to try again. This admonition was the point to which our apparent digression tended ; and here it re-connects itself with the thread of our discourse.

Our warnings are not meant for discouragement. We are not more fully persuaded that British connection is menaced and endangered than that it can be maintained ; but for its maintenance we rely most on agencies which have not yet been efficiently ex-

erted. Neither the divisions which have of late afflicted us, nor the prudence of the legislature, nor the Protestantism of the constituencies, can be looked upon as safeguards of our union with Great Britain. That great office has been assigned to the landed aristocracy of Ireland. The legislative union will never be secure until it can draw strength from the feelings of the general people ; and Irish landlords *can procure that support for it* by changing public sentiment in its favour. They can also render the voice of its Irish supporters potential in the imperial parliament ; and it is of the most serious moment that they avail themselves of the facilities at their disposal to accomplish such an object. British connection will not be secure until it has a preponderance of Irish votes in the senate, and a strong support from public opinion in Ireland.

It may be said, that of these materials of defence one at least is already provided ; the partizans of "repeal" are a minority of the Irish representatives. This is not, strictly speaking, the truth. Not they only *who vote* for a dismemberment of the empire, favour the design to effect it. All who, by joining with the party scheming for "repeal," afford it countenance or give it consequence ; all who assist in placing in the British cabinet a ministry of which Repealers would approve, however they may disguise the matter to others or to themselves, lend their aid to the "Repealers." They assist in carrying measures introductory to repeal—measures of which they know not, perhaps, the object or tendency, but which the wily contriver sees in their anticipated consequences. They perhaps desire no more than to starve the church, or to feed some grudge they bear a prosperous adversary, or to prosecute some personal advantage ; but if they attach themselves to a party of more daring ambitions, that, through its aid, they may effect the petty purpose they have in view, they may feel assured that the party which indulges them will insist on having an ample recompense. When an association has been formed, avowing as its aim and end separation of this country from Great Britain, all who are not against it are for it ; and whatever the minor distinctions may be, we should recognise no more than

two parties, one consisting of Conservatives, the other of avowed and indirect Repealers. Until the great Conservative party has acquired a preponderance *over both divisions of its antagonists*, the union is not safe.

But there is another matter to be considered. Many will dispute our position, that the legislative union is in need of defence, who will acknowledge their fear of danger to the landed interest of this country. That interest is not safe in the imperial parliament, so long as it remains inadequately represented; nor can any number of Irish votes render it secure, unless it can show by strong argument that its cause is just. That this *can* be shown we most firmly believe, but that a contrary representation may plausibly be sustained, if the landed proprietors are supine, is a truth, of which, also, we have a sad conviction.

Already, it is evident, a journal of the most extensive circulation in Europe has permitted itself to be misinformed on this important subject. It is not rash to surmise that representations which have determined the policy of *The Times*, may have a serious influence on the British parliament and people: if they whose interests are menaced are wise, they will not neglect the warnings which have been thus seasonably held out to them. Let it not be said, the charges are unjust and unreasonable—of themselves they must come to nought. The simple fact that they have been advanced by such an organ as *The Times*, proves abundantly that they are not to be thought frivolous.

But while we thus express ourselves respecting the prospects of the Irish landed interest, we are unwilling to conceal our surprise at the species of accusations or complaints which have been preferred against them. It seems on all hands admitted, that, as a body, the landlords in this country stand acquitted of many of these charges, and the justice is to some extent conceded to them, of not being held responsible for all the severities of which a few individuals may have been proved guilty. There is, however, one burden which they are required, most unjustly, to bear: that is, the odium of upholding the system of middlemen. This system had its origin, it is con-

fessed, in the practices of men who were predecessors of the existing landlords: by them it was brought to the maturity of its evil perfection. The present men have inherited it as if it were a hereditary disease, and yet it is charged upon them as if their endurance of it were a species of consent, which made them partakers in its iniquity.

This is most unjust; but if landlords are indifferent to their own concerns, it will be thought most reasonable. They may feel assured that few uninterested parties will search diligently to find out the favourable side of the case which may be made by the Irish landed proprietors. We remember well when the Marquess of Lansdowne bore the repute of being the worst landlord in the whole province of Munster, simply because nobody would take the trouble to ascertain how the injustice and cruelty of which the occupying tenants on his estate had to complain, should be apportioned between his lordship and the middlemen who held more immediately under him. Nor was this the calumny of party. Those whom we knew to be most rancorous in their observations on the noble lord, were persons who professed the same political principles or opinions which kept him so long in place. They lauded passionately as a leader in their party the nobleman whose conduct as a landlord they condemned. It was not, we believe, until the termination of certain leases gave his lordship new powers, that he was able, if he has been enabled, to vindicate his character. A vindication so obtained would be too tardy for the exigencies of the Irish landlords: they have only to state their case, and to separate the cause of the many just and upright from the few who are an offence to the body, in order to obtain acquittal and praise from all well-thinking men.

It has been said, that, in what is called the clearing system, landlords have, in the exercise of their rights, forgotten their duties. We have heard loud complaints on this subject—complaints too vague and general to deserve attention, and which, nevertheless, have received attention, and have been proved groundless. We can most unaffectedly, and indeed solemnly, declare, that we write without unfair

bias on the relations between landlord and tenant; that if we have a leaning towards any injustice, it is towards the injustice by which the poor might be served; and we confidently predict, that if a searching inquiry into this "clearing system" be instituted, the landlords of Ireland, as a body, will be found not only blameless, but very merciful and generous; and that the evils, the injustice, the inhumanity, which have been calumniously charged upon them, are much more justly ascribable to the laws. To the act passed in 1793, extending the forty-shilling franchise to Roman Catholics, the many abuses of the cottier-system owe their being. The act of 1829 removed the great obstacle to the introduction of the condemned "clearing system," by which these abuses were to be corrected; and we honestly believe, that, in most instances where it has been acted upon, the landlords have been more faithful than the legislature to the duty of mitigating its evil consequences. The crowded and impoverished tenantry on many an Irish estate are the creatures, the children, of a most unwise act of the legislature—an act forced from the Irish parliament by the ascendancy of Mr. Pitt. It is cruel and indecent to accuse Irish landlords of the present day, as if they were chargeable with its consequences.

Nor is it less unjust to blame them because they have not corrected the evils arising out of the system of intermediate tenantry. Here, too, we unhesitatingly charge the laws as the great offenders. One opportunity was presented to the legislature of testing the most flagrant nuisances attending on this system, and probably of abating them. No later than the year 1833, an act was passed enabling the immediate tenants of bishops' lands to purchase perpetuities of their tenure; and the same act contained a provision that a tenant acquiring perpetuity should renew to inferior tenants when bound by *totes quoties* covenant. In the year following, this act was amended, and a provision inserted, by which "sub-tenants were empowered to purchase perpetuities in bishops' lands, in default of superior tenants." In the year 1836, there was another amendment, and its very first clause enacted, that "inferior tenants may apply to their imme-

diate landlords, having acquired a perpetuity for a like conveyance." We are fully persuaded that these provisions were made without inquiry into the conduct of the sub-tenant, whose rights were so carefully guarded. We do not believe parliament ever gave a minute's thought to the question, whether the favoured parties observed those duties of which we hear so much, and of which we could not hear too much if the remonstrances respecting them were made with due reflection and impartiality. We do not believe the acts to which we allude were preceded by any such inquiry, because we think it improbable that parties to it could have countenanced such lectures as Irish functionaries were permitted to address to the landed proprietary. The immediate tenants of see lands we believe to be equally just and liberal with the other landlords of the country. The sub-tenants, having *totes quoties* leases, we are sure, partake of all the vices with which intermediate sub-tenants are chargeable. Indeed, so far as enforcing extortionate rents from wretches placed at their mercy constitutes crime, we know of no middlemen more criminal than some of the sub-tenants on bishops' lands. Such delinquents could be brought to order only by refusing to renew their leases, except on the condition of their correcting the abuses of which they were guilty. That power parliament has taken away from those who have the first or the second or any intervening estate. It offers to the man who exacts four times the rent his land is worth, precisely the same advantages as to him who acts the part of a just and humane landlord. It compels the good landlord to respect the oppressive middleman's rights, without enforcing upon him, or inquiring into, the discharge of his duties. While law proceeds upon principles like these, we think it worse than ordinary mockery to impute to the landed aristocracy of Ireland the continuance of the evils arising out of the system of intermediate tenantry. It had its origin in laws which encouraged, and has its permanence in laws which refuse to correct it.

But Irish landlords will be wise to remember that their adversaries have a project for correcting the evils arising

out of our system of tenancy, by which existing relations will be materially altered. We speak of the proposal to establish what is termed "fixity of tenure," as the proper corrective of all existing anomalies. This scheme, which would improve the condition of the rural population in Ireland, by abridging the power of the superior landlords, appears to us to be founded in injustice and delusion; but we warn those whom it most immediately concerns, not to be fearless of it, because it seems to them absurd and unfair. We have had opportunities of conversing upon the merits of this pernicious scheme, with men whose opinions have much power in England, and have heard them advocate the adoption of it in Ireland, because they thought its principle good, and found its operation successful in various countries where it had been tried. Any project patronised by such advocacy may well justify circumspection and alarm.

At first view it would seem rather a Hibernian method (as those who mock at us might say) of correcting the evils of an existing system, to make that system unchangeable; but there is not in truth any such absurdity in the proposal of the scheme we are considering. There are two evils, it is said, which require a remedy—one that which is induced by the system of middlemen; another arising out of what is called the clearing system; the fixity-of-tenure scheme proposes to deliver the country from one of these evils at the cost of having the other perpetuated. In the existing state of things both evils admit of remedy; the proposed scheme undertakes to correct one, and to render the other incurable—

"Fatis contraria fata rependens."

We do not like the alternative. We should not approve of so noxious a remedy even were there no palpable injustice in the adoption of it; but to take away power from a class of men (the superior landlords) who have not abused it, for the purpose of confirming it in a class who are said (and of many it is said with truth) to have made it an instrument of cruel oppression, seems to offend against all principles of reason and justice.

To us it would seem that "fixity of

tenure" would but perpetuate oppression. It would leave cottar-tenants at the mercy of their immediate superiors, under the wasting pressure of the enormous rents for which they have become answerable. While we write we have but to turn our eyes—we need not turn our heads—for examples of tenantry under a superior and under an intermediate landlord. In one instance the chief proprietor, in another a sub-tenant having a *loties quoties* lease, is the immediate landlord, in both instances the occupier is a tenant at will; in the former instance the rent is not higher than the valuation, according to which poor rate is levied: in the latter it exceeds that valuation by much more than two-fold. Is it right that the scheme proposed to be carried into effect (that of fixity of tenure) shall deprive such a chief landlord of his rightful and wholesome power, and shall transfer it to a middleman, who will make so different a use of it? No, if we are to have an act establishing "fixity of tenure," let us first have the tenure so adjusted that it shall deserve to be fixed; otherwise, the injustice, with which we plunder the proprietor of his rights, will be aggravated by the uncharitableness with which we provide, against the occupant, that the oppression he labours under shall be perpetual.

But although the state of Ireland, and the nature of the relations subsisting between landlord and tenant, furnish strong arguments against any such adventurous scheme as this which we have been considering; we warn the landlords that, if they desire to see it miscarry, they must exert themselves to make its unsuitableness manifest. To do so there can be no argument so effectual as that which proves that the occupying tenants and the public wealth derive advantages from the rights of proprietorship, superior to those which could be gleaned from a system in which these rights were transferred to landlords whose position was subaltern or intermediate. To the benefit of an argument like this we firmly believe the landlords are entitled; but we think, that, without activity and resolution, they will lose it. They should meet and confer together. We do not speak of public meetings and speeches. We do not speak of party meetings and politics. The landlords

of Ireland should meet for grave discussion in their respective districts and counties. They should keep no secrets from each other by which the strength or weakness of their cause was hidden. They may be assured that there is a public office where their secrets are known; let them not fear to make friends acquainted with them. They should make, where it is practicable to do so, the various lord lieutenants of counties their accredited leaders, the centres around whom they assemble, their advisers; and they should take care to have a mass of information on the subject of their rights and duties: how they discharge these, how they exercise those, well authenticated, well digested, such as will make it easy for just men to understand their case, and shall make it easy to show that none but the unjust and unreflecting can continue their adversaries. Less than all this will not suffice to preserve to the landlords of Ireland their just rights and privileges.

Many of these observations have been made on a supposition, that we are wrong in apprehending danger to the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, and that the only apprehensions which ought to be respected, are those which regard the interests of our landed proprietors. But, although we have argued on the assumptions of gainsayers, we retain

our own conviction. We believe the cause of British connection to be in peril. We think the artifices of the Repealers have gained adherents in parts of Ireland, of which we have no knowledge except from report; and where we have had opportunities of personal knowledge, *we know* that the increase of their numbers and their confidence, has been formidable. We say this not in fear, nor to cause fear. We say it to arouse the energy and attention which the emergency demands. We tell the dangers, because we have told also where, speaking humanly, the security against them is found. The same activities and precautions by which Irish landlords guard their own rights, privileges, and interests, will defend and secure the permanency of British connection. As they acquit themselves before those who will be their judges in England, they will approve themselves to their dependents in Ireland. By the same conduct through which they obtain justice on the one side, and win affection on the other, they will mediate between Great Britain and the masses of discontented men who would revolt from her; and while they conciliate favour to themselves, by giving proof that they have deserved it, the highest interests of the united empire will participate in the benefits of their success.

THE CAPTIVES OF THE EAST.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

A voice of wailing on the breeze, a heavy tale it bore,
It echoed o'er the rolling seas from the far Indian shore;
It darkened all our anxious land with its unwelcome breath;
It told us of a warrior band who died no warrior death.
Let Britain in her tears kneel down, heap ashes on her head!
Yet wears she not that mournful crown for these the valiant dead;
Deeper and deeper falls the gloom, bid her in dust lie low
For those who bide a sadder doom—"woe for the captives, woe!"

Another voice, as comes the sun upon the tempest's path,
As streams in joyful music run when winds have spent their wrath;
It speaks of freedom! "Let the land her hymn of gladness raise,
And for the remnant of that band the God of nations praise:
And for the fair and gentle ones who, like dependent flowers,
Still clung to England's gallant sons through all those trying hours!"
And to that voice a shout responds, o'ersweeping earth and sea,
"Our God hath loosed the prisoners' bonds, and set the captives free."

Oh ! Fancy scarcely can pourtray, e'en in her wildest flight,
All that hath passed since that dark day of capture and affright,
The stunning shock, the rapid change, the hope revived and lost,
The unfolding scenes, so new and strange, the plan for freedom crossed ;
The truth, still deepening day by day its channel as it flowed,
How stern a chain compelled their stay within that wild abode !
How they, once mighty to command, were now a tyrant's slaves,
And that within that hostile land might lie their nameless graves.

And yet deliverance came ! Let none on earth despair again ;
Joy yet may beam, bliss yet be won, through deepest woe and pain.
Oh ! for that heart-leap of delight, when they those tidings heard,
'Twas worth that long and gloomy night to be so gladly stirred.
Freedom ! a life is in the name ; it brightens eye and cheek,
It kindles all the spirit's flame when of that word we speak ;
And what, to them, must be the spell linked to its hallowed sound,
Who never thought to say farewell to their prison's narrow bound ?

Was, then, their joy unmingled all ? Did not one shadow come
On those delivered from the thrall, and free to seek their home ?
Was there no fear—love's own true fear—lest aught had sadly cast
A cloud upon the brows so clear, when they beheld them last ?
Did not each voice, by memory brought, the longing heart to thrill,
Suggest the drear and sickening thought—"that voice may now be still ?"
Had nothing in that country worth one parting tear been met ?
And, leaving even that stranger earth, say, did not *one* regret ?

Bear witness ye who left your dead, while ye yourselves were free,
In soil your foot no more may tread, your eye no more shall see ;
Oh ! oft shall your affections turn unto that land in vain,
And often shall your bosoms yearn but to be there again :
There, where their voices last were heard, their faces last were seen,
Aye, *thus* your spirits may be stirred, when oceans roll between ;
And hours *will* come when ye would brave again these perils o'er,
To pour your tears on some lone grave, and kiss its turf once more.

Joy, joy for those who meet again the dear ones left so long,
For them be raised a thankful strain, a glad, triumphant song :
Yet, let a prayer-like chorus swell for every stricken heart
That made the captive from his cell with lingering yearnings part.
Woe for the lonely ones, of all they loved on earth bereaved,
It is not *these* who from the thrall and dungeon are reprieved ;
For hours and years the chains must be from which they cannot fly,
And life, till death shall set them free, one long captivity.

Yet heaven is merciful, and though a mournful thing it seem
That months of man's short life should flow thus like a useless dream,
Some may a fond remembrance bear of that far distant scene,
For bonds of friendship knitted there that else had never been ;
And more—for high and holy thought, for many a prayerful mood,
That with their souls had never wrought but in that solitude ;
And if a faith more fixed and sure its strength hath round them cast,
Even though 'twas bitter to endure, they will not mourn the past.

Cork, 1843.

TIME'S PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Time—paint me Time : he with the snowy hair,
 The wrinkled brow, the hour-glass, and the scythe ;
 Trees bending o'er him, but with branches bare,—
 Wings on his shoulders,—hoary, yet not lithe
 Like those that seraphs wear ; broad pinions, strong
 And free—upbearing, yet not hasty ;—face,
 To which the mind of worlds seem to belong,
 Yet nought akin to gaiety or grace—
 So paint me Time !

And yet not thus, not always thus he seems
 The stern destroyer ;—in a milder form
 Ofttimes he comes : paint him 'midst broken dreams,
 With nothing of the pestilence or storm ;
 No weapon in his hand—the hand itself
 Laid on the lordly hall, the lowly cot,
 The beauty's roses, and the miser's pelf,
 And 'broidered on his robe the word “ forgot.”
 So paint me Time !

Yet hath he other seemings. In his hand
 The sword of justice and the poisoned cup,
 Remorse and Conscience drug ; a flaming brand,
 A chalice that the unrighteous shall drink up.
 Thus paint me Time the avenger ; on his brow
 A crown of stars, with red and angry light,
 Searching like eyes the sinner's conscience now,
 Smiting his spirit with a deadly blight—
 So paint me Time !

Another aspect. With a golden key
 He stands, the keeper of the mighty past,
 The treasure-house of deathless memory ;
 And ever grow its stores more strange and vast.
 Jewels of thought, dreams half dissolved in air,
 Love, hope, and transport—all the joys of youth,
 And sins of age, are duly garnered there,
 And registered within the book of truth—
 So paint me Time !

And yet once more, and in a lovelier form,
 Call him the perfecter ;—his hand can close
 The gate whence issues the devouring storm,
 And yet unfold the petals of the rose ;
 And as the tutor of the human soul,
 Opening its pathway o'er life's troubled sea,
 Unto the shelter of its mighty goal,
 The wide-spread portal of eternity—
 Thus paint me Time !

MAGICAL MEMORANDA.

IN the course of the last summer I resided for a much longer time than it was either my intention or wish, in a remote Belgian town close to the frontier of Holland, partly occupied in the attempt to discover some dropped links in a noble genealogy, connected with a case of disputed claim to an English title and estates. After a laborious and irksome inspection, aided by an interpreter, of numberless ponderous, dusty, and dilapidated volumes, in the municipal archives, and in the registries of the various parishes of the town of D—, I was fortunate enough to come upon the traces of what I was seeking; but as the language in which these huge tomes were written was Flemish, I had to employ a native to translate the extracts that were to my purpose into French. This process, from the indolent and slow-going habits of the Belgians in general, and more particularly of those who doze through life in the half-dreamy existence of a remote and obscure country town, was a work of some duration, pending which, time hung heavily on my hands, and to dissipate its weariness, I sought and made the acquaintance of an old ecclesiastic, the Abbé B—, hoping to find in his library, the only collection of books in that part of the country, for a radius of many, many miles, some charm to fright away *ennui*, and dispel the *tedium vite* that oppressed me.

The first cursory glance at the Abbé's regularly-arranged, and seldom-if-ever-disturbed files of volumes, (for he himself, good man, never meddled with any book but that of his breviary,) threw me almost into despair, for they consisted exclusively of works connected with his sacred profession. Black-letter folio editions of the early fathers of the church; interminable ecclesiastical histories; treatises on theology running their weary length through numberless tomes; lives of the saints that would require the life of the most longevitous sinner to read through; books of casuistry and cases of conscience; mystical monologues, and crabbed collections of controver-

sialists, with many other *genus simile*, too numerous to mention. I was then not in the proper frame of mind to pore over the writings of the early fathers; I had no taste for theology; the care and conduct of my own conscience I found a sufficient task, without perplexing my brains in prying into the intricacies, doublings, and mystifications of the consciences of others. Controversy I abhorred; about casuistry I cared not; and as for mystical monologues, I should rather hear a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree, than listen to such skimble-skamble stuff.

But as my case of *ennui* was pressing and desperate, I was forced to make a choice; and, looking out for the work of the least ancient date amongst this venerable collection, I took down from the dusty shelf a publication of the rather respectable age of upwards of three score and ten years, and which was entitled:—“*Bibliothèque Ecclesiastique, par formes d'instructions dogmatiques, et morales sur Toute la Religion: par l'Abbé Guyon, Pensionné du Clergé de France. Paris, 1771.*”

Out of the many goodly volumes of which this work consisted, I selected volume the eighth, which treats of magic, sorcery, and witchcraft. The curious and old-world nature of the subject attracted me; and finding, after the perusal of a page or two, that the author wrote excellent French, and had a clear and flowing style, I plunged, à *pieds joints*, into the work, and soon forgot the town of D— and all its dullness and monotony, until the church clock striking five awakened an echo within me, that warned me that something more substantial than magic fare was necessary to the sustentation of man, made of earth's mould. Having marked several passages from which I wished to take notes, the good old Abbé was complaisant enough to allow me to take the volume to “mine inn.” Thinking the memoranda I made from it, and from other books on the same subject referred to in it, might interest others as they did me, I offer

them to your readers, if they will accept them in the desultory way in which they were noted down, as I make no pretensions to any logical or argumentative order in their distribution. It may not be out of place to add, that the author, Abbé Guyon, was a man of considerable learning, and enlarged mind, and distinguished reasoning powers, and that his work is one of great authority with the clergy of the Roman Catholic church.

Abbé Guyon, in the commencement of his treatise, quotes the following observation of the learned Bayle:—"It is much to be desired that some one would write a good treatise upon sorcery and magic. It would appear that hitherto this question has been discussed only by those who were too incredulous or too credulous; neither of whom were fitted for the task, both being obnoxious to the same defect—namely, the resolution to deny or believe without searching sincerely or deeply for the truth."

Bayle likewise (in his "*Traité des Comètes*") expresses his belief in the agency of demons, as connected with the ancient oracles, priests, soothsayers, &c., and states it to be his conviction, that the fact of the Gauls having been scared away from their attack on the temple of Delphos by the apparition in the air of heroes, demi-gods, and the god Pan, which last inspired them with more than mortal fright, (hence the origin of the word *panic*,) states his conviction to be, I repeat, that this event was the work of demons, who sought, by thus terrifying the assailants, to preserve the temple, one of the chief stays and supports of idolatry. Bayle also, in another part of the "*Traité des Comètes*," recognises the reality of the fact with the demon, and denounces it as the greatest of all crimes, for, he says—"There is no wickedness more horrible than that of a man who gives himself to the devil, to obey him in all things, and in return to obtain what he asks from him. It, therefore, cannot be denied that magical idolatry is worse than atheism." Monsieur de Fontenelle, another writer of sound intellect and enlightened understanding, begins his "*History of Oracles*" by asserting that there was a real kind of magic practised in the secret mysteries of paganism. Beausobre also, so free in

his decisions, and by system a contemner of the fathers of the church, of its authority and doctrines, so far from calling in doubt the reality of magic, looks upon it as so horrible an impiety, that he dares not accuse the Manicheans, the Carpocratians, and the Valentinians of it, though the church condemned them as guilty of that crime. The famous Mallebranche, after attempting in every way to attribute magic to the effect alone of the imagination, is at length obliged to come to a contrary decision, where he says—"Although I am persuaded that real sorceries are very rare, and that the *Sabat* (grand meeting of demons and witches) is but a dream, yet I have no doubt but there may be sorcerers, charms, and sorceries, &c., and that the demon sometimes exercises his malice upon men by the particular permission of a superior power." Monsieur Bonami, member of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, read to that learned body, in the year 1728, a dissertation upon magic, in which he described its horrors, and its connection with idolatry. The author was listened to with pleasure and applause, and his memoir inserted by the judicious M. Boze in the transactions of the academy, a proceeding which that illustrious company would not have permitted, if they had considered *la magie Goétique* an imposture and an illusion, which weak minds alone could believe in or attach any importance to.

The Abbé then goes on to say, "the traditions and belief of all ages and nations, as far back as the earliest periods of known chronology, concur in regarding as indubitable the existence of demons. Grotius, who cannot be suspected of weakness of mind, credulity, or ignorance, after having said that the pagan priests and magicians often imposed upon the people by phantasmagoria and prestiges, asserts his belief that there often took place, in their orgies, things incontestably superior to human force or means, the manner of producing which was inspired by the demon, to seduce the spectators by apparitions and other marvels, which might be looked upon as divine. It is, he adds, contrary to all the rules of reason, philosophy, and experience, to look upon as false all that we cannot conceive or explain.

Who can explain the communion between the soul and the body? Why is the mind depressed by bodily infirmity?—and why does health restore to it its elasticity? Who can deny the power of the demon who believes that he had the power to convey the Son of God to the roof of the temple and tempt him? The power given by Jesus Christ to the apostles to drive away evil spirits for the future, is a proof of their continued existence. This truth is admitted by Protestant writers: see Peucea, Weir, and others.

“If we look back to a still remoter period of time, we shall find that the author of the verses or oracles attributed to Zoroaster, the chief or founder of the Persian magic, affirms the fact of supernatural apparitions in the theurgic assemblies, and mentions what it was necessary to do, according to the figures the demons appeared under. His words are remarkable.* ‘Sometimes,’ he says ‘may be seen in those mysteries that are celebrated outside the temples, a fire of an unknown colour and shape, which passes successively and rapidly from one place to another, and from out of it may be heard confused cries, with the same noise and crash produced by thunder. Sometimes may be seen amidst these clouds of flame a highly-spirited horse, carrying a young man, sometimes naked, and at others clothed with vestments resplendent with gold, and in the act of shooting an arrow. A moment after, all will appear in confusion and horror. The heavens will no longer have its spherical form, but will take that of a furious lion: the stars will no longer shed their light; the moon will become black, and the earth will be violently agitated, and out of its bowels will issue dogs and other menacing animals, which will terrify you. But think not that these objects are the effect of either nature or art. It is the gods that present them to you, and honour you by their visit; but to deserve seeing them you should be prepared and purified by sacrifices. Should a terrestrial demon make his appearance, offer him quickly a stone, saying at the same time *Mnizarim*.’ This word, it was supposed, had power to summon a superior and beneficent spirit

to hinder the evil one from troubling the sacrifices, or frustrating their effects.

“Maximus of Ephesus, a celebrated philosopher, travelled into Numidia to teach Julian the Apostate the art of magic, promising to enable him, by its means, to become emperor. Eusebius, Chrysantes, and Prescus, disciples of Maximus aided him in initiating Julian in the avocations, enchantments, and magical sacrifices, in the performance of which numbers of innocent human victims were sacrificed with the most cruel and abhorrent rites, in the subterraneous chambers of the palace at Antioch, where their bones were found after the death of Julian.”

After citing these authorities and historical facts, Abbé Guyon adds—“In a word, to fill up the measure of testimony, it is impossible to name any truly learned writer, (*savant*,) who has denied the reality of this abominable impiety. The proofs by facts are without number; but I shall confine myself to one supported by numerous witnesses, in a celebrated trial before the parliament of Paris, which lasted several years. I give this the preference, not only because it is modern and very circumstantial, but principally because it took place before the very highest of all tribunals, which it had been falsely said by the vulgar did not recognise the existence of sorcerers or magicians. The facts are copied from the pleadings and memoirs put forth in the course of that trial:—

“In the year 1687, Eustache Visier, a farmer and rent-receiver of the domain of Pacy, near Brie Comte Robert, six leagues from Paris, belonging to M. Lefevre, one of the secretaries of the king, had a dispute with Pierre Hocque, his herdsman, who, instead of three hundred francs of wages that he had, insisted upon having four hundred francs, under the pretence that within the past year the flocks under his care had considerably increased. The discussion becoming an angry one, Visier gave the herdsman some blows with a stick, and discharged him. Hocque, humiliated and thrown out of employment, swore that he would make Visier repent his con-

* *Oracula Zoroast. a versus 298 ad calcem.*

duct. It was not long before his vengeance was made manifest. Skilful in the art of sorcery and evil operations, Hocque cast one of his most fatal spells upon the cattle of Visier, causing the death, in the space of two months, of seven horses, eleven cows, and three hundred and ninety-five sheep. The farmer not doubting but that this loss was inflicted upon him by his ex-herdsman, strongly suspected of similar practices, prosecuted him before the principal court of Pacy; and a regular trial, in all its forms, was carried on before the baily of the place. Hocque, who had been arrested, was examined and convicted by the testimony of witnesses, and his own avowals of having, by poisons, profanations, impieties, and sacrileges, thrown a spell upon Visier's cattle. In virtue of this conviction, the baily pronounced, on the 2d September, 1687, sentence condemning Hocque to the galleys, the proofs not having been sufficient to justify a sentence of death. The true nature of the crime was not made known till some time after. As was customary, there was an appeal from this judgment to the parliament of Paris. Pierre Hocque was transferred from Pacy to the prison of the Conciergerie, in Paris, and the appeal entered on, on the report of M. Guillard. Hocque was put to the question, when he made only some vague avowals of poisoning by profanation, upon which the sentence of the court of Pacy was confirmed on the 4th of October of the same year. Hocque, in conformity with the sentence, was removed to the prison of the *Chambre de la Tourneille*, there to await the departure of the chain of galerians.

"In the mean time the cattle of Visier continued to perish as before. It was in vain that he purchased in different places other cattle, to replace those he was daily losing—a weakness, ending in death, attacked them the moment they were put into his stables. Threatened with speedy and inevitable ruin, he saw no other means of avoiding the total destruction of his property than by having the spell taken off. For this purpose he went to Paris, and spoke to the gaoler of the *Tourneille* on the subject, who, pitying his misfortune, promised to do all that lay in his power to remedy the evil.

"There was then in the prison a culprit named Beatrix, likewise condemned to the galleys, a shrewd fellow, and capable of managing dexterously an affair of the kind. The gaoler confided the matter to this man, and engaged him by promises of a good reward to prevail upon Hocque to take off the charm cast upon Visier's cattle. Beatrix undertook the commission, and soon gained the good will of Hocque, by making him drink freely at the expense of Visier. At length, one day that Hocque was more than usually heated with wine, and in good humour, Beatrix took advantage of the occasion to draw his secret from him; and pretending to be moved with compassion for the nearly-ruined Visier, he besought Hocque to give up any further thought of vengeance, as he ought to be satisfied with the amount of evil he had already inflicted. Hocque, in a moment of maudlin tenderness, consented; but said that he knew only two persons who could remove the spells which had been cast upon Visier's cattle. One was named Courte Epée, and the other Bras de Fer, both shepherds, living in the village of Courtois, near Sens. As he could not write, he dictated to Beatrix a letter, in which he begged Bras de Fer to go to Pacy and remove the spell that was in the stable and cow-house of Visier; but by the advice of Beatrix, he made no mention of his own position, nor of the sentence passed upon him. On receiving and reading this letter, Bras de Fer said—'Has Hocque then lost his senses? Does he not know that he will drop down dead the moment I do what he desires me to do?' But the promise of a good recompense cured Bras de Fer of this scruple. He went to Pacy, and called on Visier; and putting on a devout and compassionate look, he told him to go and have a mass said in honour of Saint Cartos. This pretended saint was a toad, which these wretches baptized with holy water, making use at the same time of the words peculiar to that sacrament, after which they made use of the blood and venomous humours of the reptile in their sacrilegious compounds. This fact was acknowledged and proved at the trial, and I shall give other instances in the sequel. Visier not being aware of this impious mystery,

had a mass celebrated in honour of Saint Carlos.

"Two days after, Bras de Fer proceeded to remove the spells. After shutting the windows of the stable and cow-house, he entered the first, carrying a lantern, accompanied only by Visier, and a son of Hocque's named Stephen. There, after throwing himself into strange attitudes and frightful contortions, raising his haggard face and flashing eyes to heaven, he pronounced, with a kind of enthusiasm, or rather fury, a series of barbarous and unintelligible words, after which he walked directly to the spot where the spell was deposited, which he took up and instantly put into a large purse or sack of leather, though neither Hocque's letter, nor any one, had informed him where the spell had been concealed. In the sequel, we shall describe the ingredients of this compound. Bras de Fer then went into the cow-house, where he performed a similar operation. But he refused to go into the sheep-fold, whither Visier wished to conduct him, saying that it was other persons that had cast the spells in that place, and that if he removed them they would instantly die, like Hocque, who was at that moment dead, as the *spirit (esprit)* revealed to him, in prison in Paris. Bras de Fer persisted in his refusal, and after putting the second spell into the same leathern sack with the first, he threw them into the fire in presence of several persons.

"This announcement of the death of Hocque astonished very much those who heard it; but how much greater was their wonder when the prediction was verified by the fact of Hocque's frightful death. For when the effect of the wine which Beatrix had given him abundantly to drink, had passed away, he became aware of the imprudence he had committed, and his repentance, or rescinding the pact with the demon, threw him into a state of despair. He complained loudly that Beatrix had betrayed him, saying that the traitor would be the cause of his death, as he would die the instant that Bras de Fer should remove the spell at Pacy. To tears and regrets succeeded violence and fury: he rushed at Beatrix, with an intent to strangle him, and called upon the other convicts to assist him in punishing the

traitor, several of whom, excited by his cries, fell upon Beatrix, who would have been murdered, if the commandant of the *Tournelle* had not come with the guard to restore order, and remove Beatrix to another part of the prison. What Hocque feared and predicted came to pass; for exactly at the moment that Bras de Fer began his preparations for removing the spells at Pacy, the unfortunate Hocque, a man of extraordinary strength, fell into fearful convulsions, writhing and struggling, and blaspheming in a horrible manner, and died in transports of fury, at the very hour and minute that the spells had been found and thrown into the fire, refusing to the last to hear any thing said of God or religion. The coincidence of these facts was verified by the declarations of the commissary Le Marie, at the prison of the *Tournelle*, and by the report, or *proces verbal*, of the baily of Pacy, transmitted to the parliament of Paris.

"The tragical death of Pierre Hocque, so far from putting an end to the trial, gave it more importance and *eclat*, and led to the discovery of new facts and information. Those who were the most opposed to a belief in the reality of sorcery, acknowledged that the death of Hocque was not brought on by natural causes, and that there must have been something more than common poison in the spells cast upon Visier's cattle. On the other hand, it was observed, that Bras de Fer had obstinately refused to remove the spell from Visier's sheep, which had been cast upon them by the two sons of Hocque, Nicholas and Stephen, alleging, for reason, that if he had done so, he must have caused their death, in like manner as he did that of their father. The mortality still continuing amongst the sheep, Visier, making use of the positive declaration of Bras de Fer, preferred a complaint against Nicholas and Stephen Hocque before the baily of Pacy, which gave rise to a second trial.

"The baily, or judge, after having had the two Hocques arrested, proceeded, accompanied by witnesses, to their dwelling, to ascertain if nothing could be found having a relation to, or throwing a light upon the crime of which they had been accused. The search led to the discovery of several

sorts of poison in a parcel, together with some filthy substances, such as horse, cow, and sheep dung, as also several books, containing magical figures and characters, and receipts for composing spells. The prisoners, on being questioned with regard to the spells, denied having composed or cast them, but said that they were cast by two shepherds, named Petit Pierre and Jardin. The judge had these two latter arrested, and proceeded to their houses, to examine their effects, amongst which were found some manuscript books filled with magical characters, and containing directions for making charms or spells to cause the death of cattle, and for performing various sacrilegious and impious operations. And, especially, there was found in Jardin's house a manuscript book, containing likewise several secrets of this kind, and others to afflict men with various diseases, and even death, to seduce women, with forms of prayers to the demon, invocations of spirits, and other enchantments and sorceries, which were to be accomplished by means of strange profanations. These books were seized, and deposited in the registry-office of the parliament of Paris.

"The judge, pretending to have been informed fully by the brothers Hocque of all the circumstances, threw Petit Pierre and Jardin off their guard, and they confessed that they had composed, at the instance of Pierre Hocque, and in his presence, and in that of his children, his daughter included, at their farm, called Troncher, dependent on the domain of Pacy, a *spell (charge) for poisoning, called by them Fine Heaven God, (Beau Ciel Dieu), with consecrated hosts, dung of animals, arsenic, holy water, the mixing of which was accompanied by sacred and impious words, and other profanations detailed in the records of the trial.*

"The four prisoners mutually recriminated and betrayed each other's secrets. According to the testimony of the Hocques, Jardin and Petit Pierre had thrown upon Visier's sheep a first spell, called the *nine conjurations*, adding, that this spell was in the keeping of Jardin, who from time to time poured vinegar into the jar in which it was, in order to continue the

mortality amongst Visier's sheep. They asserted that if Petit Pierre and Jardin did not take off the spell, Bras de Fer knew how to turn it against them. The elder brother Hocque accused Petit Pierre of several atrocious crimes, which the latter did not deny. He reminded him of the impieties and sacrileges he had committed whilst composing the spells, and of his having told him that he had given himself to the demon, by an agreement, written with his blood; that he had divided a consecrated host with the same demon, which host he had put aside when at communion; and that it was his practice, whenever he took the sacrament, to reserve a part of the consecrated host to mix with his magical compositions. He also declared that Petit Pierre had often engaged him to do the like, and see the demon, but that he always refused. In fine, the two Hocques deposed, that their father had given Petit Pierre the spell upon the sheep, with certain billets, or written papers, to be fastened to the necks, and concealed under the wool of some of the flock; that they had seen these papers at Petit Pierre's house; that he refused to give them up, saying, that they would all be burned if it came to the knowledge of justice. All these depositions still exist in the registry-office of the parliament of Paris.

"Bras de Fer, who had also been arrested, on seeing that his accomplices had confessed all that they knew of him, made also revelations against them. He insisted that it was Petit Pierre and Jardin that caused the death of the cattle. He protested that he knew, by a revelation from the demon, that the deceased Hocque, his children, Petit Pierre, and Jardin, had, in concert, composed the spell which caused the sheep to die; that he did not wish to take off that spell, for fear of causing the death of the brothers Hocque and their accomplices, as he had done that of their father; and he described the impieties, sacrileges, and profanations they had practised whilst composing the spell. He added, that Hocque's daughter knew all that had been done, and the place where the spell upon the sheep was deposited. In consequence of this deposition the girl was arrested. On the 23rd January, 1688, the baily pronounced sen-

tence, by which Bras de Fer, Petit Pierre, and Jardin were condemned to be hanged and burned, and the two sons and daughter of Hocque to be banished perpetually. On an appeal to the parliament of Paris, the judgment on Bras de Fer, Petit Pierre, and Jardin was changed into that of the galleys for life, and that of Hocque's children into nine years' banishment; the votes being equally divided, the milder punishment was adopted.

"The Hocques and their sister paying no attention to the sentence of banishment, returned to Pacy as soon as they were liberated from prison. The day of their return, they went to sleep in the village of Chevry, near Pacy, in the house of a relation, where they moistened with vinegar the spell, and the mortality instantly recommenced amongst Visier's sheep, of which eight died that night. It is worthy of remark, that not one of his sheep died during the eight months and six days that the trial lasted, and that the Hocques were in prison—a circumstance that seems to countenance the belief that the superstitious and other criminal means used by such wretches, are motives to determine the demon to second them in their evil designs, by effects which have no physical cause. Another remarkable circumstance is, that the mortality continuing, and Visier's flock of sheep being reduced from four hundred to one hundred and sixty, he was advised to sell the remnant to a farmer in the neighbourhood. But the change of place and pasture did not put an end to the mortality, as some of these one hundred and sixty sheep perished every day, whilst not one of the other sheep which the same farmer had, died. Visier's father-in-law spoke to his shepherd on the subject, and was answered, that this continued mortality was not to be wondered at, as the price of the sheep not having yet been paid by the purchaser, they must be considered as still belonging to Visier; but that if the price were paid, the mortality would cease. This advice was followed, and not one of the sheep died afterwards.

"The two Hocques were arrested a second time, and put to the question, when they named an immense number of persons as their accomplices, of

both sexes, and some of them belonging to honourable families. The court not judging it prudent to put them to the question a second time, lest, by their further declarations, they might give birth to still wider-spread scandal, and more deplorable prosecutions, deemed it wiser to stop the progress of this unfortunate affair, by sentencing the brothers Hocque to the galleys for life, and their sister to perpetual banishment.

"In the course of this extraordinary and interesting cause, a search was ordered to be made in the registers, to show what had been the jurisprudence of the parliament of Paris, in similar cases of evil practices, accompanied by impieties and sorceries. Those who pleaded for Visier and the judge of Pacy, after having contended that the spells cast by the accused could not of themselves produce the fatal effects which had followed; it became necessary to attribute them to another agent, who had the power to do evil, and who had been invoked by the accused for that purpose; and they then went on to show that similar crimes having occurred in France in the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, the court of parliament had evinced great zeal in checking them, by the rigorous punishment of the guilty, abundant proofs of which, they added, were furnished by the registers of parliament, a list of which had been drawn up by Bodin, a learned advocate of the court of parliament. This list was as follows:—

"By sentence of the court in 1548, one Havillier was condemned to be hanged and burned for malpractices by sorcery, &c. His daughter, Jane Havillier, underwent the same punishment, for the same crime, thirty years after; the sentence to that effect by the judge of Rebeimont, near Compiègne, 30th April, 1578, being confirmed by parliament.

"By sentence of 30th June, 1551, Jane Marechal, for similar crimes, was hanged and burned.

"By that of 24th December, 1453, William Edeline, doctor of the Sorbonne, was condemned to be burned as a sorcerer.

"By that of 1574, a gentleman was beheaded in Paris for sorcery. There had been found upon him a little

waxen figure, the head and heart of which were pierced.

"By decree of the 11th January, 1577, confirming the sentence of the bailly of St. Christopher, near Senlis, Jane Dorè was burned, after having confessed that she had caused the death of three men, by throwing a certain powder in a place over which they were likely to pass, and saying, while throwing it, *in the name of God and all the devils, &c.*

"By another of 20th May, 1586, Simonia Regault was hanged and burned for sorcery, and on the 7th of September, of the same year, Antony Caron was hanged for the same crime.

"By another of the 28th November, 1593, Margueret Leroux was, after having been put to the question, and made *amende honorable*, hanged and burned for sorcery; and on the 7th September, of same year, Jane Rouffard, and on the 14th of the same month, Frances Suzanne, suffered the same punishment for the same crimes.

"By decree of 30th December, 1573, Jane Collier, convicted of having caused the death of cattle by sorcery, was hanged and burned.

"By that of 16th February, 1591, Jane Davenne was hanged for profanation.

"By decrees of 14th and 18th August, 1601, Nicholas Guillaume and Jane Rolland were hanged and burned for magical practices.

"By that of 23rd November, 1604, Philibert Ledoux, convicted of the crimes of *leze majestée divine*, malpractices, and sorcery, and having renounced God and adored the devil, was hanged and burned."

Abbé Guyon details another case, subsequent to these taken from the registers of parliament, namely, those of Lavaux and Biale, sentenced on the 18th December, 1691, for malpractices and sorceries, to be hanged, their bodies consumed by fire, and their ashes scattered to the winds. The facts of this case were as follow. Some indiscreet expressions of Pierre Biale and Medard Lavaux, shepherds at Pacy, having come to the knowledge of the judge of that place, he had them arrested. Biale thought to free himself by asserting that it was not he but Lavaux who had composed the spell, for using which they were accused. Upon the persons of both,

as well as in their houses, had been found books containing magical characters and figures, and receipts for making various execrable charms, &c. Biale confessed that, wishing to revenge himself upon M. Lefevre, the seigneur de Pacy, and upon his shepherd, he had begged Lavaux, who was more skilful than himself, to compose and cast spells upon the cattle of M. Lefevre. That he had engaged him to do this about St. John's day, the time when the last mortality commenced, and that the spell used was that of *the nine conjurations*. Both prisoners concurred in stating that it was composed of *the blood and dung of horses, cows, and sheep, holy water, and holy bread (pain beni) which had been blessed in five parishes, a portion of the consecrated host, which they had reserved at their last communion, toads, vipers, and snails; all of which they put into a new earthen pot, with several billets or pieces of paper, upon which were written, with the blood of animals and holy water, the words of the consecration—THIS IS MY BODY, and the other words of the evangelist St. John—AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.*

In the last examination, the judge called upon them to declare where their spells had been placed, but they refused to do so, saying, that if they discovered them, they would both inevitably die, as a punishment for their repentance or rescinding their pact with the demon. They confessed, however, that their spells were double, that is to say, that one was placed in the stable, cow-house, or sheep-fold, or in a place where the cattle must pass; and the other they kept at home, and moistened it from time to time with vinegar, in order to maintain the destructive energy of the one in the stable, cow-house, or other place where it was deposited, by the invocation of the devil. Lavaux, moreover, accused Biale of having the book which teaches the *baptism of lambs, (batême des agneaux,)* and it was found in his house. It was a complication of new impieties to aid in the execution of other malpractices. It was performed by making a lamb swallow a little salt, whilst the words *halvit Paulo et omnes sanctos* were repeated. It was then sprinkled with holy water, and the sacramental words of baptism pronounced over it, with

other profanations detailed in the examinations.

All these things being proved, the judge, on the 26th October, 1691, sentenced the culprits to make *amende honorable*, and after being put to the question, to be hanged and their bodies burned. From this sentence there was an appeal made to the parliament of Paris, but that august assembly unanimously confirmed the judgment of the inferior court by a decree which was printed, and to the following effect:—"Decree of our lords of the court of *parliament*, pronounced against Pierre Biale and Medard Lavaux, shepherd sorcerers (*bergers sorciers*) of the province of Brie, at the instance of the *procureur fiscal* of the said jurisdiction, demander and accuser of Pierre Biale and Medard Lavaux. The defendants and accused, prisoners in the Conciergerie of the palace, appealing from the sentence given against them the 26th October last, by which the said Biale and Lavaux are declared to be guilty and convicted of superstitions, impieties, sacrileges, profanations, empoisonings, and malpractices mentioned in the trial, and by means of which, or otherwise, they premeditatedly caused the death of two horses and forty-six sheep belonging to the Seigneur of Pacy—in reparation of which and other things (*cas*) resulting from the trial, they are condemned, according to article three of the ordonnance of the king, of the year 1682, to make *amende honorable*, naked in their shirts, having a halter round their necks, and each holding in his hand a lighted wax torch of the weight of two pounds, before the principal gate and entrance of the said Pacy, the seat of the inferior court, and before the parochial church of the village of Cossigny, and there to declare, in a loud and audible voice, that hardily, (*temerairement*,) wickedly, and ill-advisedly, they committed the said superstitions, impieties, sacrileges, profanations, &c. of which they repent, and ask pardon of God and the king, and then to be hanged and strangled, and have their bodies consumed by fire, and their ashes thrown to the winds, and all their goods, &c. confiscated. Given in parliament, the 18th December, 1691. Collated and signed, De la Baume, and sentence executed on

Saturday, 22nd December, 1691, at the said Pacy."

"I have thought it right," Abbé Guyon adds, "to give, with some detail, this trial of the shepherds of Pacy, first, as it shows by principles and authentic facts, the nature of these sorceries; and, secondly, because the printed account of it is now extremely scarce. I could multiply instances of similar cases were I to go back to an earlier period of our annals; for towards the end of the reign of Henry IV. his majesty sent a special commission into the *pays de labour* (near Bayonne), to take cognizance of numberless cases of sorcery and witchcraft, which commission proceeded with so much zeal and activity, that in a short space of time more than six hundred persons of both sexes were burned for sorcery, apostacy, sacrilege, renouncing God, adoring the devil, and other abominable crimes." On a review of the whole subject, the abbé adds, "I cannot believe that so many writers, several of whom were of distinguished, nay, first-rate merit, and the first judges of the principal tribunals of Europe, were nothing more than visionaries and weak-minded, credulous persons. Nor can it be supposed that they would have calumniated and condemned to death, as guilty of sorcery, an infinite number of innocent persons, if they deemed them guilty only of superstition, credulous imbecility, or causing the death of cattle by natural means. A reasonable man dare not aver this, nor believe in it. For three centuries these crimes were proved and avowed by those guilty of them, in all the tribunals of Europe, the details, in all, being of the most perfect uniformity, whence I conclude that it is impossible to call in doubt the reality of magic and witchcraft."

In treating another branch of the subject of magic, Abbé Guyon refers to what he calls the *famous and impious Clavicules* of the Jew, Rabani Solomon, in which he teaches the manner of operating according to the rules of the grand cabalistical art upon all sorts of subjects. "Every one," he says, "by means of these operations will have the gratification of his wishes—the great to maintain themselves in power, the lowly to rise out of the dust, the warrior the means of succeeding in his perilous enterprises, the poor to become

rich, the rich to preserve their wealth, the sick to recover their health, those who are well to prevent and keep away disease ; in a word, there will be found certain means of accomplishing their desires, whatever they may be, as, for instance, to inspire by magical secrets either love or hatred, to win at all games of chance, to hinder the effect of marriage, &c. The author points out how all these things are to be done, and in order to persuade his readers to practise them, he assures them that he himself had practised them, and seen others do so successfully. Some of the rules he gives are to the following effect—

“Preparations for cabalistical operations—After having prepared, according to the prescribed rules, the sheets of parchment, or the plates of metal upon which to inscribe or engrave talismanic figures, they should be put, says the author of the *Clavicules*, in a box made of olive wood, a foot and a half long, and of proportionable breadth, although without scruple one of any other wood may be employed, provided it be new lined with white linen, and have a lock and key. There should be put in along with the parchment, or the metal plates, an aube or long robe of white and new linen, a cap, stockings, breeches of the same stuff, white gloves, thin shoes of the same colour and of fine leather ; all these being required during important operations. There is to be likewise put in an *escritoire*, in the shape of a little square box, furnished with several crow-quill pens, with a white handled penknife, a well-tempered steel piercer, sharp pointed and like a graver, a pair of fine scissors, and an inkstand of fine white ware, with cotton and good ink. It is also necessary to have another little box containing a steel and flint for making new fire, with a virgin wax taper, that is to say, yellow wax. Moreover, a phial filled with holy water, made during the ceremonies of the vigil of Easter. To these are to be added three knives, one sharp-pointed and white-handled ; another the point of which should resemble an ancient cutlass, and the third crescent-like in the form of a bill-hook ; these two last should have black handles.

“Besides these there should be a hazel-rod of the same length as the olive-wood box, and another rod of the

same tree, thick as the thumb ; a little sprinkling brush made with the hair taken from a white colt ; a packet of perfumes befitting (*convenables*) the seven planets ; a little chafing-dish of earthenware, or any other material, with new charcoal to be lighted when incensing or fumigation becomes necessary ; a little ball of new twine for tracing correctly the great circles that it may be requisite to make upon the earth or the floor ; and lastly, a compass and rule for the minor operations.

“After having blessed, sprinkled, and incensed the substances to be offered to the spirits of the stars, to render them favourable to the designs and undertakings of the invokers, the following are the formula which they use in their operations when invoking the sun, which can be done only on a Sunday, as each planet has a particular day in the week consecrated to it.

“PRAYER WHEN INVOKING THE SUN.
: *Clavicules*, Chapter IX.

“*Lord Adonai, who hast formed an unworthy sinner after thy own image and likeness, from the vile and abject mud of the earth, and raised him in the progress of time to the profound knowledge of thy ineffable wonders, design by the virtue of these sacred words, that thou hast caused to be written by thy servant Moses on the mysterious tables, to bless and sanctify all my operations and undertakings: O Arabona, Jerablem, Jodadac, Zophiel, Eloy, Abrax.*

“INVOCATION.

“*Come, celestial spirits, glittering with the rays of the sun, radiant spirits ever ready to obey the powerful voice of the great and supreme Tetragrammaton, come aid me in the operations I am about to perform under the auspices of the torch of day, which the Creator has formed for the service of all nature. With that design I invoke ye. Be complaisant, and grant what I require of you in the name of him who has been pleased to bear the glorious names of Annoran, Adonais, Sabahoth.*

“CONJURATION.

“*Happy spirits, who have been created to see the face of him, who is seated on the cherubims, I conjure you, genii full of force, in the name of Sadai, Cados, Phaba, Zadai, Eloyn, and by the name*

of the first light, which is the sun, to contribute to the full success of the operation I am about. I once more conjure you to employ your virtue and power in keeping away the maleficent genii, who interrupt or avert the favourable influences from my operation. I again repeat my conjuration to you in virtue of the divine names of Abbaye, Radriel, Caracaza, Amadyal."

The affectation, Abbé Guyon remarks, of terminating several of the names of the genii with the letter L, one of those which the sacred language gives to the Most High, was an impiety that sometimes succeeded to the work of these cabalists, to punish them and increase their blind confidence in their magical operations. Agrippa (Book iii. chap. xxiv.) gives two very singular examples of this success, if they be true as he asserts they are—"I saw," says he, "with my own eyes, a man who wrote upon virgin parchment the name of a sign of a certain spirit at the befitting hour of the moon. This he made a river frog to swallow, and after murmuring a few words, he threw the frog back into the river, which caused immediately a violent storm of wind, and hail, and rain. I saw the same person write the name and sign of another spirit at the hour of Mars, upon a piece of paper, which he tied to the neck of a crow, that he let fly, whilst he pronounced some words from the Scriptures, and instantly there arose from that point of the heavens to which the bird flew, a frightful black cloud, followed by the most appalling thunder."

Abbé Guyon, in the course of his treatise, refers to a very singular work by the celebrated Tritheme, of the order of St. Benedict, and Abbot of Spanheim, who was looked upon, in the sixteenth century, as a devout and learned ecclesiastic. His work is entitled, *Stenographia, hoc est ars per occultam scripturam animi sui voluntatem absentibus aperiendi certa*. Tritheme begins his book by affirming the reality of the invocation and evocation of the genii or spirits of the stars and the air. As one of the most efficient means of doing this, he gives a very fine prayer of his own composition, which contains all the *economic* of religion, and the first words of which are—*Omnipotens sempiterne Deus*. He states it to be an infallible means of

evoking whatever spirit may be named, who will carry a letter and communicate the evoker's thoughts to any one, in any place however distant, that may be wished. Should the results of this operation be as certain as Tritheme affirms them to be, the general adoption of such a cheap and rapid mode of correspondence, would prove a heavy blow and great discouragement to the new system of penny postage. The method confidently recommended by Tritheme is as follows: After having said the prayer already mentioned, the celestial spirit will appear before you, when you will explain to him your intention, putting only a few significative words in your letter. You will command him to take it to the address, and he will instantly obey. When your friend receives it, he will repeat devoutly the same prayer turning his face to the star then dominant in the heavens, or to that part of the world befitting the spirit, taking care to pronounce these words, *Lamraton, Anoyr*, and he will then, without fail, understand the message confided to the spirit. But as these spirits are not to be found every where, each having its peculiar dwelling or district, the Abbot Tritheme gives a method for discovering them, and making them hear you when you call. And this is by means of a diagram, composed of eight concentric circles, intersected by as many diametrical lines, which form sixteen spaces, that are to be filled up with several names, and which will point out the peculiar place of the spirit's residence in the air, and you are to turn yourself towards the place of the spirit you wish to evoke. Tritheme gives the names and signs, and explains the attributes and powers of these spirits, with as decided an assurance and precision, as if these particulars had formed part of holy writ, and he even enumerates how many subalterns these spirits have under them. The chiefs, who are to the number of sixteen, he places in the sixteen winds, to which latter he gives imaginary names, partly taken from the Hebrew, to embellish the mystery. The east wind is *Parmasiel*; the south (*Subsolanus*) is *Padiel*; Eurus is *Camuel*; Ewn Auster is *Azekiel*; Auater, *Barmiel*, &c.

Fearing, however, that these celestial letter-carriers might at times

prove negligent, or go astray on their journey, Tritheme describes another means of making known your thoughts to an absent friend, which is by making use of the images of the invoked spirits. "Make," he says, "a figure of wax, or a painting of *Orifel*, who you will represent naked, with a long beard, holding a book in his right hand, and a pen in the other, and mounted upon a many-coloured bull. Whilst making or drawing this figure you will say—*May this figure of the great ORIFEL be perfect, accomplished, and fit to announce surely, faithfully, and completely my intentions to my friend N. son of N. Amen.* Then write your own name upon the forehead of the figure with rose oil (*l'huile rosat*), and upon its breast that of your friend, saying—*Here is the figure of N. to whom I have made known my wishes by Orifel, angel of Saturn. Amen!* Make after that a second image of Orifel, upon the forehead of which write the word *Morion*, and upon the breast *Traesda*. Join these two images face to face, saying—*In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen. Hear me, Orifel, prince of the star of Saturn, I conjure you by the power of the Almighty to hear me. I command and order you, by the virtue of your own image, to go quickly and announce to N. son of N. my wishes* (here these wishes should be told in full to the spirit, adding) *forget nothing of what I command you in the name of the Father, &c.* You should then fold up these two images in a white linen cloth, and put them into an earthen vessel that is called by the Brahmins of India, *Pharnat Abronda*, which must be covered with a well-tanned skin, and then placed under the threshold of a door for twenty-four hours. Having accurately followed these directions, you need not have the least doubt but that the morning after having done so your desire will be accomplished, and your friend be made fully acquainted with all you desired him to know. This is a rare and precious secret that no one as yet has dared to make public.

Upon this cabalistical method of conveying letters and intelligence Abbé Guyon makes the following observations—"Either Tritheme was a visionary or an impostor, or, if the

facts be true, which both he and many others assert, then it follows that the devil took the forms of these spirits to do his behests, and what renders this last supposition at least probable is, that it is scarcely possible that the entire sect of cabalists, which existed so long a time, and always spoke of these apparitions as real, would have done so, had there not been something of truth and reality in many of the instances."

The manner, according to Agrippa, of forming cabalistical words, was to throw upon a table, representing a map of the world, with the divisions of the winds, the letters of the alphabet; and of those which were found together in each division a word was formed. The words to be used in invoking *Padiel*, according to Tritheme, are—"Padiel, aporni, mesarpon, omeras, peludin, malpreano, condusen, ulearo, thersephi, bail, merphon, paroyis, gobuli, mailthomoyon, il, teurtamarson, atrimy, lon, pentha, chasmi, carthiel, medoni, reabdo," &c. "You will scarcely," adds Tritheme, "have pronounced these words, before several genii will appear, and with an officious air take your letter, or receive any other orders you wish to give them, and set instantly about executing them."

Some other curious instances of the pretended resources of the cabalistic art may be found in the writings of Jean Bellot, curé of Millemonts, in the diocese of Chartres, who called himself "*Maitre aux Sciences divines et celertes.*" It is evident from his treatises on cheromancy, and physiognomy, that no one could have more faith than he had in the reveries and practices of superstitious magic. He was so convinced of its efficacy, that after giving the most ridiculous, the most licentious, and the most criminal details, he invites those of his readers who may not have fully understood his books, to call upon him to receive further enlightenment. He concludes his art of preaching, which is based upon cabalistic principles, by describing a method for learning by heart, without much aid from the memory, a sermon. This process, if as efficacious as the worthy Jean Bellot assert it to be, may prove a valuable secret to those pretended impromptu preachers, who happen not to be gifted with strong

powers of memory. The following is the process :—

"It is necessary," says the curé Bellot, "to begin the operation by reading what you propose to preach the next day. After having twice read it, you will bless your room with this prayer—'Benedicite, Domine, locum istum, ut sit in eo sanctitas, caritas, mansuetudo, virtus, victoria per eum qui venturus est,' &c. After this blessing, kneel down by your bed-side and repeat three times this prayer, which is the secret of secrets, *gemma secretorum*—'Agius, Theos, hazamagi, geguzan, sazaman, satham, geroomanthas, salathiel, nesomel, magal unieghamæ, yamazir, zerjamasin; hamamal, menanisha, delech, hazamamalo, moy, pamaz, hanasuene, sacramoniet, degonomaniz, aramachain, cædes, bacher, girtasomam, diseton, pailapathos, halitil, osachinan, machii;' and then—'O ceterclems angelorum Deus royer et invoke per sanctissimos angelos tuos Elyphamasay, Gelomieros, Gedobonay, Saromana, Elomnia, et per angelos tuos quorum Deo conserata sunt omnia ut a nobis proferri, non debeantque sunt hæc.'"

After this you make a drawing of your chamber on paper, marking it with the capitals A, B, C, D, E, to which must be added these others—X, P, N, K, S, G, Y. You will then, after placing this paper in your bed, lie down upon it, after repeating a very long Latin prayer, and another in the morning on rising. "This said and done," adds the curé of Millemonts, "all that you read, no matter how long, will be present to your mind, and you need not have the least fear of failure; for even should you wish to omit something, it will be no longer in your power. And by this means you will acquire by degrees (*petit à petit*) an extraordinary and perfect knowledge of your own genius, to the great increase of the glory of God, the love of your neighbour, and the edification of the church of Jesus Christ."

The following are short cuts to love and hatred, given by the worthy curé :—

"To make people love each other, draw two figures embracing: to cause hatred, represent them in confusion and disputing upon a plate of constellated copper. If your intentions are

good, write the name of the person upon the belly of the figure; if evil, write it upon the back, and add the name of the star which is then in the ascendant, and take care to keep repeating, all the time you are making the figure, the imprecation you wish to fall upon your enemy. Some of these figures are hung round the neck, or worn upon other parts of the body, or carried in the pocket. Others are buried in the earth, or thrown into a river or fountain, placed on a mantel-piece, or attached to the branch of a tree. It is said that a magician in ancient Egypt made some wax figures so perfect, that according as he plunged them in the water, the enemy's fleet continued to sink gradually, and would have foundered, had not the magician drawn the wax figures out of the water."

The method *Enchiridion*, attributed, but without any good authority, to Pope Leo. IV., which was to preserve the reciter from all evil, and render him successful in all his undertakings, was a very long prayer in Latin, accompanied by numberless signs of the cross. After invoking the aid of the Trinity, the Virgin, the saints, and angels, it goes on thus :—

"O Adonay, per quem omnia liberata sunt, libera me ab omni malo. O Adonay, per quem omnia consolata sunt, console me. O Adonay, per quem omnia adjuva sunt, adjuva me in omnibus. Libera me in nomine ✠ Patris qui totum mundum creavit, &c. Ecce crucem de nostri Jesu Christi, fugite partes adversæ, vicit leo de tribu Judæ. Radix David. Alleluya [repeated three times.] O Agios, O Theos, Ischiron, Athanatos, Deus ✠ Abraham, Deus ✠ Isaac, Deus ✠ Jacob, Deus ✠ Moyses mecum sit. Amen. Angelus Michael, Angelus Gabriel, sint in adjutorium meum omnibus diebus, vitæ meæ. Amen. Amedam ✠ Tantos ✠ Taustaso ✠ Barochedio ✠ Elerzon ✠ Maton ✠ Igion ✠ Ergan ✠ Fides (et cæteri quam pluries) intercedite pro me, Christus ab omni malo me defendat. Amen."

In 1498, the Faculty of Theology of Paris condemned the principles and operations of the cabalistical masters in twenty-eight propositions, qualifying them as tainted with error, magic, impiety, and idolatry.

Of the neoromancers and magicians of the earlier and immediately subsequent ages of the Christian era, Abbé Guyon has collected the following remarkable particulars:—The authors of the *Recognitions*, under the name of St. Clement, Pope Anastasius of Nicea, and others, inform us that Simon the magician sometimes caused a man to appear suspended in the air without any support; that he rendered himself invisible whenever he wished; that he pierced stones as easily as mud; that he could change his form into that of a goat, a sheep, or a serpent; that he could make, in appearance, as much coined money as he wished; that he used to order a scythe to cut down grass, which it did better than the most expert mowers; that he used to make statues step from their pedestals, and walk about and converse; that he changed stone into bread; that he sometimes appeared like Janus, with two faces; that he caused all manner of viands and dainties to appear upon a table, and then vanish immediately after; that at his bidding dishes filled with meat, and cups with drinks approached his mouth; that on a certain occasion he was preceded or accompanied by phantoms and spectres, who, he said, were the souls of those whom he had evoked, and whose names he repeated.

Such was, in a similar way, a certain Diodorus, a famous *Prestigeateur*, who was looked upon almost as a god by the people of Catania, whose senses he had so fascinated that he made them believe that they saw him change men into beasts and beasts into men. Being imprisoned on a charge of sorcery, he vanished from the prison, and was seen the same day in Constantinople, whence he was brought back in chains by the spirit that had carried him there. He did not again quit the prison until his execution.

Such, also, was the Jewish doctor, Sedecias, who, according to Tritheme, appeared at the court of Louis le Gros. He was so skilful in the art of *prestiges*, that he seemed to swallow up a horse and a cart-load of hay, he made them to disappear so suddenly. At other times he used to cut off a human head, feet, and hands, and shew them

to a multitude of persons in a basin, streaming with blood, and then replace them on the trunk from which they had been taken, without leaving any trace of a wound. He used to cause the singing of birds and the noise of a hunt to be heard in the air, as also the appearance of horse-racing and combats. He used also, in the middle of winter, to cause to appear in the court-yard of the palace a parterre, blooming with flowers.

But superior to all others in the performance of these feats, was the incomprehensible Ziton, who astonished and frightened all Germany, towards the close of the fourteenth century, Vercleslaus, King of Bohemia and emperor, had his court continually filled with magicians, whose *prestiges* and *malefices* formed his favourite amusement. On his marriage with the Princess Sophia, daughter of John Duke of Bavaria,* he invited a number of these magicians to his court, to divert the lords and the public by the exertions of their art and skill during the nuptial fêtes. As such exhibitions were then much in vogue, the Duke of Bavaria brought with him a number of magicians also, but who were not by any means so skilful as those of the emperor. In a trial of skill between the ducal and imperial magicians, Ziton, the emperor's chief and favourite magician, ran at the most famous of his rivals, his mouth frightfully wide open, and with horrible cries swallowed, or appeared to swallow him, clothes and all, except his shoes, which he did not wish to eat, he said, because they were so dirty. The Bavarian not re-appearing, nobody doubted but he had been swallowed; and of this they were still more firmly persuaded, when Ziton said that, not being able to keep upon his stomach so heavy a morsel, he would go, in presence of the court, and discharge it into a pond, or basin of water in the court-yard of the palace. Thither he went, and drew forth of the water, as if after having vomited him into it, the Bavarian, all dirty and dripping moisture, and brought him back ignominiously into the saloon, covered with shame and ridicule. The Bavarian magicians were so discounte-

* *Dybravuis Episc Olmuciensis rerum Boemicar*; l. xiii.

nanced and cowed by this adventure, that they did not dare to attempt any of their *prestiges* during the remainder of their stay at Prague.

But the Bohemians exhibited all manner of marvellous operations, in which Ziton shone conspicuous above them all. Almost within the space of a moment he was seen to take all sorts of forms and shapes; sometimes he turned himself into a bronze statue; at others, only his face or his head became bronze. At one instant he had on a silk dress; in the next, one of woollen; and then, in the twinkling of an eye, he was clothed in rags, after which he resumed his ordinary attire, without changing place, or moving his body or limbs. Boasting that his equipage was superior to that of the emperor, he prayed his majesty to have six of his best horses put to one of his carriages. This being done, Ziton harnessed two cocks to a carriage, which he himself drove, and made it go faster and longer than the emperor's carriage and six fleet horses. He caused to appear in the middle of a vast hall, in which the council were assembled, a kind of lake, in which he seemed to the eyes of the company to be swimming about. During the dinner of the emperor and his royal guests and courtiers, he performed a hundred new and astonishing *prestiges*. He struck some mute, and made others motionless, in the most comical attitudes—one hand in a dish or a plate, or held to the mouth, or holding a glass half-way to their lips, but which they could carry no farther; and these things he repeated as often as he pleased. Sometimes he changed the arm of a man or a woman into a bullock's or a horse's leg; at others he would make them appear to have the branching horns of a stag on their heads. Being out of money one day, he changed thirty bundles of hay into as many fat hogs, which he sold to a butcher, who took them to his house; but some time after, going into the place where he had put them, he found instead of the thirty pigs only thirty bundles of hay.

After detailing these marvellous doings, Abbé Guyon remarks:—Such were the men in whose society the greater number of princes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries found delight and amusement, from which

circumstance we can judge of their manners and religion. We may imagine the art of legerdemain and *escamotage* carried to its highest point of delusion; but even in its greatest perfection, it never alone could enable any one to execute some of the changes and *prestiges* that we have been detailing, upon the testimony of a learned bishop, who narrates them as facts which were notorious in his time. St. Augustine's explanation of similar *prestiges* is, that the objects and persons are not really changed, but that the devil has the power of fascinating our senses so far as to make these objects and persons appear to be changed to them.

In treating of the subject of magic and sorcery, as professed and practised by the ancient necromancers before and during the commencement of the Christian era, Abbé Guyon states, that to evoke the dead, it was necessary for the necromancer to have the bones of some executed criminals. To get these they often risked their lives, rushing into the fires to drag away a half-consumed limb. Failing to possess themselves of these abominable objects, they mutilated the dead bodies of their relations or friends, some portions of whose bodies, particularly the heads, they brought away with them for their sacrilegious ceremonies. What took place during these impious operations was still more horrible. The necromancer, who was consulted upon some future event, or the discovery of some secret, began by erecting two altars, which he decked with black or deep-red stripes, or *bandalettes*. Close by the altars he dug a ditch, which was to be deeper than it was wide, and into which he put, up to the neck, a black bull, or a sheep of the same colour, which he gradually smothered, or buried alive, by heaping earth upon it; during which operation he mingled the sounds of his enchantments and evocations, made up of barbarous and unintelligible words, with the cries of the suffering and expiring animal; and when the victim was on the point of dying, he cut its throat, letting the blood flow upon the ground. He then drew the carcass from the ditch, and, taking out its entrails, he walked with them three times round the altars, after which he placed them upon one of the altars, where there was a pile

of rotten or touchwood, to which he set fire; and from time to time he sprinkled it with wine, milk, honey, and oil. Whilst the body was consuming, he continued to repeat his magical formula; after which he sometimes replied to the questions put to him. I say *sometimes*, because it frequently happened that either the demon suggested no answer to him, or he could not imagine one himself, in which case the sacrifice was unsuccessful, and it became necessary to recommence it. But then it became requisite to resort to still more horrible and appalling ceremonies. The necromancer did not, as in the former case, confine himself to the repetition of verses, magical words, incantations, and ordinary conjurations; but besides the frightful contortions into which he threw himself, he vociferated the most horrible imprecations against the gods of Olympus, against heaven, against earth, the elements—hoping to please, by these execrable profanations, the infernal divinities, and bring them to aid him. In place of the animals which he had immolated in the first experiment, he substituted men and pregnant women. These latter he ripped open to examine their entrails, as also those of their children, and try to discover thereby some knowledge of future events, or the answers to the questions put to him.

It was on these occasions also that he made use of the bones of executed criminals and others, kept for this purpose, and which, with inconceivable fury, he tore with his teeth, wherever a fragment of the half-burned flesh of the malefactor still adhered to the bones. These horrors, even the mere reading of which is scarcely bearable, the pagans talked openly of, and with scarcely any feelings of repugnance. But to show that the accounts of these abominations were not derived from the vain imaginations of poets, or overcharged declamations of orators, it is only necessary to remind our readers of the abundant proofs of their reality that were found in the palaces of Carres and Antioch, where there were discovered wells, and chambers, and large chests, filled with the skeletons of men, women, and children, who had been massacred and dissected by the emperor Julian, the apostate, who was madly given up to that species of

magic, by which he hoped to foresee what was to befall him, and facilitate the fortunate results of his enterprises. For to such inconceivable and deplorable folly, and crime, and cruelty was brought that fine genius, after his mental blindness and abandonment of the Christian religion.

In what Abbé Guyon says of the talismans and charms used by real or pretended sorcerers, are the following rather ludicrous particulars—"The rhodora was in high esteem as a remedy against inflammations, provided it was applied by three men of different nations, with their right hands upon the part affected, after which the patient was to spit three times in his left hand. It was impossible to exhibit more silliness than in the use made of *reseda* as a poultice to reduce tumours. On applying it, the physician was to repeat three times this formula or charm: *Reseda morbos, reseda scisne, scisne quis hic pullos egerit?* That is, *Reseda, relieve diseases—Reseda, know you not what has brought these boils here?* The triple repetition of these words was to be accompanied by a similar number of spittings."

Abbé Guyon terminates his treatise of the subject of magic, sorcery, &c. by narrating the following fact, of which he himself was an eye-witness. He says—"I shall conclude this matter with the description of an experiment which I witnessed myself not less extraordinary than those told of the powers of the divining rod. The event took place in the house of a nobleman (*bonne maison*) in the presence of ten or twelve persons, in the interval between playing at cards, and the announcement of supper. We had often heard that Monsieur D—, deeply interested in the affairs of the king, and who was one of the company, knew the manner of making the *key turn*. The ladies of the party requested of him to give them a proof of his power in that way. He consented, and took a prayer-book, containing the service of the mass, and opened it at that part of the evangelist St. John, where it is said, *In principio erat verbum*, and putting into this opening of the book a key, to about one third of its length, he closed the book upon it, and had it tied as tight as the company pleased with a piece of strong thread tape, knotted several times. The question proposed

to him was, to name the person who should have taken ten counters out of a purse that lay on the table. He quitted the room for a moment, during which time one of the company took the ten counters out of the purse. After returning to the room Monsieur D—— took up the book, which had remained upon the table, and held it suspended between the ends of his fingers, the ring of the key being underneath, and exposed to view. He then murmured some unknown words at which the company laughed, because they did not understand them, and repeated the psalm *Miserere*, until he came to the verse, *ecce enim veritatem dilexisti incerta et inculta sapientie tue manifestasti mihi*. He then de-

sired the names of all those present to be pronounced aloud, and when the name of the person who had the counters was uttered *the key turned of itself* in the book, forced all the knots to give way, so that it was no longer held firm, but fell out of the book on the floor. Although we all felt certain that Monsieur D—— had no explicit pact with the demon, the company could not help being excited, agitated, and awed by what they had seen, and convinced that there was something supernatural (*diabolique*) in the experiment, when all the circumstances were considered. I have reason to know that Monsieur D—— some time after made a solemn promise never again to make use of this expedient."

CLARENDON ON THE HORSE.*

THE little treatise whose title we have appended to this paper has a double claim upon our attention:—first, as regarding the general importance of the matter itself; and, secondly, inasmuch as the observations of one who has devoted a long and active experience to the investigation of his subject, cannot be without their interest and instruction.

To determine the true seat of the power of the horse is the object of the first portion of Mr. Clarendon's book; and the grand fundamental doctrine which he professes to lay down is, that the propelling power resides in the hind-quarters, and then chiefly in the haunches.

"All progressive motion," says he, "in organised beings, is produced by the alternate contraction and extension of their propelling members. Whether the instrument of motion be the wing of the bird, the tail or fin of the fish, the annular process of the reptile, or the leg of the biped or quadruped, its efficiency equally depends on its being

brought into contact with the resisting medium when in a state of contraction, so that the corresponding extension, when it takes place, necessarily forces the body forward in the direction of the least resistance. Thus the bird and the fish cleave a passage through their media of air and water respectively, and thus all creatures which move on the surface of the earth, bring their propellers to the point of resistance in a contracted state, moving their weight forward with a velocity proportioned to the power exerted in the subsequent extension of the contracted members.

"Now, in the case of a healthy horse, the fore-leg always comes to the ground in an *extended* state, all its bones, with the exception of those at the pastern joint, abutting on one another, in very nearly a straight line, from the point of the shoulder to the extremity of the leg; so that being manifestly incapable of further extension, it must be concluded, on the principles just laid down, that it is equally incapable of exerting any propelling energy, and consequently that the only purpose it can serve is that of sustaining the weight of the incumbent fore-quarter during the succes-

* An Examination into the True Seat and Extent of the Powers of the Horse, &c. &c. &c. By Thomas Clarendon. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, College-green. 1843.

sive advances of the hind-legs. Add to this the important consideration, that the bony structure of the fore-leg is joined to the rest of the frame by merely muscular attachments, calculated not to communicate impulse, but to break concussion; and I trust it will appear that we have sufficient grounds for justifying the conclusion, that the propelling power of the horse does not reside in the fore-legs.

"But when we turn to the hind-legs, which, instead of being united by a flexible and elastic muscular attachment to the rest of the frame, are inserted into the extremity of the spinal column by connecting bones of large dimensions, and eminently calculated, from their direction, to communicate impulse to the whole figure, we find all the conditions requisite for the exertion of progressive energy present in a very high degree. The limb is brought to the ground with all its parts in a high state of contraction, the shank-bone forming an angle with the upper leg-bone, or *tibia*, at the hock; the *tibia* forming an angle with the thigh-bone, or *femur*, at the stifle joint; and the femur again forming another angle with the haunch-bone, or *ischium*, which last, as I have already observed, abuts directly on the lumbar vertebrae, and is the immediate agent in conveying the impulsive force of the hind-legs to that centre of the system. Here, then, we have a series of no less than three angles, not to speak of the elastic apparatus of the pastern, in the successive opening out of which, by the contraction of the limb at every stride, all the muscular energy of the hind-quarters is called into play; and thus, the foot forming the point of resistance, the body of the animal, at every stretch of the hind-legs, is shot forward with a velocity proportioned to the amount of muscular action exerted in that process of extension."

Having thus clearly and beautifully established, upon the incontrovertible data of anatomy, that the propelling power of the animal is situated in, and exercised by, the hind-quarters, he proceeds to explain the extent of that power, and the limits within which it can be exerted—the first of these, of course, being the natural conformation of the individual animal.

It being proved that the fore-legs are merely pillars to sustain weight, and to receive and support the centre of gravity, which is alternately advancing and receding with the motion of the animal, we must look to the more or less acute angles at which the

levers of the hind-quarters are inclined towards each other; for the extent of contraction of which they are capable. Hence the practised eye ranges over the entire symmetry, from the point of the haunch to the articulation of the pastern, with a view to the amount and the character of the power the animal is capable of exercising. The high haunch-bone and lengthy femur will characterise the speed of the racer; the acute angle of this latter with the tibia, will denote the agile power which confers trotting action; while the requisites for slow draught will be the reverse of both, demanding less rapid and successive contractions, than strong muscular efforts to move shorter levers.

In addition to the anatomical limits within which contraction takes place, the weight which the animal has to propel exercises a separate boundary to his action.

"This point in the horse, according to the various proportions of the animal, is found more or less in advance of the flank, and commonly about the middle of the false ribs. Now it is plain, that in proportion as the hind-leg is brought up in a higher state of contraction, the foot, which forms the point of resistance to the whole propelling apparatus, will be thrown, to a corresponding extent, farther forward, and so in an extreme case, such as we have supposed, will come to the ground considerably in advance of the centre of gravity. But when the weight is thus disposed behind the point of resistance, the exertion of power is calculated rather to lift than to propel it; and, consequently, if there were no other element to be taken into account in our calculations, we should conclude, on this branch of the subject, that the centre of gravity in the animal as he stands gave the limit of which we are in search; and when the animal is only beginning to progress, such is, in fact, the proper limit assigned to the advance of the hind-foot. But so soon as motion commences, a new force comes into operation in the *momentum*—compounded of the weight and velocity of the moving body—which of itself tends to carry the centre of gravity forward with an independent velocity proportioned to the original speed by which it is generated."

Here we have a difficult problem expressed with neatness and simplicity, and one which, coupled with the former, embraces the whole theory of the horse's action.

The progress of the horse at speed is as it were a constant effort to overcome the flying centre of gravity, in which consists the degree of muscular action the animal is capable of. Should he overstrain with the hind-quarter, injury and disease of the hock and haunch will supervene. Should he fall short in his action, an undue labour will be thrown upon the fore-quarter, and the limbs intended solely for support and balance will be compelled to exercise a new function, analogous to the prehensile powers of other animals. That the horse is not suited to this, the most cursory glance at his anatomical structure will at once demonstrate; he is, consequently, obliged to fall back upon his instinct to supply this deficiency in his organization; and now let us see how this is accomplished. The fore-legs having assumed the function of propellers, "become bent at the knee," to enable them, by the slight angle thus incurred, to give *momentum* forwards; the immediate consequence of which is, the animal becomes insecure and a stumbler. The flexor muscles of the leg, no longer called into action as before, waste and degenerate, and the pace subsides into a slipshod, shambling gait, as unseemly as it is dangerous. But, again, this bending of the knee diminishes the height of the animal before, and thus subjects him to a greater share of any imposed weight. To remedy this inconvenience, he is put upon a new effort of his instinct, but, like the former, it is one which only hastens his ruin. "By straightening out his pastern, he throws himself upon the toe," which doubles the risk of stumbling, and lays foundation for most of the serious diseases to which the fore-leg and foot are liable. Here, too, the flexor muscles are totally inoperative; and as in the case of our young fashionables, whose high-heeled boots deprive of any calves to their legs, the same position of the foot suffers the muscle to be absorbed from inaction. But the mischief goes farther. The pastern, intended to act as an oblique spring between the leg and foot, to diminish concussion, becomes a direct prolongation of the shank, and communicates every shock of the hoof to the muscles of the shoulder, and hence ensues all that train of maladies which begins at contraction of the

hoof, inflamed ligaments, disease of the navicular bone, splints, &c. to the very shoulder itself, whose loose and rocking motion will at last proclaim the triumph of disorganization; and again—

"The evil does not rest here. This bending of the knee and straightening of the pasterns necessarily throws the fore-feet backward: these now standing in the way of the hind-feet, the latter also fall back from their proper position, thus aggravating the evil already existing, by throwing a still farther burthen on the fore-feet, which again yielding to the increased bending of the knees and greater erectness of the pasterns, called for by the increasing necessity for finding some progressive power independent of the true propellers, creep back a little farther, and push the hind-feet more and more from their true place; till the latter, no longer resting flat on the ground under an oblique pastern, but propped on the toes with the pastern extended similarly to the fore-feet, become liable to precisely the same evils; only that those bony deposits, which are the invariable accompaniments of concussion, taking the form of splints in the shank-bone of the fore-leg, assume the more formidable character of spavin in the joint of the hock."

Having now shown clearly, as we trust our readers will allow, that not only are the powers of the horse resident in the hind-quarters, but that any effort to dislodge or alter the seat of this operation will be followed by injury and disease, our author proceeds to show that to the due equipoise and performance of his motions, the animal is indebted for all the good qualities for which he is frequently commended; even the mouth of "the best snaffled" hunter being nothing more than the natural and inevitable influence of the position of the head, as modified by the muscles of the neck and forehead, which again are dependent on the haunch being brought well forward, and the animal being, as it is called "collected."

We ourselves well remember, receiving, many years ago, from the author of this treatise, a lesson on this subject which, though, doubtless, he has forgotten, we have great pleasure in proving has not slipped our memory. It was in a case of cutting, as it is called, or interfering, where

the one fore foot, by constantly touching the other leg above the pastern, had produced a deep and troublesome wound, and subsequently a lameness, for which all the farrier's skill and shoeing were in vain exercised; and, although we had thin shoes and thick shoes, deep shoes and half shoes, and no shoes, the evil remained, and bade fair to render a valuable animal perfectly useless.

Mr. Clarendon, when consulted, paid little, indeed no attention to the seat of the injury, but, we confess very much to our surprise, took special pains to examine the biting, and at once proclaimed that the lameness arose from a callosity on one side of the 'mouth, by which the horse travelled obliquely, and cut himself. The explanation was simple, and in less than a week the animal was cured.

Here then we see the converse of his proposition, and the mouth is shown to influence the action, evidencing the necessity which invariably subsists between the action of the horse and this amenability to the bridle.

We must now conclude our observations on a subject, which, whatever attraction it may have for some of our readers, many may suppose we have dwelt upon at too great length. We would willingly follow Mr. Clarendon into the chapter on draught, wherein he opposes himself stoutly to the notion, that the bearing-rein is an impediment to the carriage-horse: not that we ex-

actly concur in the whole force of his reasoning on this subject. Any one who has witnessed the small diligence-horses of France and Germany ascending steep hills with a weighty and cumbersome vehicle behind them, and who has seen them wagging their heads along near the earth, or leaning forward on the collars their entire weight frequently for some seconds, it being a question which is to give way, the team or the vehicle, must feel strong doubts how far mere muscular efforts of the hind-quarters would accomplish this act, combined of weight and power. The instance of the recruit, too, to which Mr. Clarendon more than once alludes in his work, will not seem quite in his favour on this point; the bent attitude and stooped shoulders with which a man mounts a rising ground, is a strong illustration of the additional power acquired by throwing the centre of gravity forwards; but upon this question it is not our intention to dwell, and we would merely add, that any one interested in the subject of which he treats, and we are happy to think this includes a large class in our country, should not be without a volume which, in something more than sixty pages, contains a mass of information and instruction, conveyed in a manner not only most agreeable to the readers, but highly creditable to the science, taste, and literary ability of its author.



THE POEMS OF THE DE VERES.*

NO. I.—SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

In one of the Pythian odes of Pindar there is a passage of singular beauty, in which the poet, celebrating the victory of Hippocles at the games of Argos, dwells with delight on the circumstance that the father of the young conqueror had twice borne away the Olympic wreath. They had both been led, says the poet, by the impulse of the same Celestial Power; and he adds, that higher felicity is not attainable on earth than that which a father so honoured must feel in the triumphs of his son. Higher felicity, indeed, and better triumphs can be imagined, but only in the islands of the blessed, where, under serener skies, the delights of song and the excitement of bolder adventures, for which the contests and victories of earth are but preparatory, still occupy the hearts of the virtuous and the brave. The passage is one of those which we regret that Heber, the only poet who has, in our language, at all approached the tone of Pindar, has not imitated. The transition, in Pindar, from the triumphs of the athlete or charioteer on earth to the imperishable joys of that world beyond the earth, to which his fancy pursued the better spirits, whom discipline here had prepared for its enjoyment, is proof that something like the thought which Paul is so fond of dwelling upon, had passed through Pindar's mind, and that he, too, felt the contrast of the corruptible and incorruptible crown. In what entire relief would Heber have brought out such a conception as this. How would he have delighted to exhibit the perfect sympathy in which the pursuit of the same objects must unite a father and son, under such circumstances as Pindar describes; and how much more beautiful than

this conception is the reality which is here presented to the eye, in the exhibition of the poets whose works now claim our attention. De Vere, the author of "the Waldenses," is the son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the author of the other volumes of poetry, the names of which are prefixed to this article.

The elder De Vere has ere now been known in the world of letters. The tragedies of Julian the Apostate and the Duke of Mercia had no inconsiderable reputation; but a poet's fame is often delayed by accidents, which, all unpoetical as they are, have serious effects, not alone on the fortunes, but the character, of literary men. The early editions of Coleridge's prose works were sold at the price of waste paper, in consequence of his publisher's bankruptcy; and it was the misfortune of Sir Aubrey de Vere that his early poems were published by fashionable booksellers, who failed after a year or two of showy trade. A book, warehoused in some insolvent's lumber-room, is actual ruin to an author. The public become familiar with a name, and know nothing of the works. The books, for a while, cannot be obtained at any price, are then thrown upon the market for little or nothing, again disappear from circulation, and are almost beyond the reach of any favourable accident doing them service. Such was the history of Coleridge's *Friend*; such the history of his *Zapolya*; and such is the history of Sir Aubrey de Vere's earlier publications. To himself he owes it that these volumes be reprinted; or, at least, that the smaller poems, originally printed with the *Duke of Mercia*, be again brought before the public.

* Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and Sonnets. By Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart. London: Pickering, 1842.

Julian the Apostate. London: Warren, 1822.

The Duke of Mercia. London: Hurst and Robinson, 1823.

The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora, with other Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. Oxford: Parker, 1842.

The earliest poem of the elder De Vere which we have seen, was written some eight and twenty years ago, and it gave evidence not alone of high poetical power, but of long and assiduous cultivation of an art, in which no man, whatever be his genius, or whatever be his mastery over the forms of expression, can hope to succeed without intense and continued application. With all our great poets, their triumphs have been the reward, not of occasional and desultory effort, but of a life given to the one object. It is no answer to this, to point to the early poems of Pope and Cowley; it is no answer, to mention the interruptions in which the activity of middle life has for a while seemed to remove the true poet from his proper pursuits. There is no instance in which the poems of boyhood would have a chance of being so remembered, as to be properly a part of the literature of a nation, were it not for their being associated with the works of the maturer age of the writer; and the interruptions of middle life, as in the remarkable case of Milton, present but a seeming exception. But this is a question into which we cannot now enter, and which cannot be disposed of in a parenthesis. The elder de Vere's first published poem, was an Ode to the Duchess of Angouleme. We have not seen it since the period of its publication, and yet some passages of it still linger in our memory. At that hour it was impossible that the chivalrous spirit of the poet should not have sympathised throughout with the family so strangely restored, and again so strangely and suddenly dispossessed of their paternal throne; for the Ode was addressed to the Duchess at the commencement of Buonaparte's second reign—the hundred days. We have been unable to obtain a copy of the Ode, but venture to give what is probably an imperfect copy of two very remarkable stanzas.

Foul rebel! did no tongue defy,
No arm thy desperate march oppose?
And, Louis, wert thou doomed to fly
Mid coward friends, and pitying foes?
Oh! better to have braved the strife,
The tyrant's frown, th' assassin's knife,
Mournfully in royal state enthroned,
Thy lost devoted race, and faithful peers around.

So erst, still in misfortune great,
Sternly composed, calm in despair,
So erst Rome's awful senate sate,
Nor raised an arm, nor breathed a prayer.
Dauntless they sate, tho' wild at hand,
Barbarians stormed with fire and brand,
Immoveable, to Fate resigned;
Rome was triumphant still, in her unconquered mind.

Sir Aubrey de Vere's next poem was *Julian the Apostate*. The forms in which the conceptions of a young poet are thrown, are almost necessarily suggested by the fashion of the day, or by the accidental influence of some particular work which engages the imagination strongly. Shelley, a poet of the very highest original power, first claimed public attention, by poems in which Southey was closely imitated; and we think it probable from the opening passages of Sir Aubrey de Vere's poem, and from the general arrangement of the whole work—which is, after all, rather a series of imaginary conversations, than properly a drama—that Coleridge's "*Remorse*," and Millman's works in eloquent blank-verse dialogue, suggested the mould which "*Julian*" has assumed.

"*Julian*" has all the faults, and much of the beauty which might be expected from a very young man dealing with such a subject. The scene with which the fortunes of the house of Constantine terminated, closing with the death of Julian, in his effort to restore heathenism, is, perhaps, the very noblest subject for a great poem that history presents, and, should Sir Aubrey de Vere now deal again with it, we have no doubt that the result would be the production of a work distinguished in our literature, and—should he adopt the form of epic narrative, to which his genius seems more adapted than to the drama—likely to be permanent. In the poem which he has published, his conception of Julian is, perhaps, true; but it has the fault of representing Julian too much the creature of the circumstances in which he is placed, and of the artful persons round him. Sir Aubrey shrank from giving to Julian a defined object, and the baseness of Maximus is wholly unrelieved. The female characters are more successfully sketched, but they are without influence. Could "*Julian*" be regarded not as a poem, but as a

succession of poems, each would be in the highest degree effective; but we can trace no other connection between the scenes than that Julian is a part of all.

The poem opens at that period of Julian's story where his renunciation of Christianity has already taken place. He is, at the moment, flushed with victory, but his successes awaken the jealousy of the emperor Constantine, and he is recalled. The event is as might be anticipated. Julian's soldiers will not allow the mandate to be obeyed, and they proclaim Julian emperor.

"At this period," says the poet, "my drama commences; for I have not dared to detail in language the progress of impiety, or to array the arguments that seduced a Christian from his God."

The first scenes describe Julian's initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. The scene is the Cavern of Eleusis—Time, night. The soliloquy of Julian, with which the piece opens, is admirable—

Oh, ye mysterious and invisible beings
That throng this palpable darkness, and
do give
These tombs of earth awful vitality!
I hear the rushing of your sightless
wings
Sweep with an unimaginable speed
Around this mortal substance! vault of
darkness,
Thou gloomy mother of all hideous
shadows,
Thy void is pregnant with a phantom
life;
Thy vast receptacles are filled with
breathings,
Cold expirations that stir up my hair,
And cling to my damp forehead. Haply
I stand
Within the portal of eternity;
Amid Death's heavy atmosphere envi-
roned
By the incorporeal essence of past life,
And souls that wait their advent! awful
beings!
Impetuous and incessant travellers!
Swift couriers of two worlds! Con-
necting stream
'Twixt corruptible man and the pure
—gods!
Here I confront you, firm, yet not un-
moved.
Oh, ye inscrutable company, vast tide
Of spirits, in your mighty ebb and flow,
Here in the midst of you I stand and
shrink not!

These contemplations are interrupted by the appearance of the chief priest, Maximus, who leads him to the interior of the cavern.

MAXIMUS.

Tread softly and with reverence. We
are now
Before a present Deity. These halls
Are unprofaned with human workman-
ship;
All that thou see'st—these fretted roofs,
high-arching
From their vast pillars, those broad
coigns and friezes,
And sculptured pomp grotesque, and
marble floors,
And roofs of pendulous crystal; these
are all
Nature's primeval architecture.

JULIAN.

Gods!

How glorious are ye in your earthly
dwelling!
There let me kneel!

MAXIMUS.

Julian, dost thou believe
The mystery of that world of spirits
divine—
The everlasting conclave whosit throned
In heaven, and rule the air, and earth,
and waters;
Ay, and the penal caverns of deep
hell?
The sublimated essences, whence man
Takes his mixed characters of good and
evil.
Imperfect amidst perfection?

JULIAN.

Pray you pardon me:
My soul is like a steed in act to spring—
Hot expectation swelling every vein,
The course before him, and the goal in
sight.
This is no place to lecture points ab-
struse.
I stand at gaze. Who shall withhold
me?

MAXIMUS.

Boy!

Thy mettle shall be tried.—Who slew
thy father?
Knock at thy heart, and ask what ven-
geance says.
Ha!—does the light beam on thee? Thou
art busy
Now with ten thousand thronging
thoughts dim gliding
Before the glass of apt imagination;
Dost start?

At the extremity of the cavern is an altar, on which a scroll is lying. Two priests are standing at each side. They, however, take no part in the conversation. Maximus continues to urge upon Julian every motive likely to make him sign the death-warrant of Constantine, which it appears is the parchment scroll lying prepared on the altar. Julian's wavering resolution is at last overcome, and there is much eloquence in Maximus's adjuration—

Oh, thou
Great spirit, that dost haunt these sacred
caves,
And fillest with vengeance my unshrinking
soul,
Even as a sacrificial cup with blood,
deign visit
His fainting resolution; and light up
His veins and vaulting mind, with thine
own lightning.
Julian, must all our wrongs die unre-
venged?
What! in the very presence of the
gods,
Wilt thou renounce their delegation?
Go!
Go! bind the chains thou'st sworn to
sever! Go,
Fawn at the despot's foot-stool! sup-
plicate
Pardon, and say—"Behold thine ene-
mies!"
There is no middle course. Thy steps
must mount
On his neck or ours; or, failing both,
Die, like thy father, and be so forgotten.
Ah! art thou moved? that name hath
stirred thee up
With memory of intolerable wrong.
Think of his bleeding corpse, crushed
by that boar,
That broke into his vineyard and as-
sailed him,
Even as he sate in sunny confidence
In the sweet garden of his family,
With all his flowers around him, and no
thought
But of domestic love and privacy.
Behold his spouting wounds, his dying
eyes,
His moveless, voiceless lips; thy mad-
dening mother,
With her fixed look; the murderer o'er
his prey,
And turning from his victim and his
vengeance
With the cold languor of satiety.
Think on it all, and thou, like Hannibal,
Lifting thy little hands, vowing re-
venge!

The chief priest's speech is continued, with some interruptions from

Julian. It closes with savage imprecations against Constantine. In the midst of these imprecations, the priests bring forward the altar and the parchment, upon a signal from Maximus.

MAXIMUS.

Thou art thyself again! Now, Julian,
now
While the divine wrath triumphs in thy
veins
Be thy great curse accomplished. Take
this pen;
His fate is in this scroll—sign and he
dies.

Julian eagerly signs—Maximus gives the scroll to a priest, who departs with it instantly. The passage that follows is exceedingly beautiful.

Now are the gods of Rome avenged!—
Constantius,
Thy hours are numbered—these few
lines had slain thee.
Thou art arraigned and judged. *Thy
power gone by
Like a forgotten storm! Thou wert and
art not.*

He sees Julian's agitation, and ex-
claims—

But how is this, my sovereign? Why
dost thou look
So pallid, and thus gaze on vacant air?
Thy foot is in the flood—fear not to
trust
Thy bark upon the mountain wave;
'twill bear thee
With thy magnificent freightage, to fair
shores
And happy harbours. Fear it not.

JULIAN.

I—fear!
It is a word unwritten in my heart!
But something—(a delusion of the brain)
Something hath shook me: As I signed
just now,
A form of mild and melancholy beauty
Stood by my side and frowned. When
I had signed,
I looked—the place was void! I do be-
lieve
That shape my guardian spirit and good
genius;
And that he hath past from me!

The next scenes represent the soldiery proclaiming Julian emperor; and we have him soon after exhibited in the triumph of victory—but, in every scene, unsatisfied, and all moral

power gone. The death of Constantius is affectingly pictured, and there seems a momentary hope of Julian's better nature returning; but Maximus, his evil genius, is still at his side, and generous thoughts, which every now and then arise, are each day more and more powerless. An interview, which Julian cannot refuse to his old tutor, Mark, the bishop of Arethusa, is so managed by Maximus as to be utterly ineffective in aiding the purposes for which it is sought, and some ambiguous words of the emperor's, uttered in impatience, are translated by the high priest into a sentence warranting the execution of Mark. It is impossible to read the play without feeling that the poet regards the apostate as given over, body and soul, to some demoniac power, and in this view the latter scenes of the drama are equal to any thing in the fate-dramas of the modern German school, most of which are of much later date than the drama of Julian. We must quote a passage. The scene is the Persian camp, and presents Sapor, with Meranes, Nohordates, generals of his army—officers—satraps—after the victory.

SAPOR.

Hath Julian 'scaped? Nay,
then, this sea of slaughter
Is a vain deluge. Dastards! I had
set
My heart on caging this vile Roman
braggart
Like a wild panther. 'Twould have
shown the world
How wild beasts may be tamed.
Curse on ye, dastards! did I not com-
mand
All sacrifice, all lavish waste of life,
Dead or alive to take him?

.

Where is his head?
If ye have killed him, where is his head?
I tell ye,
I would have had it stuffed with pre-
cious spices,
And stuck upon a pole within my
chamber,
And solaced me with daily contempla-
tion;
Ay, laughed to see death incorrup-
tible!
Thus would I make my enemy im-
mortal!

A wounded officer is brought in;
and, after some impatient interruption,

from Sapor, succeeds in describing
Julian's bearing in his last battle—

I stood beneath a rock—a jutting rock,
That screened the plain on which his
vanguard formed;
Thither he came, and that proud woman
with him—
The Macedonian Queen, Eusebia,
Armed like Bellona. He was calm and
solemn:
She, too, was pale—her white lips were
compressed;
While her quick eyes glanced round,
'neath lowering brows,
Half vengeance, half despair. Just then
they parted:
He sprang upon his horse.

NOHORDATES.

I marked the despot:
Even like an arrow on the wind he rode
His winged courser, and with noble
daring,
Swept with his chivalrous escort past
our front,
Even at the stormy edge of chafing
battle.
Our arrows touched him not—his life
was charmed!
Sudden he reined his horse up, raised
his helmet,
And, shouting thrice aloud, waved his
bare hand.
A chosen troop rushed forward—then
he turned
His charger round, and in short circle
wheeling,
With a loud cry triumphantly rushed
on us.

MERANES.

He seemed a superhuman presence,
fraught
With an unearthly valour, demon frenzy.
A fiend was surely in his heart and
arm—
Satanic majesty was in his eye.
The war-mist rolling round him; his
keen sword
Flashed like hot lightning, bright and
terrible—
He seemed as moving in a thunder-
cloud.

NOHORDATES.

And that black horse—a hellish birth
was he, too.
I saw his gaping nostrils red with fire:
A foam of gore he tossed from his dark
jaws;
In his reverted eyes blazed swarthy
flames.
His proud hoofs, as they pawed the air,
and struck

Sparks from the spurned earth, seemed
shod in hell
With penal steel.

MERANES.

'Twas so; and his sad bearing,
When some good sword struck his
crowned helmet off,
Did well become that thought. His
teeth were clenched,
His cheeks were bloodless, and his hol-
low eyes
Dark with accumulated agony.
Yet were his features passionless; a
calm
And terrible despair, a marble stillness,
(As if some inward fire had charred his
heart,)
Looked out from him, immoveable.
Most awful!
Dread contrast with the tempest of that
hour!

SAPOR.

Why, this is well; though somewhat
more of praise,
Haply, than he deserves. Yet does his
fame
Augment our glory.

The next and closing scene of the
drama shows us the imperial tent, and
Julian borne in wounded.

HORMISDAS.

Softly, he bleeds at every step: death's
dew,
The clammy witness of these mortal
pangs,
Stands cold upon his forehead. Hold—
his eye,
Within the half-shut lid, looks dim and
frozen;
The hand that held so fast relaxes:
hold—
He dies.

NEVITTA.

Nay, let me look upon him—softly,
He is not dead; so lay him down. The
motion
Just gave a momentary faintness—see,
The ray is not extinguished in his eye,
There's colour on the lip.

HORMISDAS.

He makes a sign—
Soldier, go fetch some water in your
helmet—
See it be clear from blood.

EUSEBIA.

Where is the emperor?
Where is my Julian?

HORMISDAS.

See him there!

EUSEBIA.

Woe! woe!

Look on me! look on me! Julian—
hear me!
Julian!—Augustus!—Cæsar!

NEVITTA.

These are names
Breathed in a deaf ear: music that hath
lost
All concord, all imagined harmony
For Death's decaying intellect.
(*Soldiers bring water—JULIAN drinks.*)
(*JULIAN leans forward with a fixed look.*)

JULIAN.

How many of ye stand around me?
Late
I saw but three.

EUSEBIA.

There are no more: Nevitta,
Hormisdas, and myself.

JULIAN.

There is a fourth;
Look, don't you see him?—shadowy—
look—there—there—
He comes to me. Thou supernatural
shape!
Vast! gloomy! silent! undefinable!
I saw thee at Eleusis. Thou did'st
look
Last night upon my troubled sleep: I
heard
Thy rustling folds departing. Still and
dark
Is the dread meaning of thine awful
eye!
Art thou the spirit of judgment, that
dost write
Man's doom upon the adamant rock;
Or, with thy basilisk presence, dost thou
come,
Wrath-executing minister! to watch
Lost souls, just flitting from the gates
of life?
Speak to me—speak to me!
(*He sinks back into a stupor.*)

NEVITTA.

His senses wander.
It is most awful. Saw you aught,
My lord?

HORMISDAS.

No, nothing; yet methink a rustling
past us—
A swift division of the air—a sound
As of departing wings.

JULIAN (*recovering*).

Eusebia !

Thou art the last tie that I have on earth ;

Would look on thee once again—thy features

Remind me of past happiness ; no matter,

I fashioned my own fortunes. Turn me—so—

Turn me upon my side ; 'tis well ; I'm easier.

The blood flows freely now ; my pains are deadened.

Come near, I'm somewhat numbed and heavy—heavy ;

Cold—very cold, and dark, Eusebia !

Give me some air—breath, breath, some air, some air.

Bear me where I can see the sun.

(*They bring JULIAN forward, he fixes his eye upward.*)

Oh, Galilean, thou hast conquered me !

The chief fault which we venture to find with this drama, is redundancy of language. The story which is told of a great poet, employing the morning, which he regarded as the time most favourable to his inspirations, in composition, and passing the rest of the day in abridging to a fourth of their original compass the works of the morning hours, would be a profitable example to a young poet. It is not enough that style shall express the poet's thought, but that thought should be expressed with precision, to have any chance of satisfying the demands of the writer himself, when a few years shall have made him less tolerant of ambitious ornaments. In spite of powers of language very unusual, Southey's Asiatic pomp of words greatly deforms his larger poems. We are unable to account for the fact, that a writer whose prose style is so pure, should have indulged in this fault, which is even more remarkable in his Roderick, than in his early poems. Sir Aubrey de Vere has the advantage of a richer (though a less copious) vocabulary, and of a better ear than Southey, and to this, perhaps, it is owing, that the faults of Julian are less offensive than those of the "laurel-honouring laureate." Sir Aubrey de Vere's next publication, the Duke of Mercia, is in a style much more condensed and vigorous than Julian, and manifests in every respect increased power ; but it is a Saxon

story, and no poet has yet been able to create the slightest interest for the kites and crows of the heptarchy, and neither poet nor historian has yet succeeded in engaging any serious interest for the alderman kings or shavelings, before the Conqueror's time. Alfred is alone in those early days, and if his fame depended on his poets, heaven help him, say we. The Duke of Mercia is on a subject, in which it is absolutely impossible to sympathize ; but Sir Aubrey's Edgars, and Edrics, and Edwys, are as good as Mason's or Millman's. It is plain that the Duke of Mercia is not a favourite poem of ours, but we scarce know any poems more beautiful than those published in the same volume with it. The opening stanzas of the Lamentation of Ireland, might almost have been written by Spenser, or by Spenser's happiest imitator, Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad ; but we pass to a poem written in a more cheerful tone, and describing a dream of happiness which we believe has been more fully realised than such wishes often are.

A POET'S HOME.

I ask not stately palaces—

Mine be a cottage closed with trees,

Airy, yet sheltered, on a slope

Whence the eye may range with hope—

A poet's nest, with alleys green,

High-terraced walks and glades between :

Let roses and each climbing flower

Hang round my white walls like a bower—

Before my porch a bright parterre,

With blooming shrubs that scent the air ;

While trees of every flower and leaf

Group thickly round in dark relief.

Give to my books a spacious room

Thro' green leaves lit (a sunny gloom)

With one deep window in a bow

To catch the various scenes below ;

The winding stream, the cultured vale,

The meadows "edged with poplars pale,"

The manor-house, the spire, the town,

With gardens green and stubbles brown ;

The sparkling mill and shadowy bridge,

And stern o'er all, yon mountain ridge,

Thrusting from each jutting rock

The giant antlers of the oak,

And bathing in yon sunny lake

The shadow of his purple peak.

Such be my home—love's wedded smile
Making life blest and holy ; while

Sporting their kindred flowers among
We watch our bright-faced infant
through—

Or, 'mid a group of faithful friends
(When the light of day descends)
Round the household fire rehearse
Some famous page of ancient verse,
Or, with airy feet advance
To the unpremeditated dance—
Or bend o'er music's witcheries
With parted lips and glistening eyes—
And let me gather round my door
A busy, cheerful, virtuous poor:
Homely in speech, and pure from art,
Truth and the Bible in their heart.

Thus let me live! and, when I die,
Not fade from good men's memory!
Leaving to those I love a name
Loved, and not all unknown to fame!

The next volume of *Sir Aubrey de Vere* bears the date of 1842, full twenty years after the publication of the *Duke of Mercia*; and though it contains some poems of earlier date, yet most of its contents are the production of the last five or six years. It is inscribed to Wordsworth, whose admiration of some of the author's former works had been unequivocally expressed, and a sonnet of Wordsworth's is prefixed as a motto, to intimate the author's reason for preferring the language of verse to that of prose, in the communication of some of the reasonings of the volume:—

The formal world relaxes her cold chain
For one who speaks in numbers; ampler
scope

His utterance finds; and, conscious of
the gain,

Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain;
And, serving Truth, the heart more
strongly beats

Against all barriers which his labour
meets

In lofty place, or humble life's domain.
Enough—before us lay a painful road,
And guidance have I sought in duteous
love

From Wisdom's heavenly father. Hence
hath flowed

Patience—with trust that whatsoe'er the
way

Each takes in this high matter, all may
move,

Cheered with the prospect of a brighter
day.

Sir Aubrey needed no defence for
his choice of poetry, as the medium of

expressing the feelings and convictions embodied here. If the poet worked under the influence of conscious motives, the enduring character of verse and verse alone would be sufficient justification; but the fact is, that the poet, like the lover, acts in obedience to impulses, and that these reasons and excuses are all after-thoughts. *Sir Aubrey* himself has stated this:—"Our noblest impulses and purest emotions partake of poetry. In the womb of the imagination, thoughts are conceived which grow into worthy actions. From thence all that is generous in our love of kind, all that is fervent in our devotion to God, derive their being." "It may not be unsuitable," he adds, "to express in poetry that which is generated in the mind under the influence of the poetical temperament." The "*Song of Faith*" is, like Solomon's, a "*Song of many Songs*." It is not easy to give any extracts from these poems, or from the class of compositions which follows it in the volume. The one series of poems is a confession of faith—often—a proving of all spirits, and holding fast that which is best—distinct statements of what the author (and with him we for the most part agree) regards as the orthodox doctrine held by the church and churchmen against all gainsayers—whether the gainsayer be dissenter, or heretic, or infidel. The poet is a student of the Bible, of nature, and of his own heart; and he is never at a loss for some happy illustration of each truth which he has to state.

"His opinions," he tells us, "have been formed in the study, however late and imperfect, of the early writers of our church; those catholic fathers, whose language was equal to the argument, remaining to the present day models in composition unapproached." From these poems it would be difficult to give extracts—yet from the last division of the "*Song of Faith*" a few lines may give our readers some notion of the power with which our author treats his awful theme—

Vain

Are words, even such as leaped from
Dante's lip,

These holy themes descanting. Colour
fades

In the celestial brightness.

Yet gleams of glory, tremulously bright,
And intermitting, as the midnight dawn

Of Boreal Aurora oft descend
 On the authentic church: then most,
 what time
 The congregated people meet beneath
 The vault of some cathedral sanctuary,
 Kneeling along the venerable choir,
 Or round the glowing altar bowed; the
 flood
 Of rainbow lights from the eastern win-
 dow bathing
 The roofs and chequered pavement.
 Eminent
 Upon the highest altar-step stands forth
 The mitred minister of God; around
 In order due, the consecrated priests;
 Below, with bended knees and upraised
 brow
 The contrite people gather; a low voice
 Intones with awe the comfortable words,
 While angels scatter blessings, and
 men's lips
 Chant the cherubic anthem. Hark!
 the peal
 Of the voluminous organ through the
 aisles
 Grows like a swelling tide: the air
 around
 Suffused with melody, perfumed with
 prayer,
 An acceptable incense floats to heaven.

Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* have probably suggested the form of the next division of the volume—*Sonnets Religious and Moral*. They are the growth of the same state of mind which has given birth to the "Song of Faith;" and except that our poet seems to tread with a firmer foot in rhyme than blank verse, are sufficiently described by the character we have given of his former poems. Then follow twenty sonnets on "Characters and Events." Three of these are on Columbus. We give the third.

Beautiful realm beyond the western
 main,
 That hymns thee ever with resounding
 wave!
 Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar
 reign!
 Fruits, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic,
 pave
 Thy paths; like giant altars o'er the
 plain,
 Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering,
 'mid the rave
 Of mighty streams, that shoreward
 rush amain,
 Like Polypheme from his Etnean cave.
 Joy, joy, for Spain! a seaman's hand
 confers
 These glorious gifts, and half the world
 is hers!

But where is He? that light, whose
 radiance glows
 The load-star of succeeding mariners!
 Behold him! crushed beneath o'erma-
 stering woes—
 Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, aban-
 doned to his foes.

Some of the sonnets in this volume remind us of inscriptions on the votive offerings in a Grecian temple. A few words, the simplest almost, it would seem, that language could supply, bringing a whole scene with all its accompanying incidents and feelings before the mind. "Foreigner, tell the Lacedæmonians that we are lying here in obedience to their laws," "Fighting in the van of the Greeks, the Athenians at Macedon destroyed the power of the glittering Medians."

Our poet's "Tomb of Charlemagne," is surely a poem where the very simplicity of expression almost constitutes sublimity.

Amid the torch-lit gloom of Aachen's
 aisle
 Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord;
 Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
 A simple stone, where, fitly to record
 A world of action by a single word,
 Was written, CARLO-MAGNO. Regal
 style,
 Was needed none; that name such
 thoughts restored,
 As sadden, yet make nobler men the
 while.
 They rolled the marble back: with
 sudden gasp
 A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser
 bent,
 Where still a mortal monarch seemed
 to reign.
 Crowned, on his throne, a sceptre in his
 grasp,
 Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
 Otho looked face to face on Charle-
 magne!"

The "Cradles of Empire," is another of the same class.

Two mountain centres are there upon
 earth,
 Where mighty Monarchies have reared
 their throne;
 And down the conquering rivers fol-
 lowed forth
 The imperial instinct to the ocean
 zone.
 Deep in the Orient, Caucasus is one;
 Whence sprang the Persian; where the
 Mede had birth;

Where Asshur's line, and Babel's glory
 shone ;
 And Cyrus on Belshazzar's godless
 mirth
 Fell like a thunderbolt. Thence Tamur-
 lane,
 Let loose his fatal horsemen : and the
 car
 Of Gengis rolled ; and Othman's sci-
 mitar
 Smote the last Cæsar 'neath Sophia's
 fane !
 Above our Alpine throne a nobler star
 Dawned over Greece and Rome, Alfred
 and Charlemagne !

We wish that Sir Aubrey de Vere
 had adopted Wordsworth's plan of
 giving the dates of his poems ; and
 had he arranged the sonnets, of
 which more than half the volume is
 composed, according to the times at
 which they were written, it would have
 been better, perhaps, than the somewhat
 arbitrary arrangement which he gives.
 In following the divisions of the
 volume, we meet with some striking
 descriptions of Atlantic coast scenery,
 the records, probably, of a very re-
 cent tour. We transcribe one sonnet,

with which we reluctantly close our
 extracts.

COAST SCENERY—SPANISH POINT.

The waters—oh, the waters ! Wild and
 glooming
 Beneath the stormy pall that shrouds
 the sky,
 On thro' the deepening mist more darkly
 looming,
 Plumed with the pallid foam fune-
 really ;
 Onward, like Death, they come, the
 rocks entombing !
 Nor thunder knell is needful from on
 high ;
 Nor sound of signal gun momentarily
 booming
 O'er the disastrous deep ; nor sea-
 man's cry !
 And yet—if aught were wanting—mani-
 fold
 Mementoes haunt these reefs : how
 that proud host
 Of Spain and Rome so smitten were of
 old
 By God's decree, along this fatal
 coast,
 And over all their people and their gold,
 Mitre, and helm, and harp, the avenging
 waters roll'd.

NO. II.—MR. AUBREY DE VÈRE.

The appearance of Aubrey (the
 second's) poems, at the same time
 with his father's, if we had not Gray's
 horror of what Bruyere calls the
"gout de comparaison," would irre-
 sistibly tempt us to draw up a parallel,
 in the manner of Sterne's Critic, be-
 tween the two candidates for the
 Olympic crown ; but we remember
 what Gray has said, and shrink from
 the attempt. Ordinary minds do not,
 says he, dwell on peculiar and dis-
 tinguishing beauties, and characteristic
 excellences, of any writer, but will tell
 you that Virgil was a better poet than
 Horace, and that Horace's epistles are
 not as smooth as the elegies of
 Tibullus. From such critics and
 criticism heaven defend us ! We ac-
 tually have not ourselves formed an
 opinion, from which of these books
 the reader is likely to receive most
 pleasure ; and we wish to think of
 each as though it were unlikely to
 remind any one of the other. Aubrey
 de Vere, the author of the Waldenses,
 or the Fall of Rora, for the first time
 places his name on the title-page of a

volume ; but some of his smaller
 poems have been for years familiar to
 the public ; and it is but a few months
 ago since a very striking essay of his
 was published, as the introduction to a
 work of the late Edward O'Brien,
 reviewed in our journal for last
 month. In the year 1837, Lord
 Northampton published a collection of
 poems as a tribute to the memory of
 the late Edward Smedley, the editor
 of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana,
 and among those was one of singular
 gracefulness by young Aubrey de Vere.
 It is so beautiful, that, as it is not
 preserved in this collection of his
 poems, we think it better to transcribe
 it :—

Whenever, under bowers of myrtle,
 Love, summer-tressed and vernal-eyed,
 At noon or eve is seen to wander,
 A dark-eyed girl is at his side.

No eye beholds the virgin gliding,
 Unsandalled through the thicket-glooms ;
 Yet some have marked her shadow
 moving
 Like twilight o'er the whiter blooms,

A golden bow the brother carries,
A silver flute the sister bears ;
And ever at the fatal moment
The notes and arrows fly in pairs.

She rests her flute upon her bosom,
(While up to heaven his bow he rears,)
And as her kisses make it tremble,
That flute is moistened by her tears.

The lovely twain were born together,
And in the same shell-cradle laid,
And in the bosom of one mother
Together slept, and sleeping played.

With hands into each other woven,
And whispering lips that seemed to
teach
Each other in their rosy motion
What till their favourites learn from
each.

Proud of her boy, the mother showed
him
To mortal and immortal eye,
But hid (because she loved her dearer)
The deeper, sweeter mystery.

Accept them both, or hope for neither—
Oh, loveliest youth or maid forlorn !
For Grief has come where Love is wel-
come,
And Love will comfort those who
mourn.

This poem is no unfair specimen of the characteristics of the writer's manner. The same minute delicacy of observation, the same felicity of picturesque expression, and the same perfect harmony of numbers, are found in all his works ; in all, as in this, the versification avoids any of the more complex or inwoven forms ; and in all, as in this, a more distinct attention is required than a careless reader will be apt to give to the subtle exercises of a mind, analyzing its own processes more closely than it probably will when acting in more entire consciousness of power, and relying, as it surely may with safety, on the reader's ready sympathies with its own first impulses. The poet must be, no doubt, a metaphysician—must understand the principles on which his art depends ; but he must be more than a lecturer on the metaphysics of his art ; and the moment he begins to play the rhetorician with us, his power is at an end. In the little poem we have quoted, the playfulness of manner relieves, and even gives a charm of its own,

to the very subtlety of the discoveries made by the poet in this new theory of love ; but the same thing cannot be as truly said, of the theological sonnets, in which certain dreams and dogmas of the author are propounded in the severe logic of Wordsworthian verse, as undoubted and catholic verities. For our author we fear not to predict high reputation ; and, what is of much more moment, the certainty of his being the instrument of great good ; but this must depend mainly on the character of his future exertions. He must take a firmer grasp of a more assured subject. The dealing with phantoms is well enough in these his first exercises. The poet should be more than a magician ; and the only ground on which he can with safety tread, is that of authentic, daylight reality. Why is it, when the love of poetry seems almost an universal passion, that there is such difficulty in inducing any person to open a new volume of poems ? Is this the fault of the poet, or of the reader ? We incline to think that the poets have themselves to blame. Open any of the ancient works on criticism—no matter which—or any of the ancient poets, and consider how much time and thought was engaged in the selection of a proper subject for poetry ;—what anxiety seems to have been felt for the proper arrangement and disposition of its parts—how little was left to the mere exercise of the *improvisatore* power, or fluency of expression, or sentimentalities, arising from the peculiar moods of the poet's own mind. Is this, now, the case ? Volumes of poetry are now written absolutely without any subject at all. Suppose the same desperate experiment made in prose, and who would for a moment think of reading such a work ? The poorest ballad is enough to give pleasure beyond the most successful copy of nonsense verses, whether in Greek, Latin, or English, that ever gladdened the heart of the mother or grandmother of an university prize-fighter. Let our poets be as much in earnest in their vocation as a barrister in the preparation of a law argument, or an Irish tenant in his struggle for an abatement of rent, and then, and scarcely till then, can they hope for readers. Volumes of poetry are published, not because the author has any

faith whatever in his own inspirations, or because he has any thing whatever to communicate to his readers, but for the single purpose of displaying a graceful accomplishment. Let our young or old poets—for in middle age the poor country in which we live secures most men against the exercise of the unprofitable art—before beginning to write, meditate their subject if but for a few hours, and not proceed, like Crabbe's rhymers—

"Thoughtless of ill, and to the future blind,
A sudden couplet rushes on his mind,
The infection spreads, the couplet grows apace,
Stanzas to Delia's dog or Celia's face."

The "ministries of heart-stirring-song," in which Mr. De Vere is now disciplining his mind for future effort, are beyond all question those which give surest augury of works likely to be permanent. His mind appears to be deeply impressed with whatever is most beautiful in religion, and his feelings express themselves almost spontaneously in hymns. The poem of greatest length in the volume, is on a sacred subject, and there is not, we believe, a single copy of verses in the book, in which there is not evidence of the author's habitual reference of every thing to some ideal measurement. Sir Thomas Browne saw quincunxes wherever he looked; Sewall cannot read Plato, without finding in him strange anticipations of forms of polity, which are at last realized in an imaginary church, for we must say, no approach whatever has been made to it in actual life; and our young poet sees proofs of millennial times approaching, when he sees angels (in the disguise of charity boys and minor canons) assisting at the week-day services of Christ-Church cathedral. De Vere is destined to be a greater poet than he is now, but his present state is, perhaps, a necessary stage in the development of that higher power, when his gift shall be that of seeing things as they are, and imagination shall take place of the more sensuous faculty, that substitutes pleasing pictures for realities.

The destruction of Rora by the Duke of Savoy in 1665, is the subject of the drama which gives its name to

De Vere's volume. Rora is the smallest and most southern of the Protestant communities of Piedmont, to which the name of Waldenses has been given for several centuries. The undisputed antiquity of these little churches, which gave such determined resistance both to the arms and the artifices of the Roman Catholics, reaches to the eleventh century; and there seems strong reason to regard them as of still earlier origin, if not descendants of the early Christians of those districts, who never had acknowledged the supremacy of Rome. The persecution, which is the subject of De Vere's poem, is that which is commemorated in Milton's noble sonnet. It is fortunate for our poet that he has fixed on a well-defined and well ascertained fact;—for this Waldensic territory is all enchanted ground, and every one who wanders among those mountain glens, sees strange phantoms. Let a dignitary of the Church of England visit the land, and straightway the inaccessible heights are crowned with ecclesiastical edifices; spires, "whose silent finger points to heaven;" bishops, priests, and deacons ministering; and no lack of sextons, "with ropes of rock, and bells of air." A stiff-necked Presbyterian finds himself there, and straightway the bishops are gone; not one trace of them remains, and the last traveller's story becomes seriously suspected. Other wanderers are also mocked by the mountain spirits, and Ebenezer Broadbrim affirms that the place is haunted by the ghosts of White Quakers born before the time. We feared for our poet in this strange land, but he has returned safe and sound.

The fate of Rora is a "lyrical sketch." The poem is dramatic; but a chorus (consisting of Waldensian peasants) sustains a considerable part of the business of the piece. The drama opens with a morning hymn; and soon after the Abbot of Rora, and a Cardinal who has come to inquire into the accusations made against the Waldenses, and to terminate, if possible, the disturbances, are seen ascending a glen. The character of the mountain scenery is finely described in their conversation, and great skill is shown in the way in which his accidental observations betray the wily cardinal, who is, however, not without good nature, nor without a description of quiet credulity not un-

common among men of the world, with respect to subjects which do not seriously engage their minds.

CARDINAL.

This cloud-heaped tempest
Roars like a river down yon dim ravine.
See you those pines are tortured by the storms
To shapes more gnarled than their roots
—fantastic
As are the thoughts of some arch heretic
That have no end—ay, self-entangling snares—
Nets for the fowls of air.—'Tis cold—
'tis cold.

ABBOT.

He slumbers.—Wake, my lord, I pray
you wake—
Here sleep is death.

CARDINAL.

Ay, here and every where!
On, on—we must not sleep. Said you
not, abbot,
The shepherds that abide in these rude
glens
Love them?

ABBOT.

As their own souls.

CARDINAL.

'Tis marvellous.
There is no bounty of the earth, or grace
Of Heaven in dreary solitudes like these.
A church itself on that great promontory,
A metropolitan church were nothing—
nothing
The blessed sounds of holy men at
prayer
'Mid these wild winds; incense were
lost in them!
Hold you not with me, abbot, those poor
peasants
Have much excuse—God look on them
with mercy!—
Have much excuse for their stiffnecked-
ness
And hardness of their hearts? The
reverend grace
Of order—the proportionable beauty
Of mighty structures, whereof every
part
Both props and is itself subordinate
To others; multiform variety
With unity—true balance kept in all;
And high o'er all, one bright and star-
like power,
Whose orb lights up the tide of mortal
fates,—

Ah, what observance can such fabrics
find
In wilds like these, which Nature's self
abandons,
Breaking her sceptre?

They approach the abbot's convent,
but the cardinal will not rest till he
has seen Arnold Wilfred, a Walden-
sian chief. The scene which follows
between him and the noble Waldensian
is one for which we wish we had room.
The claims of the church on the obe-
dience of all, and the power by which
Arnold easily may influence his peas-
ants, are pressed strongly and elo-
quently by the cardinal; but the moun-
taineer is not to be seduced by argu-
ments which he feels to be sophistical.
The cardinal is destined to be baffled
and deceived, for when he comes to
the convent, after this unsuccessful in-
terview with Arnold, he finds the
abbot in feigned alarm at a rumoured
insurrection of the peasantry, and has
to listen to a report of some design of
burning the convent. By this well-
timed falsehood, the abbot gets the
cardinal to absolve Pianesa, the gen-
eral of the Duke of Savoy's forces,
from an engagement made with the
mountaineers, and obtains his sanction
to the plan of seizing some of the peas-
antry as hostages, to secure the fide-
lity of the rest. This latter scheme
is relentlessly executed during a family
festival, and among the hostages seized
is Agnes, the daughter of Arnold.
Pretences are not wanted to accuse
the captives of heresy, and while the
peasants are assured that the whole
scene is but a form, there are dim inti-
mations, ominous of her fate, when
she is once in the hands of her trea-
cherous enemies. English poetry con-
tains nothing finer than the forebodings
of the solemn chorus which closes this
scene.

I.

There was silence in the heavens
When the Son of Man was led
From the Garden to the Judgment—
Sudden silence, strange and dread!
All along the empyreal coasts,
On their knees, the immortal hosts
Watched, with sad and wondering eyes,
That tremendous sacrifice.

II.

There was silence in the heavens
When the priest his garment tore;
Silence, when that twain accursed
Their false witness faintly bore.

Silence, (though a tremor crept
O'er their ranks,) the Angels kept,
While that judge, dismayed, though
proud,
Washed his hands before the crowd.

III.

But when Christ His cross was bearing,

Fainting oft, by slow degrees,
Then went forth the angelic thunder
Of legions rising from their knees.
Each bright spirit grasped a brand,
And lightning flashed from band to
band;
An instant more had launched them
forth
Avenging terrors to the earth.

IV.

Then from God there fell a glory
Round and o'er that multitude;
And by every fervent angel,
With hushing hand, another stood:
Another, never seen before,
Stood one moment, and no more—
Peace, brethren, peace! to us is given
Suffering. Vengeance is for heaven.

The anticipations of suffering suggested in these impressive verses is too soon realised; and Agnes is led to the pyre of martyrdom. The fagots are piled and lighted; the soldiers, who guard the place of execution, are driven back by a supernatural brightness, which surrounds the pyre. Celestial voices are heard in the air—CHORUS OF ANGELS and AGNES sing alternately.

ANGELS.

Bearing lilies in our bosom,
Holy Agnes, we have flown,
Missioned from the Heaven of Heavens
Unto thee and thee alone,
We are coming, we are flying,
To behold thy happy dying.

AGNES.

Bearing lilies far before you,
Whose fresh odours backward blown,
Light those smiles upon your faces,
Mingling sweet breath with your own.
Ye are coming, smoothly, slowly
To the lowliest of the lowly.

ANGELS.

Unto us the boon was given;
The glad message, holy maid,
On the lips of two blessed spirits
Like an incense grain was laid;
As it bears us on like lightning,
Cloudy skies are round us brightening.

AGNES.

I am here a mortal maiden;
If our Father aught hath said,
Let me hear his words, and do them—
Ought I not to feel afraid
As ye come your shadows flinging
O'er a heart to meet them springing!

ANGELS.

Agnes, there is joy in heaven,
Gladness like the day is flung
O'er the spaces never measured;
And from every angel-tongue,
Swell those songs of impulse vernal,
All whose echoes are eternal.

Agnes, from the depth of heaven
Joy is rising like a spring,
Borne above its grassy margin,
Borne in many a crystal ring;
Each o'er beds of wild flowers gliding,
Over each slow murmurs sliding.

When a Christian lies expiring
Angel choirs with plumes outspread,
Bend above his death-bed singing,
That when death's mild sleep is fled,
There may be no harsh transition,
When he greets the heavenly vision.

AGNES.

Am I dreaming, blessed angels?
Late ye floated, two in one;
Now a thousand radiant spirits
Round me weave a glittering zone?
Lilies, as they wind, extending;
Roses with those lilies blending!

See! the horizon's ring they circle!
Now they gird the zenith blue,
And now o'er every brake and billow,
Float like mist and flash like dew;
All the earth with life o'orflowing,
Into heavenly shapes is growing.

They are rising, they are rising;
As they rise the veil is riven!
They are rising—I am rising,
Rising with them into heaven;
Rising with those shining legions
Into heaven's eternal regions.

We have not left ourselves space to discuss the smaller poems, which occupy two-thirds of the volume. The poem which, among these, pleases us most, is the romantic narrative of King Henry the Second at the grave of King Arthur. There are several poems in the form of sonnets. It is probable that they are the latest-written poems in the collection; or, perhaps, the different structure of the verse has imposed on the author the necessity of

a more distinct attention to every word than would be necessary, or indeed fitting, in the loose blank verse or ballad measures of other parts of the volume. The following is, to our minds, absolutely perfect:—

A CHURCH-YARD.

It stands a grove of cedars vast and green,
Cathedral-wise disposed, with nave and choir,
And cross-shaped transept, lofty and serene,
And altar decked in festival attire,
With flowers like urns of white and crimson fire,
And chancel girt with vine-trailed laurel screen,
And aisles high-arched, with cypresses between,

Retreats of mournful love and vain desire.

Within the porch a silver fount is breathing
Its pure cold dew upon the summer air;

Round it are blooming herbs and flowers,
(the care,
Of all the angels of the heavens,) wreathing
Successively their unbought garniture
Round the low graves of the beloved poor.

We think it absolutely impossible that any one can read our extracts from those two volumes without feeling that a great and valuable addition has been made to our poetical literature, and that the De Veres, father and son, have deserved well of their country.

SONNETS ON THE ADDITIONAL NEWS FROM AFGHANISTAN.

RECEIVED JANUARY, 1843.

I.

Well it became thee, Britain, by command
Of self-respect, to vindicate the fame,
Momently clouded, of thine arms;—their shame,
For brave ones lost, to efface with zealous hand;—
With restless urgency the forlorn band
Of precious captive women to reclaim;—
Triumphant fraud in righteous fight to tame;—
These retributions were thy just demand.
And proudly, O my Country, hearts were beating
Through all thy homes, when reach'd the long'd-for tale
Of Tezeen's victory and Sale's rapturous meeting.
Alas! that joy is marr'd;—the eastern gale
Comes loaded with promiscuous havoc's wail,
Our soldiers' deeds of ruthless rage repeating.

II.

O England, I had thought thy sons in war
Were merciful as brave, their leaders wise
To check with noble rule blind passion's rise!
How on thine Afghan foes more brightly far
Ere sank its pomp behind their mountain-bar,
Had beamed thy glory, if new mysteries
Of Christian clemency had drawn their eyes
To bless, and not to curse, that blazing star!
Surely it was thy part to teach around
From thine high station to earth's various lands,
That mankind's national greatness herein stands,—
In power and right with godlike mercy crown'd.
But now, our hope struck down, with shame we burn;
Thyself hast yet the ennobling truth to learn.

R. P. G.

Windermere, January 13, 1843.

THE LAST "DE BOUFFLERS."

CHAPTER I.—THE LEVEE.

ON Easter Monday, in the year 1711, Louis XIV. who had passed the greater part of the winter in comparative privacy, announced that he would hold a grand reception at Versailles. It is needless to say that, from the vestibule to the ample stair-case, through every salon, and along the gilded gallery, crowds were assembled. Courtiers, who had not donned their robes of state for full forty years—dowagers, who had been beauties in the early part of that long reign, all were present—it was a strange and quaint assemblage, where the early companions of the king's youthful pleasures, were seen to mingle with the more brilliant ornaments which graced the then court.

At the distant angle of the great salon, might be seen a group of young and beautiful women, who, from their laughter and easy gesture, it was evident felt little of that chilling etiquette which seemed to freeze the rest of the assembly. In the midst of this, and pre-eminent, not only for her beauty, but the queen-like majesty of her air, was Madame de St. Cerets, a widow at twenty years. She inherited the vast fortune of the old duke of that name, and was now one of the ladies in waiting on the Duchesse de Burgogne.

A certain tone of raillery seemed to pervade this little knot, and as they laughed with that "*piquante*" malice so essentially French, a new figure seemed to emerge from the group, upon whose boyish features the others gazed with a tender interest. A kind of half-resemblance was traceable between the features of the lovely duchess and the youth. A strong family likeness might be seen about the dark and deeply-set blue eyes, while between them there seemed to exist a kind of intimacy, that for a moment one might be tempted to believe they were brother and sister.

Had any one, however, indulged this notion, he would have been quickly undeceived, as a page, in

the uniform of the court, approached the group with hasty gestures, and asked in a loud tone—

"Where is Monsieur Le Marquis de Boufflers? Ah! monsieur, what are you doing there? his majesty is coming, and your father the Maréchal is looking for you every where."

At the same instant the group opened, and a youth of about fifteen years, dressed with a rare elegance, made his appearance, vainly endeavouring to conceal the womanly beauty of his features, by assuming the martial air of a Mousquetaire. Before following the page he stepped in front of the duchess, and taking her hand carried it to his lips with enthusiasm, while he added—

"*Aurevoir*, my lovely cousin. You have amused yourself pleasantly at my cost this evening; but on my honour, before long I shall prove to you that I am a man."

A faint titter of laughter broke from the group at these words, while a tall, dark, and handsome man, with a disdainful and severe expression of feature, replied in a voice that might be heard throughout the entire salon—

"*Tête bleu*, what a droll little fellow, with his airs of gallantry already, for my part, I should recommend a flogging for such precocious intellect."

The young Boufflers, who was leaving the room at the moment these cruel words met his ears, stopped suddenly short, and wheeled completely round, so as to face the speaker, placing his plumed cap upon his head, and carrying his hand round to the hilt of the harmless sword that dangled at his side, as he shot upon him a look of proud defiance; but at the same moment the wide folding-doors were flung open, and the solemn voice of the usher in waiting proclaimed, "The King." As if by magic, the whole assemblage became suddenly mute, and a double rank round the four sides of the apartment, bowed deeply before the monarch. In the middle of the open space, however, still stood the young Boufflers: in the height of his passion he saw nothing of

what was taking place, and there he remained, his hat upon his head, his hand upon his sword-guard, and the same menace upon his features, while every one made signs for him to uncover.

The king looked round, and as rapidly his dark brows contracted to a frown; the ominous look that boded an outbreak of passion was well known, and a fly might have been heard that moment, had he buzzed across the great salon of Versailles. His majesty walked straight towards the boy, and, with a harsh voice, cried out—

"What's this? who are you? what are you doing here? your hat off, sir, your hat off."

The boy who, for the first time in his life, found himself in presence of that king before whom not even the members of the royal family dared to raise their voice, blushed to the very white of his eyes; and while he obeyed the royal command, stammered out a few inarticulate words, looking on every side for some expression of comfort or succour, but none were bold enough to offer themselves as a holocaust to the terrible passion of Louis XIV., and had the collective opinions of that assembly been taken, an unanimous vote would have decided, that he was a young gentleman who, during the king's life-time, would never make his fortune.

So stood matters, when the old Maréchal de Boufflers, having in vain sought his son on every side, heard what had occurred, and passing across the room knelt before the king.

"Sire," said he, "deign to excuse this boy, he is my son; the Reverend Jesuit fathers, with whom he is still at school, know little the usages of a court. Ah! sire, it was but this very day I had hoped to present him to your majesty—pardon him I beseech you."

"So," said the king, somewhat softened in manner, "he is your son. Ah! come, Monsieur Maréchal, I must beg Father Tellier to scold, in my name, their Reverences, who seem to pay very little attention to etiquette among their scholars." Then turning to the youth, and fixing his eyes on him, he added—"Do you know, Monsieur le Maréchal, that your son reminds me very much of Monsieur de Lauzan; I think I see him before me as on the very first evening I ever met him at

Madame de Soissons, and that is now, let me see, alas! some fifty years ago."

"Ah! sire," cried the young Boufflers, with enthusiasm, "I would at least resemble Monsieur de Lauzan in one point—his ardent devotion to the person of your majesty."

The king, whose anger appeared to have completely passed away, seemed charmed with this repartee. "What!" cried he, as he tapped him lightly on the cheek, "a courtier already. Come, come, the worthy Jesuits have not done him as much injustice as I thought. My child," continued he, with a voice of winning softness, "you have no need to go beyond the limits of your own family for noble examples for your imitation. For my own part, I humbly pray God that he may give your father and myself years enough to witness the first steps of your career. It is easy to see you have the Grammont blood in your veins—they were all handsome."

At this moment every eye was turned to the lovely Duchesse de Saint Cerets, who was herself a Grammont, and who blushed deeply at this silent homage.

"But that is not all," said the king, "a man must be brave and faithful too; do you mark me? can you promise to be both of these?"

"Sire," said the boy with energy, "my name is Boufflers."

This noble answer seemed to cause a kind of murmur through the salon. The old Maréchal dropped his eyes, but it was easy to see in his heightened colour, as the heavy tears rolled down his cheeks, how proud he felt in his son. There was a pause. The king seemed to reflect, and suddenly he drew himself to his full height, and said—

"Gentlemen, three years since Monsieur de Boufflers defended Lille for four months against the Prince Eugene. Two years ago he saved the army at Malplacquet, for which I created him Duke and Peer of France, and Governor-General of the Province of Flanders. At last the hour of repose is come both for him and for me; the camp is but little suited now to either of us.

"I know there are many amongst you well worthy to be his successor, but I have a superstition that certain names carry good fortune along with them, and certainly that of Boufflers

does; wherefore I name him Governor-General of Flanders, and Governor of Lille, and to his son in succession the same dignities after him."

A murmur of astonishment at these words ran through the assembly. Such an instance of royal favour was unknown throughout the entire reign—indeed it was one of the king's fixed principles never to accord any office in reversion; all therefore stood thunder-struck, even the old *Maréchal de Boufflers* himself, overcome by such a mark of royal favour, was unable to utter a word.

"Do not thank me, *Monsieur le Maréchal*," said the king, "it is to myself that I have rendered the service. I knew well that in choosing this boy as your successor you would only resign your government when he was fitted to succeed you." With these words the king kissed the boy on the forehead, and moved on conversing in a low tone with the old *Maréchal*, who never since the celebrated camp of *Compeigne*, when he had the distinguished honour to ruin himself by entertaining the royal family, appeared in such high favour in court.

From that moment the youth became the object of every eye in the vast salon of *Versailles*, the men regarded him with admiration, and many a soft smile and many a bright look was directed towards him. No longer the little school-boy at the college of the *Jesuits*, he was already a young gentleman of high hope and promise. The great *Louis XIV.* had kissed him on the forehead; yes, it must be confessed, so distinguished a testimony of royal favour, conferred at the very moment, too, when the laugh of mockery had been raised at his expense, elicited all the latent proofs of budding manhood, and his flashing eye, his curled lip, his wide-spread nostril, and his swelling chest, bespoke the conflict within him.

Scarcely had the king left the salon, when the young *Boufflers* crossed the room with a firm step, and touching the sleeve of a tall, proud-looking personage, he said—

"*Monsieur le Duc de Coigny*, I have a word for you."

"What can I do for you, *Monsieur le Marquis de Bouffler*?" replied the duke, with the most perfect calmness, while he laid an affected precision on every word he spoke.

"A great deal, sir," said the boy. "Will you kindly accompany me into the recess of this window?"

"Most willingly."

"Will your grace inform me is the Governor-general of provinces of equal rank with a field officer?"

"Of course, what a question; he is far above him."

"Enough, there is nothing then to prevent your giving me a meeting to-morrow morning."

"Oh!" cried the duke, with the most insulting coolness, "I know my duty better, *Monsieur de Boufflers*—you are my superior."

"But if it please me to forget that," said the boy.

"In that case," said the other, "there should be some great motive."

"So there is, sir—more than one."

"And what are they, my dear child?" said the handsome duke, with an affected kindliness of manner, only assumed to heighten the passion of his young adversary.

"It is but a moment since, sir, you uttered the most insulting words respecting me."

"Well! and then?"

"And then, sir! you are in love with my cousin, *Madame de Saint Cerets*."

"Is that all?"

"*Partieu!* *Monsieur le Duc*, I believe you are still bent on insulting me, but take care, sir."

"May heaven preserve me," said the duke, with well affected fear.

"To-morrow then," said the youth, "at day break I shall call for you at your hotel."

"Oh! you must excuse me," said the other, "I never get up early, I am far too indolent, but what do you say if we put off our engagement to ten or eleven o'clock, or better still after dinner."

Every word of this was like the stab of a poignard to young *de Boufflers*' heart, who knew well that by eight o'clock he must be in his place in the *Jesuits' College*. In his bursting passion, if a blow upon the duke's face could have accomplished his object he would not have hesitated to give it, while the other, as if revelling in his embarrassment, continued—

"And you will not forget to bring your seconds with you."

"My seconds," stammered the boy as this new difficulty arose before him

Where could he find them? His class companions? the very thought would make him the ridicule of the whole court; his father's friends? they would be the very first to expose the entire affair to the Maréchal; he was half maddened, when suddenly an idea crossed his mind, his eyes flashed fire, and he said—

"To-morrow, then, at ten, sir, be it; your seconds shall be mine," while he muttered below his breath, "I shall find some way of escaping the college."

"Be it so," said the duke, bowing ceremoniously, while, with a most insulting smile, he added—

"Adieu, sir, till to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.—THE COLLEGE.

It was about eleven o'clock on the following morning, as Madame de Saint Cerets had commenced her toilette, a servant informed her that her young cousin, the Marquis de Boufflers requested to see her, and the next moment he entered the room flushed and excited.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"What has happened?"

"Let me speak with you alone," said the boy, almost breathless.

The duchess smiled, and signed to her women to retire. Scarce was the door closed, when De Boufflers exclaimed—

"Save me, cousin!—save me!"

"And from what, *mon Dieu*?" replied she, as she drew him beside her upon the sofa, and with a friendly freedom took both his hands within her own.

"Come, Henry, what is it? What has brought you here at this hour without your tutor? I thought you were long since back in college?"

"College!" said the youth with indignation. "Let me tell you M. de Coigny is the most faithless gentleman that breathes."

"Indeed! What has he done?"

"What has he done! This morning at ten he was to have given me a meeting. It was a thing agreed on between us both. The rendezvous was his own hotel. Well, what think you?—he has broken faith."

"Is it possible?"

"I see," cried he, "you are as much

At the same moment the beautiful Duchesse de Saint Cerets stopped before them, and said—

"The king has retired, gentlemen; which of you will conduct me to my carriage?"

The two rivals sprang forward at once, but the Duc de Coigny carried the victory; young Boufflers coming plump against a large fat man, who was passing at the instant—this was no other than his father, the Maréchal himself.

"Come, Henry," cried he, in a tone loud enough to increase his mortification, "we must set out for Paris. Don't forget how early in the morning you will be expected at the college."

shocked as I am. For my part, I shall proclaim it everywhere—M. de Coigny is a coward! I'll write it on the very door of his hotel, and I'll sign it with my name."

"It would be very well done, indeed," said the duchess, endeavouring to suppress her laughter. "You have some great grudge, then, against this poor duke?"

"To the death!"

"And what is his great offence towards you?"

"What! has he not had the insolence to love you?"

"Did he tell you so?"

"No; but I have guessed it many a day since."

"After all, Henry, I don't think that any such strong reason for killing M. de Coigny—nor even for your coming here at this hour of the morning."

"Don't you see," said the youth, dropping his voice, "that to meet him I made my escape from my father's house while my tutor was still in bed, and that, at this very moment they are looking for me every where."

"Oh, this is serious, indeed."

"And after waiting half an hour at the duke's hotel in vain, as I've told you, the very first person I met as I issued from the door was—my tutor."

"Did he see you?"

"Faith, I can't tell. I had only time to take to my heels; and as my legs were better than his, here I am."

"Silly boy! But what will the Re-

verend Jesuit fathers say at your absence?"

"They may say what they like. I am no child now: I am a man. I am one of the first dignitaries of the kingdom. I shall be fifteen in June. Ah, my dearest cousin, I reckon on you to save me."

"So I would, Henry, with all my heart; but ain't you afraid of compromising me? Only think, at your age—the governor of a province! It would never do."

"Ah," stammered the boy, "you think so. I never thought of that."

The lovely duchess, as she looked upon the perplexed and troubled features of her young cousin, could continue no longer to sustain the part she undertook, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. Boufflers, who could make nothing of this excess of mirth, stood like one thunderstruck; and at last, as she continued to laugh on, his temper gave way: he stamped his foot upon the ground with anger, and walked to the other end of the room. She tried in vain to coax him back; and at last, walking on tip-toe, she approached him, and, taking his hand within her own, she said—

"My poor boy; so you are very angry with me?"

Boufflers spoke not a word: the heavy tears rolled down his cheeks, and his heart swelled to bursting; but love triumphed, and, smiling through all his sorrow, he murmured timidly, "Oh no; I am not angry with you."

"Bad boy!" said Madame de Saint Cerets, as she pressed her lips upon his forehead, and looked on him with admiration.

It was a lovely morning in April. The window which looked into the garden was open, and through it the faint odour of an early spring, the song of the lark, and the perfume of the lilac, were floating; and whether it was that in this balmy atmosphere there seemed some mysterious influence in harmony with the kiss of a lovely woman, or that Boufflers had resolved on that day to begin his career of gallantry, I know not; but he threw himself upon his knee before the lovely duchess and burst forth into a regular declaration of love, when suddenly the door opened with a crash, and a middle-aged man, in the dress of an

Abbé, pale, travel-stained, and flurried, entered the chamber.

"Ah! Monsieur le Marquis," cried he, "you'll not escape me this time;" and at the same moment he seized him by the arm, and proceeded to drag him from the room. "Come, monsieur," said he, in a tone half supplicating, half commanding, "the carriage is in waiting. Come quickly, or you'll miss the Greek lecture, which begins at one exactly. Oh, *mon Dieu!* what will their reverences say on your coming so late? Madame la Duchess, aid me, I beseech you, to persuade him."

Unhappily for the poor Abbé, the lovely ally whose aid he invoked had as much as she could do to repress her laughter at the whole affair; upon which the tutor, looking on the case as desperate, resolved not to lose a moment, and called to a lackey without— "Holloa there! Take Monsieur le Marquis, and with every respect to his rank, carry him to the carriage."

When young Boufflers saw matters at this pass he began to be frightened.

"My dear Abbé," cried he, "grant me one hour more, and I'll do all that you wish. You were always so kind to me, you'll not refuse me this."

But the Abbé placed his hands upon his ears, and would not listen.

"Well, then," cried he, "let me at least write a note. My cousin will send it for me: it is for the duke. I wish to tell him that my first vacation— Oh, what indignity! Monsieur l'Abbé, I hate you!"

But the Abbé's eyes were fixed upon the clock. The next moment the unhappy Boufflers was seized in the strong arms of the lackey, and before he was well conscious of the change, the carriage-door was closed upon him, and he heard the footman cry to the coachman—

"To the Jesuits."

Scarcely had the carriage turned from the court-yard, as another equipage drove in, and the Abbé, wishing to distract the sorrow of his young pupil, touched him on the arm, and cried—

"Look, it's Monsieur le Duc de Coigny."

Boufflers bounded from his seat, and if he had not been held would have sprang from the carriage.

In less than half an hour after the

carriage drew up at the College of the Jesuits. When young Boufflers entered that gloomy portal his heart sickened within him. He felt that on that threshold he must drop every privilege of his rank and fortune, all the illusions, and as it were all the high hopes that make life glorious, and become the mere equal of three hundred others, taken from every class and condition in society.

The clock of the college chimed two, and, at the same moment, a deep voice called out through the ample hall—

"Monsieur de Boufflers you are five hours late. The superior wants you."

At this solemn announcement the boy forgot his anger towards his tutor, he forgot the duke, he forgot even his lovely cousin, and cast his eyes around to implore the assistance of the Abbé, but this worthy man either dreading a reprimand for his own delinquency, or fearing lest he should be called on to bear testimony to any falsehood of his pupil, had prudently retired, and the young Boufflers saw himself alone and without succour.

For a moment his trouble was great, but then suddenly remembering the events of the day before, he bethought him that the favour of Louis XIV. was like a halo, which should ward off every danger, and with a courageous effort he walked manfully forward, and stood before the prior. The latter, who was busy writing at a table, with several of the fathers around him, appeared at first to pay not the slightest attention to the youth's approach. Some minutes passed thus, deeply to the mortification of Boufflers, when at last, without raising his eyes, the prior said—

"Ah, Monsieur de Boufflers I think—Monsieur de Boufflers will doubtless give me a satisfactory answer why he did not return to the college this morning at the same hour with his companions."

Henri, who expected an outbreak of anger, felt considerable embarrassment in replying to a question put with such calmness and precision. To any other man his answer would have been, that his actions were his own, or perhaps that he had a duel with a field-officer; that he had spent the morning with a lovely woman; and finally, that he was governor-general of the province of

Flanders, by which title he knew no other equal save the Marshals of France, who left their houses or returned to them as they pleased. But how could he tell all this to a reverend father, in whose eyes a duel and the society of a beautiful woman were mortal sins. In this dilemma Boufflers could but mutter a few words devoid of meaning.

"I don't hear," said the prior with calmness—"shall I repeat my question?"

Boufflers now felt the shame of his situation, and replied somewhat more boldly—

"Reverend father, I know I am in fault, but as I cannot reply to your question without a falsehood, I beg that you may excuse me if I am silent."

The prior raised his eyes upon him with a strange expression, and then touching a little bell, which stood beside him on the table, a reverend brother appeared at the door of the hall.

"Is this, then, your final answer?" said he.

The boy bowed his head in token of assent.

"Reflect upon it well," said the prior, "you have five minutes to make up your mind."

At the same moment he pointed with his finger to the massive clock of bronze above the door, and then, without adding a word, resumed his writing. The fathers on each side of him remained cold and impassive, as though they heard not a word which passed on either side. The unbroken silence—the sight of those stern figures, with shaven crowns, bent over the table mute and immovable as statues—all imparted a sensation of fear to the boy's mind, who, as he watched the hands of the clock, wondered what was to happen when these five minutes had elapsed. Suddenly the deep voice of the prior roused him from these doubts, as he called out—

"The time has passed, call up 'Le Père Arsene.'"

The Père Arsene it was who executed in the Jesuit College the terrible functions of the lash. At that dreaded name the waving locks of the boy almost stood erect upon his head; a deadly pallor spread over his cheeks, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Reverend fathers," cried he, in a voice tremulous from emotion, "it is not for me that you have sent for the

Père Arsene—is it? You know I am no longer a child, I am fifteen—such a punishment does not suit my age—inflit what you will on me, but that, and I will bear it without a murmur, but for pity's sake spare me *that*.”

The words were scarce spoken, as on the door-sill stood a man of stern and savage aspect, who held in his hand the horrible instrument of torture. A cry of agony burst from De Boufflers, as he buried his face within his hands, and suddenly remembering the imminence of his danger, he cried out—

“Pardon, pardon, fathers, I will confess all—all, but send away that man.”

“It is too late,” said the prior in a hoarse voice.

“Too late! Oh, no Monsieur le Prior. Listen to me but a few moments I beseech you; you know not what has happened to me since yesterday; you know not that I am now governor-general of Flanders, and governor of Lille; you see that I cannot receive the lash. It would dishonour for ever the glorious titles that I bear—it would offend his majesty who conferred them. I ask you pardon then, reverend father, and I ask you also for justice. Is it not so? Oh, *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* you don't speak—you don't answer me. Dear fathers aid me I beseech you.”

As he spoke, the boy hurried through the room, calling upon each by his name, with an accent and a look that must have penetrated other hearts than theirs. He prayed, he wept, he threatened, and at last, half suffocated with his sobs, he fell cold and breathless at the feet of his judge. Long habituated as they were to scenes like this, the fathers seemed touched, and the Père Arsene himself let fall the lash to the ground, but at a sign from the Prior he took it up again, and at the same moment seized on his victim. With a last effort the wretched boy endeavoured to get free, but in vain—the heavy stripes already hissed upon his back.

While the dreadful punishment continued, a faint voice might be heard, as if crying from the depth of the tomb, “I am governor of Lille.”

Alas! poor boy, that feeble cry was but the echo of the sublime exclamation of the freed man, who, condemned to expire under the lash of the lictor, exclaimed with his dying breath, “I am a Roman citizen.” Scarce had the tired arm of the executioner fallen to his side, when a gentle tap was heard at the door.

“What is't?” said the Prior.

“Is all over?” said a voice from without.

“Yes, come in.”

The door opened, and a brother appeared, and, approaching the prior with trepidation, said in a whisper—“Two persons without desire to see Monsieur de Boufflers.”

“Their names.”

“The Duc de Coigny and Madame la Duchesse de Saint Ceret.”

Soon as these words were spoken, they fell upon the ear of young Boufflers, and brought the death-blow to all his pride and his love—his heart was broken.

The day after this catastrophe, a carriage with the royal arms of France entered the court of the Hotel Boufflers, and a gentleman demanded to speak to the Maréchal.

“Monsieur le Maréchal,” said he, “his Majesty has heard of your son's illness, and the cause of it; and, while he has directed a severe remonstrance to the Jesuit fathers, has charged me to express to you his deep interest in your son, and to know his state.”

The Maréchal, without speaking, took him by the hand, and led him into an inner chamber, where a nobleman of the court and a beautiful woman were sitting beside a bed, upon which a corpse was laid out. The gentleman was the Duke de Coigny. The lady was the Duchess de Saint Ceret; need I say whose was the dead body?

“Monsieur,” stammered the wretched father, “I beg you to offer my respectful thanks to his Majesty, and to tell him, that he may now dispose of the two posts of governor-general of Flanders, and governor of Lille; he who was to have enjoyed them after me, lies there; and I shall soon hasten after him.”

ROMISH MISSIONARIES.

WE have often been struck with the flippant remark of bold ignorance that the Catholic, meaning thereby the Roman church, is the only one adequate to the conversion of the heathen, and that the efforts of priests and friars have been more successful than those of the various denominations of orthodox Protestants. We are told of the splendid success which attended the labours of the Jesuits in Paraguay and California, China and Japan. It is our wish in the present article to investigate the question with some attention. We shall, however, for the present, omit all further notice of the oriental missions, and restrict our illustrations to the former proceedings of the Roman priesthood in North and South America, and their present efforts in the Polynesian Archipelago. The value of these labours may be tested by two methods of inquiry, each of them fully adequate to afford a decisive result. We may institute a comparison of the principles upon which the Protestants and the Romanists proceed, and the consequences to which these principles lead. Or we may institute a comparison of the practical results of two opposite systems, as exemplified in the experience of different countries.

In their missionary efforts, the guiding principles and the results aimed at are widely different with the ministers of the two religions: the one endeavours to effect, in the first instance, a moral change, to suppress evil tendencies, and to implant good ones, to amend the heart, trusting that intellectual freedom and increased physical advantages will be the result of the renewed mind; the other aims not at internal, but external changes—teaches the convert to rest upon ceremonial observances—to believe without reasoning, and, in fact, leaves the dispositions unaffected, so that the Jesuit leaves them where heathenism has found them. We find here, as in every other instance, the radical and irreconcilable distinction

between the Roman and the reformed systems—the one insisting on the paramount importance of right moral dispositions, and not merely permitting freedom of inquiry, but enforcing it as a duty; the other pursuing a system at variance not merely with Scripture, but with natural religion. To neglect some ceremony, or to violate some moral duty, are both deadly sins, although both conscience and common sense recognise no identity of offence. The evidences of sincere conversion required by the two parties are consequently very different—in the one it is amended life, in the other ceremonial observances, and excited imagination. The Protestant missionaries of Tahiti have been the means of transforming the licentious females of that island into chaste wives and daughters, and abolished wars and infanticide. The Roman priests were content with more slender and doubtful improvements, as the following anecdote will show:—“About the time of the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, the noted Therouet died at Montreal. The French gave him Christian burial in a pompous manner, the priest that attended him at his death having declared that he died a true Christian; ‘for,’ said the priest, ‘when I explained to him the passion of our Saviour, whom the Jews crucified, he cried out—If I had been there I would have revenged his death, and brought away their scalps.’”

We wish to insist upon this subject, for we firmly believe that the principle which has guided the Protestant missionaries is the only one which promises to produce permanent good, and is founded upon correct views both of Scripture and the moral nature of man. Of course every effort must be made to introduce the arts of civilized life, and this, so far from being incompatible with the other and higher object, is, in fact, inseparable from it—they are connected as cause and effect. Mere doctrines of utility will neither reclaim an individual nor reform a nation

—it is only by acting on the moral elements of the human mind that such changes are to be accomplished. In the Polynesian islands, after the natives were brought to renounce their superstitions and embrace the Gospel, all other desirable results inevitably followed—the desire to be able to read became universal—the men desired European articles, and the females European clothing, and hence the necessity for habits of industry and prudence. Human nature is the same every where, among the civilized and the savage, and evidences of the same truth may be found in England as well as in Tahiti. Every clergyman or medical practitioner who has been much among the poor, especially in England and Scotland, must have observed, in cases of equal poverty and destitution, in some families order, decency, and cleanliness were never neglected, while in others, inevitable evils were aggravated by recklessness, filth, and dissension. In the former case the parties will usually be found to be actuated by deep religious feelings, which accomplish for them what prudence and utility cannot do for the latter.

There are, however, certain circumstances under which the Roman priesthood are capable of producing very extensive changes, especially when supported by the civil power. Thus in Mexico, Peru, and Bogota, where the Indians were fixed to the soil, and the old religion had been overturned by the Spaniards, it was an easy task to cause them to abandon their ancient rites for the religion, such as it was, of their conquerors. In this case, however, the change was merely an external one; and the unhappy Indians are almost as ignorant of Christianity at present as in the days of Columbus. Every one acquainted with the past and present condition of these countries is aware, that even at present the Indians look back with fondness to their old idolatry; and, were they permitted, would, in all probability, return to it. In the year 1712, an extensive insurrection broke out in the province of Tzendales, in Central America; the Indians murdered their priests, and returned to their ancient superstitions.*

Even in the city of Mexico, at the present day, the Indians have not forgotten their ancient idols. Mr. Bullock informs us that while employed in Mexico in taking the cast of an idol, the Indians during the evening crowned it with garlands of flowers.† We shall find, however, the true value of the conversions effected by the Spanish priests in the sequel.

Another, and, in our opinion, most important point of superiority on the side of the Protestant missionaries is, that they are married men, and consequently have the sympathies of men. No natural law can be broken with impunity; and a class of men, one of whose essential conditions is that of celibacy, must be inevitably unfit for the varied relations of civil life. Were an act of parliament passed condemning the medical profession to celibacy, the public would not tolerate such a system for an hour. But the vast superiority derived from the Protestant custom is not negative; on the contrary, what surer pledge can be given to allay the suspicions, and gain the good will of a barbarous people, than for a married clergyman to settle among them. He is no longer a foreign agent, but a citizen, taking an interest in the welfare of their common country; and in all our reading, we do not remember of an instance in which this confidence has been abused. Two other advantages of vast importance flow from this circumstance. The improvement and elevation of the female character is one of the most powerful means of gaining over a nation to Christianity, and of maintaining a permanent influence, ever exerted in favour of civilization. And it requires no argument to prove, that in point of usefulness the Protestant matron and her daughters are of more value than a college of Jesuits. This system is also of great advantage in facilitating the acquisition of the language of the people among whom the missionary resides, inasmuch as children are more expert in this way than adults, and thus a race of teachers may be reared, admirably adapted for their work.

Although we believe the Protestant principles are not merely superior to those of their opponents, but utterly

* Juarros' History of Guatemala.

† Bullock's Mexico.

different from them, yet, after all, the value of the two systems must be tried by experience; and here our task is a very easy one—it requires no other labour than an attentive perusal of the histories of Protestant and Roman missions. In America we have the labours of the Spanish, Portuguese, and French priests, and the Protestants in New England, and at present on the Columbia River; and in the Pacific we have the examples of the Society and Sandwich Islands. In the Spanish dominions in America we have ample evidence of the mode in which Christians were made. The regions of America in which the Spaniards established themselves were peculiarly favourable for the exertions of their priests. Mexico and Peru, Chili and Bogota, were the seats of industrious agricultural and semi-civilized nations, much easier to manage than the unsettled tribes of the British colonies. The natives could not remove from before their oppressors, and the hurricane of banditti which Spain poured upon those devoted lands, by their massacres and pillages, broke the spirit of the nations, swept away the national religions and historical associations; and the unhappy Indian had to wear the fetters and the superstition of his conquerors. Instead of the sun, he worshipped a cross; and the *auto-da-fe* took the place of the human sacrifice. Crowds of priests were turned loose upon the country; and if the native submitted to be baptised, little additional trouble was bestowed upon him. We shall quote the following account of the conversion of the Indians of Nicaragua, because it is from a little-known book. The relation, although diffuse, has much of the raciness and Castilian humour of a countryman and contemporary of Cervantes:—

“When Pedrarias Davila was governor of Nicaragua, he learnt from Spain that Gil Gonzalez d’Avila had written to the emperor that he had converted and baptised thirty-two thousand Indians; and Captain Francisco Fernandez de Cordova, and the governor, Diego Lopez de Salcedo, had also converted a great number. Pedrarias, who looked upon all the three as his declared enemies, saw clearly that they accused him of negligence, because he had not obtained the same results. He re-

solved, therefore, to prove by an inquest that those conversions were fictitious, and that the Indians were not Christians. They might have done the same with respect to Castello de Oro, where Pedrarias had been governor for fifteen years. Pedrarias gave this commission to his friend, Friar Francis de Bobadilla, a provincial of the order of mercy. This religious man undertook the task the more willingly, as he hoped not only to be useful to Pedrarias, but also of service to God, to render a true account to the emperor, and bring as many Indians as possible into the bosom of the church.”

Such is the account of Oviedo, and it appears that the friar was sent on a baptizing expedition to save the character of Pedrarias.

“When Francis de Bobadilla arrived in Nicaragua, the country was ruined for want of water. It now rained for five days, which the Indians believed to be a miracle. He gave the Indians to understand by holy words that they should return thanks to God and the gracious Virgin Mary; that if they would become Christians it would always rain at the proper time, the weather would be favourable, and besides, they would save their souls by embracing our holy Catholic faith. In the course of nine months he baptised about forty thousand Indians.

“When the reverend father came into this province he met an Indian woman, carrying in her arms a dying child, about three years of age. She beseeched the reverend father to baptise it. He inquired why she desired him to do so. She replied, that her child might go to heaven. The father inquired—do you wish your child to become a Christian? She answered, yes. The father then took holy water, which he carried in a calabash, and baptised the child, which Captain Andres Garavita held in his arms during the ceremony. Immediately the child pronounced the word *cross* with an audible voice, and then expired. The mother then wished to be baptised, and the father consented, and named her Mary. Scarcely had she been baptised, when she exclaimed that she saw her child ascending to heaven. The priest, having explained our religion, returned to Matral, and related to the Indians the miracles which he had wrought. They gave the child a splendid funeral after the Spanish custom, and this induced many of the Indians to be baptised.

“All these Indians, of which the number was fifty-two thousand five

hundred and fifty-eight, were baptised between the 1st of September and the 5th of March. The notary I have spoken of attests also that F. de Boba^d dilla *destroyed many idols, burned temples, and erected crosses by the road-sides, on places where they could be seen from a distance.* He gave the natives images of the Virgin, and holy water, and left boys with the chiefs to teach them the Lord's Prayer and the angelic salutation. We may believe that since the Spaniards and other nations have settled in these countries they have baptised a far greater number. I will make a proposal. Take all the Indians who have been baptised in the country, under all the governors since the time of Gil Gonzalez d'Avila. I will pay a peso of gold for every one of them who knows his baptismal name, the pater, ave, and the principal articles of faith, if they will pay me only a maravedi for each of them who cannot do so. I believe I will gain a great sum by the bargain, for the nations are numerous. What is the good of baptising the Indians, and then leaving them to their religious superstitions and vices? Will they be saved by calling themselves Christians, when they have forgotten their baptismal names? They might make progress in the faith if the priests would reside among them, but such conversions as these, they serve no other purpose than to get up stories to be sent to Spain, to the king in council, to seek favours, or to retain those that have been granted, rather for the sake of bishoprics and dignities than for the instruction of the Indians, a thing which I disapprove of. Better far a single Indian, well instructed and truly Christian, than thousands of those baptised, who do not know what a Christian is, or how to effect their salvation. I speak of those who are above fourteen years, for happy are the baptised children who die before arriving at years of discretion. I would inquire of those who become godfathers for one hundred or five hundred persons at a time, what do they teach their god-children as the sacrament obliges them? What kind of instruction can such persons give, such as a certain Spaniard fifty years of age, who acted a part in these things? This person being at Leon of Nicaragua, at a masquerade and game of reeds, where some gentlemen were disguised as Moors and some as Christians, the captain, who was disguised as a Moor, came up to some ladies and requested them to become Mahometans. After repeating this two or three times, he fell from his horse and never spoke more. This person would certainly instruct his god-children in religion, he

who died denying it, and praising the accursed sect of Mahomet. For myself, I would far rather be the child who died uttering the word 'cross' and which was seen ascending to heaven by its mother, as I have told already, than to be its godfather, Captain Andres Garavita, who died so miserably. This Garavita is he who was pardoned by Pedrarias, because he informed against Balboa and his friends, when they were beheaded. We see by this how the Lord punishes those who refuse mercy to men. God grant that when he died so suddenly, his soul was not lost! But to return to the subject of baptism—who does not know the precept of the Gospel? Preach to every creature, and he who will be baptised will be saved, and he who believes not will be condemned. It appears to me perfectly useless to baptise these new converts before they are instructed, for if they do not believe they cannot be saved. It is the same with respect to the negroes who have been carried to this island, (Saint Domingo,) who have been baptised at the end of two or three days, without ever inquiring if they understood what it means; and then we are compelled to purchase a licence to permit them to eat flesh during lent, for we have not fish; we are obliged to pay a demi-peso or more, and if the master refuses, he is excommunicated. Meanwhile the negro does not know what lent is. I will not say what I think, but I have heard priests preaching in the presence of our bishop say that it was wrong."

We have quoted this long extract, because it exhibits an accurate view of the Spanish method of converting the Indians, and because, even at the present day, the practice is little better among the Roman ecclesiastics; only a few years ago a similar profanation of religion was perpetrated at the Sandwich Islands. When the French corvette l'Urainie, Captain Freycenet, commander, touched at Owyhee for a few days, the chaplain, Abbé Quelin, nephew to the Archbishop of Paris, baptised several chiefs, among others, Governor Boki, who, to use the words of M. Arago, took his leave, went home to his seven wives, and to sacrifice to his idols.

The truth is, that throughout the whole of Spanish America, the work of converting the Indians has yet to be commenced. The quotation we have given, so far from being a caricature, is a faithful representation of the course

usually pursued. The Franciscan fathers boasted of having alone baptised from the year 1524 to 1540, more than six millions of Indians, in the kingdom of Mexico. If this indiscriminate and irreverent conduct is calculated to excite surprise, we are still more shocked when we learn the mode in which the rite was administered. When friar Bobadilla boasts of baptising 40,000 Indians in the course of a few months, or at the rate of several hundreds a day; we may feel surprised how he would accomplish so much. This, however, is easily explained; the monks baptised in tallies, in the same manner as people sometimes vote at elections; a score of men were baptised in the gross, as Juans, and then a score of women, as Marys, and thus the task was speedily accomplished.

The results of this system, if results they can be called, have been merely the substitution of a few new ceremonies, instead of those formerly in use, while the poor Indian is as ignorant as ever.

"The Americans," says Humboldt, "like the Hindoos and other nations, who have long groaned under a civil and military despotism, adhere to their manners, customs, and opinions with extraordinary obstinacy—I say, opinions, for the introduction of Christianity has produced almost no other effect upon the Indians of Mexico, than to substitute new ceremonies, the symbols of a gentle and humane religion, for the ceremonies of a sanguinary worship. This change from old to new rites, was the effect of constraint and not of persuasion, and was produced by political events alone:

"Dogma has not succeeded to dogma, but ceremony to ceremony. The natives know nothing of religion, but the external forms of worship. Fond of whatever is connected with a prescribed order, they find in the Christian religion particular enjoyments. The festivals of the church, the *fireworks* with which they are accompanied, the processions mingled with dances and whimsical disguises, are a most fertile source of amusement for the lower Indians. In these festivals the national character is displayed in all its individuality. Every where the Christian rites have assumed the shades of the country where they have been transplanted. In the Philip-

pine and Mariana islands, the natives of the Malay race have incorporated them with the ceremonies peculiar to themselves; and in the province of Pasto, on the ridge of the Cordillera of the Andes, I have seen Indians masked, and adorned with small tinkling bells, perform savage dances around the altar, while a monk of St. Francis elevated the host."

Not only has the influence of the Spanish clergy been worthless, but in many instances their conduct was extremely exceptionable. They have not unfrequently availed themselves both of fraud and force to accomplish their ends. There is one most culpable piece of conduct, in which the Jesuits and other orders are deeply implicated, we mean the employment of pious frauds, and fictitious miracles. In the use of some unlooked-for and favourable event, or unexpected deliverance from danger, the monk might express himself in language which might not be strictly correct, and with no deliberate intention to deceive; and such instances we would judge leniently; but when the simple Indian is deceived by the superior physical knowledge of his teacher, into the belief of supernatural interference, such conduct merits the utmost severity of censure. In our estimation, no end, however important, can justify a fraud, much less when that end is pernicious, as when a miracle is got up to increase devotion towards the Queen of Virgins; in such a case we can see nothing but one complicated artifice of fraud.

Fletcher of Salton's code of honor, is, in our opinion, far preferable, who would lay down his life to defend his country, but would not do a mean thing to save it. Such a doctrine never emanated from the School of Loyola.

The use of force is also to be deprecated like deceit—it should never be employed when dealing with human convictions. In Mexico and Peru, the conversions, as they are called, were as much the result of conquest and military force, as it is possible to imagine. In many parts of America, the union of the soldiers and priests, for the purpose of reclaiming the

* Humboldt's New Spain, vol. 1. p. 169.

Indians, was far more intimate than is usually imagined.

"The missionary monks of South America make, from time to time, incursions into countries possessed by peaceable tribes of Indians, whom they call savages, because they have not learned to make the sign of the cross like the equally naked savage of the missions. In these nocturnal incursions, dictated by the most culpable fanaticism, they lay hold of all whom they can surprise, especially children, women, and old men. They separate without feeling, children from their mothers, lest they should concert together the means of escape. The monk, who is the chief of this expedition, distributes the young people among the Indians of his mission, who have the most contributed to the success of the *Entrados*. On the Orinoco, and the banks of the Rio Nigro, these prisoners bear the name of *poitos*, and they are treated like slaves until they are of an age to marry. The desire of having *poitos*, and making them work for eight or ten years, induces the Indians of the missions to excite the monks to these incursions, which the bishops have generally had the good sense to blame, as the means of attaching odium to religion and its ministers."*

In California the military were subordinate to the monks, and their assistants in the work of conversion.

But the most vaunted efforts on the part of the Romish Church, were those of the Jesuits, and they, therefore, merit a particular attention. We confess, the history of this remarkable community always interests us, far above that of any other monastic society. The valuable accessions which they have brought to almost every branch of knowledge, their deep insight into human nature, and acquaintance with the actual world, and also, we believe, their personal morality, more correct than that of the other orders, gives their history an interest far above that of Dominicans or begging friars. In short they are both monks and gentlemen.†

The efforts, however, of the Jesuits,

if more elaborate, and less coarsely mechanical, laboured under the same radical defects as, in truth, were inherent in the Romish faith. No attempt was made to expand the moral and intellectual faculties. The Indians were taught to repeat certain words and phrases, to make the sign of the cross, and to worship not the Creator of all things, but one of his creatures, deified as the Queen of Virgins and Angels. When the poor savages were brought together, it was forgotten that they were free agents—they were treated as machines, and personal interest, the strongest motive to improvement and emulation, was suppressed. They cultivated the land for the common good, alike of the active and the indolent. The monastic communities of the Jesuits resembled the association of bees in their hives, rather than combinations of reasonable beings. The Jesuit missions may be viewed as a strange compound of Romanism and St. Simonianism; it was Robert Owen, employing the aid of superstition, to portion Paraguay into parallelograms upon the co-operative system. To have a clear idea of this monstrous attempt, we may state that Peru, before its conquest, exhibited precisely one analogous; the policy of the Incas, the Heliades of the new world, had introduced the same state of things.

If we turn from Paraguay to Canada, a new element appears in the policy of the Jesuits; in the latter country, and in the vicinity of the English colonies, France turned them to powerful account as political agents. They were there employed not merely to convert the savages, but to detach the Indians from English alliances, and bring them over to the French interest. The history of the French Jesuits, as given by Charlevoix and others, exhibits a strange compound of good and bad, such as no other community has exhibited, unless in their prototypes, the templars of the middle ages. They were the most indefatigable explorers

* Humboldt's *New Spain*, vol. i. p. 238.

† In Peru, where the monastic orders are shamefully depraved, and little better than a set of arrevys, the Jesuits alone preserved an untainted reputation—*Le Juan and Ulloa, Noticias Secretas*. This official report, drawn up by these excellent individuals, details many sad proofs of the total corruption of the Peruvian clergy.

of unknown regions; and it is owing to their enterprise, that the splendid valley of the Mississippi was first laid open to Europeans. They resided among the Indians, conformed to their customs, learned their language, and published vocabularies. They were devoted to their converts, and cheerfully encountered the pains of martyrdom for the sake of their neophytes. On the other hand, they were indefatigable agents in directing the horrors of Indian warfare upon the English colonies, and the savage who had received the priestly benediction, proceeded to scalp the enemies of France. The result has ever been, whether on the Parana or the St. Laurence, that, with the suppression of the order, the social system instituted by the followers of Loyola, has fallen to pieces, or, at best, languishes under the less able hands of Dominicans or Franciscans.

If we turn to the efforts of the Protestants in the same field, we find the following preliminary observations to be essential. They were destitute in a great degree of political influence. They had not the energies of the civil power at their disposal, and could not, as in California, effect conversions by the united efforts of the friar and the corporal. Nor is this all, the natives of Mexico and Bogota were agriculturists, and fixed to the soil, and it required no great effort to cause them to adopt a few new ceremonies; it was a far different task to fix the wandering Algonquin in settled villages—to induce them to abandon hunting, the most fascinating of all pursuits. It has been the lot of the Protestant missionary, every where to have to deal with more intractable materials—with the Pequods of New England, the Esquimaux of Greenland, or the Hottentots of the Cape; but with all these difficulties, the results have been such as may well excite surprise. In so wide a field, we shall merely relate a few characteristic instances, taking care to select such as are not easily accessible to most readers. In the case of the New England Indians, this is especially necessary, for here blame has been found where no fault existed, and

censure has been withheld, where assuredly it was merited. It is to be remembered, that as the Indians of New England were not numerous, of course great numbers could not be civilised and improved, and hence the grossly ignorant comparisons sometimes instituted between the Jesuit establishments, among the populous nations of Paraguay, and the little clans of Massachusetts. Notwithstanding all these errors, it is pretty certain that the Indians of North America have made greater progress than those under the monastic rule. The Cherokees had a newspaper and a representative government, and had acquired wealth, and improved their lands. In New England the labours of Elliott, Mayhew, and Gookin, were remarkably satisfactory; many villages of praying Indians, as they were called, existed, and not merely advanced in civilization, but improved in morals. Great numbers were taught to read, and many could write, and their knowledge of religion, was far superior in amount, as in tendency, to any thing taught in the missions of the Romish clergy.

That the efforts of these devoted friends to the Indians, Elliot and Gookin, have produced but little permanent good, and that the tribes to which they addressed themselves are all but extinct, is a melancholy truth, and one which can easily be accounted for.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that the labour and expense of civilizing the Indians of New England, was not contributed by the colonies, high as their pretensions were, but by a society instituted by the Honourable Robert Boyle. We do not mean that the New Englanders contributed nothing, but by far the greater part of the burden devolved on Mr. Boyle and his associates in London.* The causes of failure are easily explained; they consisted of the calamities brought about by King Philip's war, of the desire of the New Englanders to obtain their lands, and remove their occupants from the country, and lastly, in the hatred and contempt with which they

* It is a most interesting fact that two of the most illustrious names Ireland has produced, the one eminent in moral, the other in physical science—we mean Berkely and Boyle—were the zealous friends of the aborigines of our colonies.

were regarded by the proud and self-righteous puritan. During King Philip's wars, which were carried on with shocking cruelty by the Indians and the colonists, the praying Indians joined the Whites, and retained to the last the character of unimpeached fidelity. Although they offered to serve the colonists, they were treated with cruelty and suspicion; they were thrown into prison and their establishments broken up, and their families removed, as a measure of precaution, to remote places, where no provision was made for their support.* It is melancholy to view the strange inconsistencies which history so often exhibits. The pilgrims, as they were called, leaving England, and settling in the wilderness for the sake of freedom of conscience, treating a less civilized portion of their race, with a contempt which broke their hearts, and caused them to abandon in despair any further attempts at improvement. The unhappy Indian was looked upon as an inferior being, who might be treated with condescension, but never be permitted to assume an independent bearing. The words of Governor Hutchinson are decisive upon this point.

"It seems strange," says he, "that men who professed to believe that God had made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, should so early, and upon every occasion, take care to preserve this distinction. Perhaps nothing has more effectually defeated the endeavours for Christianising the Indians. It seems to have done more—to have sunk their spirits, led them to intemperance, and extirpated the whole race."

This remark of Hutchinson's refers to a transaction which took place in 1645, or only twenty-four years after the landing of the pilgrims, and many years before King Philip's war could have exasperated the colonists. Even as late as 1725, we find strange examples of Christian warfare: one Captain Lovwell, attended by forty men and a

chaplain, killed ten Indians they found asleep by their fires, entered Boston with the scalps in the Indian manner, and received a reward of one thousand pounds. Unfortunately these feelings, which were universal, were fostered by those from whom far other sentiments should have been expected. It must grieve every well-constituted mind, to peruse such passages as the following, in Dr. Increase Mather's treatise on the efficacy of prayer—"Nor did they (the English) cease crying to the Lord against Philip, until they had prayed the bullet into his heart." In another place—"We have heard of two and twenty Indian captains slain all of them, and brought down to hell in one day." It would be easy to quote abundance of passages equally offensive. Our object is answered if we have accounted for the failure of Elliot and his associates. If the Indians of Massachusetts have disappeared, it was not on account of any deficiency in the moral means employed, but in the heartlessness and selfish conduct of the colonists, while the efforts to avert the evil emanated from the Boyles and Berkeleys of our own country. We are willing, however, to present the best apology we can, and we believe the very reprehensible conduct of the New Englanders may be easily accounted for. Knowledge may be power, but it is not virtue; and when two classes of men were brought into contact, and one of them immeasurably superior to the other in science and energy, the demands of justice must often be forgotten. Nor are the superstitions of the age to be neglected. In those days the belief in witchcraft was universal, and the natives of America were believed, alike by Spaniards and Englishmen, to have intercourse with the devil in the performance of their superstitious rites, and hence they were guilty of a punishable offence, and thus interest and error supported each other. The demoralising influence of the cruelties of the middle ages, had also taught the people of Europe that infidels were legitimate prey, and that their

* Major Gookin, the guardian of the praying Indians, wrote an account of their sufferings for the information of Mr. Boyle. The manuscripts remained unprinted until published by the American Antiquarian Society. The narrative is very discreditable to the New Englanders; their humanity was on a par with that of the Pequots.

property and persons belonged to those who professed a different faith; and hence, on the discovery of the new world, this depraved sentiment was abundantly acted on.

We trust we have sufficiently explained the causes which blasted the efforts of the philanthropists of England in their endeavours for the welfare of the Indian race; but the same attempts have been renewed in other countries with far greater success. To begin with a very unpromising race, the Hottentots and Bushmen of the Cape, we may state that their condition has been steadily and progressively improving, especially since the colony passed under the power of England. The mode pursued with respect to those degraded and brutish tribes, forms a striking contrast with that adopted by the Romish priests, and the results were equally characteristic. We find no pseudo-miracles, no calling in the aid of the sergeant, and no indiscriminate baptizings; on the contrary, the missionaries were slow and cautious in baptising converts, until they thought that evidences were perceptible of repentance and faith. Gnadenthal became a prosperous settlement, displaying the best effects of human culture, and occupied by numerous families of husbandmen, who obtained a rich produce from the soil over which their ancestors had wandered for ages without attempting to improve it. In addition to this settlement, another tract, termed Groenekloof, was given by the government to the United Brethren. In the course of a year, from being a wilderness it was made to bear a plentiful crop. The missionaries reported, that in conducting their temporal concerns, the Hottentots gave evidence that they were under the influence of Christian motives. They went diligently to work in building their huts and cultivating their grounds, and God blessed the labour of their hands. Some of the Dutch farmers expressed their surprise at the change which they witnessed in these people. They were astonished, say the missionaries, in seeing how the wretched, drunken Hottentots, when they get to

Gnadenthal, and hear the word of God, truly receive grace, and become quite a different sort of people.

"Perhaps," says Dr. Pritchard,* "nothing in this account is more remarkable than the fact, that a strong sensation was produced among the whole Hottentot nation, and even among the neighbouring tribes of different people, by the improved and happy condition of the Christian Hottentots, so as to excite a general desire for similar advantages. Whole families of Hottentots, and even of Bushmen, set out from the borders of Caffraria, and performed journeys of many weeks, in order to settle at Gnadenthal. Individuals of the Tamhuh nation, and some from the Damaras beyond great Namaqualand, resorted to Groenekloof, and there took up their abode. It is a singular fact in the history of barbarous races of men, that the savage Bushmen, of their own accord, solicited from the colonial government, when negotiations were opened with them, with the view of putting an end to a long and bloody contest, that teachers might be sent among them, such as those who had dwelt among the civilised Hottentots at Gnadenthal. History, says the historian of the mission, probably furnishes few parallel examples of a savage people in treaty with a Christian power, making one of the conditions of peace, that missionaries should be sent to instruct them in Christianity."

Availing ourselves of the facts brought together by the excellent writer already quoted, we may state, that the conversion of the Esquimaux has not been the hopeless business which even the excellent Paley imagined it was. At present, along the whole western coast, the barbarities of savage life, and the enormities ever attending paganism, where it is dominant, are now rarely to be met with; and the state of the country compared with what it was eighty, or even fifty years ago, may be termed civilised. The nature and climate of this dreary region, and the methods by which the natives procure their subsistence, necessarily preclude many arts of civilised society. The people can neither till the land nor employ themselves in

* *Physical History of Mankind*, vol. i. p. 186, where many facts of the same tendency are recorded.

manufacturing. A Greenlander can neither live in the European manner, nor clothe himself like a European, dwelling, as he does, on sterile rocks, and under the regions of a polar sky; yet it may be said with truth, that the converted Greenlanders, by the habits of industry which they have acquired since their conversion to Christianity, by their contentment amidst privations and hardships, and by the charity of the more affluent towards their needy brethren, strikingly exemplify the doctrine, that in every circumstance of life, and in every station, a religious life is a great gain, having the promise of reward in this world, and in that which is to come. A later account adds—the national superstitions have every where almost entirely disappeared. The practice of sorcery is almost unknown upon the coasts. Cruelty and licentiousness, with a long train of attendant vices, have, through the influence of Christianity, given way to brotherly kindness, good order, decorum, and such a measure of civilization, as is compatible with peculiar circumstances. The mind of the Greenlander has been cultivated, and his heart softened and purified, though his mode of life is still rude, and his habits greatly at variance with European ideas of comfort and civilization. Similar success has been experienced only upon a greater and more extensive scale in the Sandwich and Society Islands. In these beautiful archipelagos the revolution effected since the time of Cook has been astonishing. The Arreoz society has disappeared; infanticide, human sacrifices, and polygamy, have been suppressed, and given way to peace, domestic comfort, education, and progressive intellectual improvement.

All that we aimed at has been accomplished; we trust we have established the decisive fact that, in the hands of the Roman clergy, scarcely any result has been obtained, and that their modes of proceeding had more of a political than a religious tendency. We confess we care but little whether a savage of the Orinoco performs his war-dance round a Franciscan who elevates the host, or round the fetish of his tribe; we wish to see him improved in the rank of intellectual beings, and taught to adopt, from conviction, those doctrines which have produced

such fruits in South Africa or Polynesia. There is one circumstance, however, to which we wish somewhat more fully to allude: we mean the pernicious and political influence which the Roman missionaries are at present exerting in the islands of the Pacific, where we think we can prove that they have introduced strife, and been the means of introducing great evils upon the natives.

Most of our readers are aware that the Society and Sandwich islands, besides many less known groups, are now Christian. This beneficent change has been brought about by the labours of various bodies of British and American Christians, the Americans being chiefly confined to the Sandwich islands. From pretty extensive and authentic sources of information, we can state, in as far as regards the two larger groups of islands we have named, that the means employed were unexceptionable, and no discreditable artifices have been used either to deceive the natives or to consume their substance. For many years all went on prosperously—the natives abandoned their old superstitions—adopted the Christian faith—were taught to read, and arts of industry and civilization introduced among them. Of late, however, the most dishonourable conduct of the French government in abetting the Romish priests has produced much mischief, and has, we know, introduced much vice and crime. To explain this strange transaction, we must enter into some details. After the death of Captain Cook, Tamehameha, originally an inferior chief, gradually rose to the sovereignty of the island (Hawaii), and ultimately effected the subjugation of the whole group. While he lived, the nation remained idolaters, but from the frequent visits of European and American vessels, some progress was made in civilization; the persons and property of Europeans were protected, and several settled in the country. The successor of this energetic chief, Rihorietoh, whose visit to England excited so much notice several years ago, carried his innovations much farther than his predecessor had done. He perceived the great political inconvenience of *tabus*, of particular days and meats, and also of the superstition which compelled men and women to eat separately. This he did

by eating in public along with his wives, and attendants, and chiefs; and in a short time these usages became obsolete, and the whole system of idolatry was abandoned—in short, the nation was left without a religion; for the Protestant missionaries did not arrive until some time afterwards. This abolition of idolatry led to a civil war, in which the partizans of the old faith were defeated. On the arrival of the missionaries they experienced opposition from the more immoral portion of the European settlers—from none more than from a Frenchman named Rives; but the government permitted them to remain in the island. Rives afterwards returned to France, and described himself as a person of great importance in Hawaii, and as the bearer of a request on the part of some of the chiefs, that priests should be sent out. It is, however, pretty certain that he was possessed of no such authority, but was, in fact, a mere adventurer. The priests were sent out, but on their arrival were ordered to quit the country; this order, however, they continued to evade. They opened a chapel and began to make converts. The attention of the chiefs was now attracted, and, after due inquiry, the simple Polynesians reported, that "*this new religion was all about worshipping images and dead men's bones, and tabus on meat, and was just like the old religion of the islands.*" We do not quote this remark, which would have delighted Middleton, on account of its irony, but because, with those who made it, it involved a practical difficulty of great importance. The abolition of the old idolatry and its *tabus* had given rise to several insurrections, and as the new religion unquestionably *tabued* meat and used images, the chiefs were afraid that it might become a rallying point for the disaffected. Meanwhile education was advancing—many had become Christians—portions of the Bible were translated—a code of written laws adopted—and thousands could read and write. The government of the islands now adopted a salutary step: a proclamation was issued forbidding women to visit foreign vessels. This and similar regulations excited

great discontent among an influential party, who were backed by many of the profligate whalers who visit the islands, and disturbances were the consequence. *Father Bachelot* and his priests joined themselves to the disaffected party, and they were in consequence peremptorily ordered to quit the islands, and accordingly took their departure.

The banishment of these priests appeared to have touched French honour; and Louis Phillippe, whose device seems to be an inversion of Virgil's,

"*Parcere superbis et debellare subjectos,*"

sent the frigate *Artemise*, Captain La Place, to demand satisfaction. We shall give the outline of this most profligate transaction. This Captain La Place, in a manifesto in the name of his government addressed to that of the Sandwich Islands, demands satisfaction for having persecuted the Roman Catholic religion, *tarnished it with the name of idolatry!!!* and expelled certain French papal missionaries from the island, which, the captain said, was an insult to France and her sovereign. He demanded that the Hawaiian king should conform to the usages of civilized nations, among whom, as Captain La Place assured him with singular effrontery, *there was not even one that did not permit in its territory free toleration.* This last assertion is truly humiliating: the commander of a French frigate, and representing the honour of his nation, should surely be a gentleman, but here we have Captain La Place uttering a falsehood on a subject where mistake is impossible, as even the most ignorant know that free toleration does not exist in one half the governments of Europe. Another condition insisted upon was that French goods should be admitted on paying a duty of five per cent.; or, in other words, practically, that the Sandwich Islanders should get drunk on French brandy, for the especial profit of the French consul. To bring these iniquities to a climax, the sum of 20,000 dollars was extorted from the native government as a guarantee for the fulfilment of these conditions.* One is

* This sum has never been repaid; on the contrary, by an exercise of oppression still more disgraceful, 10,000 dollars have been taken from the Society Islanders.

at a loss to conceive the object of this strange union of infidelity and Romanism; or that the disciples of Voltaire and Loyola should thus combine for a common object. The commerce of the French in the Pacific is insignificant. Not one ship in fifty that touches at the Sandwich Islands belongs to them. We believe one reason to be, that the present French government, although in the abstract abundantly latitudinarian, views such matters as objects of political speculation; the Romanist party are powerful, and it is of importance for a system certainly not national, to bid for support in all quarters. Hence the anomalous union which has forced Popery upon an unwilling people, and attempted to civilize them by pillaging their wealth, and drenching them with Jesuits and brandy.

The mischievous effects of this foreign interference are now becoming manifest in the demoralization of the country, and in the retardation of its improvement. Mr. Bishop writes thus:—

“The repeal of the law forbidding the importation of alcohol into the kingdom, effected by the French treaty, was followed by a larger importation and sale of the article by the *French consul* and others. The consequences were disastrous. The formerly quiet town of Honolulu became a scene of revelry and noise, and the resort of the vicious never before surpassed. Many members of our churches also were drawn into the vortex, and cut off. The example so boldly set in the metropolis, at length began to spread to other parts of the island. Matters for a time began to grow worse and worse. Our congregations dwindled, the love of Christians waxed cold, and with the introduction of intoxicating drinks, the other concomitants of heathenism were also revived. In the month of October, when this state of things was at its height, the king made this island a visit from Mani. This state of things was duly represented to him, and supported by Commodore Wilks, his officers, and the American consul, the king published a law prohibiting his subjects the making and drinking of intoxicating liquors.”

While such things were acting, instead

of promoting temperance, the ecclesiastical juggler went about in his long robe, crucifix in hand, baptizing all who applied, and urging those who did not apply to come and receive the waters of regeneration. They are equally persevering in dissuading the natives from attending the schools, or in any way improving their minds. The only contrast we shall draw is the statement of the following facts, very different from any afforded by the missions of Paraguay. By the efforts of the Protestant missionaries, the Scriptures have been translated into the native language. Multitudes have been taught to read and write; in higher schools, geography and the elements of physical science are taught; and even in anatomy and medicine instructions are delivered to the more intelligent natives, that they may become useful in relieving the distresses of their countrymen. This requires no comment.

We have no apprehension, however, that the Sandwich Islanders will either relapse into their old superstitions, or adopt the new ones. In the first place, more than nine-tenths of the vessels which frequent the Sandwich Islands are English and American, and as they have ever been on terms of amity with the natives, their influence must be exerted to prevent the growth of a hostile faith. Their religion, their national feelings, and, above all, their interest in preserving their now predominant influence is by cordially supporting the native government. The chiefs and native authorities can view with no favour a set of men who have been only instruments of dissension and of interference with their national affairs. It is remarkable, on this obscure theatre, to see the same contest renewed as in the sixteenth century. On the one hand, the religion of progress, which acknowledges no extra-national authority; and the faith of the priest, which assails the political independence of nations, and would bring all intellect prostrate under the Lama of Rome.

We shall bring these observations to a close, with a remark which has frequently occurred to us during the

* See Annual Report of American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, 1840-41; see, also, *Hawaiian Spectator*, a quarterly publication in English, published at Owhahee, and replete with valuable information respecting Polynesia.

writing of this paper. The immutability of the Roman faith has often been insisted upon to us: its wonderful flexibility has been far more matter of surprise. It is the religion of human nature, of all times and places, presenting in its multiform phases something suitable to every mind. It comprehends the fierce baron of the twelfth century, and a Pascal in the sixteenth—a Fenelon, and a Spanish Dominican presiding at an *auto-da-fe*—the savage of the Orinoco dancing round the host, and could tempt from Protestantism a Schlegel or a Schelling. Even in its external rites it possesses points of affinity with every form of faith; and this resemblance has often struck the Roman clergy themselves. Thus the first monks who visited America were astonished to find that the worship of the cross and auricular confession had preceded them. In the East they

found, in the mountains of Thibet, a grand pontiff, whose dominions were more extensive than those of his western brother. The rosary and the tonsure existed in Hindostan long before popes were known; and monasteries and unmarried priests abounded in the East long before they were known in Egypt or Italy; and abstinence from meat is but the tabu of Polynesia. Like the primary matter of Greek philosophy, destitute of every form, but capable of assuming all, it is like a mirror of many facettes, in which each may see his likeness. It is gross in Naples, purified in Baltimore. For a healthy and manly intellect, however, it has no charms, and has no sympathy with the followers of Luther or Lord Bacon. While susceptible of modifications, it is ever in the rear, following in the path where it is destined never to lead.

CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES.

NO. II.—HOLLAND.

THERE is not a country in Europe which, having suffered continued reverses of fortune and foreign domination, and whose soil has been the theatre of so many wars, both religious and political, has yet preserved so many of its ancient habits and customs, so many of its simple tastes and primitive pleasures, as Holland.

That country which successively became the refuge of the Jews of Portugal and the Huguenots of France, and which has maintained for centuries the active conflict of opinions with nearly the entire of Catholic Europe, presents at this moment features as strongly national as though a mountain frontier had separated it from all intercourse with neighbouring countries.

The Dutchman of the present day differs but little from his predecessor of two hundred years ago—the same sturdy spirit of political independence, the same habits of patient, plodding

industry, the same parsimony, and the same primitive pleasures that occupied his ancestors, would seem to engage him.

From the earliest period, that long valley between the Meuse and the Rhine was the prey to surrounding nations. Subjected in turn to the Gauls, the Romans, the Franks, it fell at last beneath the haughty rule of Charlemagne himself, and under his imbecile successors became broken up into petty states, warring and disputing with each other, the traces of whose animosity have descended to the very period we live in.

In the midst of these dissensions arose the power of the Counts of Flanders, who, being connected by ties of marriage with the Dukes of Burgundy, the country passed into their hands; and when Mary of Burgundy married the Emperor Maximilian, she brought him Holland as her dowry. In 1548, Charles V. re-

united the kingdom to the Spanish monarchy; and thirty years after, the stern spirit of independence and profound religious conviction, stirred them to assert their freedom both against monarchy and the Inquisition; and under William the Taciturn they became free. Then, for the first time, became conspicuous the all-subduing, untiring energy of their national character—that combination of enterprise and industry which made them the merchants of the East, and which drew upon them the covetous ambition of Louis XIV., who, in all the pride and glory of his reign, found himself dictated to by the stadtholders of Holland.

Here were changes enough to have washed out every trace of nationality from every other people;—every feature of government, from absolute monarchy to open democracy—different forms of religious persuasion—varieties of language, intermarriage—all, in short, that can fashion and mould the features of a people, were their lot; but their stern natures came forth from the trial unchanged; and even when, within our own times, the spirit of the French Revolution, like a devouring flame, swept across the face of Europe, consuming as it went, Holland alone—that little country wrested from the ocean—presented the bold aspect of defiance to the libertine excesses of the day; and when he arose whose power was felt from Moscow to Madrid, the sturdy Hollanders dared to reject his yoke, and to still stand by those institutions which for centuries they had defended.

But even then they were destined to another trial; and when the victorious army of Pichegru swept across the land, once more was their proud spirit humbled to the dust. The name of their nation was erased from the map of Europe, their ancient frontier was annihilated, and every remnant of their noble constitution scattered to the winds. With a brother of Napoleon for their monarch, and French institutions introduced into every department of the state, it might well be supposed that the hour was now come in which they should yield to their destiny, and sink into the condition of a province. But no! The old leaven worked too strongly in their hardy natures—the seeds of indepen-

dence were too deeply implanted to be blighted by the cutting winds of adversity; and scarcely did the storm pass over their heads, when they arose again, like one of their own plains after the inundation of the winter—bright, rich, and productive.

Once more the old Dutch thrift came to their aid: the energy which enabled them to surmount so many difficulties before, did not desert them now; and, resuming its ancient name, Holland again became a nation.

It is rarely that we are able to trace the qualities which secure happiness in the individual, producing prosperity in the nation. Holland, however, exhibits an example of this. She owes her greatness and her wealth, as she owes her happiness and welfare, to that calm, reflecting race, who could neither be fascinated by glory, nor depressed by misfortune. Economising their riches in times of plenty, and supporting adversity with patience, the country has exhibited in itself the humble but useful virtues, which never fail in private life to lead to affluence and ease.

What Napoleon said of England might with far more truth be asserted of Holland—it is “a nation of shopkeepers;” but they are shopkeepers whose probity and fair-dealing might well put to the blush many of those prouder neighbours who trade with them as customers.

Time out of mind has this country been the subject of jest and sarcasm. Every traveller who visits it, returns with the same everlasting picture of streets whose cleanliness requires you to walk in slippers—of a people who seem a compound of schiedam and tobacco; and from Voltaire downwards, every wit has had his “*mot*” upon the land; and even an Englishman, whose sympathies might have taught him more generosity, has described Holland as a country “drawing fifty feet of water—a land the very keel of nature, where every man is at the pump, and where they never feel safe until they smell the mud. When their merchants are bankrupt, they have only to drown a city; a species of cannibal fish, they live upon other fish, and serve up their own cousins-german to table.”

But this is not exactly the aspect in which we would present Holland to

our readers: neither is it as a land of romantic scenery nor chivalric associations. Not that Holland is deficient in picturesque beauty, nor are its annals wanting in traits of heroism and daring; but the striking features of the nation are its industry, its energy, its endurance, its strong spirit of independence, and its practical common-sense; and these traits seem written upon the surface of the soil.

You look from the deck of the canal-boat upon a vast plain of rich green, dotted with handsome cattle, and here and there a small brick cottage peeping from its willow enclosure. You trace the winding of a stream till it is lost in the horizon. You see some white-sailed barque slowly moving on among the prairies, and mingling its tall spars with the thin arms of the windmills. You catch the taper spire of a village-church in the distance. But no hill rises to the view—neither glen nor valley. All is a rich alluvial soil, across which, in silence, human industry is moving; but neither the clank of the hammer nor the din of the factory strikes the ear. All is still, and quiet, and peaceful. The spirit of order seems to pervade every thing and every body. Even of his pleasure the Dutchman is an economist, and enjoys himself within such prudent limits, as call for neither exertion nor enthusiasm. The fisherman returning to his cabin at nightfall—the patrol upon his round of duty—the merchant on his way to the Bourse—the child wending his march to school, his Bible under his arm—all move with measured tread, as though every thing received its impulse from some mighty piece of mechanism that presided over the entire land. You enter the great town; but, unlike all cities elsewhere, you perceive neither noise nor tumult. The streets are neither traversed by loungers, nor do you see the onward haste and movement of great commercial communities. There is no crowd, no bustle—the very spirit of curiosity is subjected to their native phlegm; and the small piece of looking-glass which is placed at every window, is destined to inform the indweller what goes forward without, and not give him the pain of rising from his chair; and yet this land, so lethargic, so slow, so sluggish in appearance, has effected works of more stupendous

magnitude and untiring industry than any nation of modern Europe.

When the ancient Gauls came to settle upon that wide plain between the Rhine and the Meuse, Tacitus tells us they knew not whether to call it land or ocean. Each seized upon some little eminence amid that watery waste, and built his little hut ready to fly whenever the inundation should approach. Combining their efforts, they formed a barrier against the river, and thus, emboldened by success, constructed a rude dyke against the sea. The war began against the elements—they prosecuted it with vigour. The whole land resembled a besieged city—the enemy on every side seeking where he might enter. Should a rampart show signs of weakness, every hand came to the rescue: did their efforts fail, they isolated the breach by raising another embankment against which the waves beat in vain. Night and day sentinels walk their rounds, and at the slightest show of danger the tocsin is sounded, and no Hollander neglects the warning.

Yet notwithstanding all this activity and labour, the annals of Holland abound with dreadful instances of disaster, where the inundations carried away whole villages with all their inhabitants. In 1287, eighty thousand souls were swept away by a rising of the sea—covering that vast expanse now known as the Zuyderzee, which before that did not exist. In 1570, a hundred thousand persons perished by an inundation, that rose to the highest point of the soil. And notwithstanding the skill latterly employed in the construction of the dykes, and the admirable laws passed for their maintenance, so late as 1825, Amsterdam saw its great dyke almost surrounded by the sea; and for some hours the inhabitants stood watching with agonising suspense the progress of the waves, as they continued to swell and beat against the barrier. Happily the inundation began to subside; when but one hour more would have surrendered the city to annihilation.

The dykes of Holland form a most important feature in its internal economy. Their maintenance gives employment to a large and varied class of the population, and form a very considerable item in the budget of the state.

Every proprietor is assessed for their support in proportion to the extent of land he occupies in the vicinity of the dykes. They who reside immediately near them being obliged to cultivate a certain quantity of ozers, which are used in their repair.

The northern coast of Holland owes its security to a natural defence—great hills of sand which are thrown up by the waves, and which effectually prevent any danger of inundation from that quarter. But even these are not without their inconvenience; for in times of storm, these sand hummocks are carried away by the wind, and spread for miles around over fields of tillage and pasture. Against this evil a remedy is found, by planting dense hedges of reeds along the summit of the hills, and at short intervals along their declivities. In some instances, too, this seemingly ungrateful soil has been made to support plantations of timber, and at this moment the environs of Haarlem are covered with wood, which has had no more favourable origin than these barren mountains of sea sand.

If we retire inland, we shall be still more struck by the industry of the inhabitants. The view of Holland, from a steeple, presents one of those miracles of human activity which are not easily forgotten. The whole surface of the soil is a net-work of roads, embankments, and canals, separating patches of land tilled in the very perfection of agricultural science. Not a perch of ground is suffered to lie unproductive. When tillage is impracticable, pasturage can be found; should the soil not favour that, trees are planted; and where the marshy surface denies them support, the everlasting willow—so useful for every purpose—succeeds. An eminence of a few feet high is too tempting a sight not to build a wind-mill—a rivulet a foot wide suggests a water-wheel.

Air, earth, and water are put under contribution here, and each pays his quota: and a Dutchman seems only in his element where the spongy soil is suggestive of a dyke, and his amphibious nature can revel with sand on one, and water on the other side of him.

But amid all this display of agricultural wealth, objects of taste and luxury are not forgotten. The humblest

cottier will have his bed of tulips, every one of which would excite the envy of our home florists. True, the time is past when these gay petals counted like bonds upon the bourse of Amsterdam. No longer is a ranunculus purchased with four waggon-loads of rye, three of barley, four oxen, twelve sheep, two hogsheds of wine, two tons of butter, a complete suit of clothes, (and for a Dutchman too,) and a silver goblet. The gigantic bulb called the "Admiral Eckhuyzen," once the denizen only of palaces, figures now in every good bourgeois garden. The "Lief kenshock" would no longer purchase a province, and the "Semper Augustus" which once brought thirteen thousand florins, can be had for fifty.

Passing northwards and crossing the Zuyderzee, you enter Friesland—a new land in every respect, possessing its own language, habits, and traditions. Here the men are large, robust, and powerful; the women are no less remarkable for elegance of form—their deep blue eyes and light brown hair giving them a sort of family resemblance most striking. Their costume, too, is not without its charm—a short mantle, worn to display not to conceal symmetry, and a small cap, which covering the top of the head, falls in heavy lappets of rich lace on either shoulder—two broad bands of gold defending the temples, which, among the wealthier classes, is usually an ornament of considerable value. We have seen a simple country girl, whose head-gear was valued at a thousand florins, or eighty pounds sterling.

To obtain means of purchasing this piece of finery is often the labour of years long, and the highest object of a peasant girl's ambition.

As we advance still farther north, we enter the saddest and least cultivated portion of all Holland, one vast morass, traversed by a dreary canal, whose dark stream flows sluggishly along, bearing on it a boat usually laden with turf, to which some poor peasant is harnessed; a few miserable mud hovels, without any trace of Dutch neatness or propriety, a swampy and ungrateful soil, are all the eye can rest upon.

We should not have invited our reader to accompany us thus far, but that even here this land, so sadly defi-

cient in every element of prosperity, presents another trait of the people. In 1816, General Van den Bosch established here one of those colonies for the poor for which Holland is remarkable.

Into this society or colony, as it is called, any able-bodied person may enter; the society entrusts to his charge about six perches of land, a cow, some sheep, and a pig, in addition he receives daily one pound of bread, and every week a bushel of potatoes, and ten sous, not in actual money, but a card is given him of that value, which is negotiable in any part of the colony.

The colonist is bound to repay, by instalments, all the advances made by the society, and these payments he is enabled to make, either from the fruits of his labour, the produce of his land or of his cattle, in addition to which he pays a tax of ten per cent. upon his profit, to maintain the government of the colony, besides a small sum, which is charged to him as interest on the capital employed in the purchase of the land.

When the colonist has, by his industry, paid off his debt to the state, his position suddenly changes, he no longer treats with the administration as a vassal, but as an independent farmer. The women of the colony are employed in spinning and carding, while schools are provided for the children, in which the species of instruction is specially destined to assist them in their career. The houses, which are built with brick, each surrounded by its little garden, are grouped into families, a hundred houses forming what is called a district, and to each district are appointed a physician, an apothecary, two carpenters, two masons, a smith, a tailor, and a joiner.

The colonists labour under the direct inspection of an overseer, who, for any act of indolence or carelessness, has a power of punishment, which in extreme cases consists in banishment to a severer settlement, where greater rigour prevails, and more labour is exacted.

At this moment nine thousand persons are maintained by this admirable system of poor law, a system which neither demands an onerous taxation on the industry of the country, nor any large outlay in the maintenance of expensive establishments,

governors, housekeepers, and overseers, and at the same time is the means of bringing into cultivation a large portion of waste and unproductive land; and, better than all, instils habits of industry and order which are perpetuated from one generation to another.

In no part of the world can be found so many charitable institutions, so many establishments for the relief of the suffering, the succour of the aged, and the refuge of the orphan. Religion is with them an active, working principle, ever exciting them to acts of humanity and kindness. The promptitude with which every appeal on the score of charity is answered, forms a strong contrast with the habits of thrift and parsimony for which they more generally gain credit; but in many respects the character of the Dutchman exhibits contradictions of this kind. The merchant who would deem it an unpardonable extravagance to sit down upon one of the velvet-covered chairs of his own drawing-room, except upon some grand or gala occasion, would not hesitate to offer a thousand florins to purchase a work of art—a picture, a bronze, or an Elzevir.

There are few families among the wealthier class who do not possess collections which would do honour to a palace. Such, for example, is the picture gallery of Van-den Hoof, at Amsterdam, of Baron Westreenen, at the Hague, and of Siebold, at Leyden.

Collections of natural history are to be found in every village, and the maritime advantages of the people have brought to their doors objects from different parts of the world, of which they have not neglected to avail themselves.

In the relations of private life—in their habits of industry and order—in their religious and moral observances, a very strong resemblance can be traced between the Dutch and the Scotch:—the same frugality, patience, industry, and conduct that distinguishes one, characterises the other. The habit of referring to the Bible, as the rule of life, is no less observable in the Dutchman than in the Presbyterian of the north; and with it we find the same disputatious controversial spirit in one as in the other. Four bulky volumes of controversial theology are now going through their twenty-third edition, and

scarcely is any farmer so poor as not to possess a copy.

It would be a curious speculation, and not without its profit, to examine how far the principle of religious belief has moulded two nations so essentially different in their political conditions into a resemblance so striking. It would not be too much to assume that the constancy and attachment Holland has evinced to her ancient institutions derive their source from Protestantism. The faith which is independent of popes and councils—whose truths are no less immutable than they are open to every man, may well have lent a feature of its own unchangeable nature to the habits of all who profess it.

The Roman Catholicism of Europe presents two distinct phases—it is either conservative and hostile to all advancement; or, assuming for the nonce the garb of liberality, it professes to go every length with the doctrines of democracy, and to advocate universal freedom. In Austria we have an example of the former, France and Belgium present instances of the latter. Popery, however, is never in the ascendant, save with an absolute monarchy. Wherever free institutions prevail, there will it be found in a state of litigation—now adhering to the aristocracy, as in France before the great revolution—now clinging to the cause of the people, or occasionally halting between both. Protestantism, on the contrary, finding nothing in its doctrines inimical to mental cultivation and enlightenment, preserves “the even tenour of its way.” It is conservative too; but if it is, it is conservative with a view to the advancement of the age, and the development of new powers and discoveries. England is a striking illustration of this; Holland and Prussia are also cases in point. While they have each in their several spheres availed themselves of the progress which the world has made in political knowledge, they have not, however, surrendered any of the safeguards of their ancient constitutions, nor yielded their minds to the seductive poison of French infidelity and democracy.

That the Dutch are susceptible of being actuated by a principle, and a principle only, their conduct in the late Belgian revolution strongly shows. They had little or no sympathy with

the king of Holland in his loss of territory—they did not love the Belgians as fellow-subjects—they were not co-religionists. Belgium, so far from adding to, was only a drain on their prosperity. Amsterdam and Rotterdam suffered severely from the rivalry of Antwerp, and they beheld their colonies and their mercantile navy as sources of wealth to a people from whom they derived nothing, not even good-will. Nevertheless, the cause of their king was felt to be their own, and they who could calculate with accuracy the profit and loss of the most minute mercantile transaction, flung every consideration of this kind to the winds, and took up arms for their country.

When, however, the conference of London took place, and the great powers decreed the independence of Belgium, Holland felt her national honour no longer interested in the struggle, and sought for nothing but a speedy termination of the conflict, and the enjoyment of a definitive peace.

Had the king now yielded to the wishes of his people, these two countries had been spared seven years of impoverishing animosity, more injurious to their interests than a state of open warfare.

Unhappily, however, he would look upon the question with but feelings of personal irritation and aggrivement. The Belgians were rebellious subjects, who should be reduced to subjection, cost what it might; and the war-budget required a loan of fifty-six millions of florins to maintain a contest which had already cost them one hundred and twenty millions. The nation, disgusted by a conflict in which neither its honour nor advantage were concerned, refused to submit to this taxation, and hence arose a struggle between the government and the people, which, while it served to undermine the prosperity of both, was the first instance in which the sovereign became unpopular with his subjects, who, in all the previous vicissitudes of his fortune, maintained an unshaken loyalty and attachment.

The opposition rejected the project of a loan by a majority of thirty-nine to twelve, and subsequently threw out the entire budget by fifty to one.

Such a schism between the government and the people could not fail to

be followed by grave consequences. The opposition party, emboldened by success, demanded a total reform in the "*Loi fondamentale*," with which the ministry were obliged eventually to comply. By this the limits of the kingdom were laid down anew. The civil list of the king was fixed at one million five hundred thousand florins, with an addition of fifty thousand for the maintenance of the royal palaces, and a pension of a hundred thousand florins was settled on the Prince Royal, to be doubled in case of marriage.

The two legislative chambers to consist as before; the first of thirty members nominated for life by the king; the second of fifty-eight, elected by the provinces; but the great point obtained was the question of ministerial responsibility, which up to that moment had never been conceded in Holland.

To such a vital change in the constitution the king would not submit. It not only abrogated the nature of his power, but his original contract with the nation; and accordingly, after a reign of twenty-seven years, marked by every vicissitude of fortune, he announced his determination to abdicate.

We have been the more particular in tracing the current of these events, inasmuch as a very general impression prevails, that the projected marriage of the king with the Countess D'Oultremont was the chief cause which led to his resignation of the crown. It is true that the rumour of such an intention had created a strong and general expression of discontent throughout the entire nation. National honour was wounded that his choice should have fallen upon a Belgian—Protestantism was offended because she was a Roman Catholic.

The first breach of the king's popularity was made by his obstinate and hopeless prosecution of the war against Belgium—its death-blow was given by this projected alliance. It is not improbable, therefore, that his determination may have been influenced by this wane of popularity; at the same time, the political causes which induced his resolve were not only prior in point of time, but the strong and cogent reasons of his abdication.

In many respects the late king of Holland was a fine specimen of his country. His character was marked

by habits of industry, activity, patience, and perseverance. The latter virtue, indeed, he carried to a fault, for it degenerated with him upon many occasions into a rooted obstinacy, against which reason and argument were of no avail. If the persevering policy, and unbending temperament of William the Taciturn saved Holland in the sixteenth century, that of William the First nearly ruined the nation in the nineteenth. His talents and his tastes were entirely Dutch. The speculations of trade, the great operations of commerce, were more to his liking than the details of government, and the intricacy of foreign politics. The enormous fortune he acquired, was accumulated in his capacity of merchant, in which he risked every chance of gain or loss, exactly like any of his subjects. Well was it observed by a citizen of Amsterdam, that if he had not been king, he would have been the first merchant of the nation. This commercial spirit, however, eminently fitted him for the country over which he was called to rule; not only was a more active impulse imparted to commercial enterprise, but every facility that could promote, was afforded to trade. By him were roads laid down, harbours planned, docks and warehouses constructed, and the great canal that connects the North Sea with the port of Amsterdam was a work of his own designing. But more than all, the colonies which before his time had been only a loss and a drain upon the resources of the mother country, became under his judicious rule a perfect mine of national wealth.

Unhappily, however, the prosperity of the monarch and his kingdom advanced not with equal strides. If the king has accumulated a fortune of two hundred thousand millions of florins, the country is almost in a state of beggary; the expenses incurred by the Belgian war having nearly ruined it. The budget has already been raised to the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty millions, without taking into account the heavy excise duties of the towns, and the expenditure for maintaining the dykes; these form a heavy burden for a population not exceeding two millions and a half, while the national debt alone exceeds four hundred millions.

If we have appeared to lean heavily upon the policy which has involved the nation in such a condition of distress, we are far, very far indeed, from advocating the views of those who would legitimatize the Belgian revolution; on the contrary, in a former article on that country, we endeavoured to show that a more uncalled-for, unprovoked rebellion never took place. What we would condemn is, the headlong obstinacy with which the king of Holland stood, not only opposed to the wishes of his people, but the firm expressed determinations of the great powers in the conference of London.

Enough had been done for the cause of justice by the representations of the Dutch minister at our court, who asked permission for his sovereign to subdue his own rebellious subjects, by his own strong arm, or if that were denied him, to restore to him the colonies, the Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, &c., in exchange for which he had accepted the territory of Belgium. Enough, more than enough, had been done for national honour in the defence of Antwerp, against the united troops of France and Belgium. There could be no indignity in submitting to calamities so inevitable as now threatened him; and had the king of Holland yielded at this moment, not only would he have rescued his country from the ruin which threatens it, but he would have preserved to himself the unalienated attachment of his people. Unhappily, however, he chose the other part; he forgot there were times when expediency usurps the place of principle, even in high places, and he believed that the simple justice of his cause would have ensured it success.

A new reign has now commenced—a government more suited to the exigencies of the times and the wishes of the people has been formed, and with Dutch industry, thrift, and perseverance, we have little doubt that all their difficulties will eventually be overcome, and Holland once more resume her place among the nations of Europe.

Among the other changes introduced, the liberty of the press forms an item in the charter of 1840; and, happily for the nation, this is a liberty not likely to degenerate into licence.

There is no taste, nor any encouragement, in Holland for those violent diatribes which mark the newspaper press of other countries. *The Handelsblad*, the first journal of the country, is the organ of the moderate party, who advocate liberal institutions, and guard with watchfulness the commercial privileges of the land. This paper, which has the greatest circulation of any, counts about four thousand subscribers. Next in rank is *The Avonbode*, which represents the Conservative party, and is conducted by an editor of high literary character. This journal was founded in 1836, and has two thousand subscribers. *The Haarlemsche Courant*, (*The Haarlem Courier*), the oldest journal of Europe, has no political bias whatever, and is little more than a registry of social events—births, deaths, and marriages—which, however, it is but justice to say, are announced with a rhetorical grace and flourish it would be difficult to surpass.

We would willingly, did our limits permit us, devote some time to the consideration of modern Dutch literature, in which there is much that, in the prevailing taste of the day for light and humorous sketches of manners, would amply repay the reader for his trouble.

It is not generally known that the Mynheers have their "Boz," who, like our own, selects his subjects from the middle and lower classes of society, and pictures with admirable fidelity certain national types, which never fail to be popular.

We have, however, far exceeded the limits we proposed to ourselves in this paper, and will conclude by sincerely wishing that she may soon emerge from all her difficulties, and Holland once more enjoy every form of prosperity to which her virtues entitle her.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE JOHN SYDNEY TAYLOR.

JOHN SYDNEY TAYLOR was born in the city of Dublin, about the year 1795. He was descended, on his father's side, from that Captain David M'Kinley who led the advance of King William's army across a deep and rapid river, at the memorable "battle of the Boyne;" and, upon his mother's, from the distinguished chief, General Sarsfield, the most faithful and intrepid of the adherents of James, and whose chivalrous devotion to the fallen monarch had won for him the respect of his enemies.

The surname of Taylor was assumed by his father upon succeeding to the property of a maternal grandfather so named—a property which would have enabled him to make an ample provision for his children, had it been husbanded with care; but which his profuse hospitality served very soon to dissipate; added to which, a heavy and vexatious law-suit in which he had engaged, and which was determined against him, completed his embarrassments, and reduced the once wealthy citizen from comparative affluence, if not to absolute poverty, to that state of anxious dependence in which his own daily exertions were necessary for procuring his daily bread. But in his talents and attainments the elder Mr. Taylor soon found resources which supplied his lack of worldly means. He now found a source of livelihood in the art of line engraving, which in his better, or, as we should rather say, his more prosperous days, he had cultivated for his amusement; and the map of Dublin and its environs, undertaken and completed by him from actual survey, constitutes a creditable specimen both of the abilities and the energy of this excellent old man, when the claims of a growing family called upon him to exert himself for their subsistence.

His eldest son, William, (now an artist in creditable practice in the city of London,) was very considerably senior to his second son, John, the subject of this memoir, and proved, in all respects, to his youthful brother, a second father. This excellent man was,

indeed, a model of domestic virtue. Every personal object was lost sight of in his consideration for the wants of others; or rather, in devoting himself to their advancement, he seemed to find an equivalent for sacrifices which are seldom made, except for some engrossing personal object. He laboured assiduously in his vocation as a teacher of the art of drawing, and all his early earnings, which might have been advantageously hoarded if he considered himself alone, were expended, with a cordial cheerfulness which immeasurably heightened the obligation upon those to whom he stood in the relations of a son and a brother, until he saw the old age of an honoured father comfortably provided for, and the education of his brothers, both through school and the university, so far advanced that they might be regarded as self-dependent.

Of the brethren who were thus indebted to this good man for their early advantages, three died before they arrived at an age to profit by them; and the fourth, the subject of this memoir, John Sydney Taylor, it has been his sad lot also to follow to the grave, after every difficulty had been surmounted which could have obstructed his rapid professional advancement.

Although it would be quite unjustifiable to dwell minutely upon the early life of one so comparatively unknown to fame as Mr. Sydney Taylor, the writer of this sketch cannot omit one or two little incidents by which his childhood was marked, and in which the germs may be seen of the manly and the generous spirit by which he was through life distinguished.

His first schoolmaster was a man of a somewhat unruly temper, and in a fit of passion struck him, when a mere child, a hasty blow with a ruler upon the head. The effects were such as he did not contemplate. Blood flowed copiously from the wound which he had inflicted, and the man of birch became alarmed. He expressed deep contrition for what he had done, and evinced so much sincere and lively sorrow, as completely extinguished in the mind of

his youthful charge all sense of resentment. Some days after, the master, happening to meet his father, the elder Mr. Taylor, in the street, inquired anxiously for his son, and apologized for the hasty temper which led to his so severe punishment. What was his surprise when the old gentleman told him he had never heard of it before—so carefully did the child conceal the injury from all at home, lest it should draw down some blame upon him by whom it had been inflicted. Well might the latter exclaim, “He is indeed a noble boy; you have reason to be proud of him.”

Another little anecdote will serve to show the presence of mind with which, at this very early period, he could brave most formidable danger. In his immediate neighbourhood there lived a friend, in whose house he frequently passed an evening. The access to it was through a large bleaching-ground, which, for the better security of the owner's property, was guarded by night by a ferocious dog. Young Taylor, happening to remain later than usual one night, before his return the dog was enlarged, and was prowling about on his round of duty. Of this he was unaware, until, in proceeding on his way homeward, he perceived the formidable animal advancing towards him at a trot. What was he to do?—cry out for help? There was none at hand. Fly from him?—vain expedient! He would have been overtaken in an instant, and his destruction would be inevitable. No. The boy quietly stood his ground, without evincing the least alarm. The dog by this time had placed his great paws upon his shoulders, and the slightest shrinking would have caused his ruin. With a collectedness and a courage which cannot be thought of at his age without astonishment, he spoke soothingly to the animal, and patted him on the head. The dog, whose rage would only have been enkindled to the utmost by any attempt at resistance, or symptom of fear, was thus completely subdued. He dropped down, and walked with young Taylor quietly to the porter's lodge. The porter, hearing the sound of footsteps, came out to meet him; and when he saw the dog, he shuddered and grew pale. “Sir,” he said, “I would not have given a pin for your life—to meet that creature upon the

ground at this hour of night is almost certain death. Your presence of mind alone has saved you.”

Such were the qualities of mind and heart which furnished the substructure for that noble character which Sydney Taylor evinced in after life. Most truly in his case might it be said,

“The boy is father of the man.”

His love of study, and his relish for intellectual pleasures were also very early manifested. One of his school-fellows was the son of a tradesman whose business required a consumption of large quantities of waste paper. Of this there was always a considerable stock in store, ready for use when it might be required. The printed sheets, which were often found amongst the heaps which were there laid up, attracted young Taylor's longing eyes, and he would often bribe his companion with sweetmeats to suffer him to mount upon the shelves where such treasures were deposited, that he might enjoy, undisturbed, the delight which he felt in their perusal. To this period of his existence he has often adverted in after life, as one of the purest pleasure.

He was now placed at school with Mr. Samuel White, whose academy was remarkable for having sent forth some of the most distinguished men in Ireland. It was there our countryman, Thomas Moore, received his education; and many others there are who can attest the industry of this excellent man, who rejoiced exceedingly in his vocation, and delighted to enumerate the various individuals who had become ornaments of their respective professions, and who were all indebted to him for their early culture.

From this, in due time, he entered the Dublin University. The Rev. Dr. Wall was the tutor under whom he was placed, and by whom his studies were directed. In these he made a commendable proficiency. Although the whole bent of his mind was towards classical literature, yet was he not wanting in a due devotion to the severer sciences, in which his attainments, although not of the first order, were yet abundantly sufficient to secure for him the respect of his fellow-students, and the approbation of his academic superiors. His diligence was unre-

mitting; and he was soon enabled, by taking pupils, to relieve his brother from the burthen which he had so long and so cheerfully borne, and to feel that he might henceforth rely upon his own resources for his maintenance and advancement in the world.

It is, perhaps, a defect in our Irish University system, that a sufficient provision has not been made for the cultivation of classical literature. The great prizes of academic ambition are all, or almost all, confined to the laborious and skilful cultivator of the severer sciences; and the classical student, be he never so successful or enterprising, can scarcely be said to come in even for a younger brother's portion. It must not, however, be denied, that the foundation of scholarships does contribute, in some measure, to remedy this crying grievance, by affording to seventy young men a moderate academic provision, which continues for five years, and has often been materially serviceable to the young aspirant for professional distinction. The place of scholar is only to be obtained after an examination by all the senior fellows in all the classical authors prescribed for the college course up to the junior sophomore year. The candidates always greatly outnumber the vacancies; and in the year of Mr. Taylor's examination for that honour, the candidates were forty, while the places were only twelve. It was not, therefore, a little creditable to him to have obtained the second place, and that upon eight best marks, or a best mark from all his examiners. He thus became entitled to one of the best exhibitions at the disposal of the Board, and was thenceforth enabled to be more independent of his good brother's assistance, and to look forward with more assured confidence to his settlement in life.

Although the honours which he obtained in his academic course were highly creditable to him, they were not those by which he was most distinguished. In truth, his peculiar temperament, and the bent of his mind, inclined rather to the walks of poesy, than to those graver labours to which the academic curriculum would have almost confined his attention. The chancellor's prizes, which are given for composition, af-

forded him, on two occasions, a favourable opportunity for the exercise of his peculiar powers; and his efforts were not unrewarded—the board, who are the judges in such cases, having, in both instances, adjudged him a premium.

He had now a considerable university reputation. His attainments and abilities were generally much respected, and for his worth and his merit in the little circle who enjoyed his intimacy, he was greatly beloved. That it was not larger, arose from a fastidiousness of moral taste, which gave an appearance of shyness and reserve to his manners towards general acquaintances, and caused a quick rejection of the approaches of those in whose characters his acute discernment could detect any taint of depravity or germ of baseness; and in this respect he has often appeared to the writer to exhibit an instinct as rapid and as decisive, as that by which it is well known individuals of the canine race are guided in discriminating their friends from their enemies. Sydney Taylor, in those hours of relaxation which were spent in the society of his chosen companions, was as delightful an associate as could be found. With wit at will, and stores of anecdote, and a fancy impregnated with all that was richest or rarest in literature, both ancient and modern, his mind was a salient *jet d'eau* of pregnant apothegms, lively conceits, or sparkling allusions, always conveyed in a spirit of the kindest humanity, and never verging into buffoonery, or poisoned by ill-nature. There are some few who still survive, and to whom the hours thus spent in innocent, exhilarating, and ennobling converse, are amongst their most treasured recollections. After-life seldom presents any thing so sweetly pure as the joyous intercourse of young and ingenuous minds, of rich endowments, and unsullied by the world, when they meet to unbend after the well-performed labours of a studious day. And where the moral qualities are on a level with the intellectual, and nothing will be tolerated that savours of the base or mean, the enjoyment is, perhaps, as unmixed and perfect, as in the present state of our mortal being is compatible with the frailness of mortality. One there was, who is

already known to fame by the accident of a stray leaf from his journal finding its way into the public papers, we mean the author of the "Ode upon the Burial of Sir John Moore," and who was the happiest and the gayest, as well as the purest, and the most richly gifted of the little group who found, at that period, in each other's society within our college walls, so much of inexhaustible enjoyment. Between the late Charles Wolfe and the lamented subject of this memoir an intimacy was then formed, which ripened gradually into mutual esteem, and ended in a lasting friendship. And often has the writer of this brief sketch listened to the unprompted eulogies with which either spoke of the other when absent, and witnessed the glow of pleasure which never failed to irradiate the countenance of the one at any little achievement in science or distinction in literature which served to enhance the reputation of the other. Wolfe's poetical powers are now acknowledged to have been of no ordinary kind, and we cannot but have our human regrets, that he was snatched so early from a world which he would have adorned. And he, were he living, would be the readiest to proclaim, that his friend's poetical genius was of no mean order; and would have achieved for him no mean niche in the temple of fame, had he not, under a constraining sense of duty, discountenanced its cultivation. The following impromptu words, to the tune of "Robin Adair," is one of the many little effusions with which Sydney Taylor, at that period, used to amuse himself and gratify his friends:—

"Talk not of spring's soft power,
Genial and mild;
Decking with many a flower
Meadow and wild;
Where, by each glen and lee,
Eve's tranquil gaiety,
Shone not in vain for me,
When Ellen smiled.
But wake, and wake again,
Danger's loud tone;
Or give some dirge-like strain,
Plaintive to moan.
Where autumn's leaves are shed
O'er some youth's grassy bed,
Whose heart like mine has bled—
Ellen's smile flown."

Many a time have we listened, tearfully, to the pleasing and powerful voices of Wolfe and his able and amiable biographer, Archdeacon Russell, giving tuneful utterance to the above, to the no small satisfaction of the quiet composer, who seldom, however, heard any commendation of his poetic capabilities, without feeling it in the light of a reproach for the neglect of those severer duties by a stern devotion to which he could alone hope to secure his advancement in the world.

One other little incident must be given, as it will serve to show a promptitude and facility of composition which might well be called surprising. The discourse one evening turned upon the poetry of Southey. One of the party spoke in terms of perhaps high-flown admiration of the genius of that gifted man, and rated his works so very high, that Sydney Taylor became jealous for the literary supremacy of his old favourites, Spenser and Milton; and not only demurred to what he deemed the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon the living bard, but, in a vein of playful banter, and with a sly gravity which no one could more happily assume, sought to reduce his pretensions as much below their proper level as his enthusiastic friend had raised them above it. The reply to this was, the recitation of a passage from *Thalaba*, full of the peculiar wild and melancholy beauty which distinguishes that singular poem, and which, it was supposed by the reciter, must silence opposition, and extort universal admiration. But, although no one heard it with more intense feeling than Sydney, he was not to be thus diverted from his railing mood. "Call you that," he said, "poetry? Surely any one could write poetry like that." "Oh! say you so!" said his excited opponent; "come, then, you are not a bad hand yourself, and let us see what you can do." He instantly took pen and paper, and, almost as fast as he could write, improvised the following description of a man left to perish in a wilderness, adopting the measure of the poem from which the passage had just been given:—

"He looked upon the wilderness,—
No light was on its gloom;
No earthly gleam was there,
No sparkling gem of night.

He listened to the winds ;—
 They swept no grove of palm,
 No wood of fluttering leaves ;
 They bore not on their blast
 The torrent's rushing roar,
 Whose sound, like heavenly music,
 might awake
 The quick rejoicing sense. For he
 was doomed
 To hear that desert howl, com-
 mingling harsh
 With hurrying drifts of sand ;
 Or linger on the pause
 Which utter silence gave,
 That, more expressive smote
 The solitary man."

He was triumphant—over himself—for the admiration which we all expressed at these striking and beautiful lines, caused him to regard the disparaged bard with somewhat more of partiality than he would acknowledge before ; and he was ever after more tolerant of the praises of one whom he could not, even in a species of sportive *malice-prepense*, try to imitate, without producing something of which he himself might be justly proud, even without any reference to its merits, as of happy imitation.

His course of life was now determined. He had fixed upon the bar. To this he was, perhaps, led, less by any desire of professional gains, than by the halo of reputation which, in his young and ardent mind, illuminated the orator, to whom, in this our country of free institutions, such a boundless dominion belongs, and whose sacred office it would seem, to be the guardian and the vindicator of civil and religious liberty. Curran had then just retired from active public life ; but the magical influence which he had acquired, was still fresh in the imaginations of the youthful aspirants to public distinction. Bushe and Plunkett were still in the full exercise of their solid and brilliant powers ; and many others could be named, second only to these great advocates, whose presence in our courts of law was well calculated to give their proceedings an interest and a dignity which could not fail to exert over those whose path in life was to be chosen, an attracting influence scarcely to be resisted. To belong to the profession which was adorned by such distinguished men, was, in itself, no mean honour ; and to follow them, at however humble a

distance, in that brilliant career in which they had won for themselves rank and reputation, and for their country, renown, seemed a consummation so devoutly to be wished, that a whole life might be worthily devoted to its attainment.

So, at least, thought the subject of this memoir. To qualify himself for the ardent duties of public speaking, he became a member of the Historical Society ;—a voluntary association of the students, by whom, under laws and regulations of their own, history, oratory, and belles lettres were cultivated, with a success which could only be credited by those who witnessed their proceedings, and who feel, with a sigh, that they shall never witness the like again. Amongst this body, Sydney Taylor soon obtained considerable notice. There belonged to him a constitutional shyness, which could only be overborne by his love of distinction ; and he himself felt that, only by repeated efforts, could he hope to overcome his natural bashfulness, so as to ensure the requisite energy and self-possession in the discharge of his duties as a public speaker. He, therefore, laboured assiduously, both in the society, and in a little private club which, in conjunction with a few congenial friends, he had formed, until his powers of action and of utterance were completely under his command, and he felt that he could, without any oppressive embarrassment, deliver himself of a good set speech before any audience.

It will readily be supposed that, in a society like this, the imaginative predominated over the less brilliant and fascinating faculties ; and that the characteristics of Irish oratory amongst grown men in other places, were not wanting amongst the youthful academicians, who were but entering upon their noviciate as public speakers. Such, undoubtedly, was the case, and Sydney Taylor was no exception to the rule. No one could say that his reason was not cultivated ; that it was, and with no mean success ; but the lighter and more airy faculties were so much more indulged and exercised, that the graver seemed almost neglected. This was, however, becoming every day less and less the case. The more solid was gradually acquiring its due ascendancy over the more

brilliant; and towards the close of his college life, there were few whose intellects were better disciplined, while yet he cherished, as the penates of the heart, that love of the wild and the beautiful in nature and in art, which imparted a grace and a charm to his converse and to his manners, to the last hour of existence.

Nor is it possible that any one who can look back upon the days to which we allude, should fail to recognise, in the intercourse to which the Historical Society gave rise amongst the students, not only a degree of improvement which could be attained in no other way, but the occasions upon which friendships were formed, which have continued unbroken in after life, and enhanced the value of their whole existence. To such intercourse we unhesitatingly ascribe much more than half of what was valuable in our university advantages. The books and the lectures of the course were well calculated to lay a solid foundation for scientific and professional eminence. By them the faculties were cultivated, and the mind, as an instrument, was fashioned, for the attainment of intellectual distinction. But, in the congenial and ennobling intercourse to which the Historical Society gave rise, character was formed, information was acquired, style was cultivated, insight into character was quickened. The little scenes of mimic wordy warfare in which we engaged, were an admirable preparation for the more real conflict of reason and eloquence in which most of us were shortly to engage; and so perfect was the discipline there acquired, that some of our distinguished youths, who were transferred almost immediately from the university to the senate, found in the latter, that they had but to practise the lessons which they had learned so well, in order to feel themselves upon a perfect level with its most distinguished members.

But what made the Historical Society invaluable in the eyes of its most enlightened admirers, was, its uses as an adjunct to the system of our university, by which a provision seemed to be providentially made for what has been before noticed as a defect in that system, namely, the want of a sufficient degree of encouragement for the cultivation of classical literature.

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Here, what the college failed to do for them, the students were enabled to do for themselves; and that without the pedantry of formal rules, and simply by the evoking of a spirit of generous emulation, which often discovered, to the astonished possessor, powers of which he was before unconscious, the cultivation of which was not an irksome drudgery, but a labour of love. Nor was it ill-provided, that two years from the period of matriculation should elapse, before the student became eligible to be a member of the society. It was right that the groundwork of the college business should be solidly laid, before the more exciting stimulants were administered, which might have interfered with so necessary a labour. But that having been done, the discipline of the society was admirably calculated to give a living spirit to what else might have remained a dead letter; and to direct the well-prepared mind to the attainment of knowledge in various new directions, which would have been otherwise unexplored.

In this body, Sydney Taylor may be said to have completed his collegiate education. Not only was his stock of knowledge greatly increased, but he acquired a fluency, a readiness, and an energy in debate, by which, when the season for professional exertion should arrive, he would be enabled to turn his attainments to the most advantage.

The sessions of the society were always opened and closed by speeches from the chair; and to be selected for the performance of that duty was always regarded as a high distinction. There are those who, to this day, retain a lively recollection of the speeches delivered on these occasions by the late Mr. North, by our fellow-citizen, John Finlay, by the Reverend Robert M'Ghee, and, though last not least, by the present gifted solicitor-general. On these occasions, not only was there a very large muster of the students in general, to whom, indiscriminately, the room was thrown open, but strangers from a distance were often drawn to the theatre of these our early distinctions; and there were few within the city of Dublin remarkable for any attainment in science or literature, who did not signify by their presence the interest which they

felt in the *debut* of the young aspirant, who, with a pallid cheek and a palpitating heart, awaited the moment of his appearance before them as the most anxious and critical in his existence.

The themes of the orator were, history, oratory, and poetry; and on these he was expected to enlarge, for the instruction and the gratification of his hearers. The discourse delivered on such occasions was usually any thing but a critical dissertation. A power of brilliant amplification was that which was most in requisition, and the imaginative faculty was thus constantly upon the stretch, exhibiting, as in a kaleidoscope, the various topics upon which it was the lot of the speaker to enlarge, in every form in which it was possible to present them to a gratified and admiring audience—some of whom listened with a rapt delight and wonder to what seemed to them the very perfection of rhetoric; and some, with a complaisant good nature, were tolerant of faults, which were easily traced to temperament or inexperience, and which were sure to be corrected by a more extensive and accurate acquaintance with literature, and a larger commerce with the world. We call to mind this moment the faces of many, whose names would dignify our humble page, and by whose presence, on such occasions, our society felt itself honoured; and never did we hear from one of them a word of captious criticism, albeit our young orators were not sparing of flights which would have ordinarily provoked much grave reprehension. But the accomplished hearers remembered that spring was not autumn—that they had come to witness a show of blossoms, not to enjoy a feast of fruits; and that the very exuberance of embellishment which was so calculated to offend, contained the seed of that future excellence, from which much that was creditable might be confidently expected.

That Sydney Taylor's distinction as a member of this society must have been early and considerable, is clear from the fact that he was selected for the arduous and honourable duty of closing the session of 1813. His speech was regarded as one of very great promise; and very competent judges thought it worthy of high commendation—amongst them, the late Arch-

bishop of Dublin, Dr. Magee, who was felt in our college as every deserving man's friend, and who never was wanting in a cordial and generous appreciation of youthful talent, wherever it was to be found.

We extract a few passages from Mr. Taylor's address, as well for the purpose of showing the texture and polish of his mind at this period, as for the contrast which they will furnish to efforts made in later life, when his imagination had been schooled and disciplined into strict subordination to his reason:

"To lament my inability might be to reflect on your judgment; and at the same time, to be devoid of apprehension would be to misconceive your usual indulgence: however justly the task may have been allotted by the one, it is my chief support that it will not be unaccompanied by the other; but an appeal to your feelings must surely be unnecessary, on an occasion which their kindest influence has tended to create.

"You are now, gentlemen, about to retire from this residence of the muses, to close the doors of this seminary of polite learning, this theatre of enlightened competition; to reflect upon the past, to meditate upon the future, and gather renovation from temporary repose. To me has your flattering patronage entrusted the honourable, but highly arduous task of displaying, for your admiration, the various beauties of your system; inculcating the advantages it necessarily affords; showing how its objects have promoted the glory and the happiness of man, and how magnificent their claims on the genius and youthful assiduity of the members of this society. And here permit me to congratulate your country on the establishment and successful progress of so splendid an institution; an institution which, for diffusing the spirit of genuine refinement, for touching the various springs of emulative industry, and schooling the youthful mind, preparatory to its entry on the world, stands conspicuously alone—the admiration of strangers, the ornament of the university, the growth of Ireland—indebted for its origin to no royal munificence, to no general bounty; but emanating simply from the spirit of unpatronized exertion, of indigenous ability, towering brighter from every depression, and deriving permanent support from the establishment of a character, which is daily becoming incorporate with whatever of eloquence, wisdom, and glory, inherit the land.

"Do I deceive myself? or does your

success justify me in imagining the annalist of future days, of happier times, when he thinks your country's name worthy of enrolment in the records of the nations, and when, directing his eye through a train of glories, he traces her emergence from the gloom of centuries—do I deceive myself in imagining, that when he compares her spirit with her indolence, her wisdom with her indiscretion—when he shall investigate the cause of her disenchantment from habitual obloquy and inaction, that he will follow the noblest of her citizens, her orators, and her statesmen, to one point of brilliant convergence, and pen in letters of undying commendation the name of the Historical Society?"

Having enlarged with all a poet's enthusiasm upon the various uses of history, he thus proceeds—

"History, then, properly understood, taken in the scope of its intention, is the great stimulant of genius, and its directress too; 'tis the mart of instruction that receives the tribute of knowledge from every shore, and diffuses it throughout the globe. 'Tis wisdom's temple; the oracle of earth, raised on an eminence that commands the world. But merely to ascertain events, to crowd the memory with incident, to acquire a ready application of date, and a clear and connected idea of mere connective arrangement, this is not to know history; this is not to wear the attribute of her votary; and he who inquires into actions without deriving experience, he who burthens his memory without improving his mind, does he not in some measure act like one who, entering the magnificent temple of the East, could investigate the accuracy of its dimensions, admire the symmetry of its parts, the elegance of its embellishments, but blind to the glory between the cherubim, retire without worshipping its god?"

"To the eye of curiosity, history is a trifling acquirement; its study is a useless expenditure of time; for so futile a purpose the pain and research of the compiler is needless and unprofitable; the easier resources of fiction will be quite as amusing, as varied, and as intelligent; they will give you a story as remarkable, as wondrous a catastrophe, and wind you up to as high a pitch of anxious anticipation. But he who approaches the instructive volume to render its perusal truly advantageous, according to his station and hopes in life, so will he mark the career of those whom history, under similar circumstances and relations, places within his view; how far they have succeeded,

and why they have failed, let this be the object of his attention; so from their errors shall he escape their embarrassment, from their virtues he shall attain their celebrity, and prove it a blessing that he was bequeathed their experience. There let the votary of ambition peruse and tremble, when he beholds the noble-minded, the generous, the highly-cultivated prince, who scorned to steal a victory, to abuse a fallen foe, or trust his fortitude with forbidden beauty—whom philosophy enlightened, poetry inspired, and whom the converse of the learned only could seduce from the labours of toilsome administration and heroic enterprise; when he beholds him, by the indulgence of this baneful passion, struck, as it were, from the real orbit of his glory—sent to flash in lawless eccentricity through the hemisphere of states, withering in his course and cursed in his departure. There, too, the statesman will learn, however he may be endowed with talents, however the community may have enjoyed their services and exulted in their success, not to lean without apprehension on a nation's gratitude and a people's support: he will be taught to stand self-balanced and independent of all vicissitude of opinion, its favours and its repulse, when he beholds a Themistocles, whose wisdom beamed on the hour of his country's despair the glow of sudden invigoration and the light of immortal enterprise, and whose prowess scattered before the insulted independence of Athens the strength and magnificence of gigantic aggression;—when he beholds this man, while yet his applause circulates through every state of the Grecian confederacy—while his honours seem to grow lasting and exuberant, alarmed at the voice of chilling suspicion, of envious malignity, that checks the admiring crowd, and gives a deadly pause to the bursts of admiration. Yes; sudden and capricious was the influence that struck the illustrious man, from whom sinking freedom caught a sword of fire, into the base, the profligate adorer of her sceptered foe;—that, dashed the strength of Greece on the threshold of Artaxerxes. What chieftain, too, whom his country's voice may have called to redress her wrongs, and sent, with genius on his brow and justice on his sword, to victory and revenge, after contemplating the fate of a Hannibal, would be tempted to fix the stability of his glory and the precincts of his conquests, before the final close of his military career? There he beholds a warrior, of native prowess unequalled, of experience early matured, instigated by all the sensibilities of national suffer-

ing and hereditary hatred, in the spirit of proud and unaccustomed genius flinging aside the petty encounters of indecisive warfare, and, full of unusual enterprise, rushing upon achievements that would verify the fabled exploits of an Alcides: he sees him exploring regions heretofore terrific to the gaze of man, piercing the conflicts of the elements and the barriers of nature, till, with hostile banners displayed, he comes down upon Italy: he brings the war, and strikes as a god his enemies before him! But after striding over her armies, do her gates fly open at his approach? Is the work of vengeance consummated, and Rome in flames? Mark that shivering suppliant, solitary and unregarded, who throws his manly forehead on the earth, who watches the proud man's glance, and wears on his aged limbs the fetters of Asiatic degradation—there recognise the surmounter of Alps, the thunderbolt of battle, the glory of one half of the world, and the terror of the other!"

Such was Sydney Taylor in the Historical Society. That institution is now no more; and some of us who remember how it worked, in giving a tongue to eloquence, and a soul to poetry, and to historical studies, a spirit of enlightened philosophical inquiry, may be pardoned for the deep regrets which we feel, that its admirable machinery no longer exists to afford to our academic youth at the present day similar advantages. For no society which could be formed without the walls, can, possibly, be a substitute for one which had grown through more than half a century under the shelter of academic bowers, and was associated with the names of the greatest men by whom Ireland was distinguished. There was a prestige about it, which shed its influence upon all its members, imparting an ennobling consciousness, that to be enrolled upon its books, was in itself a distinction, of which they might feel not a little proud. And there was secured, from its position in the very heart of the University, a *character* of audience, such as nowhere else could be found, and which must have exercised an important influence over the minds of the young men who were candidates for society honours, in forming their taste and improving their judgment. For not alone the aspirants for active public life, who looked forward to the bar or

the senate as the scenes of their future exertion, constituted the auditory by whom the proceedings in our society were observed. The laborious fellowship man, whose faculties had been at their utmost strain, in following out the investigations of Newton or La Place, generally looked forward to Wednesday evening, as the time when he might profitably unbend from his studies, and enjoy the delightful relaxation of listening to the wit, or the eloquence, or the poesy, which was sure to be found in the Historical Society. How often have we seen Romney Robinson, (we love to call him still by the name in which he obtained his collegiate renown,) with the soil of the laboratory upon his face, taking his seat upon our benches, and listening with a fervid and breathless attention to the first efforts of some young aspirant for oratorical reputation? Think you, reader, that the presence of such an auditor must not exercise a powerful influence over the juvenile speaker, in stimulating him to obtain a mark of excellence, which might win for him the approbation of one already so distinguished? How often have we seen the late Dr. Phelan there, (his eyes which had been enfeebled by the intensity of his studies, protected by a green shade from the glare of light, which would otherwise have been too powerful for them,) and enlivening by his wit, or directing by his counsel, the happy groups amongst whom he mingled? The fellows and the professors were frequent in their attendance, and the present provost was amongst the most constant of those, who evinced by their presence the lively interest which they felt in the well-being of the institution. All this we mention for the purpose of proving, that our society was not one for which a substitute could possibly be found in those extern associations, which, in one shape or another, have since been formed to supply its place. They cannot possess either the dignity or the interest which belonged to it; and must be regarded rather as operative societies for the cultivation of oratory as a mechanical craft, than as liberal institutes in which the lights of learning and of science combined to aid in the accomplishment of their noble objects. There is no hallow of antiquity upon them; no "*purpureum*

lumen" of classical associations around them; no dignity of presence such as could raise them above the character of a species of intellectual fencing or boxing schools, to which, for want of better, recourse was had, as a matter of necessity, by the candidates for public life. In our society, while due provision was made for every exercise of mind, in which its members might be profitably engaged, that was done in such a way as to maintain still a species of "*religio loci*," which had its full effect in insuring a degree of order and decorum, hardly to be conceived as possible in a voluntary association of ardent young men, except by those who witnessed it as we did. The speakers, or the writers, never thought of the society as a mere platform for the exercise of their powers, or the exhibition of their endowments. They came before it under a full sense of the respect which was due to an assembly composed of some of the best and the ablest men in the land, and with a consciousness that the character there acquired, would accompany them in after life, and might in no small degree contribute to their future advancement. In other societies, when the member has derived all the profit he can from them, he breaks his way out like a bird from the shell, which never evinces a disposition to return to the narrow enclosure in which it was formed; but in our society, it was the delight of the most successful of those who had profited by its advantages, to return among us after intervals of active public life, with a sentiment somewhat similar to that with which a long absent child returns to the home of a beloved parent.

The late John Henry North, whose forensic reputation was even then very high, still, at intervals, frequented the society, and found the choicest recreation of his laborious life, in the scene of his early distinction.

More frequent in his attendance, because a constant resident in the university, was his contemporary, William Orr (or as he was better known by his college soubriquet, Blacky) Hamilton. He was, indeed, an extraordinary man. His intellect was a rich and exhaustless mine of unwrought ore, and only required a little patient working to establish him in affluence, and "*facile primus*," in any profession to

which he might turn his attention. But the elements of excellence were so various within him, and the reputation which he enjoyed amongst his cotemporaries, was, in itself, so satisfying, and his animal spirits were so high, and his social qualities were so engaging, and withal it seemed to him so easy a thing to grasp success, whenever he chose to make an effort to secure it, that his mind for years remained in an unbalanced state, between the fellowship bench and the bar; and the melancholy reflection "*eheu fugaces*," &c., did not force itself upon him, until it was all too late, and every bright opportunity of distinction had passed away

"Like blighted buds, or clouds that
mimicked land
Before the sailor's eye; or diamond
drops
That sparkling deck the morning
grass; or aught
That was attractive, and hath ceased
to be."

For many years he continued to discharge the duties of a resident master, and private tutor in our college, and his pupils are now some of the most distinguished ornaments of the pulpit, the senate, and the bar. But no competent judge ever witnessed him thus employed, without lamenting that the powers which he possessed, had not a more appropriate destination. He resembled a fine block of cedar which was only used for kindling fires, and never gave out its precious odours, except when employed in the servile ignition of more ignoble materia's. This, however, was not always the case. North was, we believe, one of those who had recourse to him for instruction, and certain it is, that that distinguished man ever after regarded him with the affection due to a parent, as he evinced towards his brilliant pupil, the fondness which a parent feels for a favourite child.

Others there were less known to the public, but who, had life been spared, would have amply fulfilled the anticipation of their cotemporaries, by a bright career of usefulness and honour. Hercules Henry Greaves, an elder brother of the distinguished physician, our fellow citizen, was a young man who could not have failed to win his way to the highest eminence of any profes-

sion in which he engaged. Of a masculine energy of character and solidity of judgment, his mind was the apt counterpart of a frame, cast in nature's happiest mould, and containing, seemingly, the promise of an enduring vigour, from which an almost patriarchal longevity might be augured. Alas! the insidious bloom of death was upon his cheek, e'er the dawn of youth had taken its departure; and it was when all his blushing university honours were thick upon him, that sorrowing friends, and almost broken-hearted parents, saw him laid in an early grave.

Bingham Walker Hamilton, worthy son of a worthy sire, how many are there in whose memory he still lives, although long since numbered with the departed? He was a youth of surpassing intelligence, and unwearied application, of a frank and fearless candour, and whose bold and ready eloquence, even at that early age, extorted from the severest judges, a tribute of respect and admiration. Sudden and dreadful was his taking away. In the midst of life he was in death. The accidental discharge of a gun from the hands of a beloved brother, inflicted upon him his death wound; and his last hours were spent in the noble endeavour to soften the anguish of the relatives around him, and most of all of that unhappy one, whose self reproaches knew no limit as the innocent cause of his untimely end.

Of Charles Wolfe we have already spoken; alas! alas! could death be associated in our young minds, with a temperament so joyous, a countenance so purely simple and benign, manners so gentle, and yet so ardent, and

"A heart that every hour ran wild,
— Yet never went astray?"

Such, reader, were a few of those who are associated with our remembrance of the Historical Society, as it was at the period of which we write. The gifted youths to whom we have alluded, were amongst the choicest spirits by whom it was adorned. Nor are there wanting living witnesses who can bear testimony to the truth of all that we have said, and who were themselves amongst the foremost in every

exercise of fancy or of intellect, by which an academic reputation was to be attained. How often have we seen James Wilson there, the late competitor of Robert Daly for the deanery of St. Patrick's, whose graceful and retiring modesty could not altogether conceal those rich and varied powers and attainments by which he could, when he pleased, be the delight of his chosen friends, and which were never so pleasingly exercised as when employed in drawing kindred modest merit from the shade, and aiding, by his advice and encouragement, the youth, whose diffidence might otherwise have disqualified him for his arduous contest with the world? Anster was there, whose "tuneful numbers" even then gave the promise which, in his noble translation of Faust, has been since so abundantly redeemed. William Brooke was there, the present distinguished practitioner at the Chancery bar, and as remarkable then as he is now, for moral purity, patient research, and clear and vigorous understanding. The present chief baron was there, and we much mistake him if, amidst all his present distinction, he does not revert to the period when he mingled, as a simple academic, amongst the groups we have described, as the most happy and joyous of his existence. Pardon us, reader, for this digression. We write from recollections, which come gushingly from the heart. And well we know that there are yet a few, to whom our idle and rambling words will be of more than magic power, in calling up the memory of days long past, and before "whose pained and softened fancies" the scenes which we have so often enjoyed together will not have passed in review, without a sentiment of tenderest recognition, and, mayhap, a tribute of tearful and affectionate remembrance.

But we must hasten to the narrative before us. It was before such a body the speech was delivered from which the foregoing extracts have been made. It was, at the time, greatly admired for richness of imagery and felicity of diction. The flesh and blood were there; the bone and sinew had yet to be formed; and but little doubt was felt by any that, in due time, and after careful discipline, by one who could, thus early, so delight

so select and gifted an auditory, a very enviable reputation as an orator must be attained.

This speech was honoured by the society's gold medal. It was published also, at their desire, and dedicated, with permission, to the college representative, William Connyngham (the present Lord) Plunket.

But the time had come when Mr. Taylor must forego the delights of literature, and prepare for his professional labours. Before, however, he took a final leave of college, he was engaged in an affair which was well calculated to test his powers of reasoning and eloquence, as well as the firmness and self-possession, without which they could be of no avail.

The professorship of oratory (Erasmus Smith's) had generally been filled by a senior fellow. Sydney Taylor upon reading the original bequest, became convinced, that both the junior fellows and scholars of his own standing, were eligible to it; and he accordingly gave notice to the provost and board, that he would appear as a candidate. This example was followed by another scholar, the late Bingham Walker Hamilton; and on the day of examination four candidates presented themselves—the present Dr. Nash, the present Judge Crampton, and the two scholars as above described. The examination was a long and a close one; and, after the first day, Dr. Nash and Mr. Hamilton declined to appear, leaving the contest between Messrs. Taylor and Crampton, the latter of whom ultimately obtained the prize.

In 1816, Mr. Taylor, for the first time, visited London, for the purpose of serving his terms in the temple, with a view to being called to the Irish bar; having the year before entered as a student the King's Inns in Dublin, with the same object. We entertain no doubt that, had he continued in Ireland, he would, in due time, have risen to eminence in his profession, possessed as he was not only of the requisite ability, but of the temper, the industry, and the moral character, without which even great powers are often but of little avail. But the enlarged horizon which presented itself when he felt himself in the great metropolis, and the superior advantages which success as a barrister was sure to bring with it, and the facilities of turning his tal-
ent

to account, in connection with the various publications, which are an early and sufficient resource to so many struggling young men, whom the *res angustæ domi* would otherwise prevent from rising in the world, determined him to choose the English bar as the scene of his future exertions; and having obtained a letter of introduction from the then Irish attorney-general the present Lord Plunket, to his Grace the late Duke of Buckingham, by which he was made very advantageously known to that nobleman, he took the final resolution of fixing himself as a permanent resident in London.

His first connection with the press was, as a contributor to the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper then in the hands of the late Mr. Perry, whose zeal, skill, and true liberality had made it the leading journal of the metropolis. By this gentleman Sydney Taylor was early appreciated, and had he lived, it is very probable that the connexion with his paper might have continued to their mutual advantage. It was then that Mr. Taylor first saw the lady to whom he was, about ten years after, united—Miss Hull, a niece to Mr. Perry; one who was in all respects of congenial tastes and disposition, and with whom he ever after enjoyed the most perfect and uninterrupted domestic happiness.

In conjunction with T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A., and one or two others, he commenced a weekly paper, called "The Talisman;" but he wanted the capital to keep it afloat, until its merits had become sufficiently known to render it self-subsistent; and although its circulation was steadily increasing, he deemed it prudent to accept of a proposal made by the proprietors of the *Morning Herald*, that he should assist in the management of that influential paper; a duty which he the more readily undertook, because of its compatibility with the studies requisite for his future profession, and because an opportunity would thus be afforded him of advocating those humane views upon the subject of our criminal jurisprudence, which he had long entertained, and which the enlightened and philanthropic Romilly, had, with such force of reason and eloquence, so long sought to impress upon the mind of parliament.

Thenceforth, and to the very close

of his life, Sydney Taylor may be considered as having devoted the best energies of his mind and heart to this one object. What the *Morning Herald* accomplished in fixing public attention upon the sanguinary character of our criminal code, and the monstrous disproportion between crime and punishment, is well known. That great journal took and kept the lead in the warfare which was waged against the Moloch of the statute-book, during those eventful years in which the struggle was going on between the advocates of old abuses, and those by whom they were felt as a blot upon our common humanity. And Sydney Taylor it was whose spirit breathed in the glowing appeals, and the cogent reasonings, by which the daily press co-operated with the distinguished public men, whose efforts, great as they were, in the House of Commons, would otherwise have been comparatively powerless.

Our space does not permit us to enter in detail upon the various modes of attack, by one or other of which Mr. Taylor was perpetually assailing the injustice, the cruelty, the irrationality, and the absurdity of a system which he firmly believed was the parent of innumerable crimes;—but that his efforts were considered to have had much effect in bringing about that amelioration of our criminal code which afterwards took place, will appear from the following resolution which was passed unanimously by a committee of the society for the diffusion of information, on the subject of capital punishments, at a meeting held on Monday, November 30, 1835. “Resolved—That the articles upon the criminal law, which have appeared from time to time, for several years past, in the columns of the *Morning Herald*, are of a character to especially call for a grateful acknowledgment of this committee, as having materially contributed to promote the recent amelioration of the penal code; and that this committee do forthwith cause a selection of those articles, to be published in a permanent form, in testimony of their value, and in furtherance of the great object of rendering the criminal law more efficient, by obtaining for it the support of reason, and of enlightened public opinion.”

That our criminal code did bear a character of unreasoning and merciless

severity—a severity which seemed full often to defeat the ends of justice, is most true. But that we have not passed into the opposite extreme, and suffered a diseased humanity towards the criminal, to suspend the action of that righteous abhorrence of crime, by which alone society can be effectually protected against it, is more, we think, than wisdom would venture to pronounce, from the very short experience which has yet been had of the new laws by which the old penal code has been superseded. But of any such result the subject of this memoir entertained no apprehension. His reverence for human life was extreme. He would scarcely admit that any amount of guilt was sufficient to justify man in taking away the life of his fellow-man. How great, then, must have been his indignation at a code which exacted the life of a man for the loss of a sheep, and scrupled not to send a fellow creature before his final Judge, for almost the slightest infraction of the laws by which property was protected?

And this enthusiastic persuasion was absolutely necessary to prompt those energetic and persevering efforts, which were at length, in conjunction with the labours of enlightened philanthropists in the senate, crowned with such complete success. In truth, from the moment he came to have any influence over the public press, the reform of the penal code became the engrossing passion of his existence. Every thing relating to his own personal well-being, and his advancement in the profession he had chosen, was subordinate to the desire which possessed him to effect the abolition of capital punishment; and he laboured in the cause with an intensity of earnestness that soon told powerfully upon the mind and the heart of the country, and was, in the acknowledgment of the best judges, amongst the leading causes which enabled the parliamentary advocates to carry those merciful enactments which have redeemed us from the reproach of maintaining the most sanguinary, and, at the same time, inefficient criminal code in the world. All this was done without the *eclat* of that distinction which attends the exertions of public men, who are conspicuous in the cause of humanity, and which are their own very sufficient reward; and at an expense of toil which often encroached

upon the hours which should have been given to needful repose, after the harassing and exhausting labours of the day, and which laid, we believe, the foundation of the complaint, which but too soon put a period to his existence.

In 1822, he was called to the English bar. He had not been neglectful of the studies by which he might be prepared for his new vocation, although the portion of time which could be devoted to them was necessarily very small; and an occasion soon presented itself which enabled him to appear to great advantage. A case was put into his hands which was deemed by those who had before engaged in it, almost hopeless; this was, the claim of Michael Robert Dillon to the earldom of Roscommon; and Sydney Taylor, having duly considered it, was of opinion that it might be prosecuted with success. His client claimed as the descendant of the seventh brother of the former earl; and when it is considered that the law requires that he should be able to satisfy the highest tribunal in the country, that, of the six intervening brothers, the progeny was extinct, it will be readily understood how vast and how complicated the labour was by which alone a successful result could be obtained.

This important case, after years of exertion, during which his knowledge as a lawyer, and his skill and eloquence as an advocate, were very creditably signalized, was determined in favour of his client; Lord Lyndhurst delivering the decision of the House of Lords, who generously complimented the young advocate upon the very great ability which he displayed in the management of his cause, and assured him that he had only to go on as he had begun, to insure the highest professional distinction.

From thenceforth Sydney Taylor's time was divided between his profession as a barrister, and his labours as a public journalist. The proprietor of the *Morning Herald*, the late Mr. Thwaites, having been seized with sudden illness, replied to the questions of his family as to whom the management of his paper should be entrusted, that Mr. Taylor was the individual in whom he had the most confidence; and a special messenger having been despatched to seek him upon the Norfolk circuit, and to communicate the re-

quest of the family, he returned and took charge of the paper, which prospered surprisingly in his hands, and of which he continued the editor for more than a year, until the high character which it obtained rendered it no longer necessary that the responsible position which he had assumed should be maintained, and he resigned it into other hands, for the purpose of more uninterruptedly pursuing his professional labours; still, however, continuing to act as an occasional contributor, and as law adviser.

His business was now steadily increasing; but not the less did he interest himself not only in the great cause of humanity to which we have already adverted, but in every project of science, or literature, or the arts, which, in his judgment, might contribute to their advancement. He was one of the first of those who recommended the mechanics' institute to public attention. Amongst the advocates for the abolition of the slave trade, he held a foremost place. Various charitable institutions in the metropolis acknowledged the benefits derived from his advocacy, both upon the platform and in the press. And to him, we believe, it is mainly owing, that many of the parish churches of the city of London—some of them models of architectural beauty, and possessing rare historical interest—were not, at one fell swoop, sacrificed to the low, utilitarian views of modern vandals, who mistook a sordid devotion to Mammon for a spirit of enlightened improvement.

The Lady Chapel of St. Saviour's, as one of those marked out for demolition, with a view to enlarge the wharfinger's accommodation in its neighbourhood, in particular, drew the attention of every lover of the arts; and Sydney Taylor exerted himself, with impassioned earnestness, for its preservation. It presented one of the most perfect specimens of the pointed architecture of the thirteenth century, and was memorable as the scene of those judicial proceedings during the dreadful season of the Marian persecution, when Bonner and Gardiner sat as judges in its ecclesiastical court, and the Protestant martyrs had to endure that mockery by which justice was insulted, as a preliminary to the inhuman barbarity in which mercy

was denied. By the stimulating appeals which were addressed, upon this subject, to the public, an interest was excited, which caused a public meeting to be held, at which various eminent men expressed themselves strongly indignant at the meditated profanation. We subjoin a few sentences of the speech delivered on that occasion by the subject of this memoir, which found an echo in many a heart, and led to that systematic resistance to the project of destruction which was contemplated, by which not only has this edifice been preserved, but large subscriptions were collected for its repair, and effective steps were taken for its re-edification.

"Gentlemen, I am not an inhabitant of the borough of Southwark, but I stand here as a British subject, having an interest in the national relics of Great Britain. I consider such structures, the great works of our mighty ancestors, to be the national property of England; and I consider every Englishman to have an interest in their preservation. A gentleman in this room has chosen to take offence at the word Vandal being used. I repeat explicitly, that the men who are capable—I do not say the deluded instruments of their destructiveness—but the men who are themselves the authors of the attempt to demolish that edifice, which is, next to St. Paul's cathedral and Westminster abbey, the great work of sacred architecture in this metropolis, that such men deserve to be recognised by worse than the name of Vandal. I would give them the name of *Christian Vandals*; and I consider that that implies a stronger opprobrium, and carries with it a greater stigma, than belongs to the barbarous and pagan destroyers of the celebrated works of antiquity.

"This chapel is not only interesting as a work of art, but also as an historical monument; it is part and parcel of the history of one of the most famous nations on earth; it is identified with one of the greatest monarchies that ever existed. Is that not a theme which will warm the hearts of Englishmen? Are they dead to the recollections of those days, which should always serve as a beacon-light to the virtue of modern times? Is there a man here who would not be glad of naming as his countryman that great poet, who in the land of Greece, and in the cause of liberty, received his death-summons? Who is there that would not consider it an honour to be a native of the land which gave Byron birth?

He places one of his characters in the neighbourhood of the Coliseum at Rome; he talks of the influence it had upon his mind, until he says—

"The place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old,
The dead yet accepted sovereigns that still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Are there no urns to animate us by the recollections of genius, when we think of the old church of St. Saviour, Southwark? Some expressions have been used about the relics of bigotry. Were they bigots, or were they *not*, who stood forward to attest their belief in the truths of religion, by the greatest testimony that man can yield, when they devoted their lives to the cause of truth? We admire the sufferings and consistency of the martyrs of the early Church, under the persecution of pagan rulers; and is not the feeling increased when we look upon the martyrs of modern days, and the sufferers for the cause of truth in our own country? It was in this spiritual court that such were tried in the reign of Queen Mary; that was the porch through which they entered the valley of the shadow of death to a glorious immortality. These are things to rebuke the cold selfishness of men of the present day, who talk of pounds, shillings, and pence, and never stand up for principle."

As a proof of the value of Mr Taylor's services on this occasion, we may mention, that the committee for the preservation of this edifice (as whose counsel he appeared before the civic authorities), in token of their high approbation of his exertions, ordered the armorial bearings of his family to be placed, in stained glass, in one of the windows of the chapel, where they now remain, opposite the monument of Bishop Andrews.

The York minster, also, is indebted to him, in a great measure, for the preservation of its beautiful screen. Its sacrifice had been resolved on by the re-edifiers of the cathedral; but so earnestly and perseveringly reclaimed against by Sydney Taylor, Mr. Etty, the academician, and a few others, that it was at length, and reluctantly abandoned.

Meanwhile, his professional labours went on apace, and his professional prospects began to brighten. The Norfolk circuit was that which he selected as the scene of his provincial exertions; and there, year after

year, his business was steadily on the increase. Not only was he in much repute for his skill as an advocate, but his character as an enlightened philanthropist stood very high; and those who were deservedly most highly esteemed themselves, were the readiest to accord to him the valued meed of their approbation. We believe Lord Brougham once suggested to him the expediency of going into parliament, which he might have easily done, for one of the boroughs, after the passing of the reform bill; but he felt that to do so would be to abandon his profession, while he never could have brought himself to be the subservient tool of any ministry, or forego, for any prospect of political advancement, his sturdy independence. He, therefore, continued to pursue his calling as a barrister, undisturbed by any dreams of senatorial ambition; and, had his life been spared, it is probable that he would very soon have been placed above those professional anxieties, which, as long as they endured, would have precluded that freedom of action and disengagement of mind, indispensable to any great design which he might have formed for the benefit of humanity, or the good of the empire.

Had he arrived at the easy independence which would enable him, with satisfaction to himself, to occupy a seat in parliament, we may venture to pronounce that Lord Ashley would have had no more able ally in the noble struggle to which he has devoted himself, against the mammon worshippers, who annually immolate to their demon god so many human victims.

But his days were drawing to a close. Although naturally of a sound constitution, he was unable, from the pressing nature of his avocations to take the needful exercise, which is an indispensable condition of good health; and functional derangements arose, for which, in their incipient stages, when they might have been easily corrected, he provided no sufficient remedy.

The last great case in which he was engaged, was that of Oxford, the would-be assassin of the queen. Upon this he stood opposed to the whole strength of the government bar, and managed the case of his client with such consummate address that the jury, after a most patient investigation,

which lasted two days, returned a verdict which amounted to one of acquittal; and the prisoner would have been forthwith enlarged, had not the jury been sent back by the judge to re-consider their verdict, when they found him of insane mind, and thus justified his detention in a place of confinement.

There can be no doubt whatever that this case was most keenly prosecuted by the law officers of the crown, and that a conviction was most earnestly desired for the purpose of enabling the queen, who was at that time suffering under the odium of her profligate and incapable ministers, to appear gracious and magnanimous in the eyes of her subjects, by extending the boon of mercy. And nothing but the zeal and the ability of the advocate could have availed to save the prisoner, whose mischievous frolic, if such it may be called, would have well deserved exemplary chastisement, and whose escape we have now little doubt operated as an encouragement to the miscreants, whose subsequent attacks upon her majesty provoked so much of public indignation.

And now Sydney Taylor might be said to have surmounted all the difficulties which beset the struggling barrister in the commencement of his career, and to be on the high road to affluence and distinction. Every day was adding to the number of those who, from a just reliance upon his knowledge and his ability, consulted him for his advice, or confided to his management the most intricate and complicated cases relating to property; and we fear the severe attention which his rapidly-increasing business necessarily exacted, was amongst the principal of the causes which prevented him from attending as he ought to the daily admonitions which he was now receiving of the progress of a disease, which was not seriously adverted to until it had proceeded so far as to baffle all the skill of the ablest medical advisers. A complaint in the *anus* had set in, for which repeated operations were necessary. We cannot dwell upon his lingering illness, nor the agony of doubts and fears which alternately agitated his sorrowing relatives and friends. Suffice it to say, after sufferings the most excruciating, and which he endured with a patient fortitude

and resignation to the divine will worthy of his character and the faith which he professed, on the 10th of December, 1841, he breathed his last, his confidence being unshaken in that Saviour who was ever enthroned in his heart, and through whom alone he looked for life and immortality.

Our task is done. We proposed to exhibit a sketch of the early life of one who would, had he lived, have been an ornament to the country; and who was, while he did live, amongst the most sincere and energetic of those who, actuated by a fine humanity, laboured not in vain to purge our criminal jurisprudence from the pollution of blood, to vindicate the factory child from the tyranny of merciless task-masters, and to carry into complete effect, not only in the British empire and its dependencies, but throughout the world at large, the measures which the virtuous Wilberforce originated for the redemption of the African negro from bondage. The reader who has accompanied us will, we are sure, be satisfied that Sydney Taylor deserved the approbation of the wise and good; and it has not been withheld. At a public meeting which was called to do honour to his memory, a meed of praise was

bestowed upon him by eminent men of all parties, of which his sorrowing relatives may well feel proud; and a subscription was entered into with a view to the publication of such of his writings as may be deemed worthy of being rescued from oblivion, and also for the purpose of raising a monument to his name, honourable alike to him, and to those by whom it was promoted. The first part of this task will, we have no doubt, be worthily executed. The last has been already accomplished. The monument is simple and elegant—in all respects such as he would himself have approved; and the following inscription marks the estimate which was formed of his public worth and private virtues:—

TO
JOHN SYDNEY TAYLOR, A.M.
Trinity College, Dublin,
And Barrister-at-Law of the Middle Temple;
Who died Dec. 10, 1841,
Aged 45.

This tomb was raised by the unanimous vote of a
Public Meeting, held in London,
Feb. 19, 1842:

To mark his maintenance of the principles of Constitutional Liberty, Christian Morality,
And his successful exertions in advocating the
Abolition of the Punishment of Death.

GEORGE BORROW.

THE GYPSIES IN SPAIN, AND THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.*

We have had nothing like these books before. Amongst their originalities one is, that written in great part, while the author was engaged in a very grave purpose, they will be read, most of all, for their pleasantry; and this, far from being occasioned by any failing in Mr. Borrow, arises as much from the vigour as from the singularity of his talents—from his graphic, we might say, photographic powers of description—from the charm of a natural manner—the novelty of the subjects he has made out for himself—his tales of wonder, all true, and, more than any thing, from the interest with which his strange and fearless character invests

them. His acquirements are quite as marvellous as his adventures. He has published translations from thirty languages; knows the principal European and oriental tongues, amongst them, Russian, Danish, Welsh, Icelandic, Basque, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Tartar, Turkish, and Moorish Arabic. As to his *personnel*, he stands six feet two without his shoes, is muscular, and when he commenced the journeys to which his works refer, was under five and thirty. We may add that Mr. Borrow has an irrepressible love for humour, great enjoyment in the observation of character, and a liking for adventure approached

* The Zincali; or, Gypsies of Spain. By George Borrow. 2 vols. Murray: London. 1842.

The Bible in Spain. By George Borrow. 3 vols. Murray: London. 1843.

only by the knights of fairy tale. Thus gifted, armed, and accomplished, he wanders through the wildest scenery of the most romantic of all lands, Spain, living with such as he may chance to meet in village or forest, or on barren sierra, or on lonely heath, or in her Moorish halls, or amidst the lowest grades of her crowded but impoverished cities, and gathering from all, brings before us such living groups as few of us have seen, not even in pictures.

Having thus introduced Mr. Borrow, we shall proceed to examine his works in the order of their appearance, dwelling, perhaps, rather more on the "Zincali, or gypsies of Spain." This, we believe, has had the fortune of being less read than his more recent volumes; and although some months before the public, has been noticed, as yet, by only two of all the magazines and reviews. We are, moreover, desirous of doing what we can towards directing the attention of the public to the subject of the poor gypsies; and while the work affords us extracts characteristic of the author, it is, what is much to our purpose, highly amusing. We begin then with "the business of Egypt."

The gypsies are rarely thought of by any body in these countries except by the police. Formerly they engaged a good deal of the attention of the public, and had very little reason to be thankful for it. Lords and commons were, in those enlightened times, solemnly employed in fulminating acts of parliament against their witchcrafts. By a law of Henry VIII. they were directed "to avoid the realm," and by statutes of Philip and Mary, and the 5th Elizabeth, c. 20, it was enacted that "if the Egyptians themselves remain one month in the kingdom, or if any person, being fourteen years old, whether natural born subject or stranger, who has been seen or found in the fellowship of such Egyptians, or having disguised him or herself like them, shall remain in the same one month, at one or several times, it is felony, without benefit of clergy." Mr. Borrow has very considerable reason to felicitate himself that he did not live in these times. Sir Matthew Hale tells us that at one Suffolk assizes no less than thirteen persons were executed under these

statutes. This, on inquiry will be found not altogether so marvellous as it reads at first. The farmers and country gentlemen had, setting sorcery aside, abundant cause of complaint against the gypsies. Their horses and cattle were often poisoned, and constantly afflicted with sicknesses, most probably to give the gypsy cattle-doctors practice; their poultry was stolen, and their property in multifarious ways was vanishing with an appalling celerity. All this was attributed, and we believe with perfect justice, to the mysterious gypsies. Mysterious they were, and are, for despite these sanguinary acts which disgraced our statute-book till late in the reign of George III., the gypsies remained in the country, and continue here, as elsewhere, in the full enjoyment of their immemorial usages — fortune-telling, tinkering, thieving, donkey and horse stealing, and sometimes attaining to the elevation of being distinguished jockeys, and prize-fighters of renown. Occasionally an artist, like MacIise, makes them tell in a picture, or a favourite writer, such as Mr. James, gives them celebrity in a novel; but save on such occasions, their "modest merit seeks the shade," and the name of gypsy is hardly ever heard of except at petty sessions, or the Old Bailey. The gypsies are not friends to the world, or to the world's law. They profess to hate the nations among whom they dwell, and to live by deceiving them. Considering the nature of their avocations, and what Mr. Borrow calls their "very peculiar morality," they may appear to have placed themselves beyond the pale of sympathy. But they are a widely-extended and an ancient people, and wickedness and depravity are not likely to diminish the interest which their numbers, and the long continuance of such singular communities must awaken. Some efforts have been lately made to promote their highest interests in England and abroad. The present work records an attempt by the Bible Society to have the Gospel made known to the gypsies of Spain. Mr. Borrow was sent there with this as well as for other missionary objects, and it would not have been easy to have found another so accomplished an agent. Early in life he felt an interest for the gypsies. "He cannot," he says, "re-

member a period when the mention of the name of gypsy did not awaken feelings in which a strange pleasure predominated." He acquired a perfect knowledge of their ways and manners—a somewhat singular training for a missionary—knows more about them than they do themselves, has sought to learn the state of their tribes in many a weary journey from Russia to the sands of Africa, and in almost every intervening country; speaks their language, and is received amongst them as a gypsy. The gypsies insist on it, with great appearance of truth, that he is one of themselves. Being many of them believers in the doctrine of metempsychosis they say that our author's soul must at some former period have dwelt in the body of a *Rom*, that is a Rommany, their own universal name for gypsy. Mr. Borrow was for five years in Spain. He had prepared a translation of the whole of the New Testament into the Spanish Rommany, and in 1838 printed at Madrid a version of the Gospel of St. Luke, conceived in the exact language in which the Gitanos express themselves. This, he says, was the first book which had ever appeared in the Rommany or gypsy tongue. He had gypsies engaged as *colporteurs* in distributing this gospel in Madrid and the provinces, where it was eagerly received, and he had a regular gypsy congregation. Notwithstanding all this he is plainly not disposed to deceive himself into the hope that he was in the least successful. His translation was prohibited, although by a royal *ordonnance* every public library in the kingdom was allowed to purchase two copies, it being acknowledged as valuable "*in a literary point of view.*" His *colporteurs*, he says, he is quite aware, acted not from any love for the Gospel, but from an impression that *Don Jorge*, that is, Mr. Borrow, whom they regarded as a brother, had some purpose in view which was to contribute to the profit of the gypsies, and to the confusion and plunder of the Busne or Gentiles. Their eagerness to receive the Scriptures, evidenced by the well-marked fact of their being ready to pay for them, is thus accounted for. The men really understood the volume—as far as reading went—but prized it chiefly as a book in their own language.

The women, who were far more anxious to have copies, though unable to read, longed to have one, each in her pocket, especially when engaged in thieving expeditions, for they look on it as a charm sure to preserve them from all danger, and equal to the Bar Lachi, or loadstone. As for his congregation, having on one occasion addressed it with more than usual earnestness he, when concluding, looked round to judge of the effect, and very candidly informs us that every member of it, without a single exception, was making faces at him.

Mr. Borrow having, so far as he could see himself, altogether failed in the purpose of his journey, as regards the gypsies, does not speak much of it in the work before us. We are by no means willing to regard his attempt as an entire failure. He published his translation of the Gospel, and had it distributed to a considerable extent. This, independently of any thing else, was doing something. But without dwelling on the topic further, we shall proceed to show that his volumes have attractions of other kinds. They present us with the best account to be had anywhere of the present state of the gypsies, especially in Spain, with a collection of their poetry and a full vocabulary of their language—contributions of great interest, (especially the latter,) as philology affords the best, perhaps the only hope, of arriving at a satisfactory account of their origin. Grellman, Vallancey, Cox, Bright, and others, had before made gypsy vocabularies; but Mr. Borrow's is an accession, being the first from Spain. Besides these and other topics of interest, the work has the sovereign attraction of the personal narrative of the author, and transcripts of his conversations with strange people in strange places. These wild adventures, in a land where scenery, characters, and costume, lend even to ordinary incidents a romantic colouring, form, as we think, the most engaging portions of the work.

We shall say a word or two on the history of the gypsies, glance at their present state in Russia and Hungary, and then go with our author amongst them into Spain.

There is a great resemblance in the names by which they are known in different countries. In Russia they

are called Ziganí; in Turkey and Persia, Zingarri; in Germany, Zigeuner; and in Spain Zincali, a term which may expound the others, as the Spanish gypsies say it means "*The black men of Zend, or Ind.*" In England, and again in Spain, they are named Gypsies and Gitanos, obvious alterations of the word Egyptians; in France, "Bohemians," because they came there first from Bohemia, where they were known to be in large numbers. The name by which, as we have once before said, they universally designate themselves is that of "Romany," said to be of Sanscrit origin, and to signify "The Husbands," apparently referring to their love of caste—their main bond of union—and remarkable in a people who have no sort of affection beyond their own race. They are known, too, in Spain by the term "Cales," which is also said to be an Indian word, and to mean "black people;" but Mr. Borrow says it is merely the plural termination of the word "Zincalo," made familiar and established amongst them.

The gypsies first appeared, to the number of about three thousand, in the reign of Sigismond, Emperor of the Romans and King of Hungary, A. D. 1417, and settled in Moldavia. Soon afterwards they were in Hungary. In 1427, we have an account of their being in France. In 1499, there is the best of all records, a law made regarding them, in Spain; and in 1530, one directed against them in England—each of these acts evidently intimating that they had been long, and in great numbers, in these countries. These few words comprise nearly all that is known of their history; all else appears to be little better than guess-work or fable. Where they came from, and the causes of their dispersion, are, we may say, as utterly unknown as ever. They have themselves no history, no traditions, no idolatry, and no religion. On the last point they are the most liberal of modern philosophers. Indifferent alike to the crescent or the cross, they adopt at once the religious forms of the country in which they happen to be. However long they have been dispersed in far-off countries, they are still the same people. Their language, physical characteristics, and "peculiar morality," though slightly modified in

different countries, are plainly identical. These are almost the only great facts concerning them which can be said to be clearly and beyond all question established.

Mr. Borrow, however, whose opinion is entitled to very high consideration, looks on the origin of the gypsies as nearly quite made out, by a comparison of their language with the Sanscrit. Grellman, Richardson, Marsden, and others, formed vocabularies of the gypsy language, as spoken in Germany, Hungary, and England, and on analyzing them, conceived them to be modifications of pure Sanscrit, or Hindoostanee words. They infer, and Mr. Borrow agrees with them, that the gypsies are the descendants of a tribe of Hindoos, who, for reasons unknown, left their native land. The investigations of such learned men, and the judgment of Mr. Borrow, demand, no doubt, high respect; but we think we can show that it cannot be regarded as a settled point. The views of these learned men may be considered as altogether derived from a comparison of the languages. They do, indeed, add other circumstances; but they are so obviously unimportant as to be unworthy of notice;—such as the excessive loquacity of gypsies and Hindoos, their mutual fondness for saffron, and their common usage of intermarrying only with their own people. These we shall not enter into; but the argument from philology is a strong one, and well supported. They clearly trace a number of gypsy words to the Sanscrit or Hindoo. Yet equal learning and ingenuity would probably trace a like number of words from most of the languages of Europe to the same sources. The connexion between many European and the Sanscrit languages is generally admitted. The Sanscrit is held to be the mother language of these and the Hindoostanee. One of our Irish antiquaries, Vallancey, gives a list of no less than five hundred words similar in Irish and Hindoostanee, including the Irish words for the staple manufacture of our country, linen, and the names of our greatest rivers, the Shannon and the Suir. The Indo-Scythians were fond, he says, of importing with them wherever they went, the names of their primitive country. "Suir," or "Soor," meaning "sacred

water," was a name given to the Indus, and to a river in Ireland; and "Seannon," or Shannon, he assures us, was an appellation for the Ganges. All this strong evidence, however, has not yet convinced the public that we of the far west are orientals. We are bound to say, although we don't much like to own it, that Vallancey makes it out that we Irish and the gypsies come from the same land—from Circassia, the Colchis of the ancients. We are not, then, quite satisfied with the opinion now favoured by the learned, that the gypsies are direct descendants of a tribe of Hindoos. The argument from their language is, at all events, consistent with their being Egyptians; for Bryant and others say that Egypt itself was, in some degree, an Indian nation. All the partialities derived from sentiment and imagination, would lead us to favour the supposition that the gypsies are *veritable* Egyptians. There is something extremely striking in the idea that those ancient antagonists—those mystic representatives of the world and of the church still live,* and confront each other in almost every land. There are, in the stories of each, some points of remarkable resemblance, which, as well as their disparities, are noticed by Mr. Borrow:—

"Both have had an exodus—both are exiles, and dispersed amongst the Gentiles, by whom they are hated and despised, and whom they hate and despise under the names of Busnees and Goyim; both, though speaking the language of the Gentiles, possess a peculiar tongue, which the latter do not understand, and both possess a peculiar cast of countenance, by which they may, without difficulty, be distinguished from all other nations; but with these points the similarity terminates. The Israelites have a peculiar religion, to which they are fanatically attached; the Romas have none, as they invariably adopt, though only in appearance, that

of the people with whom they chance to sojourn; the Israelites possess the most authentic history of any people in the world, and are acquainted with, and delight to recapitulate, all that has befallen their race from ages the most remote; the Romas have no history—they do not even know the name of their original country, and the only tradition which they possess, that of their Egyptian origin, is a false one, whether invented by themselves or others; the Israelites are of all people the most wealthy, the Romas the most poor—poor as a gypsy being proverbial among some nations, though both are equally greedy of gain; and, finally, though both are noted for peculiar craft and cunning, no people are more ignorant than the Romas, while the Jews have always been a learned people, being in possession of the oldest literature in the world, and certainly the most important and interesting."

Mr. Borrow, in the passage just given, regards their tradition of being Egyptian as unfounded. Perhaps it is; but it appears to us to be about as well supported as the pretension of their being descendants of a tribe of Hindoos. Their aspect is Egyptian; it has, making allowance for the Egyptian mode of elongating the eye, a resemblance to the Egyptian faces in Rosellini and Belzoni, which might pass for those of ancient gypsies. They call themselves Egyptians, have so styled themselves from the earliest period of which any thing is known of them, and continue to do so uniformly in all countries. They are, moreover, so named in every early record or law relating to them. Their own precise tradition is, it must be confessed, sufficiently apocryphal;—their singular story that they were banished from Egypt, and condemned to wander through the world for inhospitality shown to the Virgin, when, with her child, she sought shelter in their land. This tale, however, tallies strangely, as Mr. Borrow himself observes, with the fate foretold to the

* The thought is far more strikingly expressed in a poem called "The Gypsies;" a prize poem, recited in the theatre, Oxford, in June, 1837, by Arthur Pearbryn Stanley, Balliol College:—

"One only race of all thy great compeers
Still moves with thee along this vale of tears;
Long since ye parted by the Red-sea strand,
Now face to face ye meet in every land;
Alone, amid a new-born world ye dwell,
Egypt's lone people, outcast Israel!"

ancient Egyptians in some parts of Ezekiel—so much so, that he conceives it to be derived from that source. The passages cited are Ezekiel, chap. xxix. 12, 13, and chap. xxx. 10, 26; and the purport of the prophecy is, that Egypt, having been a staff of reed to the house of Israel, the Egyptians were to be “scattered among the nations and dispersed among the countries.” The ancient Egyptians were to be dispersed among the nations for being the cause of Israel’s backsliding, and for not having known the Lord: their self-styled descendants are to be dispersed among the nations for having denied hospitality to the Virgin and the child. The prophecy and the tale agree, as Mr. Borrow thinks, in material points; but the former was, he conceives, remodelled to suit the taste of the times, no legend possessing much interest in which the Virgin and child did not figure—that they were, therefore, introduced instead of the Israelites. Mr. Borrow thinks that the legend was never invented by the Romas, they being then, and still, ignorant of Scripture. He is of opinion that it was framed for them by the priests of the eastern parts of Europe, first adopted by the gypsies as a favourable introduction, and afterwards believed by them. But though this supposition may possibly be well founded, there does not appear to be any thing to support it. Some maintain that the gypsies are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, who were scattered among the nations by the Assyrians; some that they are the ten tribes of Israel. The truth is, that nothing satisfactory is as yet known of their origin, but that there is, as we have seen, some ground for believing them to be Hindoos, and some, quite as strong, we think, for believing them to be Egyptians.

In reflecting on the present state of the gypsies, the circumstance which strikes us first, is the extent to which their tribes are diffused.

“There is scarcely,” says Mr. Borrow, “a part of the habitable world where they are not to be found; their tents are alike pitched on the heaths of Brazil, and the ridges of the Himalaya hills, and their language is heard at Moscow and Madrid, in the streets of London and Stamboul.”

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The Zigani, or Russian gypsies, are found in all parts of Russia, except in the government of St. Petersburg, from which they have been banished. They are found in most of the provincial towns, but the greater number of them wander through the country in bands, the extensive plains of Russia giving them pasturage for their cattle, and the chase affording them the means of subsistence. Their power of resisting cold is quite wonderful. They are seen encamped in the midst of the snow, in slight camp tents, when the temperature is thirty degrees below the freezing point. The circumstances of many of the gypsies of Moscow exhibit them in quite a new character—as settled, wealthy, educated and refined.

“There are not a few who inhabit stately houses, go abroad in elegant equipages, and are behind the higher orders of the Russians neither in appearance nor mental acquirements. To the female part of the gypsy colony of Moscow is to be attributed this partial rise from degradation and abjectness, having from time immemorial so successfully cultivated the vocal art, that though in the midst of a nation by whom song is more cherished and cultivated, and its principle better understood than by any other of the civilized globe, the gypsy choirs of Moscow are, by the general voice of the Russian public, admitted to be unrivalled in that most amiable of all accomplishments. It is a fact notorious in Russia, that the celebrated Catalani was so enchanted with the voice of one of these gypsy songsters (who, after the former had displayed her noble Italian talent before a splendid audience at Moscow, stepped forward, and with an astonishing burst of almost angelic melody, so enraptured every ear, that even applause forgot its duty) that she tore from her own shoulders a shawl of Cashmere, which had been presented to her by the father of Rome, and embracing the gypsy, insisted on her acceptance of the splendid gift, saying that it had been intended for the matchless songster which she now perceived she herself was not.”

The state of many of the gypsies of Moscow is a phenomenon in their history. The gains of the gypsy singers there enable them to support their friends in affluence. Another singularity is, that some of them are married to Russians. A lady, once the great attraction of a Rommany choir at Moscow, and now the admired coun-

tess of one of the noble family of Tolstoy, is by birth a Zigana. But this is not the general state of the gypsies in Moscow. It is usually similar to their condition elsewhere. The women fortune-telling and dancing at taverns—the men horse-dealing, or something worse. The following passage describes their first reception of Mr. Borrow:—

“Their favourite place of resort in the summer time is the Marina Rotze, a species of sylvan garden about two yersts from Moscow, and thither, tempted by curiosity, I drove one fine evening. On my arrival, the Ziganas came flocking out from their little tents, and from the tractir, or inn, which has been erected for the accommodation of the public. Standing on the seat of the calash, I addressed them in a loud voice in the English dialect of the Rommany, of which I have some knowledge. A shrill scream of wonder was instantly raised, and welcomes and blessings were poured forth in floods of musical Rommany, though above all predominated the cry of ‘*Kak mitute hammama*,’—or, ‘How we love you’—for at first they mistook me for one of their wandering brethren from the distant lands, come over the great pancee or ocean to visit them.”

They sung for him a number of songs in Russian and in Rommany; the former were pieces of the theatre, the latter were plainly of great antiquity, and in metre and metaphor had a bold and original character. A collection of these songs, with a translation and vocabulary, would, as Mr. Borrow observes, be a great accession to literature, and we trust that his work may suggest the subject to the Russian philologists.

The gypsies there profess the Greek religion, and the women mostly wore crosses of copper or gold; but not from reverence or superstition, for when questioned about them in their own language, they laughed, and said, “it was only to please the Russians.”

In Hungary, the gypsies, or Chingany, as they are called there, are more numerous than perhaps in any other country. There are whole villages of them, and they are to be seen in the suburbs of most of the towns. The lower order in Hungary are sorely oppressed by the feudal system, still existing there. Two classes, however,

it appears are free—the nobility and the gypsies; the former, says Borrow, are above the law, the latter below it. There is, for example, a bridge at Pesth, where a toll is enforced from every peasant or labourer who passes; but one who is apparently of the upper class, a well-dressed person, or a gypsy, who has very often no dress at all, “and whose *insouciance* stands in striking contrast with the trembling submission of the peasants,” passes free. The Hungarian gypsies live in the greatest wretchedness. Their hovels vile, their dress rags, their food often carrion, and sometimes it is said, still worse. But nakedness and want cannot, as we know in our own country, always banish merriness of heart, and nowhere, we are told, is there more of dance and song than in an Hungarian gypsy village. The Chingany, like their brethren elsewhere, are horse-dealers, tinkers, smiths, and fortune-tellers; “of course,” says Mr. Borrow, “both sexes thieves of the first water.” Mr. Borrow purposes making another visit to Hungary, and giving us a more detailed account of the gypsies there. We shall be glad to see it, for the practical liberty, the sort of prescriptive privileges they enjoy, render their position there as compared with that of the industrious classes, anomalous and striking. A remarkable feature in the habits of the Hungarian gypsies is their system of foreign excursions, with a view to plunder. They frequently go to distant countries—often to France, in bands of twelve or fourteen, for three or four years together, and often, if nothing happens then, return rich. They seldom, however, retain their ill-got money long, usually dissipating it in festivals of folly. Mr. Borrow met some of them in a distant country, where he had rather not.

“Once during my own wanderings in Italy, I rested at nightfall by the side of a kiln, the air being piercingly cold; it was about four leagues from Genoa. Presently arrived three individuals to take advantage of the warmth, a man, a woman, and a lad. They soon began to discourse, and I found that they were Hungarian gypsies; they spoke of what they had been doing, and what they had amassed; I think they mentioned nine hundred crowns. They had companions in the neighbourhood, some of

whom they were expecting; they took no notice of me, and conversed in their own dialect; I did not approve of their propinquity, and rising, hastened away."

Many of the Hungarian Chingany served with the French in Spain. When quartered in the Spanish towns they always looked out for their Gitanos brethren; who, it appears, were inspired with such a deep respect for their proficiency in thievish acts as almost to think them superior beings. Their expression in speaking of them to this day shows the impression that was made on them, and shows it in their own fashion—it is, "they knew the whole reckoning." Some strange passages, *scenas*, took place between the Chingany and the Gitanos, on battle-fields in the wars of Spain. The following was told to the author by Antonio, a gypsy of Badajoz. We may as well give the conversation in which it was brought out, premising that Antonio has been just introduced by another gypsy, and is thus described—

"This man was about forty-five, dressed in a samarra of sheep-skin, with a high-crowned Andalusian hat; his complexion was dark as pepper, and his eyes full of sullen fire. In his appearance he exhibited a goodly compound of gypsy and bandit.

"ANTONIO—'Give me your hand, brother! I should have come to see you before, but I have been to Olivenzas in search of a horse. What I have heard of you has filled me with much desire to know you, and I now see that you can tell me many things which I am ignorant of. I am Zincalo by the four sides; I love our blood, and I hate that of the Busné. Had I my will, I would wash my face every day in the blood of the Busné, for the Busné are made only to be robbed and to be slaughtered; but I love the Caloré, and I love to hear of things of the Caloré, especially from those of foreign lands; for the Caloré of foreign lands know more than we of Spain, and more resemble our fathers of old.'

"MYSELF—'Have you ever met before with Caloré who were not Spaniards?'

"ANTONIO—'I will tell you, brother. I served as a soldier in the war of independence against the French. War, it is true, is not the proper occupation of

a Gitano, but these were strange times, and all those who could bear arms were compelled to go forth to fight: so I went with the English armies and we chased the Gabiné into the frontiers of France; and it happened once that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion, and the two parties became intermingled and fought sword to sword, and bayonet to bayonet, and a French soldier singled me out, and we fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing each other, till at last we flung down our arms and grappled; long we wrestled, body to body, but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier's knee was on my breast, and his grasp was on my throat, and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws; and his cap had fallen off, and I lifted up mine eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met, and I gave a loud shriek, and cried, "Zincalo! Zincalo!" and I felt him shudder, and he relaxed his grasp, and started up, and he smote his forehead and wept, and then he came to me and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead, and he took me by my hand and called me brother and Zincalo, and he produced his flask and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived, and he raised me up, and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and the two parties were fighting all around, and he said: "Let the dogs fight and tear each other's throat 'till they are all destroyed, what matters it to the Zincali; they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?" So we sat for hours on the knoll, and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people; and I could have listened for years, for he told me secrets which made my ears tingle, and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite Zincalo; but as for him he knew the whole cuenta; the Bengui Lango* himself could have told him nothing but what he knew. So we sat till the sun went down, and the battle was over, and he proposed that we should both flee to his own country, and live there with the Zincali; but my heart failed me; so we embraced, and he departed to the Gabiné, whilst I returned to our own battalions.

"MYSELF—'Do you know from what country he came?'

"ANTONIO—'He told me that he was a Magyar.'

"MYSELF—'You mean a Magyar or Hungarian.'

"ANTONIO—'Just so; and I have repented ever since that I did not follow him.'"

* The lame devil—Asmodeus.

The gypsy language is nowhere more pure than in Hungary. The Chingani had formerly some privileges, as being settled on the crown estates, but at present they are spread over the estates of the nobles and are subject to them. They, as usual, comply with the religious ceremonies of the place, or even the village they settle in, being supremely indifferent as to doctrine. They had also in old times a *vojvode*, a president or judge, for each tribe. But this privilege has been long abolished. By a census taken in 1782, the number of gypsies in Hungary was stated to be fifty thousand; but they are said to have fallen off in numbers since that time. On this point, however, as well as on some others, we may hope for further and more accurate information from Mr. Borrow, who purposes visiting the Chingani again, his present volumes are more especially devoted to the gypsies of Spain.

Such a wayfaring traveller as Mr. Borrow, wandering alone through many lands, and seeking such strange associates, may be supposed to have met with extraordinary characters—one he honours with the pre-eminent distinction of being the most remarkable individual whom he had encountered amongst the gypsies. This person was one of the Zingarri, or Oriental gypsies. Many among them deal in precious stones, and some in poison; the individual we are about to notice combined the trades.

“He was a native of Constantinople, and in the pursuit of his trade had visited the most remote and remarkable portions of the world. He had traversed alone and on foot the greatest part of India; he spoke several dialects of the Malay, and understood the original language of Java, that isle more fertile in poisons than even ‘far Iolchos and Spain.’ From what I could learn of him, it appeared that his jewels were in less request than his drugs, though he assured me there was scarcely a bey or satrap in Persia or Turkey whom he had not supplied with both. I have seen this individual in more countries than one, for he flits over the world like the shadow of a cloud; the last time at Granada in Spain, whither he had come after paying a visit to his Gitano brethren in the presidio of Ceuta.”

The condition of the gypsies of

Spain is the more deserving of our attention because they have been for a longer period in a state of freedom in that country than in any other—not only unoppressed by the laws, but with a very wise and benignant act made for their protection. Charles III. of Spain abolished the many cruel laws made, up to his time, against the *Gitanos*, sought even to abolish the name, enjoined their settlement in towns and villages; and to encourage this, opened to them all trades and professions, and placed them on a level with his other subjects. Ever since that period the gypsies have been, so far as legislation could influence them, favourably circumstanced in Spain. But neither patronage nor oppression appears to affect them; they are nearly altogether the same as in other countries—their habits and way of life the same, with this only difference, that they do not wander so much, are in a sort of way located, in the suburbs of the chief towns principally; but their practices, their language, their characters are the same; they are still pure gypsies—separate from those around them—still characterized by the same love of tribe and hatred of others. They were formerly the chief highwaymen of Spain—they no longer practise, to any great extent, in that way; but, as their conversations with Mr. Borrow show, they are in other and all main respects, much in the same state as their brethren elsewhere. We shall presently introduce our readers to some gypsy characters, whose dramatic dialogues with our author may very well describe their ways and means, and the habits of their tribe in Spain.

In the January of 1836, Mr. Borrow crossed the Guadiana, and entered Badajoz, having, with no other companion than a half idiot muleteer, journeyed for five days through the wilds of the *Alemtejo*, the worst of all the provinces of Portugal for robbers and banditti. While he was standing at the door of the inn—

“Suddenly two men, wrapped in long cloaks, came down the narrow and almost deserted street. They were about to pass, and the face of the nearest was turned full towards me; I knew to whom the countenance which he displayed must belong, and I touched him

on the arm. The man stopped, and likewise his companion. I said a certain word, to which, after an exclamation of surprise, he responded in the manner I expected. The men were Gitanos."

After speaking with him for a while, they went about the town telling the rest of the stranger, who spoke Romany, had the face of a Gitano, and was apparently of the "errate" or blood. Soon the street was filled with the children of Egypt, whose appearance told their wretchedness, and whose countenances showed them to be familiar with every form of crime. They asked many questions, felt his hands, face, and clothes, and at length left him. That night he was visited by the two men he had first encountered, and the following was their conversation. The gypsies sat themselves down by the brassero in the middle of the apartment, smoked small paper cigars, and spoke in Spanish, broken with words of their own tongue:—

"FIRST GYPSY—'Arromali (in truth) I little thought when I saw the errano standing by the door of the posada, that I was about to meet a brother, one too who, though well dressed, was not ashamed to speak to a poor Gitano; but tell me, I beg you, brother, from whence you come? I have heard that you have just arrived from Laloro, but I am sure you are no Portuguese; I have been there myself, but they are very different from you; I rather take you to be one of the Corahai, for I have heard say that there is much of our blood there. You are a Corahano, are you not?'

"MYSELF—'I am no Moor though I have been in the country; I was born in an island in the west sea, called England, which I suppose you have heard spoken of.'

"FIRST GYPSY—'Yes, yes, I have a right to know something of the English; I was born in this foros, and remember the day when the English hundunares clambered over the walls, and took the town from the Gabbiné. Well do I remember that day, though I was but a child! the streets ran red with blood and wine. Are there Gitanos amongst the English?'

"MYSELF—'There are numbers, and so there are amongst most nations of the world.'

"SECOND GYPSY—'Vaya! and do the English Caloré gain their bread in the same way as those of Spain? Do

they shear and trim? Do they buy and change beasts, and (lowering his voice) do they now and then chore a gras?'

"MYSELF—'They do most of these things; the men frequent fairs and markets with horses, many of which they steal, and the women tell fortunes and perform all kinds of tricks, by which they gain more money than their husbands.'

"FIRST GYPSY—'They would not be Callees if they did not. I have known a Gitano gain twenty ounces of gold, by means of the hokkano baro, in a few hours, whilst the silly gipsy, her husband, would be toiling with his shears for a fortnight, trimming the horses of the Busné, and yet not be a dollar richer at the end of the time.'

"MYSELF—'You seem wretchedly poor; are you married?'

"FIRST GYPSY—'I am, and to the best-looking and cleverest callee in Badajoz, nevertheless we have never thriven since the day of our marriage, and a curse seems to rest upon us both. Perhaps I have only to thank myself; I was once rich, and had never less than six borricos to sell or exchange, but the day before my marriage I sold all I possessed, in order to have a grand fiesta; for three days we were merry enough; I entertained every one who chose to come in, and flung away my money by handfuls, so that when the affair was over I had not a cuarto in the world, and the very people who had feasted at my expense refused me a dollar to begin again, so we were soon reduced to the greatest misery. True it is that I now and then shear a mule, and my wife tells the bahi (fortune) to the servant girls, but these things stand us in little stead; the people are now very much on the alert, and my wife, with all her knowledge, has been unable to perform any grand trick, which would set us up at once; she wished to come to see you, brother, this night, but was ashamed as she has no more clothes than myself. Last summer our distress was so great that we crosse the frontier into Portugal; my wife sang, and I played the guitar, for though I have but one arm, and that a left one, I have never known the want of the other. At Estremoy I was cast into prison as a thief and vagabond, and there might have remained till I starved with hunger; my wife, however, soon got me out; she went to the lady of the corregidor, to whom she told a most wonderful bahi, promising treasures and titles and I wot not what, so I was set at liberty, and returned to Spain as quick as I could.'"

No one will think this extract long,

and had other travellers the same happy talent for recounting actual conversations, we should have far more lively impressions of the people of distant countries, as well as a more real acquaintance with their modes of life. The passages just given illustrate others where Mr. Borrow speaks in detail of the usages and customs of the gypsies. The case of the gypsy ruined by his marriage feast, is a common one. Mr. Borrow had several such confessions from Gitanos, and was himself present at a festival where he saw quite enough to make him believe all they told him. Among other extravagancies he witnessed the following:—

“Nearly a ton of sweetmeats had been prepared, at an enormous expense, not for the gratification of the palate, but for a purpose purely gypsy. These sweetmeats of all kinds, and of all forms, but principally yernas, or yolks of eggs, prepared with a crust of sugar, (a delicious *bonne bouche*), were strewn on the floor of a large room, at least to the depth of three inches. Into this room, at a given signal, tripped the bride and bridegroom *dancing romalis*, followed again by all the Gitanos and Gitanos *dancing romalis*. To convey a slight idea of the scene is almost beyond the power of words. In a few minutes the sweetmeats were reduced to a powder, or rather to a mud, and the dancers were soiled to the knees with sugar, fruits, and yolks of eggs. Still more terrific became the lunatic merriment.”

Thus they go on for three days, by which time it may be easily conceived that the greater part of the property of the bridegroom, even if he had been pretty well off, has been madly wasted. Some told Mr. Borrow, that they thought they had been themselves, on such occasions, under a sort of infatuation, and had gone so far as to fling money by handfuls into the street. Another practice alluded to by *The First Gypsy* in the extract above is, “the great trick,” or as they call it, *Hokkano Baro*. The gypsy women,

when they find a credulous person who has money, suggest a way of making both their fortunes, by depositing a certain sum, at a certain hour and place, where, if not looked for until a specified time, it is to increase a thousand-fold. Of course the money is abstracted by the gypsy. Very palpable as the fraud is, the trick is occasionally practised by the gypsies everywhere, and is often successful.* But we must go on with the author's transcript of his interview with the gypsies, which has too much that is characteristic of them to be omitted.

“MYSELF—‘The Gitanos, then, no longer wander about, but have fixed residences in the towns and villages?’

“FIRST GYPSY—‘In the summer-time a few of us assemble together, and live about amongst the plains and hills, and by doing so we frequently contrive to pick up a horse or a mule for nothing, and sometimes we knock down a Busné and strip him, but it is seldom we venture so far. We are much looked after by the Busné, who hold us in great dread, and abhor us. Sometimes, when wandering about, we are attacked by the labourers, and then we defend ourselves as well as we can. There is no better weapon in the hands of a Gitano than his “cachas,” or shears, with which he trims the mules. I once snipped off the nose of a Busné and opened the greatest part of his cheek, in an affray at which I was present up the country near Trujillo.’

“MYSELF—‘Have you travelled much about Spain?’

“FIRST GYPSY—‘Very little; I have never been out of this province of Estremadura, except last year, as I told you, into Portugal. When we wander we don't go far, and it is very rare that we are visited by our brethren of other parts. I have never been in Andalusia, but I have heard say that the gypsies are many in Andalusia, and are more wealthy than these here, and that they follow better the gypsy law.’

“MYSELF—‘What do you mean by the gypsy law?’

“FIRST GYPSY—‘Wherefore do you ask, brother? You know what is meant

* We know about a very recent case in which it was practised triumphantly in Westmoreland. The deposit was made, but the dupe being over-anxious, looked into the bag before the expiration of the allotted time. His money, as he richly deserved, was gone; but it never occurred to him to doubt “the wise woman.” He went to consult her, and she named a person, who, she assured him, had stolen it. He applied to a magistrate for a warrant, and it was then that all this came out. We notice it less as a gypsy story than as an exhibition of the state in which numbers of the peasantry of England remain up to this hour.

by the law of the Cales, better even than ourselves.'

"MYSELF—"I know what it is in England and in Hungary, but I can only give a guess as to what it is in Spain.'

"BOTH GYPSIES—"What do you consider it to be in Spain?"

"MYSELF—"Cheating and choring the Busné on all occasions, and being true to the errate in life and death.'

"At these words both the Gitanos sprang simultaneously from their seats, and exclaimed, with a boisterous shout, 'Chachipe!'"

From this and from the whole of Mr. Borrow's account, it appears that the gypsies of Spain differ from those of other countries in little but in being somewhat more settled. Legislation has effected this, but it has made no other impression on their habits, and their characters remain unaltered. They have not even the shadow of religion—never attend mass, or make use of a holy expression but in blasphemy or execration. Mr. Borrow translated for them portions of Scripture, and frequently sought opportunities of interesting them so far as to listen to his reading. He dwelt particularly on the parables of Lazarus and of the prodigal son. They listened with admiration; but it was only at finding their jargon could be written and read. The few words of assent he ever received, and that, as he observes, of rather a negative kind, were from a woman—"Brother," she said, "you tell us strange things, though, perhaps, you do not lie; a month since I would sooner have believed these tales, than that this day I should see one who could write Rommany." The Gitanos are commonly to be found in the suburbs of the great towns, chiefly in Madrid, Granada, and Seville. The gypsy women are every where, as Mr. Borrow observes, far more remarkable beings than the men, whose pursuits are purely debasing, while those of the females have in them at least something of imagination, and demand much subtlety and courage. The Gitanos of Madrid are conspicuous for these qualities, as may be inferred from the following amusing and singular story—

"There were two Gitanos at Madrid, and probably they are there still. The name of the one was Pepita, and the other was called La Chicharona. The first was a spare, shrewd, witch-like

female, about fifty, and was the mother-in-law of La Chicharona, who was remarkable for her stoutness. These women subsisted entirely by fortune-telling and swindling. It chanced that the son of Pepita and husband of Chicharona, having spirited away a horse, was sent to the presidio of Malaga, for ten years of hard labour. This misfortune caused inexpressible affliction to his wife and mother, who determined to exert every effort to procure his liberation. The readiest way which occurred to them was, to procure an interview with the queen-regent Christina, who they doubted not would forthwith pardon the culprit, provided they had an opportunity of assailing her with their gypsy discourse; for, to use their own words, they well knew what to say. I at that time lived close by the palace, in the street of Santiago, and daily, for the space of a month, saw them bending their steps in that direction.

"One day they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both their countenances—

"We have seen Christina; Hijo (my son)," said Pepita to me.

"Within the palace?' I inquired.

"Within the palace, O child of my heart!' answered the sybil. 'Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would; I told her bahi, and Chicharona danced the romalis (gypsy dance) before her.'

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her many things,' said the hag, 'many things which I need not tell you: know however that amongst other things, I told her that the chabori (little queen) would die, and then she would be queen of Spain. I told her, moreover that within three years she would marry the son of the king of France, and it was her bahi to die queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much and hated much.'

"And did you not dread her anger when you told her these things?"

"Dread her, the Busnee! screamed Pepita, 'no, my child, she dreaded me far more; I looked at her, so, and raised my finger, so, and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me; and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter: and when we came away she gave me this baria of gold, and to Chicharona this other, so at all events we have boked the queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busnee!'"

In Granada, which is a poor city, the Gitanos are numerous, and in a state of greater destitution than in

other parts of Spain. Their largest numbers are in Seville; one quarter there, the faubourg of Triana, has been long their favourite residence, and having besides most of the robber population of Seville, we may easily conceive that it merits still the bad character which it had in the days of Cervantes. The number of gypsies in Spain is guessed at sixty thousand; it is but guess, and Mr. Borrow thinks that it does not exceed forty thousand, of which about a third are in Andalusia alone, some living miserably in caves, others, and the greater number, about Granada and Seville. Besides a falling off in their numbers, there are some slight indications of decline in gypsism both in England and in Spain. That these evidences are but slight is, as we have already remarked, a striking fact, considering that for a long period they have been in both countries favoured by the laws. Carlos Tercero placed them on a level with his other subjects in Spain, and in England from about the same period, practically if not expressly, they have enjoyed a like freedom. In Spain as well as in England, bad as they are still, their dark crimes are not at all so numerous as they were formerly. In England this may arise from the improved administration of the laws. In Spain the gypsies are entitled to all the honour of the change, as unhappily for years back there have been almost no laws in that country, or if any, only, as was said of Ireland, "one law for the rich and another for the poor, and both badly administered." The present state of Spain might appear to tempt the gypsies to their former habits of open plunder; they have not however, except in a few cases, become banditti; and in general only practice in a quiet way, following their old pursuits in the neighbourhood of the towns. In Spain the material change has been their partial settlement. In England one hopeful symptom is that individuals are occasionally seen who have become comparatively wealthy, and show in their habits of life that they are enjoying the fruits of their industry. Gypsy teams and waggons sometimes make their appearance in the rural districts, with capital horses, and families well and respectably dressed, and there are Gitano cattle-dealers in Spain rich and comfortable.

In Spain they have had their share of the system of education which has been afforded to the people there for some years back. This they owe to the wise and benevolent law of Charles III. Had it not been for that, they would have remained, like the coloured race in liberty-loving, enlightened America, a despised and degraded people, and their children would have been excluded from the schools. The men can read or write, Mr. Borrow says, in the proportion of one man in three or four, and on the whole their education is about equal to that of the lower classes of the Spaniards. This refers only to the men, the education of the women is quite neglected; but in Spain education has made but little way among females, and those of the lower rank are just as ignorant as the Gitanos. In England we find the gypsies have not instruction to any thing like the same extent. These are the main indications of improvement amongst them. They are but few and faint, leaving the masses of their race both in England and in Spain all that is implied in the term—gypsy—a perplexing study for the philanthropist and the Christian, but one well deserving of their best attention.

It appears to be the fact that the great days of gypsism in England and in Spain were those of its persecution. They were then more numerous and more successful in appropriating the property of others. This is not so strange as it may seem at first. The aversion to them was so great in England that they had no choice but to band together and live by arts. In Spain they never, as a body, made such gains, or held so important a station as during the ages of their oppression. They were agents throughout the country for the Moors, had ministers of justice, and persons of honour in their pay, and thus baffled or defied the law. Their habits were less favourable to their amassing wealth even than they are now, but we have no doubt that their gains were greater.

We must treat our readers to one or two more of Mr. Borrow's admirable illustrations of gypsy character. His ordinary narrative is, from scenery or accompaniments, invested with an air of romance, and his stories are always amusing. Any body who could

begin with the following preamble would be sure to be listened to.

"In the autumn of the year 1839, I landed at Zarifa from the coast of Barbary. I arrived in a small felouk, laden with hides for Cadiz, to which place I was myself going. We stopped at Zarifa in order to perform quarantine, which, however, turned out a mere farce, as we were all permitted to come on shore—the master of the felouk having bribed the post-captain with a few fowls. We formed a motley group. A rich Moor and his son, a child, with their Jewish servant, Yusouf, and myself, with my own man, Hayim Ben Attar, a Jew."

Hayim is sent to make out an inn, and returns with joy to say that he has found one kept by Jews. They enter the house, and Mr. Borrow sees at once that the people are gypsies. "Jews!" said I, in Moorish to Hayim, as I glanced at these people, and about the room: "these are not Jews, but children of the Dar-bushi-fal."*

"'List to the Corohai,' said the tall woman in broken gypsy slang; 'hear how they jabber; (hunelad como chamuliari,) truly we will make them pay for the noise they raise in the house.' Then coming up to me, she demanded with a shout, fearing otherwise that I should not understand, whether I would not wish to see the room where I was to sleep. I nodded, whereupon she led me out upon a back terrace, and opening the door of a small room, of which there were three, asked me if it would suit. 'Perfectly,' said I, and returned with her to the kitchen. 'O what a handsome face! what a royal expression!' exclaimed the whole family as I returned, in Spanish, but in the whining, canting tone peculiar to the gypsies, when they are bent on victimizing. 'A more ugly Busno it has never been our chance to see,' said the same voices in the next breath, speaking in the jargon of the tribe. 'Won't your Moorish Royalty please to eat something?' said the tall hag. 'We have nothing in the house; but I will run out and buy a fowl, which I hope may prove a royal peacock, to nourish and strengthen you.—I hope it may turn to drow in your entrails,' she muttered to the rest in gypsy. She

then ran down, and in a minute returned with an old hen, which, on my arrival, I had observed below in the stable. 'See thts beautiful fowl,' said she; 'I have been running over all Zarifa to procure it for your kingship; trouble enough I have had to obtain it, and dear enough it has cost me. I will now cut its throat.' 'Before you kill it,' said I, 'I should like to know what you paid for it, that there may be no dispute about it in the account.' 'Two dollars I paid for it, most valorous and handsome sir; two dollars it cost me out of my own quisobi, out of my own little purse.' I saw it was high time to put an end to these galameries, and therefore exclaimed in Gitano, 'You mean two brujis (reals). O mother of all the witches! and that is twelve cuartos more than it is worth!' 'Ay, Dios mio, whom have we here?' exclaimed the females. 'One,' I replied, 'who knows you well, and all your ways. Speak! am I to have the hen for two reals? If not, I shall leave the house this moment.' 'O yes, to be sure, brother, and for nothing if you wish it,' said the tall woman in natural and quite altered tones; 'but why did you enter the house speaking in Corohai, like a Bengui? We thought you a Busno, but we see now that you are of our own religion. Pray sit down, and tell us where you have been.'

We shall now say a word or two in connection with our author's efforts to interest these strange people on the subject of religion. He found the women, as they are everywhere, more disposed to listen than the men. They attended him twice a week, spoke to him without reserve of their actions and practices, but conducted themselves with strict propriety. The following is a sample of these 'conversaciones,' or 'tertulias,' as they are called in Spanish, as well as of the hopeful set he had to address. Bad as they were, he showed them that they feared something. The speakers are, a remarkable female called La Tuerta, from the circumstance of her having but one eye, and her sister, a girl of thirteen, named, we are sure with great propriety, La Casdami, or the scorpion, from the malice she displayed:—

"MYSELF.—'You do not mean to say,

* The word is Moorish, and means "fortune telling." It designates a wandering tribe in Africa, who are, as Mr. Borrow thinks, gypsies. He was unable to meet any of them, but from what he learned, the strong probability is that they are gypsies.

O Tuerta, that you are a jockey, and that you rob on the highway?'"

"THE ONE-EYED.—'I am a Chalano, brother, and many a time I have robbed on the road, as all our people know. I dress myself as a man, and go forth with some of them. I have robbed alone in the pass of Guadarama, with my horse and escopeta. I alone once robbed a cuadrilla of twenty gallegos, who were returning to their own country, after cutting the harvests of Castile. I stripped them of their earnings, and could have stripped them of their very clothes had I wished, for they were down on their knees, like cowards. I love a brave man, be he Busno or gypsy. When I was not much older than the Scorpion, I went with several others to rob the cortijo of an old man; it was more than twenty leagues from here. We broke in at midnight and bound the old man: we knew he had money; but he said no, and would not tell us where it was; so we tortured him, pricking him with our knives, and burning his hands over the lamps; all, however, would not do. At last I said, let us try the *pimientos*. So we took the green pepper husks, pulled open his eyelids, and rubbed the pupils with the green pepper-fruit. That was the worst point of all. Would you believe it? The old man bore it. Then our people said, "Let us kill him;" but I said no; so we spared him, though we got nothing. I have loved that old man ever since, for his firm heart, and should have wished him for a husband.'

"THE SCORPION.—'Ojalo, that I had been in that cortijo, to see such sport!"

"MYSELF.—'Do you fear God, O Tuerto?"

"THE ONE-EYED.—'Brother, I fear nothing.'

"MYSELF.—'Do you believe in God, O Tuerta?"

"THE ONE-EYED.—'Brother, I do not; I hate all, connected with that name: the whole is folly—me *dinela conche*. If I go to church, it is but to spit at the images. I spat at the bulto of Maria this morning; and I love the Corojai, and the Londoné because they are not baptised.'

"MYSELF.—'You, of course, never say a prayer?"

"THE ONE-EYED.—'No, no; there are three or four old words, taught me by some old people, which I sometimes

say to myself; I believe they have both force and virtue.'

"MYSELF.—'I would fain hear; pray, tell me them.'

"THE ONE-EYED.—'Brother, they are words not to be repeated.'

"MYSELF.—'Why not?"

"THE ONE-EYED.—'They are holy words, brother.'

"MYSELF.—'Holy! You say there is no God; if there be none, there can be nothing holy; pray tell me the words, O Tuerta.'

"THE ONE-EYED.—'Brother, I dare not.'

"MYSELF.—'Then you *do* fear something.'

"THE ONE-EYED.—'Not I—

"Saboca Enreacas Maria Ereria,†"

and now I wish I had not said them.'

"MYSELF.—'You are distracted, O Tuerta, the words say simply, 'Dwell within us, blessed Maria.' You have spitten on her bulto this morning in the church, and now you are afraid to repeat four words amongst which is her name.'

"THE ONE-EYED.—'I did not understand them, but I wish I had not said them.'

The chaplain of a gypsy congregation has, it may be supposed, novel difficulties to contend with. Mr. Borrow's people, who were almost always women, were easily led off, from an apparently decorous attention to join in any thing malicious or grotesque.

"One day they arrived, attended by a gypsy jockey whom I had never previously seen. We had scarcely been seated a minute, when this fellow, rising, took me to the window, and without any preamble or circumlocution, said—"Don Jorge, you shall lend me two barias' (ounces of gold). 'Not to your whole race, my excellent friend,' said I; 'Are you frantic? Sit down, and be discreet.' He obeyed me literally—sat down, and when the rest departed, followed with them. We did not invariably meet at my own house, but occasionally in a street inhabited by gypsies. On the day appointed I went to this house, where I found the women assembled; the jockey was also present. On seeing me, he advanced, again took me aside, and again said—"Don Jorge, you shall lend

* The English.

† These words, Mr. Borrow tells us, are very ancient, and were perhaps used by the earliest Spanish gypsies; they differ from the language of the present day, and are quite unintelligible to the modern Gitanos.

me two barias.' I made him no answer, but at once entered on the subject which brought me thither. I spoke for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the Gitanos in Spain. I spoke of the power of God, manifested in preserving both as separate and distinct people amongst the nations, until the present day. I warmed with my subject. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's prayer, and the apostles' creed in Rommany. When I had concluded I looked around me.

"The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint—not an individual present but squinted. The gypsy fellow, the contriver of the burla, squinted worst of all. Such are gypsies."

Mr. Borrow's volumes are full of novelties, but their grand discovery is that the gypsies have morals—virtues: this is what nobody ever thought of; but, although it is at variance with all previous accounts of them, we believe it to be true. The men are sober and the women chaste. Drunkards and harlots are, according to our author, the two characters which of all others, they most abhor; and there are no words which, when applied by them, convey so much of execration. On these topics he apparently restricts himself to the gypsies of England and of Spain, feeling, perhaps, that on doubtful matter, he is not entitled to speak with confidence of their other tribes; but from all that we can collect, their points of character are every where much the same. Mr. Borrow has had, for a length of time, such perfect opportunities of observing them in England and Spain, that his evidence seems quite sufficient to give them character for sobriety. The chastity of their women is the more likely to be looked on as apochryphal, these she-Thugs being well known to haunt every licentious tavern and place of vile resort. There are, however, some known facts which apparently confirm Mr. Borrow's view, and justify us in extending it to the gypsies of all countries. These are the long continuance and pure descent of the gypsy race in England, Spain, Hungary, Russia, and other lands. Considering their intercourse with the worst classes of society, it would seem

that were it not for the chastity of their women, their race would have mingled with others, and have been, to a great extent, absorbed. There is, 'as we learn from Mr. Borrow, no word to which the gypsies of Spain attach such ideas of peculiar reverence as to their term for chastity—the word *lácha*. The gypsy girls are early taught to prize their honour more than life, although the mother usually closes her exhortation with some such comment as this—"Bear this in mind, my child, and now eat this bread, and go forth and see what you can steal." The terms "honour," "purity," "chastity," appear to be inapplicable to gypsies. As to the first, they have no idea of it, being quite emancipated from all such prejudice. Mr. Borrow sees the impropriety of the others, and using a more restricted expression, speaks of their "corporeal chastity," adding that in their vocation amongst the gentiles, "it is lawful for them, nay praiseworthy, to be obscene in look, gesture, and discourse." He alludes to the impossibility of his being explicit on the point; but he has been, by very much, too explicit; although we may say in extenuation, that it was important to show how, amidst all their depravities, the poor gypsies have yet two virtues, something from which more may be hoped for.

The gypsies marry early, and marriage is preceded by a two years' betrothment. In Spain the betrothment takes place when the girl is about fourteen, and the youth a few years older. During this period the girl is allowed to go where she pleases, with other gypsies and with the Busné or gentiles, but is under great restraint as to her intended. The couple are forbidden going into the camps together, or having any appointment beyond the verge of the town or hamlet where they dwell. The fidelity of their women appears to be their great bond of union, as is apparently implied in the name by which they everywhere love to call themselves, one which, when anglicised, is said to mean—"Husbands and wives."

The physical characteristics of the gypsies are, as we have already said, everywhere much the same, being only very slightly modified by climate. Their form—features—the colour of their hair—their expression and demeanour—the dark staring eye—the

decided peculiarity of gait, are in all countries nearly the same. This is striking: but much more striking is the fact, that their practices and modes of life, are everywhere as much alike; as if those habits, from long usage in successive generations, had become purely animal instincts. They are, according to our author, nowhere engaged in the cultivation of the soil, or even found in the service of a regular master. They uniformly seek subsistence as jockeys, smiths, tinkers, fortune-tellers, combining with each separate vocation their grand general profession of thieves. The gypsies are not cowards, but neither are they in the least chivalrous. They attack a defenceless traveller in the forest or on the heath, but have never rivalled in daring exploits the banditti of Italy or Spain. The gypsies, as compared with the like classes of other countries, are remarkably free from superstition, but they are not always devoid of it. They do not in the least credit the rites by which they impose on others; yet have they, although but few, some weaknesses of their own. The Gitanos, for instance, laugh at the superstitions of the Spaniards, and yet they themselves attribute to the loadstone—*La Bar Lachi*—all sorts of miraculous powers. Its quality of attracting steel probably excited the wonder of the early gypsies, and hence, perhaps, their traditional regard for it. They believe that whoever is possessed of it, has "nothing to fear from steel or lead, from fire or water; and that death itself has no power over him." Hence, horse-stealers and gypsy contrabandistas, of every sort, are anxious to have one about them when on duty. There is in the museum of natural curiosities at Madrid, a large piece of loadstone, brought from the mines of America. Every Gitano there is well aware of this, and, accordingly, numberless have been the attempts to steal it. The prevalence of such a gross credulity amongst those, who in other respects are devoid alike of faith and superstition, appears to afford quite a new illustration of mental infirmity.

Our readers may possibly elevate their eyebrows, while we apprise them, that the gypsies have exerted a very material influence on certain sections of the upper classes in England; and have, besides, made accessions to our

language. Jockeyism, and, as Mr. Borrow conceives, horse-racing, are of gypsy origin. Jockeyism means properly the management of the whip; and the word "jockey," slightly altered, is their term for the large whip, with which they are generally seen. Horse-racing, as practised in England, has so much of the gypsy stamp about it, that we think its descent is evident. The words *hoax* and *hocus*, now fixed in our language, are directly taken from the gypsy, and the practice which they describe seems to be of the same parentage. The slang expressions are mostly gypsy. "Rum chap," is from "*rom chabo*," a gypsy lad. The word "castor" is from "*castor*," a hat. And "ninny," from "*ninelo*," a fool.

In closing our account of the gypsies, we would fain hope, that when many read of these mysterious tribes, who, without the bond of religion, the remnant of a literature, the memory of any thing—still live in the midst of other nations, separate and distinct; that they are numerous and far-diffused; that they are wretched, godless, and depraved—we try to hope, that when numbers read what is so well put forward in the work of Mr. Borrow, some may be moved to efforts, as earnest as his, for the amelioration of their condition.

"The Bible in Spain" is a further narrative of the journeys and adventures of Mr. Borrow, while engaged in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in that country. The work contains a good deal of information as to the state of education and religion in the Peninsula, and gives us the best account to be had anywhere of the actual condition of the people of Spain—their character, principles, and opinions; describing persons of all grades, from the minister to the muleteer, and embracing the various races of her population—Jews, gypsies, and Moors included. The three well-filled octavos present us with a constant succession of true tales and strange adventures, all given with the humour, accuracy of detail, and in the picturesque manner of our preceding extracts. There is very sufficient evidence, and never ostentatiously put forward, of Mr. Borrow's indefatigable exertions in trying to promote the main object of his mis-

sion—of the boldness with which he introduced the topic of religion when he thought he could do so with good effect—of his disregard for danger—of his sufferings and imprisonments—of his labours in translating and editing, and of the good results of his undertaking, which we think are very important, although, with a becoming modesty, he speaks as if he had done nothing. We hardly like to say a word which may appear to qualify our high admiration of one who has done so much, and so well, but we cannot help expressing our feeling that the title of his work, "*The Bible in Spain*," is not very happily chosen. The general tone of the volumes, blameless and admirable, their object being only literary, does not very well harmonize with the reverence which we are accustomed to associate with even the name of the Bible. But Mr. Borrow is not like other people, and fearing to be misapprehended, we are careful to add that throughout the work the subject of religion is never approached with a shadow of levity; indeed, although every page shows a pleasant humour, there is, properly, no levity in any of his volumes.

In the year 1835 Mr. Borrow, who had been previously in Russia, was suddenly called on to go out as agent for the Bible Society, to Spain. He obeyed the call, and in the November of that year landed in Lisbon. Remaining for a short time in Portugal, he made excursions with the view of ascertaining the state of education and the feeling of the people in regard to religion. Since the revolution in Portugal the Bible has been allowed to be introduced and circulated, but Mr. Borrow says that little had been accomplished. He found education in a low state, the Scriptures not taught in the schools, and gross ignorance on the subject of religion. Of at least two hundred persons that he spoke with on the topic, not one had seen a Bible, and not more than half a dozen had "the slightest inkling" of what it was. He mentions, however, some instances of the readiness with which he was listened to, and his Bibles bought. A nobleman of influence took a number for schools he was about to establish on his estates, and a bookseller of Elvas was happy to co-operate in the sale and circulation of the Scriptures, declining profit.

These are not the only hopeful indications mentioned by our author during his stay in Portugal, although we also learn that he met there a good deal of bigotry and attachment to the Church of Rome. Leaving Portugal, Mr. Borrow, as we have seen before, entered Spain by Badajoz, remained there amongst the gypsies until he had completed his translation of the Gospel of St. Luke into their language, and was then preparing to start for Madrid, when Antonio, the gypsy, called on him, assuring him that there was much danger from these tribes, who, taking advantage of the state of the country, were forming themselves into bands for plunder, and offered, if instead of going by the stage-coach he rode with him, to escort him through Estramadura until they reached the confines of Castumba, where "the London Caloro" might make his own way on. Mr. Borrow, chiefly for adventure's sake, accepted the offer, and entrusted himself to the Zincalo. After many incidents, all well told, they pass the night in a forest, bivouacking with gypsies, and next day arrive at Jaraicejo. Here we have the first purely Spanish scene. A man with a soiled foraging cap, and holding a gun in his hand, who proves to be one of the national guard, comes forward. We find it necessary to observe that Mr. Borrow's appearance was at this time by no means creditable or prepossessing: he wore an old Andalusian hat, a cloak which had served some half dozen generations, had a beard of a week's growth, and as to his nether garment and face, was covered with mud.

"'Have you a passport?' at length demanded the national.

"I remembered having read that the best way to win a Spaniard's heart is to treat him with ceremonious civility. I therefore dismounted, and taking off my hat, made a low bow to the constitutional soldier, saying: "Senor nacional, you must know that I am an English gentleman, travelling in this country for my pleasure. I bear a passport, which, on inspecting, you will find to be perfectly regular; it was given me by the great Lord Palmerston, minister of England, whom you, of course, have heard of here; at the bottom you will see his own handwriting; look at it and rejoice; perhaps you will never have another opportunity. As I put unbounded confidence in the honour of every gentleman, I leave the passport

in your hands whilst I repair to the *pospada* to refresh myself. When you have inspected it you will perhaps oblige me so far as to bring it to me. Cavalier, I kiss your hands.

"I then made him another low bow, which he returned with one still lower, and leaving him now staring at the passport, and now looking at myself, I went into a *pospada*, to which I was directed by a beggar whom I met.

"I fed the horse and procured some bread and barley, as the gypsy had directed me; I likewise purchased three fine partridges of a fowler, who was drinking wine in the *pospada*. He was satisfied with the price I gave him, and offered to treat me with a *copita*, to which I made no objection. As we sat discoursing at the table, the national entered, with the passport in his hand, and sat down by us.

"NATIONAL.—'Caballero! I return you your passport; it is quite in form. I rejoice much to have made your acquaintance; I have no doubt you can give me some information respecting the present war.'

"MYSELF.—I shall be very happy to afford so polite and honourable a gentleman any information in my power.'

"NATIONAL.—'What is England doing—is she about to afford any assistance to this country? If she pleased she could put down the war in three months.'

"MYSELF.—'No *tenga usted cuidado*, *senor nacional*; the war will be put down, don't doubt. You have heard of the English legion, which my Lord Palmerston has sent over? Leave the matter in their hands, and you will soon see the result.'

"NATIONAL.—'It appears to me that this Caballero Balmerson must be a very honest man.'

"MYSELF.—'There can be no doubt of it.'

"NATIONAL.—'I have heard that he is a great general.'

"MYSELF.—'There can be no doubt of it. In some things neither Napoleon nor the sawyer* would stand a chance with him for a moment. *Es mucho hombre*.'

"NATIONAL.—'To me *alegro mucho*. I see that the war will soon be over. Caballero, I thank you for your politeness, and for the information which you have afforded me. I hope you will have a pleasant journey. I confess that I am surprised to see a gentleman of your country travelling alone, and in this manner, through such regions as these.

The roads are at present very bad; there have been of late many accidents, and more than two deaths in this neighbourhood. The *despoblado*, out yonder, has a particularly evil name; be on your guard, caballero. I am sorry that gypsy was permitted to pass; should you meet him and not like his looks, shoot him at once, stab him, or ride him down. He is a well-known thief, *contrabandista*, and murderer, and has committed more assassinations than he has fingers on his hands. Caballero, if you please, we will allow you a guard to the other side of the pass. Do you not wish it? Then farewell. Stay, before I go I should wish to see once more the signature of the Cabellero Balmerson.'

"I showed him the signature, which he looked upon with profound reverence, uncovering his head for a moment; we then embraced and parted."

Mr. Borrow must be quite an authority on the subject of Spain, he was there for five years, and had better opportunities of knowing the country and people than any other writer who has come before the public for years past. His impressions are to a great extent such as are prevalent in England, but in some respects they are new. It is worth while referring to them. Spain, chiefly from her troubles, has gone out of fashion, has not been visited, and has become almost unknown. We gladly revive an acquaintance with her from the latest observer there and the best. Mr. Borrow conceives that she is "the most magnificent country in the world, probably the most fertile, and certainly with the finest climate." That so great are her resources, and such the sterling character of her people, that notwithstanding her sufferings, long misrule, and spiritual tyranny, she is still an unexhausted country, and her people high-minded and great. With much of savage crime, they have much of heroic virtue, and very little of vulgar vice. Such at least is the character of the great body of the people, the peasantry, from whom, Mr. Borrow tells us he has always experienced kindness, courtesy, and protection. There is more of novelty, and, we rather suspect, less of truth, in his theory that she is not a fanatic country, and never has been. Her character, he

* El Serrador, a Carlist partisan, who about this time was much talked of in Spain.

conceives, never changes—that it is founded on pride, and that it was by appealing to this, and not to any feeling like fanaticism that Rome exercised for ages so strong an influence over her. She was for two centuries, as Mr. Borrow says, the she-butcher, *La Verduga* of Rome—the instrument of her vengeance,—that this arose from her being flattered by Rome, and given the title of *Gonfaloniera* of the *Vicar of Jesus*,—that losing her renown in arms she ceased to be the butcher, but became the banker of Rome, “who,” we are told, “during the last century probably extracted from Spain more treasure than from all the rest of Christendom.” This our author also attributes to the principle of pride, the Spaniard, he says, always esteeming it a privilege to pay another person’s reckoning. But the contest with France, and long-continued civil wars having impoverished Spain, Rome found her neither butcher nor banker, and becoming angry, gave her to understand that she was degraded and a beggar. “Now,” observes our author, “you may draw the last cuarto from a Spaniard, provided you will concede to him the title of cavalier, and rich man, for the old leaven still works as powerfully as in the time of the first Philip; but you must never hint that he is poor, or that his blood is inferior to your own. And the old peasant, on being informed in what slight estimation he was held, replies—“If I am a beast, a barbarian, and a beggar withal, I am sorry for it; but as there is no remedy, I shall spend these four bushels of barley, which I had reserved to alleviate the misery of the holy father, in procuring bull spectacles, and other convenient diversions, for the queen my wife, and the young princes my children. Beggar! carajo! The water of my village is better than the wine of Rome.”

We have endeavoured to give, in a small space, our author’s view of the Spanish character; it is new, and, though we cannot agree with him, we feel that it is entitled to respect. Our own impression is, that there is no people of Europe in whose national character the elements of fanaticism exist so strongly as in that of Spain. Every page of her history develops this, and almost every great character she has produced has shown it. We need not refer to Loyola, or

to the noble-minded, devoted Xavier. Many of the incidents mentioned in Mr. Borrow’s volumes, prove, we think, sufficiently that such is the character of the Spanish people even at the present day, when they have been chastised into something more nearly approaching a spirit of liberality than they ever knew before.

Mr. Borrow gives us admirable portraits of the leading ministers of Spain—of Mendizabal, Isturitz, Galiano, and the Duke of Rivas. We transcribe the extract which paints Rivas, and that paragon of men in office, his secretary.

“The duke was a very handsome young man of about thirty, an Andalusian by birth, like his two colleagues. He had published several works, tragedies, I believe, and enjoyed a certain kind of literary reputation. He received me with great affability, and having heard what I had to say, he replied with a most captivating bow, and a genuine Andalusian grimace, ‘Go to my secretary; go to my secretary—*el hara por usted el gusto*.’ So I went to the secretary, whose name was Oliban, an Aragonese, who was not handsome, and whose manners were neither elegant nor affable. ‘You want permission to print the Testament?’ ‘I do,’ said I. ‘And you have come to his excellency about it,’ continued Oliban. ‘Very true,’ I replied. ‘I suppose you intend to print it without notes.’ ‘Yes.’ Then his excellency cannot give you permission,’ said the Aragonese secretary. ‘It was determined by the Council of Trent that no part of the Scripture should be printed in any Christian country without the notes of the church.’ ‘How many years was that ago?’ I demanded. ‘I do not know how many years ago it was,’ said Oliban, ‘but such was the decree of the Council of Trent.’ ‘Is Spain at present governed according to the decrees of the Council of Trent?’ I inquired. ‘In some points she is, and this is one. But tell me, who are you? are you known to the British minister?’ ‘O yes, and he takes a great interest in the matter.’ ‘Does he?’ said Oliban, ‘that indeed alters the case; if you can show me that his excellency takes an interest in the business, I certainly shall not oppose myself to it.’

“The British minister performed all I could wish, and much more than I could expect. . . . He wrote a private note to the Duke of Rivas. I went and delivered the letter. He was ten times more kind and affable than before; he read the letter, smiled most sweetly, and then, as if seized with a sudden en-

thusiasm, extended his arms in a manner almost theatrical, exclaiming, 'Al secretario, el hara por usted el gusto.' Away I hurried to the secretary, who received me with all the coolness of an icicle: I related to him the words of his principal, and then put into his hands the letter of the British minister to myself. The secretary read it very deliberately, and then said it was evident that his excellency *did* take an interest in the matter. He then asked my name, and taking a sheet of paper sat down as if for the purpose of writing the permission. I was in ecstasy. All of a sudden, however, he stopped, lifted up his head, seemed to consider a moment, and then putting his pen behind his ear, he said, 'Amongst the decrees of the council is one to the effect.' 'O dear!' said I.

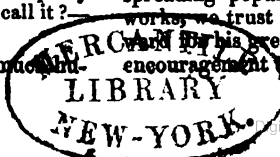
Galiano, a person of very enlightened mind, who had lived a good while in England, and at one period supported himself there by contributing to periodicals, now interceded for our author, who, full of hope, is again with the secretary.

"I remained with Oliban, who proceeded forthwith to write something, which having concluded, he took out a box of cigars, and having lighted one, and offered me another, which I declined, as I do not smoke, he placed his feet against the table, and thus proceeded to address me, speaking in the French language:—'It is with great pleasure that I see you in this capital, and, I may say, upon this business. I consider it a disgrace to Spain that there is no edition of the Gospel in circulation, at least such a one as would be within the reach of all classes of society, the highest or poorest: one unencumbered with notes or commentaries, human devices, swelling it to an unwieldy bulk. I have no doubt that such an edition as you propose to print, would have a most beneficial influence on the minds of the people, who, between ourselves, know nothing of pure religion: how should they, seeing that the Gospel has always been sedulously kept from them, just as if civilization could exist where the light of the Gospel beameth not? The moral regeneration of Spain depends on the free circulation of the Scriptures; to which alone England, your own happy country, is indebted for its high state of civilization, and the unmatched prosperity which it at present enjoys; all this I admit, in fact reason compels me to do so, but—' Now for it,' thought I. 'But,—' and then he began to talk once more of the wearisome Council of Trent, and I found that his writing in the paper, the offer of the cigar, and the long and prosy harangue were—what shall I call it?—mere *φλυαρία*."

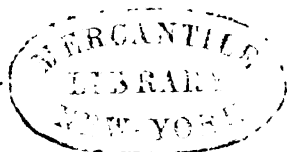
Mr. Borrow speaks with much

mility of the results of his mission. He appears to us to have done a great deal. The object with which he was sent to Spain, was, we find, rather to ascertain how far the minds of the people were prepared to receive the Gospel, than actually to distribute it. In this he seems to have been quite successful. But he has done greatly more. Besides translating and publishing the Gospel in the gypsy language and in the Basque, he, as we have seen, circulated and established depots for the Portuguese Bible, and, assisted by a gentleman of learning and of an ancient family in Castile, Luis de Usoz, he brought out, at Madrid, an edition of the New Testament, consisting of five thousand volumes. They took, as the basis of their edition, the Spanish version of the Testament, published by a Padre Filipe Scio, confessor of Ferdinand the Seventh; but which, from the notes, was unfit for their purpose, and indeed from being over written with them, was quite unsuited for general circulation. He had this version advertized in the journals and periodicals; had a shop or despacho for the sale of it in Madrid; and thus made it known a good deal there, but circulated it with much greater success in the provinces. This, without taking into account the great numbers he conversed with on the subject of religion in his many journeys throughout the country, was, we think, doing a good deal.

We have endeavoured, so far as our limits would allow, to give our readers an outline of Mr. Borrow's works, and in closing, are bound to thank him for the high pleasure they have given us. The "Zincali" was the prize book of the last season, and "The Bible in Spain," is likely to be the favourite of the present one. We hope he will tell us a great deal more, both about the gypsies and Spain; and we look to him with a longing expectation for a book on Russia. Two or three works have lately introduced us to that country, but Mr. Borrow is the person who can make us familiar with its people. His style of narrative would make the fortune of a book of travels, and in the fast-spreading popularity of his present works, we trust he will find some reward for his great labours, and good encouragement to publish more.



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VOL. XXI.

LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT III.—MEMS. AND MORALIZINGS.

He who expects to find these "Loiterings" of mine of any service as a "Guide Book" to the Continent, or a "Voyager's Manual," will be sorely disappointed; as well might he endeavour to devise a suit of clothes from the patches of cloth scattered about a tailor's shop; there might be, indeed, wherewithal to repair an old garment, or make a pen-wiper, but no more.

My "Fragments," too, of every shape and colour—sometimes showy and flaunting, sometimes a piece of hoddin-grey or linsey-wolsey—are all I have to present to my friends; whatever they be in shade or texture, whether fine or homespun, rich in Tyrian dye, or stained with russet brown, I can only say for them they are all my own—I have never "cabbaged" from any man's cloth. And now to abjure decimals, and talk like a unit of humanity: if you would know the exact distance between any two towns abroad—the best mode of reaching your destination—the most comfortable hotel to stop at when you have got there—who built the cathedral—who painted the altar-piece—who demolished the town in the year fifteen hundred and—fiddlestick—then take into your confidence the immortal John Murray, he can tell you all these and much more; how many kreutzers make a groschen, how many groschens make a gulden, reconciling you to all the difficulties of travel by historic associations, memoirs of people who lived before the flood, and learned dissertations on the etymology of the name of the town which all your ingenuity can't teach you how to pronounce.

Well, it's a fine thing to be sure when your carriage breaks down in a *chaussée*, with holes large enough to bury a dog—it's a great satisfaction to know that some ten thousand years previous, this place, that seems for all the world like the channel of a mountain torrent, was a Roman way. If the inn you sleep in be infested with every annoyance to which inns are liable—all that long catalogue of evils from bores to bugs—never mind, there's sure to be some delightful story of a bloody murder connected with its annals, which will amply repay you for all your suffering.

And now in sober seriousness what literary fame equals John Murray's? What portmanteau, with two shirts and a night-cap, hasn't got one "Hand-book?" What Englishman issues forth at morn without one beneath his arm? How naturally does he compare the voluble statement of his *valet-de-place* with the testimony of the book. Does he not carry it

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with him to church, where if the sermon be slow, he can read a description of the building? Is it not his guide at *table-d'hôte*, teaching him when to eat and where to abstain? Does he look upon a building, a statue, a picture, an old cabinet, or a manuscript, with whose eyes does he see it? With John Murray's to be sure! Let John tell him this town is famous for its mushrooms, why he'll eat them till he becomes half a fungus himself; let him hear that it is celebrated for its lace manufactory, or its iron work—its painting on glass, or its wigs, straightway he buys up all he can find, only to discover, on reaching home, that a London shopkeeper can undersell him in the same articles by about fifty per cent.

In all this, however, John Murray is not to blame; on the contrary, it only shows his headlong popularity, and the implicit trust with which is received every statement he makes. I cannot conceive any thing more frightful than the sudden appearance of a work which should contradict every thing in the "Hand-book," and convince English people that John Murray was wrong. National bankruptcy, a defeat at sea, the loss of the colonies, might all be borne up against; but if we awoke one morning to hear that the "Continent" was no longer the continent we have been accustomed to believe it, what a terrific shock it would prove. Like the worthy alderman of London who, hearing that Robinson Crusoe was only a fiction, confessed he had lost one of the greatest pleasures of his existence; so should we discover that we have been robbed of an innocent and delightful illusion, for which no reality of cheating waiters and cursing Frenchmen would ever repay us.

Of the implicit faith with which John and his "Manual" are received, I remember well witnessing a pleasant instance a few years back on the Rhine.

On the deck of the steamer, amid that strange commingled mass of Cockneys and Dutchmen, Flemish boors, German barons, bankers and blacklegs, money-changers, cheese-mongers, quacks, and consuls, sat an elderly couple, who, as far apart from the rest of the company as circumstances would admit, were industriously occupied in comparing the Continent with the "Hand-book," or in other words were endeavouring to see if nature had dared to dissent from the true type they held in their hands.

"Andernach, formerly Andernachium," read the old lady aloud. "Do you see it, my dear?"

"Yes," said the old gentleman, jumping up on the bench, and adjusting his pocket telescope—"yes," said he, "go on. I have it."

"Andernach," resumed she, "'is an ancient Roman town, and has twelve towers——'"

"How many did you say?"

"Twelve, my dear——"

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," said the old gentleman, while, with outstretched finger, he began to count them, one, two, three, four, and so on till he reached eleven, when he came to a dead stop, and then dropping his voice to a tone of tremulous anxiety, he whispered, "There's one a-missing."

"You don't say so!" said the lady; "dearee me, try it again."

The old gentleman shook his head, frowned ominously, and re-commenced the score.

"You missed the little one near the lime-kiln," interrupted the lady.

"No!" said he abruptly "that's six, there's seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—and see not another."

Upon this the old lady mounted beside him, and the enumeration began

in duet-fashion, but try it how they would, let them take them up hill or down hill, along the Rhine first, or commence inland, it was no use, they could not make the dozen of it.

"It is shameful!" said the gentleman.

"Very disgraceful, indeed!" echoed the lady, as she closed the book, and crossed her hands before her, while her partner's indignation took a warmer turn, and he paced the deck in a state of violent agitation.

It was clear that no idea of questioning John Murray's accuracy had ever crossed their minds. Far from it—the "Hand-book" had told them honestly what they were to have at Andernach—"twelve towers built by the Romans," was part of the bill of fare, and some rascally duke of Hesse something, had evidently absconded with a stray castle; they were cheated, "bamboozled, and bit," inveigled out of their mother country under false pretences, and they "wouldn't stand it for no one," and so they went about complaining to every passer, and endeavouring, with all their eloquence, to make a national thing of it, and represent the case to the minister the moment they reached Frankfort. And now, as the *apropos* reminds me, what a devil of a life an English minister has in any part of the Continent frequented by his countrymen.

Let John Bull, from his ignorance of the country or its language, involve himself in a scrape with the authorities—let him lose his passport or his purse—let him forget his penknife or his portmanteau, straightway he repairs to the ambassador, who, in his eyes, is a cross between Lord Aberleene and a Bow-street officer. The minister's functions are indeed multifarious—now investigating the advantages of an international treaty; now detecting the whereabouts of a missing cotton umbrella; now assigning the limits of a territory; now giving instructions on the ceremony of presentation to court; now estimating the fiscal relations of the navigation of a river; now appraising the price of the bridge of a waiter's nose; all those pleasant and harmless pursuits, so popular in London, of breaking lamps, wrenching off knockers, and thrashing the police, when practised abroad, require explanation at the hands of the minister, who hesitates not to account for them as national predilections, like the taste for strong ale and underdone beef.

He is a proud man, indeed, who puts his foot upon the Continent with that Aladdin's-lamp—a letter to the ambassador. The credit of his banker is, in his eyes, very inferior indeed to that all-powerful document, which opens to his excited imagination the *salons* of royalty, the dinner-table of the embassy, a private box at the opera, and the attentions of the whole fashionable world; and he revels in the expectation of crosses, stars, and decorations—private interviews with royalty, ministerial audiences, and all the thousand and one flatteries which are heaped upon the highest of the land. If he is single, he doesn't know but he may marry a princess; if he be married, he may have a daughter for some German archduke, with three hussars for an army, and three acres of barren mountain for a territory—whose subjects are not as numerous as the hairs of his moustache, but whose quarterings go back to Noah; and an ark on a "field azure" figures in his escutcheon. Well, well! of all the expectations of mankind these are about the vainest: these foreign-office documents are but Bellerophon letters, born to betray. Let not their possession dissuade you from making a weekly score with your hotel-keeper, under the pleasant delusion that you are to dine out four days of the seven. Alas and alack; the ambassador doesn't keep open house for his rapparee countrymen; his hotel is no shelter for females destitute of any correct idea as to where they are going, and why; and however strange it may seem, he actually

seems to think his dwelling as much his own as though it stood in Belgrave-square or Picadilly.

Now, John Bull has no notion of this—he pays for these people—they figure in the budget, and for a good round sum too—and what do they do for it? John knows little of the daily work of diplomacy. A treaty, a tariff, a question of war, he can understand; but the red-tapery of office he can make nothing of. Court gossip, royal marriages—how his Majesty smiled at the French envoy, and only grieved at the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*—how the queen spoke three minutes to the Danish minister's wife, and only said "*Bon jour, madame*," to the Neapolitan's—how plum-pudding figured at the royal table, thus showing that English policy was in the ascendant;—all these signs of the times are a Chaldee MS. to him. But that the ambassador should invite him and Mrs. Simpkins, and the three Misses and Master Gregory Simpkins, to take a bit of dinner in the family way—should bully the landlord at the "Aigle," and make a hard bargain with the Lohn-Kutcher for him at the "Schwan"—should take care that he saw the sights, and wasn't more laughed at than was absolutely necessary;—all that is comprehensible, and John expects it, as naturally as though it was set forth in his passport, and sworn to by the foreign secretary before he left London.

Of all the strange anomalies of English character, I don't know one so thoroughly inexplicable as the mystery by which so really independent a fellow as John Bull ought to be—and as he in nineteen cases out of twenty is, should be a tuft-hunter. The man who would scorn any pecuniary obligation, who would travel a hundred miles back on his journey to acquit a forgotten debt—who has not a thought that is not high-souled, lofty, and honourable, will stoop to any thing to be where he has no pretension to be—to figure in a society where he is any thing but at his ease—unnoticed, save by ridicule. Any one who has much experience of the Continent must have been struck by this. There is no trouble too great, no expense too lavish, no intrigue too difficult, to obtain an invitation to court, or an embassy *soirée*.

These embassy *soirées*, too, are good things in their way—a kind of terrestrial *inferno*, where all ranks and conditions of men enter—stately Prussians, wily Frenchmen, roguish-looking Austrians, stupid Danes, haughty English, swarthy, mean-looking Spaniards, and here and there some "eternal swaggerer" from the States, with his hair "en Kentuck," and "a very pretty considerable damned loud smell" of tobacco about him. Then there are the "*grandes dames*," glittering in diamonds and sitting in divan, and the ministers' ladies of every gradation, from plenipot' wives to *chargé d'affaires*, with their *cordons* of whiskered *attachés* about them—maids of honour, *aides-de-camp du roi*, Poles, *savants*, newspaper editors, and a Turk. Every rank has its place in the attention of the host; and he poises his civilities as though a ray the more, one shade the less, would upset the balance of nations, and compromise the peace of Europe. In that respect, nothing ever surpassed the old Dutch embassy, at ———, where the *maitre d'hôtel* had strict orders to serve coffee to the ministers, *eau sucré* to the secretaries, and nothing to the *attachés*. No plea of heat, fatigue, or exhaustion, was ever suffered to infringe a rule founded on the broadest views of diplomatic rank. A cup of coffee thus became, like a cordon or a star, an honourable and proud distinction; and the enviable possessor sipped his Mocha, and coquetted with the spoon, with a sense of dignity ordinary men know nothing of in such circumstances; while the secretary's *eau sucré* became a goal to the young aspirant in the career,

which must have stirred his early ambition, and stimulated his ardour for success.

If, as some folk say, human intellect is never more conspicuous than where a high order of mind can descend to some paltry, insignificant circumstance, and bring to its consideration all the force it possesses, certainly diplomatic people must be of a no mean order of capacity.

From the question of a disputed frontier to that of a place at dinner, there is but one spring: from the course of a river towards the sea, and a procession to table, the practised mind bounds as naturally as though it were a hop and a step. A case in point occurred some short time since at Frankfort.

The etiquette in this city gives the president of the diet precedence of the different members of the *corps diplomatique*, who, however, all take rank before the rest of the diet.

The Austrian minister, who occupied the post of president, being absent, the Prussian envoy held the office *ad interim*, and believed that, with the duties, its privileges became his.

M. Anstett, the Prussian envoy, having invited his colleagues to dinner, the grave question arose—who was to go first? On one hand the dowager, was the minister of France, who always preceded the others; on the other was the Prussian, a *pro tempore* president, and who showed no disposition to concede his pretensions.

The important moment arrived—the door was flung wide; and an imposing voice proclaimed—“*Madame la baronne est servie.*” Scarcely were the words spoken, when the Prussian sprang forward, and, offering his arm gallantly to Madame d’Anstett, led the way, before the Frenchman had time to look around him.

When the party were seated at table, M. d’Anstett looked about him in a state of embarrassment and uneasiness; then, suddenly rallying, he called out in a voice audible throughout the whole room—“Serve the soup to the minister of France first!” The order was obeyed, and the French minister had lifted his third spoonful to his lips before the humbled Prussian had tasted his.

The next day saw couriers flying extra post through all Europe, conveying the important intelligence, that when all other precedence failed, soup might be resorted to, to test rank and supremacy.

And now enough for the present of ministers ordinary and extraordinary; envoys and plenipotes; though I intend to come back to them at another opportunity.

FRAGMENT IV.—ANTWERP—“THE FISCHER’S HAUS.”

It was through no veneration for the memory of Van Hoogendorp’s adventure that I found myself one morning at Antwerp. I like the old town: I like its quaint, irregular streets, its glorious cathedral, the old “Place,” with its alleys of trees; I like the Flemish women and their long-eared caps; and I like the *table d’hôte* at the St. Antoine—among other reasons, because, being at one o’clock, it affords a capital argument for a hot supper at nine.

I do not know how other people may feel, but to me I must confess much of the pleasure the Continent affords me is destroyed by the jargon of “*Commissionaires*,” and the cant of guide-books. Why is not a man permitted to sit down before that great picture, “The Descent from the Cross,” and gaze his fill on it? Why may he not look till the whole

scene becomes, as it were, acting before him, and all those faces of grief, of care, of horror, and despair, are graven in his memory, never to be erased again? Why, I say, may he not study this in tranquillity and peace, without some coarse tobacco-reeking fellow at his elbow, in a dirty blouse and wooden shoes, explaining in *patois* French the merits of a work which he is as well fitted to paint as to appreciate.

But I must not myself commit the very error I am reprobating. I will not attempt any description of a picture which, to those who have seen it, could realize not one of the impressions the work itself afforded, and to those who have not, would convey nothing at all. I will not bore my reader with the tiresome cant of "effect," "expression," "force," "depth," and "relief," but, instead of all this, will tell him a short story about the picture, which, if it has no other merit, has at least that of authenticity.

Rubens—who, among his other tastes, was a great florist—was very desirous to enlarge his garden by adding to it a patch of ground adjoining. It chanced, unfortunately, that this piece of land did not belong to an individual who could be tempted by a large price, but to a society or club called the "Arquebussiers," one of those old Flemish guilds which date their origin several centuries back. Insensible to every temptation of money, they resisted all the painter's offers, and at length only consented to relinquish the land on condition that he would paint a picture for them, representing their patron saint, St. Christopher. To this Rubens readily acceded, his only difficulty being to find out some incident in the good saint's life which might serve as a subject. What St. Christopher had to do with cross-bows or sharp-shooters, no one could tell him; and for many a long day he puzzled his mind without ever being able to hit upon a solution of the difficulty. At last, in despair, the etymology of the word suggested a plan; and "*christophoros*," or cross-bearer, afforded the hint on which he began his great picture of "The Descent." For months long he worked industriously at the painting, taking an interest in its details such as he confesses never to have felt in any of his previous works. He knew it to be his *chef d'œuvre*, and looked forward with a natural eagerness to the moment when he should display it before its future possessors, and receive their congratulations on his success.

The day came; the "Arquebuss" men assembled, and repaired in a body to Ruben's house; the large folding shutters which concealed the painting were opened, and the triumph of the painter's genius was displayed before them: but not a word was spoken; no exclamation of admiration or wonder broke from the assembled throng; not a murmur of pleasure, or even surprise, was there: on the contrary, the artist beheld nothing but faces expressive of disappointment and dissatisfaction; and at length, after a considerable pause, one question burst from every lip—"Where is St. Christopher?"

It was to no purpose he explained the object of his work: in vain he assured them that the picture was the greatest he had ever painted, and far superior to what he had contracted to give them. They stood obdurate and motionless: it was St. Christopher they wished for; it was for him they bargained, and him they would have.

The altercation continued long and earnest. Some of them, more moderate, hoping to conciliate both parties, suggested that, as there was a small space unemployed in the left of the painting, St. Christopher could be introduced there by making him somewhat diminutive. Rubens rejected the proposal with disgust: his great work was not to be destroyed by such an anomaly as this; and so, breaking off the negotiation at once,

he dismissed the "Arquebuss" men, and relinquished all pretension to the "promised land."

Matters remained for some months thus, when the burgomaster, who was an ardent admirer of Ruben's genius, came to hear the entire transaction; and, waiting on the painter, suggested an expedient by which every difficulty might be avoided, and both parties rest content. "Why not," said he, "make a St. Christopher on the outside of the shutter? You have surely space enough there, and can make him of any size you like." The artist caught at the proposal, seized his chalk, and in a few minutes sketched out a gigantic saint, which the burgomaster at once pronounced suited to the occasion.

The "Arquebuss" men were again introduced; and, immediately on beholding their patron, professed themselves perfectly satisfied. The bargain was concluded, the land ceded, and the picture hung up in the great cathedral of Antwerp, where, with the exception of the short period that French spoliation carried it to the Louvre, it has remained ever since, a monument of the artist's genius, the greatest and most finished of all his works. And now that I have done my story, I'll try and find out that little quaint hotel they call the "Fischer's Haus."

Fifteen years ago, I remember losing my way one night in the streets of Antwerp. I couldn't speak a word of Flemish: the few people I met couldn't understand a word of French. I wandered about for full two hours, and heard the old cathedral clock play a psalm tune, and the St. Joseph tried its hand on another. A watchman cried the hour through a cow's horn, and set all the dogs a-barking; and then all was still again, and I plodded along, without the faintest idea of the points of the compass.

In this moody frame of mind I was, when the heavy clank of a pair of sabots behind apprised me that some one was following. I turned sharply about, and accosted him in French.

"English?" said he, in a thick, guttural tone.

"Yes, thank heaven," said I, "do you speak English?"

"Ja, mynbeer," answered he.

Though this reply didn't promise very favourably, I immediately asked him to guide me to my hotel, upon which he shook his head gravely, and said nothing.

"Don't you speak English?" said I.

"Ja!" said he once more.

"I've lost my way," cried I; "I am a stranger."

He looked at me doggedly for a minute or two, and then, with a stern gravity of manner, and a phlegm I cannot attempt to convey, he said—

"D—n my eyes!"

"What!" said I; "what do you mean?"

"Ja!" was the only reply.

"If you know English, why won't you speak it?"

"D—n his eyes!" said he with a deep solemn tone.

"Is that all you know of the language?" cried I, stamping with impatience. "Can you say no more than that?"

"D—n your eyes!" ejaculated he with as much composure as though he were maintaining an earnest conversation.

When I had sufficiently recovered from the hearty fit of laughter this colloquy occasioned me, I began by signs such as melo-dramatic people make to express sleep, placing my head in the hollow of my hand, snoring and yawning to represent that I stood in need of a bed.

"Ja!" cried my companion with more energy than before, and led the way down one narrow street and up another, traversing lanes, where two

men could scarcely go abreast, until at length we reached a branch of the Scheldt, along which we continued for above twenty minutes. Suddenly the sound of voices shouting a species of Dutch tune, for so its unspeakable words, and wooden turns, bespoke it, apprised me that we were near a house where the people were yet astir.

"Ha!" said I, "this is a hotel then."

Another "Ja!"

"What do they call it?"

A shake of the head.

"That will do, good night," said I, as I saw the bright lights gleaming from the small diamond panes of an old Flemish window; "I am much obliged to you."

"D——n *your* eyes!" said my friend, taking off his hat politely, and making me a low bow, while he added something in Flemish, which I sincerely trust was of a more polite and complimentary import than his parting benediction in English.

As I turned from the Fleming, I entered a narrow hall, which led by a low-arched door into a large room along which a number of tables were placed, each crowded by its own party, who clinked their cans and vociferated a chorus, which, from constant repetition rings still in my memory—

"Wenn die wein ist in die mann,
Der weisheit den ist in die kan."

or in the vernacular—

"When the wine is in the man,
Then is the wisdom in the can."

A sentiment which a very brief observation of their faces induced me perfectly to concur in. Over the chimney-piece an inscription was painted in letters of about a foot long "*Heir verkoopt man Bier,*" implying what a very cursory observation might have conveyed to any one, even on the evidence of his nose, that beer was a very attainable fluid in the establishment. The floor was sanded, and the walls white-washed, save where some pictorial illustrations of Flemish habits were displayed in black chalk, or the smoke of a candle.

As I stood, uncertain whether to advance or retreat, a large portly Fleming, with a great waistcoat, made of the skin of some beast, eyed me steadfastly from head to foot, and then, as if divining my embarrassment, beckoned me to approach, and pointed to a seat on the bench beside him. I was not long in availing myself of his politeness, and before half an hour elapsed found myself with a brass can of beer, about eighteen inches in height, before me, while I was smoking away as though I had been born within the "dykes," and never knew the luxury of dry land.

Around the table sat some seven or eight others, whose phlegmatic look and sententious aspect convinced me they were Flemings. At the far end, however, was one whose dark eyes, flashing beneath heavy shaggy eyebrows, huge whiskers, and bronzed complexion, distinguished him sufficiently from the rest. He appeared, too, to have something of respect paid him, inasmuch as the others invariably nodded to him, whenever they lifted their cans to their mouths. He wore a low fur cap on his head, and his dark blue frock was trimmed also with fur, and slashed with a species of braiding, like an undress uniform.

Unlike the rest, he spoke a great deal, not only to his own party, but maintaining a conversation with various others through the room—some

times speaking French, then Dutch, and occasionally changing to German, or Italian, with all which tongues he appeared so familiar, that I was fairly puzzled to what country to attribute him.

I could mark at times that he stole a sly glance over towards where I was sitting, and more than once I thought I observed him watching what effect his voluble powers as a linguist was producing upon me. At last our eyes met, he smiled politely, and taking up the can before him, he bowed, saying, “*A votre santé, monsieur.*”

I acknowledged the compliment at once, and seizing the opportunity begged to know, of what land so accomplished a linguist was a native. His face brightened up at once, a certain smile of self-satisfied triumph passed over his features, he smacked his lips, and then poured out a torrent of strange sounds, which from their accent, I guessed to be Russian.

“Do you speak Slavonic?” said he in French; and as I nodded a negative, he added—“Spanish, Portuguese?”

“Neither,” said I.

“Where do you come from, then?” asked he, retorting my question.

“Ireland, if you may have heard of such a place.”

“Hurroo!” cried he, with a yell that made the room start with amazement. “By the powers! I thought so; come up my hearty, and give me a shake of your hand.”

If I were astonished before, need I say how I felt now.

“And are you really a countryman of mine?” said I, as I took my seat beside him.

“Faith, I believe so. Con O’Kelly does not sound very like Italian, and that’s my name any how; but wait a bit, they’re calling on me for a Dutch song, and when I’ve done, we’ll have a chat together.”

A very uproarious clattering of brass and pewter cans on the tables, announced that the company was becoming impatient for Mynheer O’Kelly’s performance, which he immediately began; but of either the words or air I can render no possible account, I only know there was a kind of *refrain* or chorus, in which all round each table took hands and danced a “grand round,” making the most diabolical clatter with wooden shoes, I ever listened to. After which the song seemed to subside into a low droning sound, implying sleep. The singer nodded his head, the company followed the example, and a long heavy note like snoring was heard through the room, when suddenly, with a hiccup, he awoke, the others also, and then the song broke out once more in all its vigour to end as before in another dance, an exercise in which I certainly fared worse than my neighbours, who tramped on my corns without mercy, leaving it a very questionable fact how far his “pious, glorious, and immortal memory” was to be respected who had despoiled my country of “wooden shoes” when walking off with its brass money.

The melody over, Mr. O’Kelly proceeded to question somewhat minutely as to how I had chanced upon this house, which was not known to many even of the residents of Antwerp.

I briefly explained to him the circumstances which led me to my present asylum, at which he laughed heartily.

“You don’t know, then, where you are?” said he, looking at me with a droll half-suspicious smile.

“No; it’s a Schenk Haus, I suppose,” replied I.

“Yes, to be sure, it is a Schenk Haus, but it’s the resort only of smugglers, and those connected with their traffic. Every man about you, and there are as you see some seventy or eighty, are all either sea-faring folks, or landmen associated with them in contraband trade.”

"But how is this done so openly? the house is surely known to the police."

"Of course, and they are well paid for taking no notice of it."

"And you?"

"Me! Well I do a little that way too, though it's only a branch of my business. I'm only Dirk Hatteraik when I come down to the coast: then you know a man doesn't like to be idle; so that when I'm here or on the Brittany shore, I generally mount the red cap, and buckle on the cutlass just to keep moving, as when I go inland I take an occasional turn with the gypsy folk in Bohemia, or the masons in the Basque provinces: nothing like being up to every thing—that's *my way*."

I confess I was a good deal surprised at my companion's account of himself, and not over impressed with the rigour of his principles; but my curiosity to know more of him, became so much the stronger.

"Well," said I, "you seem to have a jolly life of it; and, certainly, a healthful one."

"Aye, that it is," replied he quickly. "I've more than once thought of going back to Kerry, and living quietly for the rest of my days—for I could afford it well enough; but, somehow, the thought of staying in one place, talking always to the same set of people, seeing every day the same sights, and hearing the same eternal little gossip about little things and little folk, was too much for me, and so I stuck to the old trade, which I suppose I'll not give up now as long as I live."

"And what may that be?" asked I, curious to know how he filled up moments snatched from the agreeable pursuits he had already mentioned.

He eyed me with a shrewd, suspicious look for above a minute, and then, laying his hand on my arm, said—

"Where do you put up at here in Antwerp?"

"The St. Antoine."

"Well, I'll come over for you to-morrow evening about nine o'clock; you're not engaged, are you?"

"No, I've no acquaintance here."

"Nine, then, be ready, and you'll come and take a bit of supper with me; and, in exchange for your news of the old country, I'll tell you something of my career."

I readily assented to a proposal which promised to make me better acquainted with one evidently a character; and after half an hour's chatting I rose.

"You're not going away, are you?" said he. "Well, I can't leave this yet; so I'll just send a boy to show you the way to the St. Antony."

With that he beckoned to a lad at one of the tables, and addressing a few words in Flemish to him, he shook me warmly by the hand: the whole room rose respectfully as I took my leave, and I could see that Mr. O'Kelly's friend stood in no small estimation with the company.

The day was just breaking when I reached my hotel; but I knew I could poach on the daylight for what the dark had robbed me; and, besides, my new acquaintance promised to repay the loss of a night's sleep, should it even come to that.

Punctual to his appointment, my newly-made friend knocked at my door exactly as the cathedral was chiming for nine o'clock. His dress was considerably smarter than on the preceding evening, and his whole air and bearing bespoke a degree of quiet ease and reserve very different from his free-and-easy carriage in the "*Fischer's Haus*." As I accompanied him through the *porte cochere*, we passed the landlord, who saluted us with much politeness, shaking my companion by the hand, like an old friend.

“You are acquainted here, I see,” said I.

“There are few landlords from Lubeck to Leghorn I don’t know by this time,” was the reply, and he smiled as he spoke.

A caleche with one horse was waiting for us without, and into this we stepped. The driver had got his directions, and plying his whip briskly, we rattled over the paved streets, and passing through a considerable part of the town, arrived at last at one of the gates. Slowly crossing the draw-bridge at a walk, we set out again at a trot, and soon I could perceive, through the half light, that we had traversed the suburbs, and were entering the open country.

“We’ve not far to go now,” said my companion, who seemed to suspect that I was meditating over the length of the way; “where you see the lights yonder—that’s our ground.”

The noise of the wheels over the *paré* soon after ceased, and I found we were passing across a grassy lawn in front of a large house, which, even by the twilight, I could detect was built in the old Flemish taste. A square tower flanked one extremity, and from the upper part of this the light gleamed to which my companion pointed.

We descended from the carriage at the foot of a long terrace, which, though dilapidated and neglected, bore still some token of its ancient splendour. A stray statue here and there remained, to mark its former beauty, while, close by, the hissing splash of water told that a *jet d’eau* was playing away, unconscious that its river gods, dolphins, and tritons had long since departed.

“A fine old place once,” said my new friend; “the old chateau of Overghem—one of the richest seignories of Flanders in its day—sadly changed now: but come, follow me.”

So saying, he led the way into the hall, where detaching a rude lantern that was hung against the wall, he ascended the broad oak stairs.

I could trace, by the fitful gleam of the light, that the walls had been painted in fresco, the architraves of the windows and doors being richly carved, in all the grotesque extravagance of old Flemish art; a gallery, which traversed the building, was hung with old pictures, apparently family portraits, but they were all either destroyed by damp or rotting with neglect; at the extremity of this, a narrow stair conducted us by a winding ascent to the upper story of the tower, where, for the first time, my companion had recourse to a key, with which he opened a low, pointed door, and ushered me into an apartment, at which I could scarcely help expressing my surprise aloud as I entered.

The room was of small dimensions, but seemed actually the boudoir of a palace. Rich cabinets in buhl graced the walls, brilliant in all the splendid costliness of tortoise-shell and silver inlaying; bronzes of the rarest kind; pictures; vases; curtains of gorgeous damask covered the windows; and a chimney-piece of carved black oak, representing a pilgrimage, presented a depth of perspective and a beauty of design beyond anything I had ever witnessed. The floor was covered with an old tapestry of Oudenarde, spread over a heavy Persian rug, into which the feet sank at every step, while a silver lamp, of antique mould, threw a soft, mellow light around, revolving on an axis, whose machinery played a slow but soothing melody, delightfully in harmony with all about.

“You like this kind of thing,” said my companion, who watched, with evident satisfaction, the astonishment and admiration with which I regarded every object around me. “That’s a pretty bit of carving there—that was done by Van Zoost, from a design of Schneider’s; see how the lobsters are crawling over the tangled sea-weed there, and look how the

leaves seem to fall heavy and flaccid, as if wet with spray. This is good, too; it was painted by Gherard Dow; it is a portrait of himself; he is making a study of that little boy who stands there on the table; see how he has disposed the light, so as to fall on the little fellow's side, tipping him from the yellow curls of his round bullet head to the angle of his white sabot.

"Yes, you're right, that is by Van Dyk; only a sketch to be sure, but has all his manner. I like the Velasquez yonder better, but they both hold the same excellence. *They* could represent *birth*. Just see that dark fellow there, he's no beauty you'll say, but regard him closely, and tell me if he was one to take a liberty with; look at his thin clenched lip, and that long thin-pointed chin, with its straight stiff beard—can there a doubt he was a gentleman? Take care, gently, your elbow grazed it. That is a specimen of the old Japan china—a lost art now, they cannot produce the blue colour you see there, running into green. See, the flowers are laid on after the cup is baked, and the birds are a separate thing after all; but come this is, perhaps, tiresome work to you, follow me."

Notwithstanding my earnest entreaty to remain, he took me by the arm; and opening a small door, covered by a mirror, led me into another room, the walls and ceiling of which were in dark oak wainscot; a single picture occupied the space above the chimney, to which, however, I gave little attention, my eyes being fixed upon a most appetizing supper which figured on the small table in the middle of the room. Not even the savoury odour of the good dishes, or my host's entreaty to begin; could turn me from the contemplation of the antique silver covers, carved in the richest fashion. The handles of the knives were fashioned into representations of saints and angels, and the costly ruby glasses of Venetian origin, were surrounded with cases of gold flagree of the most delicate and beautiful character.

"We must be our own attendants," said the host. "What have you there? Here are some Ostende oysters, "*en matelot*;" that is a small capon *trufflé*; here are some cutlets "*aux points d'asperge*." But let us begin and explore as we proceed; a glass of Chablis with your oysters; what a pity these Burgundy wines are inaccessible to you in England. Chablis scarcely bears the sea, of half a dozen bottles, one is drinkable; the same of the red wines; and what is there so generous? not that we are to despise our old friend champagne; and now that you've helped yourself to a *paté*, let's have a bumper. By-the-by, have they abandoned that absurd notion they used to have in England about champagne? when I was there they never served it during the first course. Now champagne should come immediately after your soup,—your glass of sherry or Madeira is an holocaust offered up to bad cookery; for if the soup were safe, Chablis or Sauterne is your fluid. How is the capon? good, I'm glad of it. These countries excel in their *poulards*."

In this fashion my companion ran on, accompanying each plate with some commentary on its history or concoction; a kind of dissertation, I must confess, I have no manner of objection to, especially when delivered by a host who illustrates his theorem not by "plates" but "dishes."

Supper over, we wheeled the table to the wall; and drawing forward another, on which the wine and dessert were already laid out, prepared to pass a pleasant and happy evening, in all form.

"Worse countries than Holland, Mr. O'Leary," said my companion, as he sipped his Burgundy, and looked with ecstasy at the rich colour of the wine through the candle.

"When seen thus," said I, "I don't know its equal."

"Why, perhaps this is rather a favourable specimen of a smuggler's

cave," replied he, laughing. "Better than old Dirk's, eh? By-the-by, do you know Scott?"

"No; I am sorry to say I am not acquainted with him."

"What the devil could have led him into such a blunder as to make Hatteraik, a regular Dutchman, sing a German song? Why, 'Ich Bin liederlich' is good Hoch-Deutsch, and Saxon to boot. A Hollander might just as well have chanted modern Greek or Coptic. I'll wager you, that Rubens there over the chimney, against a crown-piece, you'll not find a Dutchman from Dort to Nimagen could repeat the lines that he has made a regular national song of; and again, in Quentin Durward, he's made all the Liege folk speak German. That was even a worse mistake. Some of them speak French; but the nation, the people, are Wallons, and have as much idea of German as a Hottentot has of the queen of hearts. Never mind, he's a glorious fellow for all that, and here's his health. When will Ireland have his equal, to chronicle her feats of field and flood, and make her land as classic as Scott has done his own!"

While we rambled on, chatting of all that came uppermost, the wine passed freely across the narrow table, and the evening wore on. My curiosity to know more of one who, whatever he talked of, seemed thoroughly informed on, grew gradually more and more; and at last I ventured to remind him that he had half promised me the previous evening, to let me hear something of his own history.

"No, no," said he, laughing; "story telling is poor work for the teller and the listener too; and when a man's tale has not even brought a moral to himself, it's scarcely likely to be more generous towards his neighbour."

"Of course," said I. "I have no claim, as a stranger ——"

"Oh, as to that," interrupted he, "somehow I feel as though we were longer acquainted. I've seen much of the world, and know by this time that some men begin to know each other from the starting post—others never do, though they travel a life long together;—so that on that score no modesty. If you care for my story, fill your glass, and let's open another flask, and here it's for you, though I warn you beforehand the narrative is somewhat of the longest:"—

THE YOUNG SIBYL.

BY THE LATE ROBERT CHARLES WELSH, ESQ.

"This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality."—*MAHFRED.*

She gazes on the stars, her dark hair flung
Back from her brow of marble purity;
Her high, pale features wear a holy calm
Intensely beautiful, like Ocean's wave
Reposing in the light of summer's eve
When scarce a sound doth murmur in the breeze.
There is a magic in her lustrous eye
That eloquently speaks—a nameless spell—
Silent yet breathing volumes, and in words
Of mystery revealing that her soul
Holds with each scene of wide magnificence
A rapt communion, peopling the gloomy waste,
Of Solitude with bright imaginings,

And catching from each mount, and vale, and stream,
The gorgeous visions of her strange romance.

She gazes on the stars, and o'er her soul
(Like voices from the undiscovered shores)
Rush the fond thoughts that in the grave of time
Had slumbered long—memories of the past—
Forgotten hopes—and dreams of vanished years—
The fame of gallant heroes, and their deeds
Recorded in the Poet's martial lay,
And chronicles which tell of empires rent
Asunder : and as she gazed, the bright stars
Told their secrets, and ages yet unborn .
In dreamy indistinctness shadowed forth
Stole on her ravished sight. Stately cities
That sate majestic in their queenly pride,
Stripp'd of their coronal of towers she saw ;
And the halls where mirth and song re-echoed,
Voiceless as the tomb ; and the streets that rang
With shouts of triumph, as the victor's car
Passed on, resembling some lone wilderness ;
And o'er each ruined arch and colonnade
Wild wreaths of ivy twined : no echo woke
The strange unearthly stillness of the scene—
It seem'd as if Death's angel spread his wings
O'er the devoted city.

She traced upon
The gleaming tablet of the clear blue sky
The destiny of kings : their grandeur gone
Like the rich sunlight from the crimson cloud
Of even ; themselves lone exiles, crownless,
And forgotten as though they ne'er had been.
Young Warriors too, who in the noble cause
Of Liberty unsheath'd their glittering blades,
She saw in myriads falling on the plain
Of battle, as leaves before the hollow wind
When sweeping through the red Autumnal woods.
She gazed on Maidens fair and beautiful,
That in celestial loveliness appeared
Like Hebes of the earth ; but on their brows
The seal of Death was set, and those voices
Which as the chiming fall of waters were
Most musical, she knew would soon be hushed
For ever !

But as she read the fatal characters
Emblazoned on the starry scroll of Heaven,
A deeper shade of melancholy passed
O'er her pale features, and a pearly tear
Fell from those large dark eyes, and mournfully
She turned from the sad history.

April, 1834.

MORMONISM ; OR,

NEW MOHAMMEDANISM IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WE are accustomed to boast of the intelligence of the nineteenth century—to laud ourselves on the march of mind in these modern days, and to speak of the popular delusions by which past generations were misled, as of the spectral shadows of “the long night now gone down the sky.” Mormonism is a bitter reply to our self-laudation: it exhibits to us a convicted swindler received as a prophet by thousands in both hemispheres—a literary forgery so thoroughly absurd and puerile, that its gross anachronisms may be detected by a school-boy of the lowest form, recognised as a revelation, and placed on the same level of authority as the Bible itself;—a creed full of the most palpable falsehoods and glaring inconsistencies, exercising an influence not inferior to that of Islamism at its first promulgation, not only in America, the place of its birth, but even in England, and especially in those parts of it where the arts and sciences would seem to have received their greatest developments.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Viewed merely as a social phenomenon, the history of such an imposture is no unworthy object of enlightened curiosity; but, unfortunately, it has a deeper interest: hundreds of our countrymen annually quit their homes to join the ranks of the impostor in the wilds of Illinois, taking with them their hoarded savings to swell his treasury. We have conversed with these deluded men: on all subjects, save religion, we have found them shrewd, clever, and well-informed; but, when a reference was made to Mormonism, they at once became insensible to reason and argument; neither clergyman nor layman could turn them from their error, or convince them of the absurdity of their proceedings. We have spoken with some who had returned from the “City of the Prophet,” after having lost their little all, and suffered the

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most severe hardships in their double voyage across the Atlantic, and their perilous pilgrimages through the wildest parts of America, and, with only one exception, we found that the evidence of their own senses, and the experience of their own sufferings, had not been quite sufficient to dispel the delusion. There lingered in the mind some reverence for the ravings of the pretended prophet and his artful apostles, united with a vague expectation of some inexplicable event, which would suddenly bring about “the reign of the saints upon earth,” and raise them to the rank of nobles and princes. Such astonishing perseverance in detected error led us to examine closely a system which, for boldness of assertion and nullity of evidence, is without a parallel in the annals of human imposture. Our investigations have been kindly aided by numerous friends both in England and America. A perfect Mormonite library is piled upon our table, and forms a display which leaves the Abbé Dulaureu’s *Bigarures de l’Esprit Humain* far behind in the distance. It will, probably, be most convenient to our readers if we first state the account which the Mormonites themselves give of their pretended revelation, and then from external and internal evidence, show what was the origin of the forgery, indicating, at the same time, some of the circumstances which have tended to give it currency in England and America.

Joseph Smith, jun., “the prophet of the Nineteenth Century,” was born in the state of Vermont in the year 1805, but before he reached his tenth year, his father and family removed to the village of Manchester, in the western part of the state of New York. Between the years 1817 and 1827, several strange manifestations of extravagant fanaticism took place in America, particularly in Ohio, Missouri, and the State of New York. They commenced with the system of revivals and camp-meetings amongst the methodists; several of their preachers, struck by the extraordinary accounts which Wesley has recorded in his jour-

nals of the wondrous workings of the Holy Spirit on congregations during his sermons, were tempted to try the experiment of producing similar effects by their own eloquence. Meetings were held in the open air, and lasted for several days in succession. During their continuance the people remained on the ground day and night—some sleeping in tents, others in waggons, and not a few bivouacking in the open air. Exciting sermons, full of the most extravagant rant, were delivered by a series of preachers, who relieved each other; and the intervals were filled by alternate scenes of singing, shouting, and crying, accompanied by gesticulations of the most extraordinary character. Some fainted, others fell into convulsions; many ran round the field roaring like maniacs—some rolled in the mud like swine, and whole multitudes practised a kind of jerking jump not unlike frogs, such as may be occasionally observed among the Welch methodists. But the most favoured of the manifestations among the Americans consisted in getting down on all fours, growling, snapping the teeth, and barking like dogs. It was not unusual for an entire congregation to assume this posture, and to continue more than an hour demurely looking and barking at the minister while he delivered to them a wild rhapsody of the visions with which he had been favoured of angels, and heaven, and the holy city. It is very little to the credit of the American conference that no effort was made to check these scandalous scenes, which gave just offence to all sober-minded persons, until the consequences of applying such a stimulus to the passions began to manifest themselves in undeniable signs of gross immorality.

Smith's predecessor, Matthias, may be considered the creature of these revivals. We might reasonably have doubted that in the nineteenth century an ignorant half-witted clown could have imposed himself on a multitude of followers, as our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, returned to earth, had not the madman, Thomas, or Courtenay, successfully practised the same delusion on the peasantry of Kent, and Johanna Southcote established a sect, whose first article of faith stated that she was to be the mother of the Messiah at his second advent. Mat-

thias, whose real name is said to have been Stone, preached doctrines too closely identified with those of the anabaptists in the days of Luther for the resemblance to have been merely accidental: the impostor's attempts to imitate John of Leyden brought him, however, into awkward contact with the legal authorities, and the cowardice which he displayed on the occasion was fatal to his influence.

About the year 1826 the mania for revivals spread from the methodists to the baptists. Mr. Campbell, a man of some learning and considerable wealth, began to teach that baptism, by total immersion, was absolutely necessary to salvation. Endowed with great boldness, pertinacity, and zeal—gifted with native eloquence—pure in his character, and respectable by his position, he soon was regarded by his followers as an inspired prophet. The sect of the Campbellites, which he founded, still maintains a lingering existence, but many of his converts apostatized to Mormonism.

Manchester, the residence of Joseph Smith, was frequently visited by rival revivalists of various denominations, but principally methodists, presbyterians, and baptists: their leaders vied with each other in rant and extravagance, neglecting no artifice which seemed likely to increase the number of proselytes. Families became divided by sectarian controversy, and that of the Smiths seemed likely to contain as many denominations as it did members. Joseph, in his seventeenth year, began to feel, as he informs us, "the awakenings of conscience," and was at first disposed to join the methodists. Before taking a decisive step, he went into a grove at a short distance from his father's house, and besought God to inform him "which of the many hundred denominations under which Christians had ranged themselves, really constituted the true church."

"While thus pouring out his soul," says the narrative, published under his superintendence, and implicitly received by his followers, "anxiously desiring an answer from God, he, at length, saw a very bright light in the heavens above, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance. He continued praying, while the light appeared to be gradually descending to-

wards him; and, as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness, for some distance around, was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner." Into this cloud of glory, Smith, says the narrative, was received, and he met within it two angelic personages, who exactly resembled each other; they informed him that all his sins were forgiven. They further declared, "that all the religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines, and, consequently, that none of them was acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom: and he was expressly commanded to go not after them; and he received a promise, that the true doctrine—the fulness of the Gospel, should, at some future time, be made known to him, after which the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable."

Every particle of this tale is an obvious plagiarism from Mohammed's account of the first revelation made to him in the cave of Hira. Like Smith, the impostor of Mecca relates that he was placed in a state of doubt and perplexity by the number and variety of the religious denominations which divided the world—that he retired into a solitary place to seek for divine illumination—that he was visited by the archangel Gabriel, "who wrung the black drop of original sin" from his heart, and that he received a promise of a future revelation, to be given on "the night of power," that is to say, on the night when the archangel Gabriel mounted him on the celestial steed, or rather donkey, Al-Borak, and guided him through the seven heavens into the ineffable presence. Lives of Mohammed form a conspicuous portion of the popular literature of America; and we can feelingly testify, that some of their publishers have reprinted English works on the subject, and given them an American name. There are so many striking resemblances between Smith's conduct and that of Mohammed, as to leave no room for doubting that the American impostor has taken his Arabian predecessor for his model and example.

Smith's "night of power" was delayed until the 21st of Sept., 1823,

and is thus described in the Mormonite narrative:—

"He had retired to rest, as usual, only that his mind was drawn out in fervent prayer, and his soul was filled with the most earnest desire 'to commune with some kind messenger, who could communicate to him the desired information of his acceptance with God,' and also unfold the principles of the doctrine of Christ, according to the promise which he had received in the former vision. While he thus continued to pour out his desires before the Father of all good, endeavouring to exercise faith in his precious promises! 'on a sudden, a light like that of day, only of a purer and far more glorious appearance and brightness, burst into the room. Indeed, the first sight was as though the house was filled with consuming fire. This sudden appearance of a light so bright, as must naturally be expected, occasioned a shock or sensation visible to the extremities of the body. It was, however, followed with a calmness and serenity of mind, and an overwhelming rapture of joy, that surpassed understanding, and, in a moment, a personage stood before him.'

"Notwithstanding the brightness of the light which previously illuminated the room, 'yet there seemed to be an additional glory surrounding or accompanying this personage, which shone with an increased degree of brilliancy, of which he was in the midst; and though his countenance was as lightning, yet, it was of a pleasing, innocent, and glorious appearance; so much so, that every fear was banished from the heart, and nothing but calmness pervaded the soul.'

"The stature of this personage was a little above the common size of men in this age; his garment was perfectly white, and had the appearance of being without seam.

"This glorious being declared himself to be an angel of God, sent forth, by commandment, to communicate to him that his sins were forgiven, and that his prayers were heard; and also, to bring the joyful tidings, that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel, concerning their posterity, was at hand to be fulfilled; that the great preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah, was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the Gospel, in its fulness, to be preached in power unto all nations; that a people might be prepared with faith and righteousness for the millennial reign of universal peace and joy.

"He was informed, that he was called

and chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God, to bring about some of his marvellous purposes in this glorious dispensation. It was also made manifest to him, that the 'American Indians' were a remnant of Israel; that when they first emigrated to America, they were an enlightened people, possessing a knowledge of the true God, enjoying his favour, and peculiar blessings from his hand; that the prophets, and inspired writers among them, were required to keep a sacred history of the most important events transpiring among them: which history was handed down for many generations, till at length they fell into great wickedness: the most part of them were destroyed, and the records (by commandment of God, to one of the last prophets among them,) were safely deposited, to preserve them from the hands of the wicked, who sought to destroy them. He was informed, that these records contained many sacred revelations pertaining to the Gospel of the kingdom, as well as prophecies relating to the great events of the last days; and that to fulfil his promises to the ancients, who wrote the records, and to accomplish his purposes, in the restitution of their children, &c., they were to come forth to the knowledge of the people. If faithful, he was to be the instrument, who should be thus highly favoured in bringing these sacred things to light; at the same time, being expressly informed, that it must be done with an eye single to the glory of God, that no one could be entrusted with those sacred writings, who should endeavour to aggrandize himself, by converting sacred things to unrighteous and speculative purposes. After giving him many instructions concerning things past and to come, which would be foreign to our purpose to mention here, he disappeared, and the light and glory of God withdrew, leaving his mind in perfect peace, while a calmness and serenity indescribable pervaded the soul."

This celestial vision was repeated twice in the night, and again on the following morning. On the last occasion, the angel led Smith to the place in which these precious relics were deposited, which, as we are informed with laudable particularity, was "in a large hill on the east side of the main road from Palmyra, Wayne county, to Canandaigua, Ontario county, state of New York, about four miles from Palmyra, and within one of the little village of Manchester." Here, according to the narrative, he found a square stone chest, containing plates

like gold, "about seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite so thick as common tin." The devil, according to the narrative, made his appearance when the box was opened, but did not condescend to explain the purpose of his coming. The following is the description given of the plates thus miraculously found:—

"They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small, and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found 'a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use, in ancient times, by persons called seers. It was an instrument, by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past or future.'"

The narrative then relates that Smith accurately copied one of the plates, and sent it by a person named Martin Harris to New York, where the transcript was shown to Professor Anthon, who "was unable to decipher it correctly, but offered his assistance in translating the original record."

It is a fact that Martin Harris of Palmyra waited on Professor Anthon with such a paper, and Anthon gave him a certificate stating, in substance, that it contained only vague imitations of alphabetical signs, utterly destitute of meaning. Smith subsequently persuaded Harris that this declaration was only a proof of the professor's ignorance. Had Smith known that Anthon's literary reputation is mainly based on his unscrupulous plagiarisms from German and English scholars, to whom he never acknowledges his obligations, the professor's authority as a linguist might have been lowered to the standard of his editorial honesty.

No one of the Mormonite records mentions the period when Smith received "the gift of interpretation," and the consequent power of translating these records. Three witnesses, however,

bear testimony "to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, in the following terms:— 'We know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a certainty that the work is true.'" These witnesses are Martin Harris, already mentioned; Oliver Cowdery, author of the official narrative which we have quoted; and David Whitmer, who further reported that the angel who appeared was "like a man in grey clothes, having his throat cut." Eight witnesses subsequently attested that "they had seen and hefted," that is, handled, so as to be conscious of the weight, these wondrous plates; but these are the father and the three brothers of the prophet, and three brothers of the David Whitmer who signed the first certificate. Smith's mother, also, bore testimony to the real existence when the Rev. Henry Caswell visited her last year at Nauvoo.

"I am old," she said, "and I shall soon stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; but what I say to you now, I would say on my death-bed. My son Joseph has had revelations from God since he was a boy, and he is indeed a true prophet of Jehovah. The angel of the Lord appeared to him fifteen years since, and showed him the cave where the original golden plates of the book of Mormon were deposited. He showed him, also, the Urim and Thummim, by which he might understand the meaning of the inscriptions on the plates, and he showed him the golden breastplate of the high priesthood. My son received these precious gifts, he interpreted the holy record, and now the believers in that revelation are more than a hundred thousand in number. I have myself seen and handled the golden plates; they are about eight inches long, and six wide; some of them are sealed together and are not to be opened, and some of them are loose. They are all connected by a ring which passes through a hole at the end of each plate, and are covered with letters beautifully engraved. I have seen and felt, also, the Urim and Thummim. They resemble two large, bright diamonds, set in a bow, like a pair of spectacles. My son puts these over his eyes when he reads unknown languages, and they enable him to interpret them in English. I have likewise carried in my hands the sacred breastplate. It is composed of pure gold, and is made to fit the breast very exactly."

We have found the Mormonites very jealous when any inquiry was made respecting the existence of these plates; they generally declared that they were invisible to the profane, and could only be seen "by the eye of faith." Martin Harris made the same declaration to a gentleman of Palmyra, declaring that when shown to him, they were covered by a cloth, through which he saw them "just as distinctly as any thing around," not indeed with his bodily eyes, but "with the eye of faith."

Martin Harris acted as Smith's amanuensis, writing down the supposed translation of the plates from his dictation. But on those occasions the prophet was hidden from his secretary by a curtain or blanket. On one occasion, Harris's wife, who always looked upon Smith as an impostor, clandestinely abstracted more than a hundred pages of the translation, but the prophet published a revelation, expressly forbidding him to translate that portion a second time. Smith's account of this revelation is prefixed to the American edition of the Book of Mormon, but is omitted in the English re-publication.

About the middle of the year 1830, the Book of Mormon was published, with the following singular title, which we copy at full length.

"The Book of Mormon: an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi.

"Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the House of Israel: and also to Jew and Gentile: written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and of revelation. Written, and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof: sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God.

"An abridgment taken from the book of Ether: also, which is a record of the people of Jared: who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to heaven; which is to show unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the Lord hath done for their fathers; and

that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off for ever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations. And now, if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men; wherefore, condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment-seat of Christ.

"Translated by Joseph Smith, Jun."

Immediately after the publication of their new Bible, the Mormonites regularly organized themselves into a society, and took the name of "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." The narrative gives the following account of the first out-burst of this enthusiasm, and those who are acquainted with the religious (?) literature of America will at once recognise the phraseology as the ordinary cant used in the description of Methodist and Baptist revivals.

"Some few were called and ordained by the spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to preach and bear testimony, as the Spirit gave them utterance; and although they were the weak things of the earth, yet they were strengthened by the Holy Ghost, and gave forth their testimony in great power, by which means many were brought to repentance, and came forward with broken hearts and contrite spirits, and were immersed in water, confessing their sins, and were filled with the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands, and saw visions and prophesied. Devils were cast out, and the sick were healed by the prayer of faith, and laying on of hands. Thus was the word confirmed unto the faithful by signs following. Thus the Lord raised up witnesses to bear testimony of his name, and lay the foundation of his kingdom in the last days. And thus the hearts of the saints were comforted and filled with great joy."

The Book of Mormon, as the narrative with truth declares, "contains nearly as much reading as the Old Testament;" it is divided into several books, named after their supposed authors, Nephi, Alma, Mosiah, Mormon, &c. It professes to contain the history of the early settlement of America, and to connect its successive colonization with various events recorded in the sacred Scriptures. We need only give a brief summary of this history.

It states that, soon after the flood, the Jaredites, a righteous people, "obtained favour in the sight of the Lord," and were miraculously led by a royal prophet, named Nephi, "from the tower (of Babel) to the great ocean, where they were commanded to build ships, in which they were marvelously brought across the great deep to the shores of North America. And the Lord God promised to give them America, *which was a very choice land in his sight*, for an inheritance." The Jaredites became a very great and powerful people; they built cities, anticipated many European discoveries in metallurgy and mechanical science, and established extensive factories. Having, however, fallen into wickedness, they were, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, swept from the face of the earth. Their sacred records, however, were left on plates of gold "by one of their last prophets, whose name was Ether, in such a situation that they were discovered by the remnant of Joseph, who soon afterwards were brought from Jerusalem to inherit the land."

This remnant of Joseph consisted of the pious portion of the kingdom of Israel, miraculously rescued from Assyrian bondage, and brought to America about the time of the prophet Jeremiah—that is, in the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. Here they were subsequently joined by a remnant of the Jews, similarly rescued from Babylonish captivity; and the united people soon surpassed the ancient Jaredites in wealth, intelligence, and civilization. After some time, a wicked man, named Laman, seduced a great body of the nation to forsake the paths of righteousness; and his followers, who took the name of Lamanites, drove the faithful remnant from their settlements in South America, across the Isthmus of Darien to the northern forests. Before this event, the Lamanites, like their brethren, were "white, and exceedingly fair," but God "cursed them in their complexions, and they were changed to a dark colour; and they became a wild, savage, and ferocious people." The pious exiles assumed the name of Nephites, from the second Nephi, who was their leader; "and in the days of their righteousness, they were a civilized, enlightened, and happy people." After the lapse

of time, however, many of the Nephites fell into gross wickedness, which was punished by earthquakes, and other convulsions of nature, about the time of our Saviour's birth. The next great event in the Nephite history is of such a nature, that instead of abridging it from the Book of Mormon, we shall extract the summary given in the authorized confession of faith issued by the Mormonite church.

"Those who survived these terrible judgments were favoured with the personal ministry of Christ. For after he rose from the dead, and finished his ministry at Jerusalem, and ascended to heaven, he descended in the presence of the Nephites, who were assembled round about their temple in the northern parts of South America. He exhibited to them his wounded hands, and side, and feet; and commanded the law of Moses to be abolished; and introduced and established the Gospel in its stead; and chose twelve disciples from among them to administer the same; and instituted the sacrament; and prayed for and blessed their little children; and healed their sick, and blind, and lame, and deaf, and those who were afflicted in any way, and raised a man from the dead, and showed forth his power in their midst; and expounded the Scriptures, which had been given from the beginning down to that time; and made known unto them all things which should take place down until he should come in his glory, and from that time down to the end, when all people, nations, and languages should stand before God to be judged, and the heaven and the earth should pass away, and there should be a new heaven and new earth. These teachings of Jesus were engraved upon plates, some of which are contained in the Book of Mormon; but the more part are not revealed in that book, but are hereafter to be made manifest to the saints."

In the fourth century after Christ, the Nephites had so far degenerated from the piety of their ancestors, that God delivered them over to their enemies, the Lamanites, by whom they were cruelly harassed for a long succession of years. The remainder of their eventful history may be best told in the authorized summary, issued by the Mormonite missionaries in England:—

"At length the Nephites were driven before their enemies, a great distance to

the north and north-east; and having gathered their whole nation together, both men, women, and children, they encamped on, and round about the hill Cumorah, where the records were found, which is in the state of New York, about two hundred miles west of the city of Albany. Here they were met by the numerous hosts of the Lamanites, and were slain, and hewn down, and slaughtered, both male and female—the aged, middle-aged, and children. Hundreds of thousands were slain on both sides; and the nations of the Nephites were destroyed, excepting a few who had deserted over to the Lamanites, and a few who escaped into the south country, and a few who fell wounded, and were left by the Lamanites on the field of battle for dead, among whom were Mormon and his son Moroni, who were righteous men.

"Mormon had made an abridgment from the records of his forefathers, upon plates, which abridgment he entitled the 'Book of Mormon'; and (being commanded of God) he hid up in the hill Cumorah, all the sacred records of his forefathers which were in his possession, except the abridgment called the 'Book of Mormon,' which he gave to his son Moroni to finish. Moroni survived his nation a few years, and continued the writings, in which he informs us that the Lamanites hunted those few Nephites who escaped the great and tremendous battle of Cumorah, until they were all destroyed, excepting those who were mingled with the Lamanites, and that he was left alone, and kept himself hid, for they sought to destroy every Nephite who would not deny the Christ. He furthermore states that the Lamanites were at war one with another, and that the whole face of the land was one continual scene of murdering, robbing, and plundering. He continued the history until the four hundred and twentieth year of the Christian era, when, by the commandment of God, he hid up the records in the hill Cumorah, where they remained concealed, until, by the ministry of an angel, they were discovered to Mr. Smith, who, by the gift and power of God, translated them into the English language, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, as stated in the foregoing."

Such is a faithful abstract of the celebrated Book of Mormon, now before us in the shape of a substantial volume, containing six hundred and thirty-four closely-printed pages—several thousands of which have been circulated in the north of England, and received by credulous multitudes

as authentic records of inspiration. We have ourselves heard it read by a father to his family on a Sunday evening, as a substitute for the Bible, and have heard Mormonites prefer it to that sacred book, declaring that it contained a more plain and ample system of revelation. We shall now extract some passages from the work, which will sufficiently prove that it is not only an audacious, but a very clumsy forgery, and which will, in some degree, help us to trace its origin. Our first extract shall be a portion of the vision of Nephi the Jaredite, the supposed cotemporary of the tower of Babel. It is designed to foreshow the discovery of America by Europeans:—

“And it came to pass that the angel spake unto me, saying—Look! And I looked and beheld many nations and kingdoms. And the angel said unto me, What beholdest thou? And I said, I behold many nations and kingdoms. And he said unto me, These are the nations and the kingdoms of the Gentiles.

“And it came to pass, that I saw among the nations of the Gentiles the foundation of a great church. And the angel said unto me, Behold the foundation of a church, which is most abominable above all other churches, which slayeth the saints of God, yea, and tortureth them and bindeth them down, and yoketh them with a yoke of iron, and bringeth them down into captivity.

“And it came to pass, that I beheld this great and abominable church; and I saw the devil that he was the foundation of it. And I also saw gold and silver, and silks and scarlets, and fine twined linen, and all manner of precious clothing; and I saw many harlots. And the angel spake unto me, saying, Behold the gold, and the silver, and the silks, and the scarlets, and the fine twined linen, and the precious clothing, and the harlots, are the desires of this great and abominable church: and also for the praise of the world do they destroy the saints of God, and bring them down into captivity.

“And it came to pass that I looked and beheld many waters; and they divided the Gentiles from the seed of my brethren. And it came to pass that the angel said unto me, Behold the wrath of God is upon the seed of thy brethren! And I looked and beheld a man among the Gentiles, who was separated from the seed of my brethren by the many waters; and I beheld the Spirit of God, that it came down and wrought upon

the man; and he went forth upon the many waters, even unto the seed of my brethren, who were in the promised land.

“And it came to pass that I beheld the Spirit of God, that it wrought upon other Gentiles; and they went forth out of captivity upon the many waters.

“And it came to pass that I beheld many multitudes of the Gentiles upon the land of promise; and I beheld the wrath of God, that it was upon the seed of my brethren; and they were scattered before the Gentiles, and were smitten. And I beheld the Spirit of the Lord, that it was upon the Gentiles; that they did prosper, and obtain the land for their inheritance; and I beheld that they were white, and exceedingly fair and beautiful, like unto my people, before they were slain.”

The broad allusion to the Church of Rome in a prophecy supposed to be more than three thousand years old, is so obvious a manifestation of forgery, that it at first sight seems inexplicable how an artful impostor could have ventured upon such gross deception. We have, however, learned from the Mormonites themselves, that this precious blunder has in no small degree contributed to the success of the imposture. From 1825 to 1832, there was a strong current of popular prejudice against the Remish Church in the state of New York, which was considerably strengthened by the publication of Maria Monk's pretended confessions. Some convents and chapels were destroyed by fanatical mobs; and these circumstances, no doubt, induced the author to court popular prejudices and clamour, to which, when at their full height in America, no appeal can be too absurd or too gross. Similar circumstances assisted the Mormonites in Lancashire. However wholesome the excitement produced by the eloquent appeals of such orators as Messrs. Stowell and McNeile may have been, it is certain that some of their followers carried the anti-papal cry and feeling to a morbid excess, and that many of the dissenting bodies used it to seduce multitudes from the Church of England, as “the daughter of the mother of harlots.” The Mormonites profited greatly, and still continue to profit, by the circumstance. They have persuaded their followers that popery is on the point of being established in England, appealing to the

exertions made to procure its diffusion in proof of the fact; and they declare that men anxious to ensure the salvation of themselves and their families must hasten to the new Jerusalem of the Latter-day Saints in America.

A second and more flagrant blunder occurs in a subsequent page of this pretended revelation. Nephi relates that after the emigrant Jaredites had sailed, and had been tossed for several weeks on the pathless ocean, the crew rose against him, as the Spanish sailors did against Columbus; but a tempest coming on, they were forced to release him, as he was the only person capable of working the ship. He then declares—

“And it came to pass, after they had loosed me, behold, I took the compass, and it did work whither I desired it. And it came to pass that I prayed unto the Lord; and after I had prayed the winds did cease, and the storm did cease, and there was a great calm!”

We pointed out this gross anachronism to a Mormonite elder in Preston, who was about to emigrate with his family to America about three years ago, urging on him the fact that no mention was made of the mariner's compass in the authentic books of Scripture. To our great astonishment, and not a little to our amusement, he unwittingly explained the probable source of this palpable blunder. He averred that the compass was mentioned, quoting from the account of St. Paul's voyage, (Acts xxviii. 13,) “we fetched a compass, (that is, took a circuitous course,) and came to Rhegium.” It was in vain that we showed him that the declaration respecting “the compass working whither Nephi desired it,” clearly proved the author to be utterly ignorant of the use of the implement: he replied that Nephi was speaking of a miracle, and that miracles were incomprehensible to carnal reason.

Among other obvious marks of forgery, the constant use of the word *Christ* as a proper Hebrew name, while it is in reality a Greek title of office, “the Anointed One,” being in fact the Greek translation of the Hebrew word *Messiah*, deserves to be noticed, because the error is not confined to the Mormonites. The term, from inveterate custom, is used, indeed, like a proper name—or rather, an untranslatable designation,

by western Christians, though not by many of the eastern churches; and we should be unwilling to abandon an epithet which has been hallowed by the reverence of centuries; but we cannot comprehend why the word should be left untranslated in the versions of the Bible into the modern languages of Asia—why, for instance, instead of using a Chinese equivalent, the sacred epithet should be travestied into the unmeaning form of *Ki-li-tu-su*! But the use of the Greek epithet, “Christ,” as a Hebrew term, is not the only evidence which may be adduced of the clumsy and gross ignorance of some of the parties engaged in this imposture. The second Nephi, who takes up the pretended history at a time supposed to be cotemporary with the events recorded in the New Testament, introduces our Lord as thus addressing the assembled descendants of Joseph in America:—

“Behold I am Jesus Christ the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. I was with the Father from the beginning. I am in the Father and the Father in me; and in me hath the Father glorified his name. I came unto my own, and my own received me not. And the Scriptures, concerning my coming, are fulfilled. And as many as have received me, to them have I given to become the sons of God; and even so will I to as many as shall believe on my name; for, behold, by me redemption cometh, and in me is the law of Moses fulfilled. I am the light and the life of the world. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.”

Here we have not only the former of blunder of “Christ” repeated, but also the name Jesus appears in its Greek form, and not, as the Hebrews would have called it, “Joshua;” and we have, furthermore, the names of the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet given as a metaphorical description of continued existence to a nation which had never heard of the Greek language. It is quite clear the impostor mistook Alpha and Omega for some sacred and mystic sounds, to which peculiar sanctity was attached—an error by no means confined to the Mormonites—and wrote them down without perceiving that they were an evidence of forgery so palpable as to be manifest to schoolboys. It may

seem surprising that marks of falsehood so obvious and so decisive should for a moment escape detection and exposure ; but unhappily we are forced to conclude, from the pamphlets before us, that the American Methodists, who first undertook to expose the Mormonites, were not one whit less ignorant than those whom they assailed. Good, however, sometimes arises out of evil. We are informed that the American conference has begun to impress upon its preachers the importance of studying the Scriptures in the original languages, on the obvious grounds that no one should begin to teach the Bible before he can read it. Had they, and the preachers of other denominations, adopted this principle earlier, Mormonism would not have attained its present strength, nor a clumsy forgery passed current as a divine revelation.

We have now to explain the origin of the imposture, which is one of the most singular events in literary history. To understand it aright, we must bear in mind that there were two impostures originally distinct, the discovery of the pretended gold plates by Smith, and the production of the alleged translation, or Book of Mormon, which was an after-thought, suggested by a worthy with whom we shall soon make our readers more intimately acquainted, denominated Sidney Rigdon.

In the year 1822, Smith acquired some celebrity in his neighbourhood as "a money-digger." It is a common belief in America, that large sums of money were buried in the earth by the buccaneers, and by persons compelled to fly from their homes during the revolutionary war. Of this belief many impostors have taken advantage, declaring that they can discover the hidden treasure by spells and incantations. Joseph Smith, in his eighteenth year, professed to have found a mysterious stone—the same that figures as the Urim and Thummim in his pretended revelations—by which he could see the exact spot where money had been concealed, or where mines of gold existed. Several persons were duped and cheated by his arts, which were beginning to get stale, when he devised his notable scheme of the plates, designed in the first instance as a plot of pretended treasures and forged antiquities. As such he proposed to

pledge them to Martin Harris, dwelling rather on their intrinsic value as gold, than on the importance of their inscriptions.

We shall now see how this fraud was connected with "The Book of Mormon." An old clergyman of the Presbyterian persuasion, having quitted the ministry, entered into business at Cherry Valley, in the state of New York, where he failed in 1809. Thence he removed to the state of Ohio, where he established himself as a speculator in land, but again became bankrupt in 1812. About this time public attention was first directed to the antiquities of the "mounds," those unquestionable relics of a civilization which must have become extinct long before Columbus had passed the Atlantic.

"The ancient remains of the United States," says Mr. Bradford, the latest and most intelligent writer on the subject, "bear evident marks of being the production of a people elevated far above the savage state. Many of them indicate great elegance of taste, and a high degree of dexterous workmanship and mechanical skill in their construction ; others betoken the existence of a decided form of religious worship ; while the size and extent of the earthen fortifications and mounds, demonstrate the former existence of populous nations, capable of executing works of enormous dimensions, requiring perseverance, time, and combination of labour for their erection."

Long previous to this discovery, it had been a favourite theory with certain speculative writers, that the red Indians of North America are the descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel ; indeed the opinion has still many advocates, both in the United States and in England. Spaulding hoped by combining this theory with the recent discoveries, to produce a kind of national romance, the sale of which would pay his debts. He resolved to call the work, "The Last Manuscript Found," and to present it to the world as an historical record of the early colonization of America. As he advanced, he was so delighted with his success, that he read portions of the work to his friends and neighbours. His brother, his partner, his wife, and six of his friends testify, "That they well remember many of the names and incidents mentioned in Spaulding's manuscript, and that they know them

to be the same as those found in the Book of Mormon." In 1812, Spaulding took his manuscript to Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, and placed it in the hands of Messrs. Paterson and Lamdin, printers; it remained in their hands when the unfortunate author died, a victim to disappointment and vexation.

Mr. Caswall is of opinion that this manuscript came into Smith's hands without the intervention of Rigdon, and was prepared for the press by the arch-impostor himself, without any literary assistance. This, though possible, appears to us far from probable; small as the literary merit of the Book of Mormon is, it appears to us beyond Smith's powers. We have before us his Book of Doctrines and Covenants, containing a record of the special revelations vouchsafed to him as guides for the government of the church, and find in it the following passage equally remarkable for its grammar, and for the evidence it affords of Smith's care of the money which he and his apostles wring from their dupes—

"Hearken unto me, saith the Lord your God, for my servant Oliver Cowdrey's sake. It is not wisdom in me that he should be intrusted with the commandments and the monies, which he shall carry up unto the land of Zion, except one go with him who is true and faithful. Wherefore I, the Lord, *willeth* that my servant John Whitmer shall go with my servant Oliver Cowdrey."—sec. 44.

We must now give some account of Sidney Rigdon, whose share in the propagation of Mormonism was scarcely inferior to that of Smith. He was originally a printer, and was employed in the office of Paterson and Lamdin, where Spaulding's manuscript romance had been deposited. There is no decisive evidence that Rigdon obtained possession of the MSS., but after Lamdin's death it disappeared from the office, and has never since been found. In 1827, Rigdon separated from the Baptists, and commenced preaching some points of doctrine, partly agreeing with the Campbellites and partly different. The new doctrines related to the literal fulfilment of the prophecies, the restoration of the lost tribes of Israel, the actual reign of the saints upon earth, and the

restoration of miraculous gifts. He brought forward, but less prominently, that the saints should have a community of goods, but he strenuously insisted that baptism by total immersion was absolutely necessary to salvation. Every one of these doctrines have been introduced among the fundamentals of Mormonism.

The only difficulty in the way of ascribing to Rigdon the principal share in the deception of the Book of Mormon, is that proof is wanting of his being acquainted with Smith previous to its publication. Rigdon himself, in one of his published letters, dwells strongly on this circumstance; and Parley Pratt, who up to last October was the head of the Mormonite mission in England, avers that Rigdon was converted by him several months after the Mormon church was established. Against this, however, must be set the evidence, that Rigdon made frequent visits to the locality in which Smith resided—that his former doctrines and those of Mormonism are precisely identical—that he had so prepared his old flock as to induce more than one hundred of them to embrace Mormonism at the same time with himself—and that Smith immediately after Rigdon's open profession, issued the following revelation, as coming express from God, which is thus given in the Book of Doctrines and Covenants: "It is meet that my servant Sydney Rigdon should live as seemeth him good, inasmuch as he keepeth my commandments."—sec. 64. And again, when Rigdon first visited Smith the additional revelation was made—"Behold, verily, verily, I say unto my servant Sidney, I have looked upon thee and thy works; I have heard thy prayers, and prepared thee for a greater work. Thou art blessed, for thou shalt do great things. *Behold thou wast sent forth even as John to prepare the way before me.*" This last passage appears to us decisive evidence of some previous concert between Smith and Rigdon.

A revelation was soon received that Kirtland, Rigdon's residence in the state of Ohio, was to be the eastern boundary of the promised land, which was to extend westward to the Atlantic Ocean, and that the new Jerusalem would be erected within its limits. A place for it was actually found in Jackson County, state of Missouri,

and here the first stone of the city of "Zion" was laid by Rigdon and Cowdery, under the authority of a pretended revelation from Smith. New revelations involving fresh demands for money, were now published, and their nature will be easily understood by the following extracts from the Book of Doctrines and Covenants—

"Let all the monies which can be spared, it mattereth not unto us whether it be little or much, be sent up into the land of Zion, unto those whom I have appointed to receive.....Let all those who have not families, who receive money, send it up to the bishop of Zion, or unto the bishop of Ohio, that it may be consecrated for the bringing forth of the revelations, and the printing thereof, and establishing Zion."—sec. 17. "He that sendeth up treasures unto the land of Zion shall receive an inheritance in this world. And his work shall follow him. And also a reward in the world to come.....It is meet that my servant Joseph Smith, jun., should have a house built in which to live and translate."

Kirtland, the name of which was changed to Shinahar, was chosen as the place for the erection of the "Temple of the Lord;" a singular edifice with this name was began in 1833, and finished in 1835; it was eighty feet long, sixty in breadth, and fifty-seven in height, being divided into two stories, each twenty-two feet high, with arched ceilings. In each room were eight pulpits, four at either end, each designed to hold three persons. These were intended for the twelve priests of the order of Melchisedec, and twelve of the order of Aaron into which Smith divided his hierarchy. The most extravagant and shocking scenes of extravagance were exhibited in this building: "the unknown tongues," which Smith had at first discarded and denounced, were revived; convulsions and fits were exhibited to the wondering congregations as examples alternately of angelic and demoniacal possession; and some of the Mormons ran through the country like lunatics, following, as they declared, supernatural beings visible to themselves alone.

The crowds of poor Mormons who flocked to Zion were unable to purchase lands, and therefore became "squatters." Some of them boldly declared that "the Lord had given them the land for an inheritance, and

that the Missourians, like the Canaanites, ought to be dispossessed." This was but the revival of the three Massachusetts' resolutions, passed by an assembly of Puritans in the 17th century, previous to dispossessing some Indian tribes of their hunting-grounds. The resolutions stood thus on the record :—

1.—It was moved and seconded—"That the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"—carried unanimously.

2.—It was resolved with equal unanimity—"That the Lord hath given the inheritance of the earth unto his saints."

3.—And finally, the meeting carried by acclamation—"Resolved, that we are the saints."

The Missourians took the alarm, and on the 20th of July, 1833, rose in their fury, demolished the printing-office in the Mormonite village of Independence, tarred and feathered several of their preachers, and threatened utter destruction to the rest, unless they immediately quitted the district. At first the Mormons appealed to the law, but in the western states of America an appeal to legal authority was just as inefficacious as an appeal to the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the Pope of Rome, and not quite as rational. It so irritated the Missourians, who equally hated old law and new gospel, that they drove twelve hundred Mormons from their huts, the greater part being women and children, on a dark wintry night, barefoot, and nearly naked, into the bleak prairies. Cruelties still more atrocious were exercised on obnoxious individuals: several were flogged to death, and the houses of all were burned to the ground.

The intelligence of this persecution healed the divisions which threatened premature destruction to the church at Kirtland. Smith resolved to meet force with force, and led a body of well-armed Mormons against the Missourites of Jackson county; but, on approaching "the Gentiles," his courage failed, and he entered into negotiations which led to a truce. About the same time a bank which Smith and Rigdon had established in Kirtland, and which, even on their own showing, had been most fraudulently conducted, failed. Legal processes were commenced against the prophet and his vicar. Ohio became an unsafe state for them, and

they came with their host of followers to Clay county in Missouri. Here Smith openly avowed his intention of propagating his religion by the sword; and not content with emulating Mohammed, he took a leaf out of the book of Hassan-ebn-Sabah, and like that "old man of the mountain," organized a body of sworn assassins, under the name of the "Danite Band." The Missourians, alarmed by the threats of vengeance for the late outrages loudly vented by the Mormonites, had again recourse to arms: the militia of the state was called out to keep the peace; but this body proved worse than useless—indeed one entire company, commanded by one Bogard, a Methodist preacher, actually joined the mob in attacking the Mormonites. Limited as was the civil war which ensued, the most fearful atrocities were committed on both sides. At length Governor Boggs, who had just been elected on account of his known hostility to the Mormonites, assembled the militia and all the Missourians who would accompany him, marched against the Mormonites with overwhelming force, and compelled them, under a menace of immediate extermination, to surrender at discretion. A court-martial was then held under General Lucas, composed of nineteen officers of militia, and seventeen preachers of various sects who had served as volunteers against the Mormonites; and this singular court commanded that the prophet and his principal comrades should be publicly shot in the square of the town of Far West, in presence of their followers and families! Luckily for Smith, one of the generals happened to be a lawyer and a man of sense: he declared the proceedings of the court-martial illegal, and induced the Missourians to reserve their prisoners for trial by the civil power. These leaders, after being several weeks in prison, contrived to make their escape; and, returning to their deluded followers, asserted that they had been miraculously delivered like Paul and Silas of old.

This persecution was, on the whole, favourable to the progress of Mormonism. The violence of the Missourian mobs, and the open connivance of the public authorities of Missouri in these outrages, were universally reprobated by the other states of America; and the rival state of Illinois offered a re-

fuge to the fifteen thousand Mormons who were about to be driven from the different counties of Missouri.

Early in 1839 Smith found a new situation for the New Jerusalem in the state of Illinois, on the Upper Mississippi, at the head of the Des Moines Rapids. Here, on a semicircular curve, formed by "the father of rivers," he laid the foundations of a city denominated Nauvoo, a name which, he informed his readers, signified "beautiful" in Hebrew. During his imprisonment, however, suspicions had arisen in the minds of some of his followers, and they required of him some miracle as a sign of his mission. He had the blasphemy to reply in the words of our blessed Lord—"A wicked and perverse generation seeketh after a sign," and with this answer his deluded followers were contented.

Here we may remark that a slight error in the English authorized version was the source of Smith's triumph. The Jews did not ask "a sign" from Christ—it would be absurd to have done so, for his miracles were notorious—they sought for "the sign"—namely, "the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven," which sacerdotal and popular tradition from the days of Daniel had taught them to be the only certain characteristic of the Messiah. We dwell on this the more particularly, as all the Mormonite publications before us set forward this mistranslation as an excuse for their prophet's working no miracles in public.

Having re-established his community at Nauvoo, Smith had sufficient influence to obtain a charter for the new city from the legislature of Illinois, with liberty to raise a body of militia under the command of Smith, as lieutenant-general; he also obtained charters of incorporation for companies to build the temple, erect a hotel, conduct a manufactory of earthenware, and, to crown the whole, a charter for a Mormonite university.

Mormonism was first introduced into England by two of Smith's elders, named Kimball and Fielding, in the year 1837, who came to Preston from America, immediately after the failure of the Mormonite bank in Kirtland. They obtained licence to preach at the quarter sessions, and their success was perfectly astonishing. Circumstances,

however, were greatly in their favour: the manufacturing distress, now in the sixth year of its pressure, was then commencing; emigration to America was recommended by high authorities, and artisans who had saved a little money were eagerly inquiring where they could best invest their small capitals. The followers of Johanna Southcote and Edward Irving, disorganized and unchurched, had not recovered their senses, and only sought some new form for the indulgence of insane enthusiasm; and finally the Methodists, by their firmness in putting down all exhibitions of extravagant fanaticism, had alienated no small portion of the most ignorant among their followers, for men whose intelligence has not been developed, require to be excited by appeals to their passions. "They hooked on the *whips* and *strays* of every sect in Lancashire," said one who had for a short time belonged to their body, speaking to us upon the subject; and as there are more varieties of sects in Lancashire than in any district of the same size under heaven, perplexed and straying sheep from the different flocks may always be had in abundance. About two years afterwards Parley Pratt, having escaped, miraculously as he said, from the Missouri prison, came to England, and assumed the superintendence of the Latter-Day Saints. He established a printing-office and bookseller's shop in Manchester, where he published a periodical called the *Millennial Star*, now conducted by his successor, Ward, in Liverpool. Pratt is said to have raised a considerable sum of money from his deluded dupes; he seemed to us a man well calculated for the purpose; to the ignorant he dilated at extreme length on the superhuman learning of Smith, laying claim to no small share of similar acquirements himself; but to persons whom he suspected of a learned education, he was very reserved and uncommunicative. From Lancashire, Mormonism spread into the midland counties, where it made numerous converts among the farmers. It reached London, but did not make much progress in the metropolis; but we have been credibly informed that it has been very successful in Wales and the south of Scotland. In the latter part of the year 1842 more than five thousand dupes emigrated from the port of Li-

verpool; and we must now turn back to Nauvoo, to see the nature of their probable reception.

The Illinois legislature and state government, in a spirit of reaction against the ruffian violence of the Missourians, not only, as we have seen, incorporated the Mormonite city, but created the prophet a general in the army, and the provost of a university! The latter title would have been too ridiculous even for Mormons, and Smith declined the presidency, under the pretext that it would interfere with his revelations. While at Kirtland, he undertook a new translation of the Bible, in which he was assisted by Sidney Rigdon. It has been published at Nauvoo, but good care has been taken to prevent its reaching this country. He also, with the assistance of his elders, produced a collection of Mormonite hymns, composed, as he asserts, under the direct influence of Divine inspiration, and which really have been very efficient agents in the success that his system has attained. Greater balderdash than these productions can scarcely be conceived; they are devoid of grammar, sense, or rhyme; and yet they are compared, by many of the Mormonites with whom we have conversed, to the psalms of David; and triumphantly quoted to the Methodists as superior in unction and spirit to Wesley's hymns. One specimen will suffice: it forms part of a contrast between the first and second advent of the Messiah:—

The first was persecuted
And into Egypt fled,—
A pilgrim and a stranger
Not where to lay his head.

The second at his temple
Will suddenly appear,
And all his saints come with him
To reign a thousand year.

The first a man of sorrows,
Rejected by his own;
And Israel left in blindness
To wander forth forlorn.

The second brings deliverance,
They crown him as their king,
They own him as their Saviour,
And join his praise to sing.

Smith's last literary fraud is the most amazing of all, and far surpasses that which the Rev. Dr. Wall has

fixed upon Champollion. By some means or other, he obtained possession of four Egyptian mummies, which he exhibited for a time to his followers, as the bodies of an Egyptian king, his two wives, and the daughter of another king. After some time he removed the papyrus rolls in which they were enveloped, by the application of no more delicate instrument than a bark-woodman's hatchet, and exhibited the fragments as the actual autograph of Abraham, written with his own hand while in Egypt. Last summer, a little after he had quarrelled with Sidney Rigdon, he commenced to publish what he has been pleased to term a translation of these documents in his "Times and Seasons," a periodical which he edits at Nauvoo. The absence of his better genius, Rigdon, is singularly apparent in this miserable forgery; it is full of the grossest blunders. He makes Ur of the Chaldees part of the territory of the Egyptian Pharaohs; not aware that the Egyptians mummified animals, he gives fanciful names of idols to the representations of animal mummies—he makes sad havoc with the geography of Palestine, putting places for persons, and persons for places, and he favours his followers in Abraham's name with a system of astronomy, geology, and cosmogony, compared with which that of Mahomed or of Ephrem Syrus may be regarded as the very perfection of wisdom. Within forty-eight hours from the time in which we write, two numbers of this palpable forgery, were placed in our hands by a Lancashire Mormonite, in every other respect a most respectable and intelligent man of his class, and particularly conspicuous for mechanical skill, in the full hope that it would lead to our conversion.

Shortly after we met one of the returned Mormonites; he describes Smith as a man of middle size, very stoutly built, with something of a rakish and dissipated air, "not at all like the prophets of old." This agrees with Mr. Caswall's account, whose manuscript of the Greek Psalter he pronounced to be "A Dictionary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics." Our informant stated, that the Mormonite community bore the worst possible character in the adjacent country; but this he attributed (and, we believe, not unjustly) to the pertinacious ha-

tred of the Missourians. The Methodists, he informed us, are the most rancorous against the Mormonites, because the greater proportion of the converts have been obtained from their body, and, for a similar reason, the Baptists rank next in animosity. It is curious that the attention of the red race has been strongly directed towards Mormonism; and, if Smith had any elements of heroism in his composition, or any sympathy of feeling with the Indian tribes, the prophet would have no bad chance of establishing himself as the regenerator of the native Americans, and the probable founder of a new empire between the Mississippi and the Pacific. During the course of last summer, Mr. W. saw several Indian chiefs at Nauvoo, who had come to see the prophet who professed to have discovered the last records of their nation; but these shrewd sons of the desert soon discovered Smith's weakness, and returned home in disgust.

The Mormonites very openly profess their dislike to the American constitution, which, after the proof they have felt of its utter inefficacy to afford protection against the mob-law of Missouri, is, by no means, wonderful: many of them (and these not of English descent) profess allegiance to Queen Victoria; but the great majority would gladly see their prophet assume, like Mohammed, the attributes of royalty. Smith would have done so long ago, only that he wants the elements of greatness, or rather, has never got over the weakness of cunning, necessarily generated by the petty frauds of his youth. One instance of this weakness is, his permitting his mother to exhibit the four Egyptian mummies in their broken and naked state for a quarter-dollar to each visitor; a piece of petty cheating, which must prove fatal to any scheme of playing the knave on an extended scale. At the present moment, Smith affects to regard Nauvoo as his Medina, and Zion, in Missouri, as his Mecca. He preaches to the Mormonites the necessity of reconquering their holy city, and taking vengeance on the wretches by whom they were expelled. It is for this purpose that his legion is kept to regular drill, and would now be an overmatch for an equal number of American militia. The recent assassination of

Boggs, the governor of Missouri, by one of Smith's Danite band, and the ostentatious protection afforded to the murderer in Nauvoo, have, however, alarmed the Missourians. They applied to the state of Illinois to have Smith arrested, and he was apprehended by a messenger, but was again liberated on a *habeas corpus*, issued from his own court at Nauvoo. This has been annulled by the Illinois state-court, and the prophet seems likely to be left in what the Americans call "a pretty particular fix;" and so think many of his old associates, who have not only quitted the Mormonite ranks, but actually commenced assailing him through the press. The race of the prophet appears almost run: in Lancashire, Mormonism is certainly on the decline, and in London we have been unable to find any recent traces of its existence. It is possible that Smith may make a sanguinary struggle in America, and that the civil war in the Western States may be renewed; but his followers have no confidence in his courage, and his book of Abraham has placed such an additional weight on credulity, that it must break even the faith of Mormonites if further continued. It was a sad blunder in Smith to forget that his prototype, Mohammed, was a man of only one book.

We have reserved for our conclusion one of the most extraordinary incidents in this strange, eventful history. The general outline of the career which Smith has run, was predicted by Robert Southey in a work published the very year before that in which Mormonism was started. Here is the passage:—

"America is in more danger from religious fanaticism. The government there not thinking it necessary to pro-

vide religious instruction for the people in any of the new States, the prevalence of superstition, and that, perhaps, in some wild and terrible shape, may be looked for as one likely consequence of this great and portentous omission. AN OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN might find dupes and followers as readily as the All-friend *Jemima*; and the next Aaron Burr who seeks to carve a kingdom for himself out of the overgrown territories of the Union, may discover that FANATICISM IS THE MOST EFFECTIVE WEAPON WITH WHICH AMBITION CAN ARM ITSELF; that the way for both is prepared by that immorality which the want of religion naturally and necessarily induces, and that CAMP-MEETINGS may be very well directed to forward the designs of a MILITARY PROPHET. Were there ANOTHER MOHAMMED to arise, there is no part of the world where he would find more scope, or fairer opportunity, than in THAT PART of the Anglo-American Union into which the elder States continually discharge the restless part of their population, leaving laws and Gospel to overtake it if they can; for in the march of modern colonization both are left behind."—*Southey's Colloquies*, vol. ii. p. 42, 1829.

The history we have given affords much room for painful, but not useless, reflection: our narrative, however, has extended to such a length, that we are precluded from comment. We shall only say, that no pains have been spared to authenticate every fact which we have stated—that many repulsive circumstances in the history of the delusion and its concomitants have been omitted from motives of delicacy, and that, in our humble opinion, the progress of Mormonism in England and America is a very sorry accompaniment to the march of intellect in the nineteenth century.

THE LORD OF CORASSE—A LEGEND.

BEING NO. V. OF THE KISHOGE PAPERS.

Though France has had many a valorous knight
 Who shines in her annals of chivalry bright ;
 And many a name,
 That is blazoned by fame,
 Yet none of her knights could in daring surpass,
 The proud baron Raymond, the Lord of Corasse.
 Ay, well has he fought on full many a day,
 And gallantly borne him in many a fray ;
 But Lord Raymond just now
 Has got into a row,
 Which he may not get easily out of, I trow ;
 For helmet and falchion, and corselet of mail,
 And vassal and henchman can little avail,
 'Gainst the foes who the valiant Lord Raymond assail,
 For he's got himself into the preciouslest lurch,
 By swearing he won't pay his tithes to the church,
 And the Clerk of Corasse is exceeding irate,
 And to Avignon goes, to Pope Urban to state
 The question in full,
 In the hope of a Bull,
 By which he'll get into the lord baron's wool,
 And Urban the Fifth having called his consistory,
 And carefully heard all his reverence's history,
 Declares that the Clerk has established his right,
 With costs of the suit to be paid by the Knight.
 And the Clerk of Corasse having got his decree,
 Sets off for Béarn with abundance of glee ;
 Thinking, " Now, my lord baron, you'll 'down with the dust,'
 " Refuse if you dare, when the Pope says you must."

The lord baron Raymond is taking a snooze,
 When the messenger comes with this desperate news :
 For when dinner is o'er,
 'Tis his custom to snore
 For a couple of hours, say from two until four.
 And so, while he's sleeping, the messenger waits,
 And is then ushered into his presence and states—
 Growing pale and then red,
 Having some sort of dread,
 Lest the baron might chance to make free with his head—
 That the Pope has pronounced his most solemn decision,
 Condemning his highness, the Baron, to pay
 The tithes in arrear without any delay,
 To his reverence the Clerk ;
 And besides as a mark
 Of proper contrition, obedience, and lowliness,
 To write off for pardon at once to his Holiness !
 But the Lord of Corasse, with a smile of derision—
 While a comical air on his countenance glows,
 Lays his forefinger flat by the side of his nose,
 And exclaims (which was wrong and I greatly regret it)—
 " Ask the Clerk of Corasse, ' Don't he wish he may get it ?'
 And then while his conduct the messenger scares,
 Coolly bids his attendants to kick him down stairs."

But it so comes to pass
 That the Clerk of Corasse,
 Don't over much like to be "writ down an ass."
 And his messenger not having brought him the pelf,
 He sets off to seek the lord baron himself,
 In the confident hope,
 That his eyes he may ope
 To a sense of his crime by the bull of the Pope,
 Devoting his lordship to certain perdition,
 If he don't pay his tithes and show ample contrition.
 And so he proceeds, and he reaches in state
 The château de Corasse, and knocks at the gate.
 As the lord baron Raymond, unfortunate sinner,
 With the lady Corasse is just sitting to dinner.

'Tis a fine old hall,
 With its windows tall,
 And banner and lance on the grey stone wall,
 And sword and shield,
 That—many a field
 Of vallant fight to the mind recall;
 And the wolf-dogs sleep by the blazing fire;
 While the old oak board
 Is amply stored—
 And there sit lady and lord and squire,
 And the merry page with his gay attire.
 The wild boar's head
 Before them spread,
 And the dainty peacock, and snow-white bread;
 And cups of the choicest Calcevella,
 Which the baron got from a right gay fellow,
 His friend the Abbot of Compostella
 While homelier food
 For the vassals rude,
 At the table's foot is amply strowed
 And many a weary wanderer there,
 Of their meat and drink has a welcome share;
 For ne'er unrelieved, did the poor man pass,
 The castle gate of the Lord de Corasse.

But the Clerk of Corasse has not come to dine,
 And will not be tempted by peacock or chine,
 Or the Abbot of Compostella's wine,
 Though he deems them very good things I opine.

To the baron's request,
 That he'll join as a guest,

He replies, "My lord baron, I've not come to jest;
 "How can you suppose that I'll join you at dinner,
 "Denounced by the Pope, as you are, for a sinner;—

"Refusing to pay

"In the regular way,

"The tithes of your church, to his grief and dismay;

"But mark me, Lord Raymond, the bull I have——" "Hold,"

"Cries the baron, whose dinner is fast getting cold,

"Methinks, good sir Clerk, this is somewhat too bold,

"Just take my advice

"And be off in a trice.

"If you dare come again for these tithes, by the mass,

"They shall drag in the meat for the Clerk of Corasse."

The Clerk of Corasse looks exceedingly blue,
For the baron ne'er says what the baron won't do;
And his honour is strictest, we well may suppose,
Whenever he swears not to pay what he owes.

Still his reverence replies,
Though it scarcely is wise—
But somehow he trusts to his clerical guise—
"Very well, my lord baron, do just as you please,
"But perchance you will yet
"Wish you'd settled this debt.
"Till you do I can promise you'll get little ease."

Then he turns on his heel
While he strives to conceal
The wrath and annoyance, which fear of the Knight
Very prudently kept him from speaking outright,
While the latter remarks, with a look of disdain,
"Poor man, I fear much something's wrong with his brain."

Night's shadows are deep
Upon turret and keep,
And the folk in the castle are all fast asleep,
Enjoying a pleasant cessation of strife;
And chiefly Lord Raymond in bed with his wife,
Who slumbers as soundly
And snores as profoundly
As if he would sleep for the rest of his life.
But harken, what din!
Is this gathering within—
What a clatter of iron and crockery and tin—
What smashing,
What clashing,
What shouts and what roars,
What slamming of doors,
And throwing down stairs chairs and tables by scores.
Her ladyship wakes, full of wonder and fear,
And calls up her husband the racket to hear;
But the baron, who guesses the cause o' the riot,
Says he'd very much wish she had kept herself quiet—
Vows it's nothing at all
But a common-place squall
That is rattling the bucklers and swords in the hall,
And wonders such trifles his wife can appal.
And his lady, though having good reason to doubt it,
Thinks it better to say nothing further about it,
Though still, as the noises go on all the night,
She continues awake in a desperate fright;
And the baron himself, although shamming a snore,
Never closes his eyes until quarter past four.

Lightly the morning's freshest breeze
Is fanning the blue Pyrenees,
Whose snow-capped summits proudly tower,
Resplendent in the day-god's light,
While round their feet full many a flower
Sips the last dewy kiss of Night;
Where branches green
Wave all unseen
In many a deep and wild ravine;

And streamlets, in whose crystal wave
 Fair girls their snowy limbs may lave ;
 With fairy tide
 All rippling glide
 In grassy nooks awhile to hide ;
 Then stealing forth, with silver spray,
 In mimic torrents dance and play ;
 Till on some lakelet's tranquil breast,
 Like infant babes, they sink to rest,
 And crag, and stream, and fairy bower,
 And snows, by human foot untrod,
 Are emblems from the hand of God
 Of beauty, majesty, and power.

But stay,
 'Tis day,
 And its beams display
 Last night's disasters in dire array ;
 Chairs and tables are all put astray,
 All the pictures turned the wrong way.
 Shields and swords that hung in the hall
 All have tumbled down from the wall ;
 Then, in the kitchen, all the delf
 Has been pitched from every shelf,
 Plates, and dishes, and pitchers, and jugs,
 Pots, and pans, and platters, and mugs,
 Are strewn around
 All over the ground,
 There ain't a thing in its place to be found ;
 But the worst of all—a certain token
 'Twas Old Nick's work—is that nothing is broken.
 And the servants stare,
 With bristling hair
 And a terrible dread of that earthenware.
 Increased by the baron's daring mookery
 Of the powers Satanic,
 When, scorning their panic,
 He shouts—"You villians, take up the crockery!"
 But whatever their awe,
 That mandate is law,
 Which they dread as much as old Beelzebub's claw ;
 So down, in a group,
 To obey it, they stoop,
 And one who, in daring, surpasses the rest
 Affecting to treat the whole thing as a jest,
 Is raising the largest of all the tureens,
 When, he glances about,
 Gives one desperate shout,
 To the floor goes the vessel in small smithereens.*
 Squires, vassals, and all
 Rush alarmed from the hall,
 For from out the tureen, as that menial arose,
 A very small mouse had jumped up on his nose,
 Which he fancied, poor elf
 Was the devil himself,
 And awe-struck, of course, at his sad situation,
 Gave the shout that produced such sublime consternation.

* *Anglice*—Small fragments.

Fierce is the ire of the chivalrous lord ;
 He swears to exhibit
 Each man on a gibbet
 Who refuses to touch the utensils abhorred ;
 And by such kind of threats
 In a short time he gets
 The dishes and plates to their places restored ;
 Then makes the men swear
 That they never will dare
 To utter a sentence about the affair ;
 And vows that if one of them talks of the dresser
 To even his wife or his father confessor,
He knows what to do for the daring transgressor .

'Tis midnight once more,
 But the baron don't snore,
 But lies wide awake, while he cons o'er and o'er
 The riot that went on the midnight before ;
 When again it begins,
 The most furious of dins—
 Lord ! was ever man punished so much for his sins ?
 And now something furiously kicks at his door.
 With vexation he writhes,
 And cries—" Damn them for tithes ;
 " Be they demons or angels I won't remain quiet—
 " Who the devil are you that kick up such a riot ?"
 And jumps up in bed,
 While his lady, half dead
 With fright, pulls the counterpane over her head,
 Not caring to be carried off in his stead,
 But seemingly not in the least degree loth
 That her husband should go to the devil for both

The reply to the Knight
 Is in truth more polite
 Than what from his question one might think his right,
 Namely—" Orthon's my name,
 " And I hitherward came,
 " For the Clerk of Corasse retribution to claim.
 " He vows that your conduct's excessively scurvy.
 " And bids me to knock the whole place topsy turvy,
 " Till such time as you choose,
 " To ' come down ' with your dues,
 " And the Clerk is a man that I may not refuse."
 " Ho, ho !" says the knight, " so 'tis this little matter
 " That makes you create such a deuce of a clatter ;
 " But Orthon, I say,
 " Can you stoop to obey,
 " A chap like that Clerk in so shabby a way.
 " A spirit of spunk,
 " To be slave to a monk—
 " My excellent friend, are you foolish, or drunk ?
 " Besides, I've strong notions of cutting his throat,
 " And pitching his *corpus* outside in the moat
 " But *n'importe*, as to that,
 " Just now, answer me flat—
 " Will you give up, old fellow, this churlish divine,
 " And instead of his service be entered in mine ?"

This speech of the Knight,
 Is so woeful a plight,
 The friendship of Orthon conciliates quite ;
 Who vows to the grave
 To be thenceforth his slave—
 Then whispers three words, which I'm bound not to write,
 To which the lord Raymond replies—" Honour bright !"
 And in less than a minute the long corridor
 Re-echoes no sound save his highness's snore.

Night after night,
 This singular sprite,
 At the baron's bed-side would at midnight alight ;
 And speak in his ear
 What took place far and near ;
 And often by these means the baron would hear,
 In a day, what his friends might not know in a year.
 Poor Orthon would just give a pull at his nightcap,
 For the baron *did* wear one—a red—not a white cap.
 And say—" My good baron, do pray pay attention,
 " To a trifle of news that I've just got to mention—
 " A thing which took place,
 " Two days since," (as the case
 Might be,) an intrigue, or a battle, or chase.
 In fact, through this Orthon he knew in a word,
 All that happened almost at the time it occurred ;
 And throughout the whole province his quick information,
 Of whatever took place, caused profound admiration.

Now the baron would oft intelligence send
 To the Count de Foix, his particular friend,
 Of things which the sprite
 Used to tell him at night—
 The value of which was not frequently slight ;
 And the Count cannot guess
 By what sort of express
 He hears all his news—and he cannot repress
 His wish to find out
 Who the deuce is the scout,
 Who can manage to travel so swiftly about,
 And discover what's done
 Everywhere 'neath the sun ;
 And one night, as the baron and he sit together,
 Discussing the state of the crops and the weather ;—
 Being both rather mellow,
 From old calcavella,
 He learns from the Knight
 The whole tale of the sprite,
 And exclaims—" 'Pon my life, you're a d—d lucky wight !
 " But what sort is this creature,
 " In figure and feature,
 " Who acts in a way so exceeding polite ?"
 " Egad !" says the baron, " though strange it appear,
 " Of one who conveys so much news to my ear,
 " I never yet saw him." " You didn't ?—how queer !
 " To see him, Lord bless me ! I'd give any money—
 " I'm sure the chap's phiz is uncommonly funny.
 " When next in your way he may happen to throw himself,
 " My friend, you'll oblige me by making him show himself."

"Very well," says Lord Raymond; and that very night,
To the baron's bed-side comes the comical sprite.

He seems somewhat distressed

At the baron's request;

But the latter on pleasing his guest appears bent.

So says Orthon, at last—"Very well, I consent;

"I hope you shan't have any cause to repent.

"When to-morrow you rise,

"I'll appear to your eyes,

"On your quitting your room;

"But if you shall presume

"To insult me in any way—mark me, my friend—

"All connexion between us must instantly end."

And thus having spoken, away flies the sprite,

And the baron goes soundly to sleep for the night.

At eight the baron jumps out of bed,

And his night-cap red

He pulls off his head,

And says, with a sort of self-satisfied grunt—

"'Tis a capital morning, by Jove! for a hunt;

"But no—I'm infernally puzzled for blunt.

"I must manage to pillage

"The next Spanish village—

"Those vassals of mine have no genius for tillage.

"But," he pulls on his boots,

"Who can blame the poor brutes,

"For disliking such very unwarlike pursuits.

"Thank heaven, we're surrounded by capital neighbours,

"And can easily get at the fruit of their labours.

"Work is very distressing,

(He now has done dressing

And quitted his room) "and 'tis really a blessing,

"To—Lord! did I ever behold until now,

"Such a horrible, ill-looking brute as that sow—

"Complete bone and skin,

"And as ugly as thin;

"She's quite a disgrace

"To a nobleman's place.

"Hallo! Hugh, set the dogs on that rascally brute!"

But 'twere idle pursuit,

For the sow, although mute

Till the order was given—with a wonderful cry

Has vanished at once from the nobleman's eye.

Not a soul can tell where,

In the earth or the air,

But 'tis perfectly clear she no longer is there,

And Hugh and the baron at each other stare,

Exceedingly puzzled about the affair.

The Lord of Corasse for a moment reflects,

And the warning of Orthon he soon recollects;

And 'tis clear to him now

That that lean-looking sow

Which he saw disappear

In a manner so queer,

Was none else than the spirit, and great is his fear

That his haste and imprudence have cut their connexion,

Which makes him a prey to the deepest dejection;

For night follows night,
 But they bring not the sprite,
 The Lord of Corasse grows dispirited quite,
 And pines slowly away,
 By a gradual decay,
 And before the year's end is converted to clay.
 O'er his body his widow and vassals erect
 A beautiful tomb, as a mark of respect,
 Where stretched at full length, looking up to the skies,
 His effigy—just like an epitaph—lies;
 And close to his feet—one may see it there now—
 There's a figure in stone of a lean-looking sow.
 (A coincidence here I, perhaps, should point out,
 Though I don't know what light on the story it throws,
 Which is that the baron has lost half his nose,
 And the sow has got rid of two-thirds of her snout.
 Antiquarians will make something of it, no doubt.)
 The arms are effaced,
 But one line can be traced
 Of inscription, and none seems to have been erased,
 Though this is concealed amid rubbish and grass—
Cy. git Raymond, le dernier Seigneur de Corasse!

The moral that lurks in this story is deep,
 But one that 'twere wise from the vulgar to keep.
 Reader, think on it morning and night, and mayhap—
 If you do make it out, have a care—*verbum sap.*

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

TO ———

At the famous Daguerreotype art,
 Sweet girl I must own thou art clever,
 For with one sunny glance, on my heart
 Thou hast painted thy image for ever.

De l'art de Daguerre fameux,
 Chère fille, je te rends l'hommage,
 Par un seul rayon, de tes yeux,
 Tu a peint, sur mon cœur, ton image.

Dell' arte fotografica l'onore
 Sia il tuo, chi con sguardo lucente,
 La tua immagine, risplendente
 Hai dipinto per sempre, sul mio core!

M. J. B.

DR. GRAVES ON CLINICAL MEDICINE.*

GEORGE THE FOURTH, no mean opinion on such a subject, asserted on one occasion that the conversation of a first-rate physician was not only "the most instructive but most agreeable of any man's." We would beg to extend the praise to their writings, which are ever marked by striking and original views, and conspicuous for a knowledge of mankind, based on very different grounds from the mere chance collisions of society. No other class, whose minds are trained by a long and arduous course of labour, have so many opportunities of mixing with their fellow-men of every grade in life.

The clergyman is limited by the very nature of his sacred calling, to one species of intercourse with his flock. Worldly subjects and daily interests he is almost forbidden to touch upon or mingle with; his efforts more directed to withdraw the minds of his hearers from passing events, and fix them upon things of deeper and higher importance, he has less sympathy with sorrows and cares which spring from sources he undervalues, and therefore his knowledge of character—his insight into the human heart, will, by the very practice of his profession, be restricted.

The lawyer, whose life is a continued mental struggle either in the detection and assertion, or in the concealment of truth, looks on the world but as one wide arena of litigation. Habits of distrust and suspicion tinge and colour to him every relation of life, and he arranges mankind into the two classes of plaintiff and defendant, with an intuitive readiness which enables him to take bold and striking views of society, but with the finer traits of human feeling—with the more minute springs that stir his heart, his occupation bring him into no contact. The very ingenuity to which he has trained his mind—the very sophistry which it is his daily habit to exercise, are so many causes of perversion to his judgment. Less eager in the pursuit of truth than desirous to fashion

and mould it when found to his own peculiar purposes, he rejects the good that is not adapted to his views, and only unveils falsehood when it may be serviceable to his case. His discrimination of right and wrong will always be made more with reference to *legal* than *moral* guilt or innocence—and he whose occupation it is, by every trick of ingenuity, and every subtlety to induce his hearers to adopt his views will often find himself a special pleader to his own heart.

The instincts of a profession are indeed narrowing and humiliating things, the technicals themselves of any art form a kind of post-and-rail fence by which a man is separated from his fellows; and, unhappily, professional eminence is in most cases only attainable by that isolation which cuts him off from all the world. This is less the case with the physician than with the barrister. Daily intercourse with persons of every class and rank in life, from the palace to the cottage, render him, however little plastic may be his nature, "all things to all men." The distant respect with which he approaches one patient will be changed into the tone of patronizing assurance with another—the courtier-like delicacy with which he investigates the shadowy symptoms of some almost visionary malady will be converted into the straightforward and acute cross-examination of a lawyer, when detecting the subtle difficulty of a more important case. He is alternately the encourager, the dissuader, and the comforter of his patients; and his character, moulded by the very exigency of his position, will put him in relation with feelings and sympathies of every varying condition in life. The confidant of his sovereign to-day—to-morrow the watcher by the humble bedside of a peasant.

That any man so placed should obtain a deep insight into the world and its ways, is not surprising; but when we add to these advantages the fruit of a study whose object it is to detect the secret working of the mind in every

* A System of Clinical Medicine. By Robert James Graves, M.D., M.R.I.A., ac. ac. 8vo. Dublin: Fannin and Co. 1843.

derangement of the body—to behold intellect “cribbed, cabbined, and confined” by every little morbid action of the system—his opportunities, it must be confessed, are great indeed.

If, then, he possess such a widespread view of mankind, by the nature of his profession, his requisites for its study are no less difficult and important. The few who, in any great city, rise to high eminence, is a sufficient proof that the race is an arduous one. Whatever may be said of fashion—whatever we may hear of accidental success—no man ever continued to hold his position as a physician, who had not strong and indubitable claims on the world’s confidence. The calls upon his skill and knowledge are not to be satisfied by one, or any number of successful efforts; they are daily, hourly, minutely making upon him. Neither is his mind suffered to dwell on one character or complexion of disease: he of the jaundice expects as much attention and devotion as his neighbour with the dropy. Fatigue, pre-occupation, illness itself are luxuries which the medical man must conceal, if he would enjoy them; and the first-rate physician is a kind of ambulatory conscience, to which each man reveals his delinquencies, and from which he looks for relief.

The education of medical men is socially considered a point of manifest importance, and has obtained, in every country in Europe, a due degree of attention. In Germany it is the state that provides the means, and dictates the ordeal of study—in France the case is tolerably similar—while with us the colleges of physicians and surgeons possess chartered powers, under which they legislate for the two professions.

With the increasing desire for information that marks our age—with that thirst for knowledge of every kind which characterises every class and condition in life—the profession of medicine has fully sympathized. Not only have greater facilities of study been afforded in the branches of learning formerly cultivated—but new professorships have been established—new sources of acquirement opened. With the double object of fitting the physician to his place in a society where a higher order of information abounds, and also of enabling him to derive benefit from discoveries in sciences which are ancillary to his own, a number of

new studies are presented to his mind; and natural history, chemistry, botany, and optics, all demand a share of his attention.

To such an extent has this system been carried that not only is a much longer time requisite for the acquirement of a licence to practice, but a very considerable capital must be embarked in its acquisition.

Let us now inquire whether from the vast range and diversity of these pursuits, society has derived a proportionate benefit in the superiority of the present race of physicians; and on this subject we cannot call upon a testimony of more value than the author of the volume whose title we prefix to this paper:—

“This is an age of ambitious acquirement, and professional men seem to be ashamed unless they have the character of universal knowledge. Every body studies every thing, and the consequence is that few know any thing well. We live amidst the din of declamations in favour of general education; and are every where assailed by the ceaseless competition of those who vend cheap knowledge in the form of penny periodicals, lectures innumerable, and hosts of rival encyclopædias; but ours is not an age of calm, unpretending acquirement, and severe precise study, without which, the effort to become good physicians and surgeons must prove vain and fruitless. Can any thing be more embarrassing than the multitudinous array of studies presented to the young student, who comes to London or Dublin with the view of educating himself as a general practitioner? So many departments of knowledge are spread before him, and so numerous are the exhortations to study each with particular care, that he feels at a loss where to begin. The merits, advantages, and necessity of his own branch, are insisted on by the respective teachers, with all the force of impressive eloquence; and after running the round of introductory lectures (an inlatory penance duly performed by all beginners), he returns in the evening to his home puzzled and dispirited. He finds that it will be necessary for him to become an excellent botanist, an able and scientific chemist, and a profound anatomist; that he must have some knowledge of zoology, be well versed in comparative anatomy, know how to detect poisons with accuracy, and study the legislative enactments which bear on questions of medical jurisprudence. Physiology, materia medica, therapeutics, nosology, morbid anatomy, the principles and practice of

surgery, medicine, and midwifery, claim, all and each, his especial attention; nay, many teachers insist upon the necessity of his becoming master of several languages—Greek, Latin, French, and German; while others assure him he never can prosecute scientific medicine with success, unless he studies physics as well as physic; some are there even who encourage him to cultivate mineralogy and geology; as if, fersooth, a knowledge of these sciences could teach the laws that regulate diseased action, or the indications which should govern the exhibition of remedies."

Now be it remembered that the writer of the remarks we have quoted is no antiquated champion of the by-gone school of physic—no *laudator temporis acti*—not one of those imposing personages, whose wig and cane were ingredients of their medical character, but on the contrary an ardent and passionate admirer of "new medicine"—a prosecutor of every branch of scientific discovery which could throw a light upon his profession—and combining within himself the rare excellence of a first-rate practitioner with the higher gift of a distinguished lecturer and teacher.

The warnings against this diffuse and varied course of study come then with peculiar force from him, himself a master in every department of professional literature, and a linguist of no mean order; and on this account any suggestions as to the fitting line of study are of infinite value:—

"I would not recommend any one to commence the actual study of medicine and surgery until the age of nineteen. Before that period the mind is not sufficiently ripe for practical observation, nor sufficiently stored; with that knowledge (only to be gained by the daily intercourse of life) which teaches us to estimate the effects of moral or physical causes on the human system, imparts to us the power of weighing conflicting evidence, and detecting the too frequently incorrect and erroneous statements of our patients. A certain knowledge of the world is indispensable to the physician; and it is only loss of time—yes, of precious time—to employ boys in trying to learn what can only be acquired by men. Those who attend hospitals at too early an age are very apt to acquire careless habits of observation; all the interest which disease presents, when observed for the first

time by matured minds, is lost to them, and all the attractions of novelty has ceased long before they possess that tact and experience which enable the adult to understand the meaning of symptoms, the progress and phases of morbid phenomena, and the effects of therapeutic agents.

"It is then the duty of parents, guardians, teachers, and all who superintend the education of youth, to see that those who are destined for the medical profession should have their minds prepared and strengthened by diligent cultivation during early youth, not only by the attainment of extra-professional knowledge suited to their means and opportunities, but also by instruction in those portions of anatomy, materia medica, botany, and chemistry, which may be readily comprehended at that age. Especial care should be taken to impart to them some knowledge of the physical qualities of medicinal substances. All this being done, when the student, arrived at maturer years, comes to grapple with the practical departments of his profession, he will find many difficulties easily surmounted, and at this period he should disengage himself from too devoted an attention to the accessory sciences. But he need not wholly detach himself from them; some one of them may be cultivated along with his more serious pursuits. He may devote one session to lectures on chemistry, another to those on botany, a third to physiology, and so on of the rest. But his main object must now be the acquisition of practical knowledge, and consequently the greater portion of his time and energies must be devoted to the clinical wards and dissecting-room of an hospital, to the study of the materia medica and pharmacy in an apothecary's shop, and to practical anatomy. Five or six years' attendance on an hospital will be little enough to qualify you to enter with propriety and confidence on the discharge of your professional duties. Bear in mind, gentlemen, that when you come to treat disease, you approach the bedside as physicians or surgeons, and not as chemists, botanists, or anatomists. This is the character in which you are to appear; and, the acquisition of knowledge which will prepare you for the discharge of its duties, ought to engage your chief attention.

"Some of you, gentlemen, may think that it ill becomes a teacher to narrow the limits of your exertions, or circumscribe your pursuits. But let me be understood. What I wish to impress upon your attention is, that you ought to address yourselves mainly to the acquire-

ment of what is really useful, and should store up chiefly what is most important and available. And in furtherance of this object I think it my duty to warn you against the well-meaning but injudicious representations of those who would turn you from the study of practical matters to the cultivation of their favourite sciences—sciences connected with and ancillary to medicine, but in which medical students are too often encouraged to engage with an ardour that indirectly, but certainly, leads to a less zealous and efficient attention to more important matters. Take, for instance, two of the most popular of the adjunct sciences—two usually regarded as most intimately connected with the study of medicine, botany, and chemistry. Both are extremely valuable in themselves, and a certain acquaintance with them is undoubtedly desirable; but to the student in medicine their utility has been greatly overrated. Botany is an extremely interesting and useful science; but I believe you might be very good practitioners without knowing the classes of Linnæus, or the families of Jussieu. To be sure, if you had the misfortune to practise in localities separated from the ordinary channels of commerce; if you were suddenly bereft of the numerous stores which maritime enterprise pours into the lap of medicine, and obliged, like the herbalists of old, to search the woods and fields for your *materia medica*, you would certainly be often at a loss, and might make some serious mistakes, unless you were adepts in practical botany. But this labour, fortunately for us and for every European practitioner, is quite unnecessary. A small capital will bring the vegetable productions of the most distant countries to your door; and any respectable druggist will for a trifling sum provide you with all the medical substances derived from plants, carefully selected and accurately prepared."

We have quoted this passage entire, for we do not know of any which contains within the same space so much of sound and judicious advice on the study of medicine. They who are interested in this career cannot study it with too much attention, embodying as it does not only the experience of a lecturer who must have enjoyed abundant opportunities of observing the progress of his pupils, but also of one who himself armed with all these accessory sciences, knows of how little value they were when summoned to the bedside of a patient.

Not only, however, because they are

inapplicable to the great purpose of a physician, "the remedy and cure of disease," but because that in the time necessarily devoted to them, no real nor intimate knowledge can be obtained, nothing but a weak and imperfect smattering—is this system to be condemned.

"Those who boast the most loudly of their acquisitions in botany, and who lay most stress on its importance, know very well that to the physician it is of little or no practical value. Take one of the best of our English or Irish botanists, and see how meagre a knowledge he possesses after all, of many of the plants whose products are employed so largely every day in the treatment of disease. Transport him suddenly to the East or West Indies, to Africa, or South America, ask him to show you the camphor or the cinnamon-tree, the cajuput, the croton, or the guaiacum—I doubt very much whether he would be able to recognise logwood, or even ipecacuanha, growing in their natural situations. Again, there are a great many vegetable productions used every hour in medicine, of which it may be said, that no two botanists are agreed as to the precise description of plant from which they are derived. There is no substance in such common use as gum Arabic, and yet, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, it is not clear from what particular plant it is derived. Nor do I think it necessary to know whether the gum we use in compounding a cough medicine comes from the *Acacia vera* or *Acacia Arabica*. In like manner, the plants which furnish arrow-root and many other substances in common use are by no means determined. How many disputes have there been with respect to the genus *Cinchona*? And what has been the result of all our investigations concerning the plant which produces this great remedy. Listen to what my late learned friend Andrew Duncan says, in the Supplement to the Dispensatory: 'Notwithstanding that all the British colleges agree as to the botanical species of cinchona from which the commercial varieties of bark are derived, there is no satisfactory evidence that they are right; on the contrary it is almost certain that in regard to some of them they are wrong.' How many years were columba and many other similar productions employed, before scientific botanists knew any thing of their true history? In 1829 a paper was read by Dr. Hancock, on the tree which yields the *Angustura bark*; it appears that even Bonpland and Humboldt

holdt had described the wrong tree, and consequently it has been called for many years a *Bonplandia*; whereas it belongs, it now appears, to another genus, named *Galipea*: it is not a majestic forest tree, eighty feet high, but a very humble plant, half tree, half shrub. Dr. Hancock has also proved that the *Smilax syphilitica* of Willdenow is not the true *sarsaparilla*, which, consequently is produced by a plant not yet described; and at what conclusion does Dr. Hancock, who spent many years in South America arrive? Why that the only criterion for knowing good *sarsaparilla* is its taste when chewed! In proof of the uncertainty which still prevails concerning the determination of species used in medicine, I have only to refer you to the admirable lectures of Mr. Pereira in the *Medical Gazette*, and those of Dr. Sigmond published in the *Lancet*."

"The same observations apply to chemistry. It is a science fully as attractive as botany, and medical men are apt to spend too much time in its pursuit. Some very pertinent observations on this subject were made in the *Medical Gazette* about five or six weeks ago, to which I refer you; they are conceived in a spirit of good sense and sound judgment, and you will find them well worthy of an attentive perusal. I grant it may appear very like a paradox to say, that you need not know much practical chemistry. But if you go to a reputable druggist with money in your pocket, he will furnish you with all the chemicals you have need of, excellent in their kind, and prepared with scrupulous exactness. You will get good calomel, good sulphate of quinine, and good hydriodate of potass. So far as chemicals are required for medicinal uses, you can have them all of the best description. But it will be said, that without an accurate and extensive knowledge of chemistry you cannot prescribe. This is an assertion to which I cannot assent. A very limited knowledge indeed of chemistry will enable you to ascertain what substances are compatible with each other, and a small share of attention will prevent you from making any important mistakes. Besides, you are all aware that many of our best prescriptions contain incompatible ingredients; and that many compounds which would be sneered at by the mere chemist, as heterogeneous and absurd, prove decidedly efficacious in medicine. Granting that a certain degree of chemical knowledge is requisite, it does not follow that you should be scientific and accomplished chemists. It is not necessary that you should dive into all the arcana of the

science, or have your memories loaded with atomic numbers, symbols, and equivalents.

"Let me repeat with respect to chemistry what has been already observed concerning botany. Students should attend one or two courses of this science as preparatory to the study of medicine, and during the period of that study they may attend another, in order to keep up and improve their knowledge; but they should never allow chemistry to cause them to absent themselves from the hospital for a single day. Theoretical and philosophical call for your attention less than animal and pharmaceutical chemistry. But you are told that you may be called on to decide questions of medical jurisprudence, which demand an accurate knowledge of chemistry; that you will be required to test poisons, and detect them when accidentally or purposely mixed with food or drink. What should you do in such cases? Why, do not undertake any investigations of the kind, refuse to make them, refer them to those who are competent to the task. Where will you find a man engaged in the practice of physic fully capable of deciding such questions? What practising physician or surgeon is competent to enter at once upon an investigation of this nature? I have lectured some three or four years on medical jurisprudence, and have bestowed a good deal of attention on the subject, and yet if called on to decide a case of poisoning, I would refuse, and say I was incompetent to the task. What then is to be done under such circumstances? This is a matter of deep importance to society. It is of the utmost consequence that the wretch who poisons should not escape, and that the innocent should not suffer. It therefore behoves the government to employ and pay persons capable of deciding such questions. Then, and not till then, will the task be duly performed, and the decisions be such as the public can look up to with respect and confidence."

We would willingly dwell on this subject did our limits permit us; nor do we know any which should be more boldly put forward before the attention of a government, than the suggestion here contained. Every country in Europe, save our own, has a special body provided, whose business it is to investigate all cases of sudden death, and on the basis of medical knowledge to determine, as far as may be, the cause. Our coroners' inquest is but a poor mockery of this, as any one who will read the line of examination pursued must speedily be con-

vinced. At the very moment while we write, a crime of a doubtful character committed within a few miles of the capital, remains as thoroughly uninvestigated as though it had taken place in New Zealand. Not only was there no examination of the wound to ascertain how far hemorrhage might or might not have extinguished life, but the question of suffocation from inhaling the carbonic acid gas of a lime-kiln, was entirely overlooked; and stranger than all, the existence of certain vesications on the skin was adduced as evidence that the individual was living when he fell into the fire; as if such phenomena might not have been caused for a considerable time after life was extinct.

But it will be asked to what end this inquiry—for what purpose the investigation with matters which, however interesting to the physiologist, could scarcely be supposed to throw much light upon the nature of the crime itself, whether suicide or murder. To this our answer is a brief one. We are not obliged to refer to the “causes celebres” for instances where medical testimony has revealed the whole history of a crime—tracking it in every stage from its possible to its probable, from its probable to its actual commission—the records of our own state trials abound with instances of this kind.

The examination of a wound, its extent and relations has not only enabled the acute observer to infer the nature of the instrument that inflicted it, but also the degree of force used, and the direction in which the impulse was given. It is needless to say of what importance such facts become in a criminal trial, particularly in a country like ours, where the “animus” or intention decides the amount of the crime.

But to return from this digression, let us come back to the observations of our author, who, still keeping in mind the practical benefits which are supposed to arise from a cultivation of the sciences accessory to medicine, thus writes:—

“As to any benefits derived from analytic chemistry in solving the problems of vital action, or elucidating the functions of the various organs in health and disease, they may be said to be few

and unimportant, and inconclusive. Few and scanty, indeed, are the rays of light which chemistry has flung on the vital mysteries. I am not aware that it has revealed any of the master secrets of the organism, or detected the sources of those important aberrations from normal action which we are called on to study every day and every hour. Chemistry has failed most remarkably in revealing the arcana of life; and notwithstanding all her boasted discoveries, we are still very little in advance of those who practised the healing art some centuries ago. Chemists, the ablest of their class, have bestowed the most minute and unwearied attention on the analysis of fibrin, and gelatin, and albumen; and what have they discovered? Simply this: that substances so apparently distinct in their vital relations, and so different, or even opposed, in their physical properties, are analogous compounds; that there is scarcely any difference in their elementary composition; and that their atomic constitution is nearly identical. How long have chemists laboured in attempting to detect the cause of animal heat! How many experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining the effect produced on the air by respiration! How many able and ingenious men have sought a chemical explanation of the difference in point of colour between arterial and venous blood! All these investigations have proved indirectly useful, but none of them have revealed the secrets sought; and we are still in profound ignorance of the powers which direct and modify the unceasing operations of the laboratory over which *Æther* presides—that mysterious influence, which, like the Deity from whom it emanates, is invisible, inscrutable, incomprehensible.”

Brief as is the statement it will enable the unprofessional reader to estimate on the judgment of one well calculated to pronounce of how little advantage to the practising physician are those paths in study which, however they may conduce to his accomplishment and information, neither suggest a hint upon the nature of disease, nor offer any clue by which its alleviation or cure may be effected. In the few cases where chemical knowledge becomes a requisite for the study of disease, the information is neither difficult nor profound, and may be possessed by any one moderately well instructed.

Did chemistry possess all the powers its most ardent admirers pretend, they,

who profess its study have certainly not laboured to increase the debt of gratitude which medical men owe their art.

"Not only," says Dr. Graves, "have they assumed to themselves the privilege of naming our medicines, but also of changing those names every five or six years. One of my ablest and most diligent pupils (Mr. Moore) has taken the trouble of drawing up a table, showing the various names which have been successively bestowed on each substance since the days of Lavoisier. I have the table here before me, and I find that most chemical substances have, in the space of fifty years, undergone at least five changes. Of course as the march of chemistry progresses with accelerated speed, we may give our nomenclators credit for an increased tendency to revolutionize the chemical vocabulary, and conclude that they will change them five times within the next fifty years. In 1800, how will a man be able to recognise a substance whose name has undergone ten mutations? I am anxious to dwell on this defect as being pregnant with perplexity and confusion. It would almost seem as if some enemy to our profession had invented the chemical nomenclature for the purpose of retarding the advance of practical medicine. Of what use will a Practice of Physic, published in 1800, be to the reader who peruses it in 1800? We all know how easily the mind of man is deterred by difficulties? how few there are who will submit to the labour of becoming genealogists in chemical names.

"Many and able men foresaw this difficulty from the beginning, and raised their voices against the adoption of names meant to convey a knowledge of the chemical composition of mineral and saline medicines. Bostock and Murray have both written ably on this subject, and I regret much that their advice has not been duly weighed and considered. In practice, many serious inconveniences arise from this vacillating state of chemical nomenclature. Every apothecary knows that mistakes occur from day to day, owing to the shifting character of chemical nomenclature, and I think it is time for us to bestir ourselves, and make a stand against the useless and dangerous innovations of the chemists. We should come forward boldly, and declare that we will not be made the slaves of names. Compare our last pharmacopœia with its immediate or penultimate predecessor, and the difficulties a physician has to encounter will be obvious. Are we to be perpetually called on to learn new names? Must an artificial method of for-

getting become even more necessary than a *memoria technica*? Must my prescriptions of 1818 be translated into a new language, if I wish to employ them now? It is time, then, to protest seriously against having our memories loaded with a polyglott vocabulary, and our ideas confused by a perpetual alteration of names. I do therefore assert boldly, that much benefit would accrue from reverting to the old system, and employing names which have no direct reference to the substances. I do not see any reason why we should not continue to call calomel, calomel; nor do I see any advantage in giving it any of the numerous, modern appellations supposed to indicate its chemical constitution. I am glad to find that this view of the subject has the able support of Dr. Sigmond. He quotes Professor Brande as being of opinion that 'It is very inconvenient to alter pharmaceutical terms according to the changes in chemical nomenclature; and as physicians in practice have not come to accord in this particular, I can see no objection to the term *calomel* for one substance, and *corrosive sublimate* for the other, pharmaceutically speaking.' It is a subject of deep regret, adds Dr. Sigmond, that the attempt should be made, because it never can be successful; for some chemists will call calomel *protochloride*, others *chloride*, and some denominate sublimate *perchloride*, others *deutochloride*, and others again, as does the Royal College of Physicians, *bichloride*.

"What is the use of a name? To designate a thing—to point out any substance, so that when we call for it we may get it, and nothing else. This is all that is necessary. When you tax a name beyond this, you exceed the limits of ordinary language, and demand too much. The old names for our medicines are not inferior, in this respect, to the modern ones imposed on us by chemists. Tartar emetic is a good and significant name, and yet I perceive it has been altered several times before, and again in the last edition of the London Pharmacopœia. Why is it that the preparation of bismuth used in pyrosis has been three times changed in my own memory? What alterations have not the carbonates of iron and of alkalies undergone? As for Fowler's solution, corrosive sublimate, Mindererus's spirit, and Æthiop's mineral, (all good standard names,) they are now nearly extinct, and have been superseded by a new generation likely to prove as unstable as their predecessors. Many other substances have undergone the same fate. Where will the revolution stop? Indeed we seem, at the present moment, as far removed as ever from the establishment of a

stable system of chemical names. The progress of investigation discloses almost daily new views of the mutual relations between the elements constituting compound bodies; the atoms associated together are divided and subdivided into new groups, and, consequently, the symbolical representation of every compound assumes a new configuration, and is subdivided by brackets, altering their places with each successive advance of science. The labours of Bornsdorff and Hare already threaten the nomenclature of Berzelius, and the *chlorure platinopotassique* of the latter, now considered as a compound of chloroplatinous acid, and the chlorobase of potassium, must then be called chloroplatinite of potassium."

Having thus deservedly condemned a system of nomenclature which must be either incomplete or unpronounceable, Dr. Graves proceeds to examine how far modern chemistry has contributed to the study of physiology and pathology. He quotes for this purpose from the *Quarterly Review*, June, 1842, pp. 99 and 121.

"Professor Liebig applies the name of *metamorphosis* to those chemical actions in which a given compound, by the presence of a peculiar substance, is made to resolve itself into two or more compounds, *e. g.* sugar by presence of yeast, into alcohol and carbonic acid.

"Now putrifying animal matters will cause sugar to ferment as well as yeast—*explanation*, the ferment or exciting body is invariably a substance in an active state of decomposition, and therefore its particles in motion; this motion is communicated to the particles of the body to be metamorphosed, and is sufficient to overturn their very unstable equilibrium, and to cause the formation of new and more stable compounds. Liebig explains the actions of certain medicines and poisons on the human body in the same way—thus there are many medicines and poisons which produce a very marked effect without their elements taking a direct share in the changes which ensue; those bodies originate, as it were, an action, which is subsequently propagated from particle to particle; they are uniformly substances in a state of change, and appear to act on the blood, as yeast does on a solution of sugar. In this class appear miasms, contagions, and the similar sausage poison of Würtemberg; the latter is an excellent example. Sausages, made in a peculiar way, are much used in that country; when ill-

prepared they become poisonous, and their effects are invariably fatal: the patient gradually dries up into a sort of mummy, and after weeks or months of misery, death closes the scene; but there is no poisonous *substance* to be detected in the sausage. It is, according to Liebig, in a peculiar state of fermentation, which is not checked by the action of the stomach, and which unfortunately is communicated to the blood; it never ceases until every part capable of solution has been destroyed, and death of course must follow. *Miasms* and *contagions* act on the very same principle, and the reason that all are not affected by them seems to be, that they require the presence of a peculiar compound in the blood, which enters into decomposition, and when the whole of this peculiar matter is destroyed, the disease disappears. If there be much such matter the case is *severe*, if little, the case is *mild*; and apparently in many contagious diseases, *the peculiar decomposable matter once destroyed can never be renewed, so that these diseases occur but once.*

"Such is Professor Liebig's theory of poisoning and contagion—a theory which, though it comes to us recommended by the abilities of the first organic chemist of the age, and sanctioned by his anonymous but able reviewer in the *Quarterly*, can nevertheless be easily proved to rest upon almost as many assumed as *proven* facts. Thus how can Liebig so positively assert that there is no poisonous substance in the fatal sausages? True it is that no chemist has yet insulated such a substance; but Liebig knows better than any one else how profoundly concealed any particular animal principle may be by being mixed with a great variety of other animal principles. Thus how long did sugar, in the blood of diabetic patients, elude the searches of chemists? and yet they were looking for a principle with whose chemical qualities they were already accurately acquainted. How much more difficult of detection must the poisonous principle be which exists in so compound a body as a Würtemberg sausage? Besides what chemist was ever sure that he was actually analysing a poisonous sausage? Here a special difficulty lies, for hitherto there has been discovered no *a priori* method of distinguishing a poisonous from a wholesome sausage until both have been eaten, that is too late for analysis. How long has the poisonous quality of ergot of rye been known? and yet the principle to which its effects are owing, though often sought, has been only lately insulated.

"It is obvious, therefore, that Professor

Liebig's main example of his new pathological explanation is not by any means *proven*, and consequently it is unnecessary to follow him into the regions of fancy, where he has been enticed by a specious and seductive analogy. Pathology will cease to be a science when the study of facts gives place to such reveries as the above-cited passage contains—relative to miasma, contagions, mild cases, severe cases, diseases occurring but once in life."

As to Professor Liebig's theory of animal heat, the following quotation from the *Provincial Medical Journal* contains a condensed, yet very accurate analysis of it—

"The carbon and hydrogen of food, in being converted by oxygen into carbonic acid and water, must give out as much heat as if they were burned in the open air. The only difference is, that this heat is spread over unequal spaces of time: but the actual amount is always the same. The temperature of the human body is the same in the torrid as in the frigid zone. But as the body may be considered in the light of a heated vessel, which cools with an accelerated rapidity the colder the surrounding medium, it is obvious that the fuel necessary to retain its heat must vary in different climates. Thus, less heat is necessary in Palermo, where the temperature of the air is that of the human body, than in the polar regions, where it is about 90° lower. In the animal body, the food is the fuel; and, by a proper supply of oxygen, we obtain the food given out during its combustion in winter. When we take exercise in a cold atmosphere, we respire a greater amount of oxygen, which implies a more abundant supply of carbon in the food; and, by taking this food, we form the most efficient protection against the cold. A starving man is soon frozen to death; and every one knows that the animals of prey of the arctic regions are far more voracious than those of the torrid zone. Our clothing is merely an equivalent for food; and the more warmly we are clothed the less food we require. Were we to go destitute of clothes like certain savage tribes, or if, in hunting or fishing, we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we could, with ease, consume 10lbs. of flesh, and, perhaps, a dozen tallow candles into the bargain, as warmly-clad travellers have related, with astonishment, of those people. Then could we take the same quantity of brandy or blubber of fish without bad

effects, and learn to appreciate the delicacy of train oil.

"We thus perceive an explanation of the apparently anomalous habits of different nations. The macaroni of the Italian, and the train oil of the Greenland and the Russian, are not adventitious freaks of the taste, but necessary articles fitted to administer to their comfort in the climates in which they have been born. The colder the region, the more combustible must the food be."

"It is, I must confess, quite new to me that our clothing is merely an equivalent for food, and the more warmly we are clothed the less food we require. Take the well-clad and warmly-clothed country squire, and compare the quantity of food he devours with that which is consumed by his ragged labourers, and it may be asserted that the balance will be as much in favour of the squire's food as of his raiment. The voracious Samoyedes referred to, however barbarous in their manners, are an extraordinarily warmly-clothed race, and the semi-putrid fat and blubber of whales, agrees with the stomach of the Laplander as well in the heat of summer as in winter. In the arctic and cold regions of the earth man is driven by necessity to subsist on animal food, which is supplied to him by the unfrozen depths of the ocean, for in those inhospitable regions vegetable life is almost a stranger, and therefore it is that the Laplander, the Greenland, and Samoyede subsist almost exclusively on animal food. In the expeditions of Franklin, Parry, and Ross, our countrymen braved all the rigours of an arctic winter on the same food which they were in the habit of consuming in milder climates; and if it be true, as stated in the above passage, that in the animal body the food is the fuel, and, by a proper supply of food, we obtain the oxygen given out by its combustion in winter; if this be true, it is strange that there is no record of its being found necessary to give our sailors more food during the extreme cold than at other periods.

"Facts are wholly inconsistent with many of Liebig's allegations. All hunting tribes of mankind, whether in northern, temperate, or tropical regions subsist chiefly on animal food. This is true of the North and South American Indians, and it is true of the Hottentots, and indeed our travellers relate prodigies of gluttony enacted by the latter, for when, after a long fast, they suddenly obtain abundance of game, they will sit up the whole night occupied in cooking and devouring steak after steak, unaccompanied by a morsel of vegetable food, and, at such times, so indefatigable are

they in the business of eating, that the party, which over night had tightened their famine girdles to the last hole, have enormously-distended abdomens on the following morning, this, too, in the heart of Africa, where certainly no additional fuel was required for supporting the animal temperature. If Liebig's theory be correct, that animal food is peculiarly adapted to cold climates, how comes it that the most voracious carnivorous animals abound in the hottest regions of the earth. The Bengal tiger, and the African lion, and the boa constrictor of South America, together with the alligators and crocodiles of the Nile, the Ganges, and the Oronooko, all subsist solely upon animal food; and on the other hand, among the whale tribe it is observable that they abound in every variety of oceanic temperature, where the appropriate animal food occurs, and the same observation applies to fishes in general. Take the antelope and the gazelle of Africa, which would shiver from cold during the warmth of an English summer, and compare them with the reindeer, that bears with impunity, and that for months together, a temperature far below zero, and how can we explain the difference by Liebig's theory, for they both subsist on vegetable food? Facts such as these are not merely irreconcilable with, but destructive of, that theory."

A more specious and ingenious theory, nor one more totally unsupported by fact, it would be difficult to conceive. To prove that "our clothing is only an equivalent for food," he must be able to show a distinct relation between the amount of each, increasing and decreasing within certain proportions. Now it is tolerably well known to physiologists, that the source of animal heat once injured, the power of generating it, whatever the process, ceases in the individual, and is never subsequently restored, as is the case in persons who have recovered from suspended animation by immersion in cold water; yet we do not hear that the patients of the Humane Society have exhibited any remarkable powers of devouring, which certainly, to make up the deficiency of their internal fuel, they would be necessitated, according to Liebig's notion, to exercise. Nothing would call for a greater supply of caloric than an emergency of this

nature, and yet no mention has ever been made to our knowledge, that such a compensation has ever been resorted to, and that a dinner should follow a drowning is, we are assured, not among the maxims and rules so philanthropically published by the Humane Society.

As to the assertion that animal food is peculiarly adapted to cold climates, let us consult Belzoni, who affords an excellent specimen of the Egyptian mode of living during the hottest season of the year—

"When the dancing and singing ended, they all sat down in large circles, and a great quantity of boiled rice was brought to them in wooden bowls, besides a number of dishes of melokie, and bamies,* and four large sheep roasted, which were immediately torn to pieces and devoured!"

Again at p. 91, we find that Mrs. Belzoni (whether directed by taste merely, or by a philosophical anticipation of Liebig's theory respecting the heating qualities of meat) "had boiled rice and water for her fare, in preference to the chieftain's mess of mutton."

The following passage contains a curious hint which may be turned to good account by gentlemen residing in the mutton districts of Connaught (p. 15):—

"The Turkish cookery does not always suit an European palate, but they have some dishes equally agreeable with our own, particularly mutton roasted on a wooden pole at a wood fire (turf we suppose would answer). They put it on the fire immediately after it is killed, and before it has lost its natural warmth, and in this way it has a particular flavour quite agreeable to the palate."

Let us next turn to China, and see how far the diet used by the celestials, bears out the inferences deduced from Liebig's experiments.

In the narrative of the expedition to China, lately published by the gallant Captain Bingham, we find, at p. 269, the following passage—

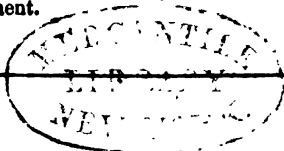
"Captain Eyres, waiting on the admiral shortly afterwards, found him

* Plants eaten by the Arabs as greens.

entertaining at breakfast a party of Mandarins, the chief of whom was a huge mountain of flesh (according to Liebig of course volcanic), say *thirty-five stone*, whose great boast was, that a sheep only supplied him with three days' supply of food; and to judge from the justice they all did to the substantial breakfast before them, it could easily be believed; the mountain taking up the slices of mutton as they were sent to him, on his fork, and coiling them down his throat, much as a Neapolitan swallows his macaroni; nor did he appear to have satisfied the cravings of his inordinate appetite, after all his exertions—with the Chinese fatness is thought a sure sign of wealth and wisdom, for they argue a thin man must be a poor devil, or he would have wisdom to eat more!"

We have now trespassed somewhat far on the patience of our readers, and on a topic which, to a certain extent,

has its claim less for the public than the profession, we shall therefore conclude with the assurance that while the introductory portion of this work may be read with pleasure and profit by all who take an interest in the progress and march of medical discovery, the subsequent portion of the volume contains an able digest of the present state of medical knowledge, arranged with consummate skill, and conveyed in language which proves the author no less a master of his subject than of style. It is rarely that any man, whose eminence as a practitioner and lecturer has been high, has contrived by authorship to increase his claims upon the world. The author before us is, however, an exception, and we pronounce Dr. Graves's book one which must contribute, and largely too, to his reputation, high though it be at this moment.



LINES

BY THE REV. M. VICARY.

There is a bark unseen in which we glide,
Above the billows of life's stormy sea,
As buoyant as the sea-bird on the tide—
Though dangers thicken round, from fear as free.

The winds may freshen, and the lightning play,
At midnight streaming o'er the briny deck;
Yet in this airy bark we speed away,
Certain of port, secure from rock and wreck.

She laughs at th' elemental war; and the wild wave
Dashes itself against the prow in vain:
A hand directs the helm that well can save,
And bid be hushed each doubting fear again.

There is a land, a fair and happy land,
Where all are welcome on her friendly coast:
No surges break upon that sunny strand,
But each dark care in pleasure pure is lost.

There sorrow's fountain pours no crystal store;
Grief has no sigh, the heart no gnawing pain—
The mind no torture, and the eye weeps no more—
There smiles the captive o'er his broken chain.

Such is the clime we seek, and such the sail:
For it, from home all willingly we're driven.
Guide us, thou friendly star!—breathe, gentle gale!
For that fair bark is Hope—that land is Heaven!

NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. VIII.

"The world's my filbert which with my crackers I will open."
Shakespeare.

"Hard texts are nuts (I will not call them cheaters,) Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters;
 Open the shells, and you shall have the meat:
 They here are brought for you to crack and eat."
John Bunyan.

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer beknaves the divine;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade's as honest as mine."
Beggars' Opera.

A Nut for "All Ireland"—A Nut for "A New Company"—A Nut for "The Political Economists"—A Nut for "Grand Dukes."

A NUT FOR "ALL IRELAND."

FROM Carrickfergus to Cape Clear the whole island is on the "*qui vive*" as to whether her gracious majesty the queen will vouchsafe to visit us in the ensuing summer. The hospitable and magnificent reception which awaited her in Scotland has given a more than ordinary impulse to every plan by which we might evince our loyalty, and exhibit ourselves to our sovereign in a point of view not less favourable than our worthy neighbours across the sea.

At first blush, nothing would seem more easy to accomplish than this. A very cursory glance at Mr. O'Connell's speeches will convince any one that a land more favourably endowed by nature, or blessed with a finer peasantry, never existed: with features of picturesque beauty dividing the attention of the traveller, with the fertility of the soil; and, in fact, presenting such a panorama of loveliness, peace, plenty, and tranquillity, that a very natural doubt might occur to Sir Robert Peel's mind in recommending this excursion to her majesty, lest the charms of such an arcadia should supersede the more homely attractions of England, and "our ladye the queene" preferring the lodge in the Phoenix to the ancient towers of Windsor, fix her residence amongst us, and thus, at once repeal the Union.

It were difficult to say if some vision of this kind did not float across the exalted imagination of the illustrious

Daniel, amid that shower of fortune's favours such a visit would inevitably bring down—baronetries, knighthoods, deputy-lieutenancies would rain upon the land, and a general epidemic of feasting and festivity raise every heart in the island, and nearly break Father Mathew's.

If the Scotch be warm in their attachment, our affections stand at a white heat; if they be enthusiastic, we can go clean mad; and for that one bepraised individual who boasted he would never wash the hand which had the honour to touch that of the queen, we could produce a round ten thousand whose loyalty, looking both ways, would enable them, under such circumstances, to claim superiority, as they had never washed theirs since the hour of their birth.

Notwithstanding all these elements of hospitality, a more mature consideration of the question would show very difficult it would be to compete successfully with the visit to Scotland. Clanship, the remains of feudalism, historical associations, whose dark colours have been brought out into glowing brightness under the magic pencil of Scott—national costume and national customs—the wild sports of the wilder regions—all conspired to give a peculiar interest to this royal progress; and from the lordly Baron of Breadalbane to the kilted Highlander upon the hills, there was something of ancient splendour and by-gone homeliness mixed together that may well

have evoked the exclamation of our queen, who, standing on the terrace at Drummond, and gazing on the scene below her, uttered—"How GRAND!"

Now, unfortunately in many, if not in all of these advantages, we have no participation. Clanship is unknown amongst us;—only one Irishman has a tail, and even that is as ragged an appendage as need be. Our national costume is nakedness; and of our national customs, we may answer as the sailor did, who, being asked what he had to say in his defence against a charge of stealing a quadrant, sagely replied—"Your worship, its a damn'd ugly business, and the less that's said about it the better."

Two doubts press upon us—who is to receive her majesty, and how are they to do it? They who have large houses generally happen to have small fortunes, and among the few who have adequate means, there is scarcely one who could accommodate one half of the royal suite. In Scotland, every thing worthy of being seen lies in a ring-fence. The Highlands comprise all that is remarkable in the country; and thus the tour of them presents a quick succession of picturesque beauty without the interval of even half a day's journey devoid of interest. Now, how many weary miles must her majesty travel in Ireland from one remarkable spot to another—what scenes of misery and want must she wade through from the south to the west. Would any charms of scenery—would any warmth of hospitality repay her for the anguish such misery must inflict upon her, as her eye would range over the wild tract of country where want and disease seemed to have fixed their dwelling, and where the only edifice that rises above the mud cabin of the way-side presents the red brick front of a union poor-house? These, however, are sad topics—what are we to do with the Prince? His royal highness loves sporting:—we have scarcely a pheasant—we have not one capercailzie in the island; but then we have our national pastimes. If we cannot turn out a stag to amuse him, why we can enlarge a tithe-proctor, and, instead of coming home proud that he has bagged a roe, he shall exult in having brought down a rector. How poor and insignificant would any *battue* be in comparison with a good midnight burning—how

contemptible the pursuit of rabbits and hares when compared with a "tithe affray," or the last collision with the military in Tipperary. I have said that the Scotch have a national costume; but if *semi-nakedness* be a charm in them, what shall be said of us, who go the "whole hog." The details of their ancient dress—their tartan, their kilt, their philabeg, that offered so much interest to the royal suite—how shall they vie with the million-coloured patches of an Irishman's garment? or what bonnet that ever flaunted in the breeze is fit to compare with the easy jauntiness of Paddy's *caubeen*, through which, in lieu of a feather, a lock of his hair is floating?

"Nor clasp nor nodding plume was there;

But for feather he wore one lock of hair."

Marmion.

Then, again, how will the watch-fires that blazed upon the mountains pale before the glare of a burning hag-gard; and what cheer that ever rose from Highland throats will vie with the wild yell of ten thousand black-feet on the march of a midnight marauding. No, no; it is quite clear the Scotch have no chance with us. Her majesty may not have all her expectations fulfilled by a visit to Ireland; but most assuredly a "touch of our quality" will show her many things no near country could present, and the probability is, she will neither have time nor leisure for a trip to New Zealand.

Every thing that indicates nationality will then have its reward. Grave dignitaries of the church will practise the bag-pipes, and prothonotaries will refresh their jig-dancing—whatever is Irish will be *la vogue*, and, instead of reading that her majesty wore a shawl of the Gordon tartan, manufactured at Paisley, we shall find that the queen appeared in a novel pattern of rags, devised at Mud-island; while his royal highness will compliment the mildness of our climate by adopting our national dress. What a day for Ireland that will be!—we shall indeed be "great, glorious, and free;" and if the evening only concludes with the Irish quadrilles, I have little doubt that her majesty will repeat her exclamation of "How grand!" as she beholds the members of the royal suite moving gracefully to the air of "Stony-batter."

Let us then begin in time. Let there be an order of council to preserve all the parsons, agents, tithe-proctors, and landlords till June—let there be no more shooting in Tipperary for the rest of the season—let us burke Father Mathew, and endeavour to make our heads for the approaching festivities; and what between the new poor-law and the tariff, I think we shall be by that time in as picturesque a state of poverty as the most critical stickler for nationality would desire.

A NUT FOR "A NEW COMPANY."

By no one circumstance in our social condition is a foreigner more struck than by the fact that there is not a want, an ailing, an incapacity for which British philanthropy has not supplied its remedy of some sort or other. A very cursory glance at the advertising columns of *The Times* will be all-sufficient to establish this assertion. Mental and bodily infirmities, pecuniary difficulties, family afflictions, natural defects, have all their separate corps of comforters; and there is no suffering condition in life that has not a benevolent paragraph specially addressed to its consolation. To the "afflicted with gout;" to "all with corns and bunions;" to "the friends of a nervous invalid"—who is, by-the-by, invariably a vicious madman; "to the childless;" to "those about to marry." Such are the headings of various little crumbs of comfort by which the active philanthropy of England sustains its reputation, and fills its pocket. From tooth-powder to tea-trays—from spring mattresses to fictitious mineral waters—from French blacking to the Widow Welch's pills—all have their separate votaries; and it would be difficult to conceive any real or imaginary want, unsupplied in this prolific age of contrivance.

A gentleman might descend from the moon, like our clever friend "The Commissioner," and, by a little attention to these plausible paragraphs, become as thoroughly John Bull in all his habits and observances, as though he were born within St. Pancras. "A widow lady with two daughters would take a gentleman to board, where all the advantages and comforts of a private family might be found,

within ten minutes' walk from Greenwich. Unexceptionable references will be given, and expected on either side." Here, without a moment's delay, he might be domiciled in an English family; here he might retire from all the cares and troubles of life, enjoying the tranquil pleasures of the widow's society, with no other risk or danger save that of falling in love with one or both of the fair daughters, who have "a taste for music," and "speak French."

It is said that few countries offer less resources to the stranger than England, which I stoutly deny, and assert that no land has set up so many sign-posts by which to guide the traveller—so many directions by which to advise his course. With us there is no risk of doing any thing inappropriate, or incompatible with your station, if you will only suffer yourself to be borne along on the current. Your tailor knows not only the precise shade of colour which suits your complexion, but, as if by intuition, he divines the exact cut that suits your condition in life. Your coachmaker, in the same way, augurs from the tone of your voice, and the *contour* of your features, the shade of colour for your carriage; and should you, by any misfortune, happen to be knighted, the Herald's Office deduce, from the very consonants of your name, the *quantum* of emblazonry they can bestow on you, and from how far back among the burglars and highwaymen of antiquity they can venture to trace you. Should you, however, still more unfortunately, through any ignorance of etiquette, or any inattention to those minor forms of breeding with which every native is conversant, offer umbrage, however slight and unintentional, to those dread functionaries, the "new police;" were you by chance to gaze longer into a Jeweller's window than is deemed decorous; were you to fall into any reverie which should induce you to slacken your pace, perchance to hum a tune, and thus be brought before the awful "Sir Peter," charged by "G. 743" with having impeded the passengers—collected a crowd—being of suspicious appearance, and having refused "to tell who your friends were," the odds are strongly against you that you perform a hornpipe upon the treadmill, or be employed in that very elegant chemical analysis, which consists

in the extraction of magnesia from oyster-shells.

Now, let any man consider for a moment what a large, interesting, and annually-increasing portion of our population there is, who, from certain peculiarities attending their early condition, have never been blessed with relatives or kindred—who, having no available father and mother, have consequently no uncles, aunts, or cousins, nor any good friends. Here the law presses with a fearful severity upon the suffering and the afflicted, not upon the guilty and offending. The state has provided no possible contingencies by which such persons are to escape. A man can no more create a paternity than he can make a new planet. I have already said that with wealth at his disposal, ancestry and forefathers are easily procured. He can have them of any age, of any country, of any condition in life—churchmen or laymen—dignitaries of the law or violators of it;—'tis all one, they are made to order. But let him be in ever such urgent want of a near relative; let it be a kind and affectionate father, an attached and doting mother, that he stands in need of—he may study *The Times* and *The Herald*—he may read *The Chronicle* and the *The Globe*, in vain! No benevolent society has directed its philanthropy in this channel; and not even a cross-grained uncle or a penurious aunt can be had for love or money.

Now this subject presents itself in two distinct views—one as regards its humanity, the other its expediency. As the latter, in the year of our Lord, 1843, would seem to offer a stronger claim on our attention, let us examine it first. Consider them how you will, these people form the most dangerous class of our population—these are the "waifs and strays" of mankind. Like snags and sawyers in the Mississippi, having no voyage to perform in life, their whole aim and destiny seems to be the shipwreck of others. With one end embedded in the mud of uncertain parentage, with the other they keep bobbing above the waves of life; but let them rise ever so high, they feel they cannot be extricated.

If rich, their happiness is crossed by their sense of isolation; for them there are no plum-pudding festivals at Christmas, no family goose-devourings at

Michaelmas. They have none of those hundred little ties and torments which weary and diversify life. They have acres, but they have no uncles—they have gardens and graperies, but they can't raise a grandfather—they may have a future, but they have scarcely a present; and they have no past.

Should they be poor, their solitary state suggests recklessness and vice. It is the restraint of early years that begets submission to the law later on, and he who has not learned the lesson of obedience when a child, is not an apt scholar when he becomes a man. This, however, is a part of the moral and humane consideration of the question, and like most other humane considerations, involves expense. With that we have nothing to do; our present business is with the rich; for their comfort and convenience our hint is intended, and our object to supply, on the shortest notice, and the most reasonable terms, such relatives of either sex as the applicant shall stand in need of.

Let there be, therefore, established a new joint stock company to be called the "GRAND UNITED ANCESTRAL, KINDRED, AND BLOOD RELATION SOCIETY"—capital any number of pounds sterling. Actuaries—Messrs. Oliver Twist and Jacob Faithful.

Only think of the benefits of such a company! Reflect upon the numbers who leave their homes every morning without parentage, and who might now possess any amount of relatives they desire before night. Every one knows that a respectable livelihood is made by a set of persons whose occupation it is to become bails at the different police offices, for any class of offence, and to any amount. They exercise their calling somewhat like bill-brokers, taking special pains always to secure themselves against loss, and make a trifle of money, while displaying an unbounded philanthropy. Here then is a class of persons most appropriate for our purpose: fathers, uncles, first cousins, even grand-fathers, might be made out of these at a moment's notice. What affecting scenes, too, might be got up at Bow-street, under such circumstances, of penitent sons, and pardoning parents, of unforgiving uncles and imploring nephews. How would the eloquence of the worshipful bench revel, on such occasions, for its di-

play. What admonitions would it not pour forth, what warnings, what commiseration, and what condolences. Then what a satisfaction to the culprit to know that all these things were managed by a respectable company, who were "responsible in every case for the good conduct of its servants." No extortion permitted—no bribery allowed; a regular rate of charges being printed, which every individual was bound, like a cab-man, to show if required.

So much for a father, if respectable; so much more, if professional; or in private life, increased premium. An angry parent, we'll say two and sixpence; sorrowful, three shillings; "deeply afflicted and bound to weep," five shillings.

A widowed mother, in good weeds, one and sixpence; do. do. in a cab, half a crown; and so on.

How many are there besides who, not actually in the condition we speak of, would be delighted to avail themselves of the benefits of this institution. How many moving in the society of the west end, with a father a tobacco-nist or a cheesemonger in the city, would gladly pay well for a fashionable parent supposed to live upon his estate in Yorkshire, or entertaining, as the *Morning Post* has it, a "distinguished party at his shooting lodge in the Highlands." What a luxury, when dining his friends at the Clarendon, to be able to talk of his "Old Governor" hunting his hounds twice a week, while, at the same moment, the real individual was engaged in the manufacture of soap and short sixes. What happiness to recommend the game-pie, when the grouse was sent by his Uncle, while he felt that the only individual who stood in that capacity respecting him, had three gilt balls over his door, and was more conversant with duplicates than double barrels.

But why pursue a theme whose benefits are self-evident, and come home to every bosom in the vast community. It is one of "the wants of our age," and we hope ere long to see the "fathers" as much respected in Clerkenwell or College-street, as ever they were in Clongowes or Maynooth.

A NUT FOR "THE POLITICAL ECONOMISTS."

This is the age of political economists and their nostrums. Every newspaper teems with projects for the amelioration of our working classes, and the land is full of farming societies, temperance unions, and a hundred other Peter Purcellisms, to improve its social condition; the charge to make us

"Great, glorious, and free,"

remaining with that estimable and irreproachable individual who tumbles in Lower Abbey-street.

The Frenchman's horse would, it is said, have inevitably finished his education, and accomplished the faculty of existing without food, had he only survived another twenty-four hours. Now, the condition of Ireland is not very dissimilar, and I only hope that we may have sufficient tenacity of life to outlive the numerous schemes for our prosperity and advancement.

Nothing, indeed, can be more singular than the manner of every endeavour to benefit his country. We are poor—every man of us is only struggling; therefore, we are recommended to build expensive poor-houses, and fill them with some of ourselves. We have scarcely wherewithal to meet the ordinary demands of life, and straightway are told to subscribe to various new societies—repeal funds—agricultural clubs—O'Connell tributes—and Mathew testimonials. This to any short-sighted person might appear a very novel mode of filling our own pockets. There are one-ideal people in the world, who can only take up the impression which, at first blush, any subject suggests; they, I say, might fancy that a continued system of donation, unattended by any thing like receipt, is not exactly the surest element of individual prosperity. I hope to be able to controvert this plausible, but shallow theory, and to show—and what a happy thing it is for us—to show that, not only is our poverty the source of our greatest prosperity, but that if by any accident we should become rich, we must inevitably be ruined; and to begin—

Absenteeism is agreed on all hands to be the bane of Ireland. No one, whatever be his party prejudices, will

venture to deny this. The high-principled and well-informed country gentleman professes this opinion in common with the illiterate and rabid follower of O'Connell; I need not, therefore, insist further on a proposition so universally acknowledged. To proceed—of all people, none are so naturally absentees as the Irish; in fact, it would seem that one great feature of our patriotism consists in the desire to display, in other lands, the ardent attachment we bear our own. How can we tell Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, Russians, Swedes, and Swiss, how devoted we are to the country of our birth, if we don't go abroad to do so? How can we shed tears as exiles unless we become so? How can we rail about the wrongs of Ireland and English tyranny, if we don't go among people who, being perfectly ignorant of both, may chance to believe us? These are the patriotic arguments for absenteeism; then come others, which may be classed under the head of "expediency reasons," such as debts, duns, outlawry, &c. Thirdly, the temptations of the Continent which, to a certain class of our countrymen, are of the very strongest description—Corn Exchange politics; vulgar associates, an air of bully, and a voice of brogue, will not form such obstacles to success in Paris as in Dublin. A man can scarcely introduce an Irish provincialism into his French, and he would be a clever fellow who could accomplish a bull under a twelvemonth. These, then, form the social reasons; and from a short revision of all three, it will be seen that they include a very large proportion of the land—Mr. O'Connell talks of them as seven millions.

It being now proved, I hope, to my readers' satisfaction, that the bent of an Irishman is to go abroad, let us briefly inquire what is it that ever prevents him so doing. The answer is an easy one. When Paddy was told by his priest that whenever he went into a public-house to drink, his guardian angel stood weeping at the door, his ready reply was, "that if he had a tester he'd have been in too;" so it is exactly with absenteeism; it is only poverty that checks it. The man with five pounds in his pocket starts to spend it in England; make it ten, and he goes to Paris; fifteen, and

he's up the Rhine; twenty, and Constantinople is not far enough for him! Whereas, if the sum of his wealth had been a matter of shillings, he'd have been satisfied with a trip to Kingstown, a chop at Jude's, a place in the pit, and a penny to the repeal fund; all of which would redound to his patriotism, and the "prosperity of Ireland."

The same line of argument applies to every feature of expense. If we patronise "Irish manufacture," it is because we can't afford English. If we like Dublin society, it is upon the same principle; and, in fact, the cheap pleasures of home form the sheet-anchor of our patriotism, and we are only "guardian angels," because "we haven't a tester."

Away, then, with any flimsy endeavours to introduce English capital or Scotch industry. Let us persevere in our present habits of mutual dislike, attack, and recrimination; let us interfere with the projects of English civilization, and forward, by every means in our power, the enlightened doctrines of popery, and the patriotic pastime of parson-shooting, for even in sporting we dispense with a "game licence;" let no influx of wealth offer to us the seduction of quitting home, and never let us feel with our national poet that "Ireland is a beautiful country to live out of."

A NUT FOR "GRAND DUKES."

God help me but I have always looked upon a "grand duke" pretty much in the same light that I have regarded the "Great Lama," that is to say, a very singular and curious object of worship in its native country. How any thing totally destitute of sovereign attributes could ever be an idol, either for religious or political adoration, is somewhat singular, and after much pains and reflections on the subject I came to the opinion that German princes were valued by their subjects pretty much on the principle the Indians select their idols, and knowing men admire thorough-bred Scotch terriers—viz. not their beauty.

Of all the cant this most canting age abounds in, nothing is more repulsive and disgusting than the absurd laudation which travellers pour forth concerning these people, by the very ludicrous blunders of comparing a foreign aristocracy with our own. Now

what is a German grand duke? Picture to yourself a very corpulent, moustached, and befrogged individual, who has a territory about the size of the Phoenix Park, and a city as big and as flourishing as the Blackrock; the expenses of his civil list are defrayed by a chalybeate spring, and the budget of his army by the licence of a gambling-house, and then read the following passage from "Howitt's Life in Germany," which, with that admirable appreciation of excellence so eminently their characteristic, the newspapers have been copying this week past—

"You may sometimes see a grand duke come into a country inn, call for his glass of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself. The consequence of this easy familiarity is, that princes are every where popular, and the daily occurrence of their presence amongst the people, prevents that absurd crush and stare at them, which prevails in more luxurious and exclusive countries."

That princes do go into country inns, call for ale, and drink it, I firmly believe; a circumstance, however, which I put the less value upon, inasmuch as the inn is pretty much like the prince's own house, the ale very like what he has at home, and the innkeeper as near as possible in breeding, manner, and appearance, his equal. That he *pays* for the drink, which our author takes pains to mention, excites all my admiration; but I confess I have no words to express my pleasure on reading that

"he goes away again," and, as Mr. Howitt has it, "as unceremoniously as yourself," neither stopping to crack the landlord's crown, smash the pewter, break the till, nor even put a star in the looking-glass over the fire-place, a condescension on his part which leads to the fact, that "princes are every where popular."

Now considering that Mr. Howitt is a Quaker, it is somewhat remarkable the high estimate he entertains of this "grand ducal" forbearance. What he expected his highness to have done when he had finished his drink, I am as much at a loss to conjecture; as what trait we are called upon to admire in the entire circumstance; when the German prince went into the inn, and knocking three times with a copper kreutzer on the counter, called for his choppin of beer, he was exactly acting up to the ordinary habits of his station, as when the Duke of Northumberland, on his arriving with four carriages at the "Clarendon," occupied a complete suite of apartments, and partook of a most sumptuous dinner. Neither more nor less. His Grace of Alnwick might as well be lauded for his ducal urbanity as the German prince for his, each was fulfilling his destiny in his own way, and there was not any thing a whit more worthy of admiration in the one case, than in the other.

But three hundred pounds per annum, even in a cheap country, afford few luxuries; and if the Germans are indifferent to cholic, there might be, after all, something praiseworthy in the beer-drinking, and here I leave it.

THE POLITICAL RELATIONS OF THE EAST AND WEST OF EUROPE.

SERVIA, WALLAKIA, AND MOLDAVIA.

In a former number we called the attention of our readers to the political and social constitution of Hungary, and, in doing so, entered into details, which, to many persons, may have seemed too minute, or even uninteresting; we hope, however, in the course of the present article, to be able to show sufficient grounds for our previous prolixity: in fact, the politics of eastern Europe are, at this moment, depending, to a great extent, on the satisfactory solution of the great problem of social re-organization at present going forward in Hungary. To place this subject in the clearest light, it will be necessary to make a few preliminary observations on the present relations of Russia and Austria, to Turkey, and in especial to those portions of the latter empire, known as the principalities of the Danube, and which we have selected for the subject of the present article.

Moldavia, Wallakia, and Servia, form a chain of territory, in nominal subjection to the Porte, interposed between the two great empires of Russia and Austria on the one hand, and Turkey and Hungary on the other. In the present tottering state of the Ottoman empire, which threatens dissolution from day to day, it has become a matter of diplomatic speculation, what the ultimate fate of these principalities is to be: whether Europe will suffer them to be annexed to the overgrown Russian empire—whether they are to be absorbed by Austria, or whether they have material within themselves which would render them capable of being converted into independent states.

Either of the two former contingencies would be attended with serious political difficulties. In the case of Russia, the annexation of the principalities would give her an unlimited command over the navigation of the Danube and Black Sea, in addition to the power of ultimately seizing on Bosnia, Epirus, Albania, and the kingdom of Greece,

whereby she would further obtain a footing in the Adriatic and Archipelago. A glance at the map of Europe will explain at once how the possession of Wallakia and Servia would not only enable Russia, but, in some degree, force that power to take the above steps. These are the objections to the views of Russia.

Austria would be much benefited by the possession of Wallakia, as it would give her a footing on the lower Danube, below the cataract of the Iron Gate; while Servia, and in especial Belgrade, would secure to her the uninterrupted navigation of the middle Danube and the Sava. Austria is, however, (for reasons which we shall hereafter explain,) by no means desirous of extending her territory in this, or indeed any other direction: her chief object in occupying the principalities would be, to prevent Russia from doing so. Indeed so scrupulous is Austria on the subject, that she has repeatedly declined a small piece of Turkish Croatia, which is cut off by the river Unna, and which has been frequently offered as a present by the Porte, although the possession of it would round off her frontier, and secure Austrian Croatia from marauding expeditions.

Austria, in so doing, has acted with equally good faith and sound policy. It is evident, that her acceptance of this piece of territory would furnish Russia with a precedent for a dismemberment of the Ottoman empire, which it is the interest of Austria to avoid. The annexation of the principalities to the Austrian empire would, as far as the remainder of Europe is concerned, be unproductive of much inconvenience; but serious difficulties would arise in consequence of the present state of Hungary. And this brings us to the consideration of another point, namely—on what grounds either Russia or Austria found their claims to the possession of the principalities?

On the part of Russia, no legitimate

pretext can be put forward further than identity of religion, for all three provinces, and national affinity in blood and language, as regards Servia in particular. If, however, such claims be admitted, as possessing force, they would justify not only the annexation of the principalities, but that of a great part of Austria itself, in which the Slavish inhabitants form the great bulk of the population.

The claims of Austria rest on a very different foundation, namely—that of previous possession. We shall have occasion to point out, that Wallakia, Moldavia, and Servia did, at different times, actually belong to the kingdom of Hungary, now a part of the Austrian empire; and we find that, by the terms of the Hungarian constitution, the Emperor, King of Hungary, is bound to re-annex all these provinces to the kingdom of Hungary so soon as he shall have *reconquered* them from the Turks. Amongst the “*gravamina*” prepared by the Hungarian diet in 1830, we find this principle loudly asserted in the demand for the re-incorporation of Dalmatia, Lodomeria, Galicia, &c. In the article on Hungary (to which we have already referred) we detailed at length the probable result of a re-organization of the Hungarian constitution on the integrity of the Austrian empire. We shall now only point out the difficulties which are superadded by the present state of the principalities.

On the one hand, Austria cannot suffer Russia to occupy these countries for the reasons already stated; and in this policy she should be backed by the great powers of the west of Europe. On the other hand, if Austria take possession of the principalities herself, Hungary will compel her to re-incorporate them with that kingdom, which would inevitably lead to the dismemberment of Hungary from the Austrian empire.

We must now anticipate somewhat the course of events, and inform our readers, that the Hospodar of Wallakia has by Russian intrigue been driven from the throne of that principality, while the same agency has brought about a revolution in Servia, which has placed a descendant of Czerny György on the throne. Under these circumstances, it has become

a question with our diplomatists, how the affairs of these countries are to be settled; and several schemes have been put forward respectively by Russia and Austria, which we shall now proceed to mention, previous to entering into the history of the principalities.

It has been proposed to erect Wallakia and Servia into a kingdom for the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son-in-law of the Emperor Nicholas.

Another report has given Servia as a kingdom to the Archduke Stephen, cousin-german of the Emperor of Austria, on condition of his marrying Mademoiselle de Berry, daughter of the Duchess de Berry.

We shall not detain the reader further with diplomatic “on dits,” but at once proceed with the more immediate subject of this paper; and first, Servia.

About the middle of the seventh century, that part of the ancient Illyricum called Moesia, was overrun and taken possession of by a tribe of the Sarmates, one of the numerous families of Slaves, who, at this period, devastated, and took possession of, the outlying provinces of the Roman empire. This Slavish people were called Serbli, or Servi, and the territory of which they possessed themselves received the name of Serbia, or Servia. The Serbli were not allowed to remain in undisputed possession of their new country, but were, for many centuries, engaged in a series of struggles with the Greek emperors, and the Hungarians, who had driven the Slaves out of the adjacent countries of Pannonia and Dacia. At a later period a new enemy appeared on their western frontier; the republic of Venice having taken possession of Dalmatia and Morlachia, and endeavouring to extend its conquests into Bosnia, then forming a part of Servia.

The Venetian wars have left strong and indelible traces in the language of the Servians of the present day. The Servian language is distinguishable from the Russian, Polish, and other dialects of the Slavonic, by its greater softness and euphony, caused by the admixture of vowels, derived from the Italian, and in which the other Slavish tongues are so deficient.

The Servians continued to struggle

for their independence until 1150, when the Hungarians assisted them in throwing off the yoke of the Greek Emperor, Manuel Comnenus, who, however, in the following year, again reduced them to obedience. In 1193 the struggle was again renewed, but with no greater success, and Serbia remained annexed to the Greek empire.

We now arrive at the period of the fourth crusade, about which time the Grecian empire sunk to rise no more. The Hungarians took advantage of the defenceless state of the northern frontier, and overran Serbia, nominating a king who, however, was a vassal of the Hungarian throne. Here begins the connexion with Hungary, to which we have already alluded.

In the commencement of the fourteenth century, the Servians had thrown off their allegiance to Hungary; but we find them soon after obliged to cede Belgrade, and a portion of northern Serbia to that kingdom.

Soon afterwards (about 1336) the famous Stephan Duszán asserted the independence of his country, and consolidated Serbia into a compact and powerful kingdom. This is the era to which the Servians delight to recur; and their national poetry is full of romances connected with this period. Duszán's reign was, however, of short duration, and he was soon succeeded by Lazar, who, in 1374, became once more tributary to Hungary, losing, at the same time, his title of Czar, and receiving in its stead that of Knez or Judge.

About this period a new enemy to Servian independence appears on the stage, in the person of the victorious sultan of the Osmanli Murad, or Amurath. Serbia is overrun and conquered by the Turks—Lazar is put to death by the conqueror, and Serbia divided into two portions, one of which is given to the son, the other to the son-in-law of Lazar.

Servia then became the theatre of the wars between the Turks and Hungarians, and was once more occupied by the latter, subsequent to the death of Murad, who was killed at the battle of Kossova by a Servian youth named Milosch. A peace was afterwards concluded between the Hungarians and Turks; but the former having received a dispensation from the papal legate, violated the treaty. For this

piece of treachery Hungary was severely punished: King Ladislaus, and the famous John Hunyady, were defeated with great slaughter at Varna, on the 14th October, 1447, by Murad II., and Servia became permanently annexed to the Ottoman empire. This was the palmy period of the Osmanli power. Wallakia and Moldavia became subject to the Porte about the same time. Hungary itself was overrun subsequently, and Vienna only saved by the heroism of the Poles.

As we proposed to trace the connexion between Servia and Hungary, we shall pass on to 1718, when one of Europe's greatest generals, Prince Eugene, struck a fatal blow to the Ottoman power by the victory at Carlowitz. We must, however, premise that Hungary had now passed under the dominion of the house of Austria, by the death of Louis II. of Hungary, at the fatal battle of Mohacs, 1526.

The battle of Carlowitz was followed by the treaty of Passarowitz, which was concluded between Austria and the Porte, and by which the former acquired possession of the Banat of Temesvar and the whole of northern Servia, including Belgrade. This state of things was, however, not long to continue; the wars between Sweden and Russia extended their baneful influence to these remote countries. Austria, as is well known, joined the Czar, while the Porte took the part of the unfortunate Charles XII. In order to operate a diversion in favour of the Russians on the lower Danube, Austria sent an army, under Seckendorff, into Servia. The fortress of Niassa, one of the keys of Constantinople, was taken, and Seckendorff besieged Widdin, in order to complete his basis of operations, and open a communication with the Russian army on the lower Danube; this was in 1738. The imperial general was defeated before Widdin, and in 1739, Austria concluded a separate peace at Belgrade, by which that fortress and the whole of Servia were ceded to the Porte. The boundary then fixed on was formed by the Danube, the Sava, and the Unna, and is pretty nearly the Turkish frontier of the present day.

It is necessary here to remark that the fortress of Belgrade is situated at the embouchure of the Sava, on the right bank of the Danube. Its posi-

tion gives it the perfect command of the navigation of these two rivers, which renders it a point of great importance both as a commercial and military depôt. The name Belgrade is of Slavish origin: Bilo Grad signifies white fortress; and the Hungarian name, Nandor, Fejer, var, expresses the same idea. The term grad in Servian and var in Hungarian are of frequent occurrence as names of places, both signifying fortress. Palanka is also a word often used in the Servian nomenclature: it signifies fort.

The aggressions of the empress Catherine, in the Crimea, once more brought on a declaration of war by the Porte, in 1787. The emperor Joseph was induced to join Russia, and the famous Marshal Laudon received the command of an army on the Turkish frontier. The Emperor Joseph commanded in person for a while, but proved himself to be a bad general. Laudon besieged Belgrade, and the defeat of the Turks at Rinnich opened the gates of Belgrade to Laudon early in 1790.

The Emperor Joseph dying in 1790, his brother and successor Leopold II., concluded a treaty (1791) with the Porte, which restored Belgrade and the adjoining districts to the Ottoman yoke.

The Emperor Leopold was induced to this sacrifice, with which the Austrian possession of Servia ceased, by the horrors of the French revolution then approaching its climax. In 1793 Louis XVI. was murdered, and shortly afterwards Maria Antoinette, an Austrian princess, shared the same fate. Leopold had abundant employment in other quarters, and Servia was left to its fate.

Selim III. was now on the Turkish throne. The constant disasters of the Ottoman arms, resulting from the total want of discipline of the Janissaries, induced Selim to apply himself to the organization of a new military force; a plan which had been already attempted by Sultan Solymán (Cannunî). The new troops (Nizam y Gedid) were intended to supply the place of the Janissaries, which latter body, fearing the loss of their pay and privileges, broke out into open revolt. Paswan Oglu, Pasha of Widdin, had also thrown off his allegiance, and was in open rebellion; he adroitly availed

himself of the discontent of the Janissaries, who flocked to his standard from all parts of the empire, finding in him the ready and powerful advocate of their claims.

Meanwhile the oppression of the Pashas and Janissaries had become insupportable to the Servians. Russia promised her assistance. The rebellion of Paswan Oglu countenanced their efforts, and in 1801 the Servians flew to arms. The celebrated George Petrowitsch, better known by the name of Czerny Gyury, or Black George, placed himself at the head of the revolt. The war was now carried on with various success. In 1804 Black George succeeded in obtaining possession of Belgrade; and in 1806, through the assistance of Russia, the Servians were enabled to obtain possession of their entire country, having expelled nearly all the Turks.

In 1807, Russia and England declared war against the Porte (*vide infra*). Russia now openly espoused the cause of the Servians, and the battle of Slobodzia, gained by the Servians, compelled the Porte to acknowledge their independence. Czerny Gyury was now enabled to assist the Russians during the campaign of 1809; and the country remained under his jurisdiction until 1812.

In this year Napoleon undertook his well-known expedition to Moscow. The diplomacy of England was exerted to the utmost in bringing about a peace between Russia and the Porte; the result was the treaty of Bukarest, to which we shall have occasion to refer.

Russia was so eager to make peace at any rate, that she threw over the Servians completely. They were delivered up to the Porte, a few nugatory provisions for clemency being exercised towards them, were all the stipulations in their favour; hitherto Russia had shown herself as a disinterested friend, but from that moment she began to discover her selfish and ambitious policy. All the forts erected by the Servians for their defence, were razed; but the magnanimity or want of power of the sultan, induced him to allow the Servians to continue their former system of domestic administration. The Servians were highly indignant at the conduct of Russia, but that power, soon afterwards freed from the French invasion, again endeavoured to prosecute

her ambitious views. The Czar, or his agents, offered assistance to the Servians, on condition that all their fortresses should be delivered into their hands; and that the entire population capable of bearing arms should be placed at the disposal of the Russian government.

These terms were rejected with indignation; but the precarious state of the province induced Czerny Gyury to seek aid from the court of Vienna. The emperor Francis was then unable to take advantage of this open; and the Servians, in despair, endeavoured to negotiate at Constantinople. In this they were not more successful, as in 1813 Servia was invaded by the pashas of the adjoining Sanjacks of Widdin and Boenia. After four months of the most desperate resistance, the Turks were victorious, and Czerny Gyury fled into Hungary, after having killed his father with his own hand, in order to prevent his falling into the hands of the Turks, who now began to practise their usual atrocities against the Servians. Although deserted by their prince, the Servians were not altogether abandoned to their fate: a new hero appeared on the scene, with whose name were associated recollections of former triumphs.

Milosch Obrenowitsch had been a cow-herd to his half-brother, Milan, who lived in the district of Rudnick. During the wars which Czerny had carried on against the Turks, Milosch had acted, on several occasions, with the greatest bravery and prudence, and had ultimately acquired a separate command. He now fled into the mountains, and collected a large body of men, with whom he made predatory excursions into the Turkish districts. Finding himself, at length, at the head of ten thousand men, he attacked the Turkish troops, and defeated them on several occasions. He became so formidable that the Pascha of Belgrade, by authority from the Porte, entered into negotiation with him, and Milosch was appointed Oberknez, i. e. chief judge of the district of Rudnik, and a general amnesty granted.

The intrigues of Russia were still carried on, but Milosch avoided all connexion with them. Determined to work out the independence of Servia without foreign aid, and distrusting the Russian emissaries and their ma-

nœuvres, he put down two insurrections which had been prematurely excited. Meanwhile, Milosch was not idle or unmindful of the claims of his country: a general insurrection was organized by him, which broke out simultaneously throughout the whole country in 1815, and at the head of which he was unanimously placed. Servia was, with the exception of a few fortresses, speedily freed from the Turkish power, and the Porte acknowledged its independence, reserving to itself the right of protection, and the payment of an annual tribute.

A Servian senate was formed, consisting of four senators, Milosch being president, and in 1817 he was elected chief of the Servian nation, with the title of prince.

But Russia found Prince Milosch much too national for her purposes. It was in vain that he strained every nerve to ameliorate the condition of his country, which was in a state of the greatest barbarism and disorganization. The fortresses were still garrisoned by Turkish troops, and he found himself opposed in all his endeavours towards civilization: on the one hand by the Turks, and on the other by the Russian agents. Czerny Gyury, whom we have already seen desert the national cause and fly into Hungary, after having stained his hands with the blood of his own father, was now induced by the persuasions of the Russians to endeavour to secure to himself the fruits of Prince Milosch's labours. He accordingly made a descent into Servia, but was taken prisoner by Milosch's order, and delivered up to the Turkish authorities, by whom he was executed.

Milosch now continued his endeavours to civilize his brutal and fierce countrymen. It is not to be denied, that he was exceedingly severe and despotic in his measures; but nothing less would have suited the Servians at that, or, indeed, at any subsequent period. A pear tree is still to be seen at Kragujewatz, where Prince Milosch resided, from which many hundreds of Servian robbers (Panduren) were made to dangle, "*a la Louis XI*"—the usual terminations of all criminal processes being "*na hrusehko*," (to the pear tree.)

Things continued in this state until 1825, when a formidable insurrection

broke out, caused partly by the iron rule of Prince Milosch—partly by the Russian agents acting through the Greek clergy, who were desirous of seeing Servia united to the dominions of the “head of the Greek church.” Quiet was, however, soon afterwards restored, and a conspiracy to murder the prince, in 1826, had no better success.

In 1827 Milosch was elected hereditary prince of Servia. The war between Russia and the Porte now broke out. Milosch carefully avoided taking any part in it. He, however, derived many advantages from the peace of Adrianople, which was signed in 1829, and by which the six districts of Krajina, Timok, Parakin, Kruschewatz, Starowlaska, and Drina, were annexed to Servia. These districts were, however, not actually given up until 1834, in which year a hattischeriff was published, recognising the hereditary monarchy of the prince.

We must now retrace our steps for a few years. In 1830 a national assembly was called together for the purpose of preparing a constitution for Servia. After much debating, a committee was formed, with instructions to manufacture a constitution after the most approved receipts. It must be remembered that at this period the most extraordinary personification of ministerial ignorance, bravado, and imbecility ever perhaps witnessed, occupied Downing-street. By instructions transmitted by Lord Palmerston, through Lord Ponsonby, to Colonel Hodges, British consul at Belgrade, the most extravagantly-elaborate and Whig-radical constitution was concocted for the Servians—a people, be it remembered, in the lowest state of ignorance, and who neither knew nor were capable of estimating any other motive of action than sheer compulsion. The new constitution was accepted by a second national assembly, on the 10th February, 1835; and in the same year Prince Milosch made a journey to Constantinople.

This new constitution was opposed on different grounds by the Porte, Russia, and Austria. In fact, nothing could have been more unfit for the people, as the sequel has most clearly exemplified. Nevertheless, the English influence was then predominant at Constantinople, and the constitution

began to work. Its fruits soon became apparent. Russia, who for her own reasons had opposed the constitution, seeing that it was passed into law, determined with her usual adroitness to make the best possible use of what she could not prevent.

We have already seen that the Servians had been convinced of the perfidy of Russia, so far back as the treaty of Bukarest, and that Milosch was odious to the Czar for having dared to be independent and national in his feelings. Lord Palmerston, like all other English “Doctrinaires,” believed that a people in such a state of barbarity as were the Servians, could, by the mere installation of a constitution, with its electoral machinery, chambers, and responsible ministry, be raised at once to such a pitch of civilization as would enable them to preserve their own independence; and our foreign minister congratulated himself on having laid the foundations of a powerful and efficient barrier to Russian aggression, amidst the debris of the Ottoman empire north of the Hæmus range.

Meanwhile the Russian emissaries took possession of the ear of the Servian people, through the Greek priests, who were, in fact, the depositaries of all power in the country. Servia was as completely governed by the Emperor Nicholas, through the medium of the Palmerstonian constitution as was the Kremlin through a ukase. The authority of Prince Milosch became merely nominal, and his pear tree ceased to bear fruit. The whole country became disorganised, and Colonel Hodges then recollected the fable of the monkey, the cat, and the roasted chestnuts.

Milosch made a last effort to save the independence of his country. He determined on a counter revolution, and in this step he was joined by the British consul. The *coup*, as it is well known, failed, and Milosch crossed the Danube into Hungary with Colonel Hodges, in 1839.

This was the cope-stone of diplomatic absurdity. It proved to the Servians that we had given them a constitution, not for their sakes, but to serve our own purposes; and that for our own purposes we were equally willing to deprive them of their political rights (so called.) By these blunders England has lost for ever, or at least for a long time to come, all

chance of exercising a beneficial and rational influence on the affairs of Servia: the true shopkeeper spirit of her policy was too evident to be mistaken even by the Servians. England remained without any representative from this period until last year, when, on the ejection of the incapables, a new consul-general was sent to Belgrade.

But we are anticipating. On the flight of Prince Milosch, his eldest son, Milan, was placed on the throne; but he died soon afterwards, and was succeeded by Prince Michael, his brother. Russian influence had now a fair field for action. Michael was a puppet; but he was forced by the national party in the senate to take a part. A series of proscriptions, and prosecutions, and changes of ministry, now took place. Prince Michael was obliged to remove from Belgrade to Kragujewatz, in order to place him beyond the reach of the foreign consuls, and things went on struggling in the most frightful state of anarchy.

We now arrive at the termination of the drama. In the spring of 1841, a general insurrection broke out in Bulgaria. This spread rapidly through Epirus and Macedonia, and gave the Porte, then engaged in Syria, much trouble and uneasiness. The principal agent in exciting these disturbances was the Russian consul-general at Orsowa, Colonel Tscheffkin, in which he was ably seconded by his namesake, General Tscheffkin, in Bosnia and Epirus. Immediately previous to the first demonstrations of revolt, these countries were visited by an *aid-de-camp* of the Emperor Nicholas, a Prince Lieven. By the same agency some of the Servians were induced to join with the rebels, although the government professed a strict neutrality. The revolutionary movement was, however, soon checked, and Russia had then no other resource than to carry on her underhand intrigues, both at Constantinople and Belgrade, the result of which has been, that a few months since a new revolution broke out in Servia.

Prince Michael had shown symptoms of the same refractory disposition which had been so displeasing to the protecting court of Russia in his father. He was, therefore, to be got rid of; and a descendant of Czerny

Gyorgy was the person selected to fill his place. This youth had been educated in Russia, at one of the military colleges, and it was hoped that he would be more Russian in feeling than even his ancestor had been. The revolution broke out; Prince Michael fled into Hungary, and the new prince was elected in his stead. It appears, however, that the Porte has been enabled to assert more authority in this instance than had been calculated on by the court of St. Petersburg. The six districts which were incorporated by the treaty of Adrianople have been again detached. The usurper has been denied the title of prince, and has received that of simple Bey. In fact, the whole fabric which Milosch had erected with so much labour and perseverance, is now again threatened with destruction; and Russia, disappointed in her *coup*, throws all the blame on certain foreign consuls whom she is afraid to name. The Porte adroitly seized on the pretext of Prince Michael having had secret communication with the Bulgarian rebels, and suffered the late insurrection to proceed—by which means the sultan has gained back six districts, and weakened Servia. Russia was, however, the prime mover of the whole business, and being now disappointed, threatens a rupture with the Porte for the infraction of the treaty of Adrianople. This is the *status quo*, and our diplomatists will have some trouble in settling the question. Meanwhile Prince Milosch is at Vienna, where he has been most cordially received. Whether Austria will take any step in his favour is more than we can assert. We shall now merely add a few data as to the geographical position and the resources of Servia—after which we shall proceed to give our readers a hasty sketch of the political history and position of Wallakia and Moldavia.

Servia lies between the forty-third and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude. The greater portion of that country is mountainous, being occupied by the contreforts of that chain of the Alps which extends in an eastern direction from the head of the Adriatic, to lose itself in the two chains of the Hæmus or Balkan, and the Argentara Dag or Mount Rhodope. Servia may be therefore considered to lie in the valley

of the Danube; but its upper districts (now ceded to the Porte) command the defiles which lead into Roumelia. It is bounded on the north by the Danube and Save; on the east by Bulgaria; and on the west by Bosnia; which latter country formerly was incorporated with it. Its superficial extent may be estimated at six hundred German square miles, of fifteen to the degree, and its population is not believed to exceed a million of souls.

Servia possesses all the natural products common to southern Europe. It is, for the most part, uncultivated, and covered with splendid forests, both of pine, oak, and beech. Great numbers of swine are annually fed in these forests, and exported to Vienna through Hungary, and the corn, maize, and silk of Servia are of excellent quality. The latter branch of industry is, as yet, in its infancy, but has hitherto given fair prospects of success. Servia has but little commerce beyond the export of animals to Hungary, notwithstanding its being bounded by two navigable rivers. The amount of tribute hitherto paid to the Porte amounted to 2,300,000 Turkish piasters. We have not been able to ascertain whether the recent events have caused any alteration in the amount.

The religion of the Servians is the Greek church, and to this rule there are but few exceptions, composed of the Turkish garrisons, and the Jews, and gypsies, who are to be found in all these countries. The Servians are a remarkably fine race, and make good soldiers. They are tall, slender, and dark-complexioned, resembling the inhabitants of some of the south-eastern provinces of Spain. Like all other Slavish nations, they have a strong feeling of nationality, and they possess a very beautiful national minstrelsy, composed chiefly of romances, either of war or love. The females are, generally speaking, very pretty while young: they become, however, prematurely old in appearance, and are then by no means inviting.

Civilization can hardly be said to exist in Servia. The frequent wars and disasters of the country have kept the people in a state of semi-barbarism, in which, perhaps, they are happier than many who pride themselves on having a share in the march of intellect.

Under these circumstances it will be apparent, that the Servians were not altogether qualified for the representative form of government, and that it would have been wiser to have attempted a more gradual system of civilization. We have already mentioned that the Servian language is more melodious than most other dialects of the Slavonic tongues; and now to Wallakia and Moldavia.

Wallakia is a much more extensive country than Servia: its superficial extent is reckoned to be one thousand two hundred and ninety-seven square German miles, and, with Moldavia, it possesses a population of one and a half million of souls. These two countries formed, with Transylvania, the Dacia of the Romans; and, from their conquest, the Emperor Trajan received his surname of Dacicus. The usual policy of the Roman empire towards conquered provinces was observed with regard to Dacia, which was colonized by the legions that had assisted in its reduction. In few cases have such palpable remains of Roman colonization survived, as in those two countries; and, in addition to the superb remains of Roman baths, bridges, aqueducts, &c., which are to be found scattered in all directions, the language of the Wallakians, at the present day, is evidently a corruption of the *lingua Romana rustica*. The Wallakians and Moldavians style themselves, to this day, Rumuns, or Rumunyi, and consider themselves the only pure descendants of ancient Rome, which still survive the mighty wreck of the empire.

In this respect, however, they flatter themselves strangely; for, although we may admit that a large proportion of the descendants of the original colonists still exists, still there are evident traces of admixtures of Albanian, Bulgarian, and Gothic blood amongst them.

On the decline of the empire, these countries were overrun in succession by the Goths, Huns, Gepids, Longobardi, and Araxes, all of whom were then pressing towards the west.

Towards the end of the seventh century the Slaves appeared, as we have seen in Servia, but, unlike this latter country, Wallakia and Moldavia still continue to retain a large proportion of the Rumunyi, while the former is-

habitants of Servia were totally dispossessed.

In another point of view there is, however, a great similarity between these countries, namely—in their early connexions with Hungary and Transylvania, to which we have already alluded, as giving rise to a sort of hereditary claim on the part of Austria.

The possession of the principalities would, as we have shown, give Austria a secure footing on the lower Danube, and is additionally desirable as a means of rounding off her frontier in this direction.

Wallakia and Moldavia lie in the northern acclivities of the valley of the Danube, which river forms their southern boundary. Bessarabia and Russian Moldavia separate them on the east from the Black Sea, while the Bukowina, Transylvania, and the Banat of Temesvar form their boundaries on the north and west. This latter portion of the frontier is formed by a branch of the Carpathians, which terminates at Orsova, on the Danube, but in which chain there is a break at the Rother Thurm pass, through which the river Aluta flows in its way to the Danube. The portion of Wallakia, cut off between the Aluta and the Hungarian frontier, is the old Banat of Crajova, sometimes called Little Wallakia. The little rivers, Milkoo and Szereth, which latter debouches between Galaiz and Brailow, separate Wallakia from Moldavia, and this latter principality is now bounded on the east by the Pruth, in consequence of Russia having seized on one half of Moldavia, lying between the Pruth and Donester.

This will suffice to give our readers a clue to the historical events which we shall have occasion to lay before them, and a clear conception of which will be much facilitated by a knowledge of the relative geography of these countries.

To resume our story. The Slavish occupation of Wallakia did not last long; and we may remark, *en passant*, that the Slaves rarely succeeded in obtaining permanent footing in the flat countries of middle Europe, being dispossessed in Hungary by the Magyárs, and in the principalities by the Tartars, who overpowered and drove them out in the ninth century.

In the eleventh century the Tartars

retired from Wallakia, leaving it a perfect desert, as most of the Rumany, or Wallakians, had retreated into Transylvania, where they obtained lands, and formed extensive settlements. In the thirteenth century, Hungary being, in turn, overrun by the Tartars, the Wallakians returned into Wallakia and Moldavia, led by their Woivodes, who, however, remained tributary to the crown of Hungary. The Banat of Crajova, which had been annexed to Hungary in the ninth century, was now restored to Wallakia; and in the fourteenth century the Woivodes declared themselves independent of Hungary, which gave rise to a succession of wars, by which this latter country sought to re-establish its dominions.

The success of the Woivode of Wallakia, against the Hungarians, induced him, in 1391, to attempt the subjugation of some of the neighbouring Turkish provinces, and, in an evil hour, he levied an army, and made an inroad. Although successful at first, he was soon afterwards defeated, and Wallakia now became, for the first time, tributary to the Porte; a few years after the same event had taken place in Servia.

In the war undertaken in 1444 by Ladislaus, King of Hungary, and which ended in the defeat at Varna, of that king, with his general, John Hunyady, the Wallakians were induced to take the part of the Hungarians, after whose defeat the Woivode of Wallakia, hoping to make terms with the Sultan, seized on Hunyady as he endeavoured to reach his own territory.

On the liberation of Hunyady, he assembled a large army, and invaded Wallakia—put to death the treacherous Woivode, and nominated another in his stead. Thus was Wallakia once more annexed to the kingdom of Hungary. It did not, however, long remain so; for the fatal battle of Kossova once more brought it under the Turkish yoke, and, by the treaty of 1460, the Wallakians were forced to become tributary, retaining, however, their own internal administration, as also the right of nominating their Woivodes in their national assemblies.

In 1536 Moldavia submitted voluntarily to the Porte, and was placed on the same footing with Wallakia. Things remained in this state for a

few years, when, at length, Sigismund, who had acquired a separate woivodate in Transylvania, gained the Woivodes of the two other principalities, and, throwing off the Turkish yoke, they succeeded in obtaining possession of the whole country north of the Danube.

1595, Michael Woivode, of Wallakia, succeeds in establishing himself, and, with the assistance of his Transylvanian allies, carries on a successful struggle against the Ottomans for five years, at the end of which time he is left in quiet possession. Meanwhile, in 1597 the Poles seize on Moldavia.

It is necessary now to mention that Sigismund, of Transylvania, having abdicated, that principality was united, together with Hungary, under the dominion of the Emperor Rodolf, who, in 1600, appointed Michael to be Woivode of Transylvania, as a reward for his previous services.

Michael now resided in Transylvania, Wallakia being entrusted to a deputy woivode or lieutenant.

Thus was Wallakia again united with Hungary. This connexion did not, however, last long: the Imperial General, commanding in Transylvania, suspected Michael of designing to establish an independent authority in Transylvania, and the Woivode was executed. On his death, the Wallakians, unprepared to nominate a successor, became an easy prey to the Turks, who seized, once more, on Wallakia in 1602, while, in the same year, Moldavia was ceded to them by Poland.

From this time forward the Wallakians made many but ineffectual struggles to obtain their freedom, or at least to assert the rights which had been guaranteed them by treaty. Their efforts were, however, in vain, and year by year the chains of Ottoman tyranny were rivetted closer and become more oppressive.

Meanwhile a new power was springing up in the north of Europe, and Peter the Great at length appeared on the stage to assist in turning the tide of conquest southwards, and to lay the first foundations for that line of policy which has been since so pertinaciously adopted and carried out by his successors; from henceforth we shall find that the affairs of the two principalities become identified with the movements of Russian policy, and we shall have

equal opportunities of observing the tortuous, designing, and crafty diplomacy of the Muscovites in Wallakia and Moldavia, as in Servia.

A great deal has been said by all parties on the subject of Russian diplomacy and Russophobia. We conceive it to be quite unnecessary to enter into the many absurd arguments which have been put forward on the subject, we content ourselves with a plain statement of facts which are well known to be such, but which have been overlooked in the most unaccountable manner. We do not offer any opinion of our own, let our readers judge for themselves. In 1710 Bessarabba, Woivode of Wallakia, entered into a correspondence with Peter the Great, then threatened with invasion by the Sultan Achmet; and finally agreed to furnish him an auxiliary force of 80,000 men. Peter, relying on these promises, soon afterwards sent an army into Moldavia, which advanced to Jassy. Bessarabba, however, did not keep his promise, and Peter was joined by the Woivode Cantimir, of Moldavia, at the head of a few followers, the Moldavians having determined to remain neutral on the occasion. In consequence of this disappointment, Peter was reduced to the last extremities, and his subsequent defeat on the Pruth was mainly occasioned by the non-appearance of the Wallakian auxiliary forces.

This circumstance is chiefly remarkable as having caused the deposition of Bessarabba, and his subsequent execution at Constantinople—the first instance in which the Porte had assumed the right of treating the Woivodes like the other Pachas of the empire. This occurred in 1714, and soon afterwards the Sultan nominated Stephen Cantacuzene to the Woivodate, which makes the first connection of Wallakia with the Fanariot princes, and is also the first occasion on which the Wallakians were deprived of the right of electing their own princes. From this period the privileges of the two principalities were gradually narrowed in; and, during the remainder of the eighteenth century, no less than forty princes occupied the throne of Wallakia, most of whom were beheaded or strangled. The principalities, now deprived of their native princes, and governed by the rapacious Greeks of

the Fanal, were plundered and oppressed in the most frightful manner, and all traces of civilization extirpated.

Moldavia was occupied by the Russians in 1739, and Genl Munich took Jassy, but soon after abandoned the whole province, until after the declaration of war between the Porte and Russia in 1768, in consequence of which Romanyoff occupied Moldavia once more in 1770—defeated the Turks on the Pruth, and possessed himself of Jassy Brailow and Bender.

A peace was concluded in 1774, known as the treaty of Kajnardjik, by which the principalities were again restored to Turkey. The sixteenth article of this treaty provides a full and general amnesty for the Wallakians—insures for them the free exercise of their religion—regulates the mode of payment of the tribute which was to be levied by themselves—accords to the Hospodars the privilege of sending an agent to Constantinople—and, finally, acknowledges the right of Russia to mediate with the Porte on their behalf, thus placing them, in fact, under the protection of Russia. The Porte seems, nevertheless, to have violated many of these guaranteed privileges, as we find that it was deemed necessary, in 1779, to sign a convention explicatory of the sixteenth article of the treaty of Kajnardjik, and by virtue of which the Porte renewed its solemn engagements with reference to the violated articles, Russia, at the same time, binding herself *not to abuse her right of intervention*.

This latter provision contains intrinsic evidence, that Russia had abused her right of intervention, and acknowledges that the Porte had reason to complain of her having done so.

In the portion of this article relating to Servia, we have already seen that in 1787 the emperor Joseph joined the Russians in the war which then broke out, and which had been occasioned by the continued aggressions of the empress Catherine in the Crimea. On this occasion the Russians occupied Moldavia again; while a large Austrian army entered, and took possession of Wallakia. We have also seen that on the death of Joseph, his brother and successor Leopold signed a separate peace, by which, in addition to the evacuation of Belgrade and Servia, Wallakia was again restored

to the Porte, and in the following year, the peace of Jassy was concluded between the Porte and Prussia, chiefly through the mediation of Russia and the British minister, Mr. Whitworth.

By the sixth article of the treaty of Jassy, Moldavia was restored to the Porte, subject to the restrictions of the treaty of Kajnardjik; and article three is peculiarly deserving of attention, as it stipulates that "*The Dniester shall become for the future the permanent boundary of the Russian empire.*"

It seems also to have been stipulated that the Porte should not remove the Hospodars before the expiration of seven years' duration of office; but there is no such public article in the treaty itself: certain it is, however, that, on the nomination in 1802, of Ipsilanti and Mourousi to Wallakia and Moldavia, Russia did guarantee, in right of her protectoral power, the septennial duration of their respective governments.

In 1805, Russia and England declared war against the Porte, which resulted, on the part of England, in the unfortunate expedition of Admiral Duckworth. One of the causes which led to this war, was the recall of the two above-mentioned hospodars whose septennial term had been guaranteed by Russia. They were replaced by Callimachi and Sutzo, well-known adherents of the French party at Constantinople, by whose interference, indeed, they had been appointed, for the purpose of involving Russia in a war with the Porte, and thus creating a diversion in favour of France.

The Russian troops now occupied the principalities, while the troubles which occurred at Constantinople, and which finally led to the deposition and murder of Selim, prevented the Porte from making any strenuous efforts to re-conquer them.

Napoleon had promised the Sultan that the principalities should be restored; but in the treaty of Tilsit, which was signed in 1807, a secret article was inserted, by which the Russians were to be allowed to retain possession, as a price for their non-interference in Spain. A public article of the treaty of Tilsit, provided for their restoration, and in accordance with this, an armistice was arranged at Slobodsia on the 24th August, 1807, which, however, did not produce any

permanent accommodation; and the Russians retained possession until 1812, when, being pressed by the celebrated invasion of their territory, they concluded the peace of Bukarest, chiefly through the mediation of England.

Napoleon now in vain endeavoured to intrigue at Constantinople. His base desertion of his ally at Tilsit had become known, and Russia was enabled to conclude a most advantageous peace, by which, amongst other things, it was stipulated that the future boundaries of the Russian empire should be the Pruth; thus, in the teeth of the treaty of Jassy, ceding to Russia the richest and most valuable half of Moldavia.

Callimachi and Caradja were appointed hospodars of the two principalities in 1812: nor did the Porte make any attempt to disturb them; but in 1818, Caradja, who had amassed immense wealth in Wallakia, seeing the term of his administration near at hand, and fearful of his personal safety, fled into Austria, and thence to Switzerland; and Prince Alexander Sutzko was appointed in his stead, with the approbation of Russia. This hospodar dying in 1820, the well-known insurrection of Ipsilanti broke out in the principalities. This had been, properly speaking, commenced by Wladimieresko, whose views were confined to matters of purely local and national reform, particularly as regarded the abolition of the exclusive rights of the Bojars, or nobles.

The revolt of Wladimieresko had been already appeased, when Ipsilanti, a major-general in the Russian service, raised the standard of revolt in Moldavia. This movement was instigated and supported by the Russian government, and soon spread, as is well known, through the neighbouring countries, ending in the Greek revolution. Ipsilanti was, however, soon put to death, and nothing worthy of notice occurred until 1822, when a new era occurred in the history of the principalities, the Porte having in that year once more appointed a native prince, in the person of Gregor Ghika. The Turkish troops were also withdrawn from the provinces, and a semblance of national independence was again perceptible.

In 1826 the convention of Akjerman was signed, purporting to be a completion of the treaty of Bukarest. Its

principal articles placed the principalities of Wallakia, Moldavia, and Servia, under the protectorate of Russia. As regarded the two first named countries, they were secured *the right of selecting their own princes*, who were to be chosen by the Bojars and higher clergy, subject to the approbation, however, of the Porte and the protecting court. Their term of holding office was fixed at seven years, *before the expiration of which term* they might be re-elected. The Porte renounced the right of deposing the hospodars, except in case of their committing "*quelque delit*," admitted to be such by Russia.

War again broke out in 1828, between Russia and the Porte. The principalities were once more taken possession of by the Russian troops. Count Pahlen, and afterwards General Kisselew, assumed the direction of affairs. The Emperor Nicholas guaranteed all the rights of the principalities, derived under the various treaties subsequent to the reign of Catherine.

The treaty of Adrianople in 1829, laid the basis of the present constitution of the two principalities. It provided that the hospodars should be elected for life and only subject to deposition, under the same restrictions as the treaty of Akjerman imposed. The hospodar to be elected by a general assembly composed of one hundred and ninety members, Bojars and clergy. Liberty of commerce was guaranteed, and demands for presents or contributions *in natura* of grain and timber were renounced; civil and criminal tribunals organised similar to those of France; a national army of four thousand five hundred men permitted to be formed, with a right to increase their number in case of necessity. A quarantine establishment, and *cordon sanitaire*, by which the principalities were in fact separated from Turkey, was also permitted, and the general assembly obtained the right of demanding an account of all the acts of government, through the medium of a responsible ministry. The Turkish fortresses on the Danube were given up to the Wallakian troops. These were the important positions of Brailow, Giurgewo, and Tournow. The tribute remained the same, namely, three hundred thousand lowen thaler; and it

was agreed that a double tribute should be paid on each new election of a hospodar.

Two additional articles were appended, which plainly show what the designs of Russia were at that period.

"1st—The decrees of the general assembly approved of by the prince, shall not have the power of law until they shall have received the sanction of the Suzerain and *protecting power*."

"2nd—The inspector-general of quarantine shall be named by the prince *conjointly with the Russian consul-general*."

The last diplomatic document with which we shall trouble our readers, is an extract from the treaty of St. Petersburg, 29th January, 1834.

By the 2nd article of this treaty the Porte recognises formally all the regulations and enactments made by the inhabitants during the occupation of the principalities by the Russian troops, and not finding any thing in these enactments which can affect the sovereignty of the Porte, the constitution is fully recognised. Further the sultan undertakes to publish a *hatti scheriff* to this effect, within two months of the ratification of the present treaty, and to give a duplicate of the same to the Russian embassy at Constantinople.

For this one time, and as a peculiar case, the hospodars will be named in the manner already agreed on by the two high contracting powers; for the future, however, this election will take place according to the terms of the constitution.

In pursuance of the above stipulations, Prince Sturdza was appointed to Moldavia, much against the desire of Russia, and only in consequence of the Porte having expressed a determination not to proceed to an election if this candidate were excluded.

Prince Ghika, who had been nominally hospodar, during the occupation of the Russians, having died in November, 1834, another prince of the same name and family, was appointed to Wallakia. The final retreat of the Russian forces was hailed by both principalities as a most fortunate circumstance. The ambitious and selfish designs of the Russian court had become too apparent to the Wallakians and Moldavians; and both princesses earnestly to work in creating and perfecting measures adapted to secure

the independence of the principalities. Prince Ghika especially showed himself desirous of throwing off the toils with which Russian intrigue had surrounded him; and has been, by the influence of Russian agents, dethroned within a few months.

We have already alluded to the diplomatic *on dits* which have been current as regarding the future government of Wallakia, &c.; amongst others it has been said, that General Kisselew, was to be nominated to Wallakia. This officer remained in that country in command of the Russian troops, and was in fact hospodar during the occupation.

Since we commenced this article, a letter has appeared in some of the London newspapers, stating that the first of January, 1843, had been fixed on for the election of a new hospodar; and that the choice was expected to fall on either Styr Bey, or George Philippesco.

By this it would appear that the Porte has been encouraged to assert its authority, and that the principalities will be insured the free exercise of the rights vested in them according to the terms of the several treaties; for it must be borne in mind that the Porte is equally interested in preventing the acquisition of Wallakia by Russia, as the inhabitants themselves can be. The Wallakians and Moldavians are most averse to being absorbed by Russia, and under a choice of evils we believe they would prefer being re-annexed to Hungary; there is, however, one party in the principalities who are blindly and zealously devoted to the Russian interest, we mean the clergy, amongst whom large sums of money are constantly distributed by Russian agents, in addition to the presents of pictures, books, &c., which are openly sent to the Greek churches from St. Petersburg.

As some persons may expect details as to the commercial affairs of the principalities, and although we believe that England can never have extended commercial relations with these countries, especially so long as the present quarantine establishments at the mouth of the Danube are permitted to remain in the hands of Russia; we shall nevertheless conclude this paper with a few data extracted from Hage-

It is, however, necessary to premise that Lord Palmerston concluded a treaty with Austria, guaranteeing certain reciprocal advantages for Austrian vessels arriving in British ports from Austrian ports in the Danube, and *vice versa*. The object of this piece of diplomacy is evident, namely, the assertion of the free navigation of the Danube, but under existing circumstances it is a mere nullity, as there are no Austrian ports on the Danube accessible to sea-going ships; the Austrian territory terminating at the cataracts of the Danube below Orsowa known as the Iron Gates.

The chief ports of the Danube are Galacz in Moldavia, and Brailow in Moldavia, and all the commerce of southern Russia passes through these two ports. Ismael and Reni, which are in the Russian province of Bessarabia do comparatively little business, as is proved by the fact, that the imports into Russia through Galacz and Brailow amounted, in 1833, to 680,000 rubles. Galacz is sixty miles from the Black Sea, sixty-five from Jassy, and seventy-two from Bukorest: the Danube is navigable for ships of three

hundred tons up to this point—indeed the difficulties for ships of a greater burden occur at the mouth of the Danube.

The chief commerce of the principalities is, however, in the other direction, through Transylvania, Hungary, and the Bukovina, for black cattle and wool; the principalities receiving in return by the Danube, cotton goods and hardware from Moravia, Austria, and Styria. The cotton goods of Germany destined for this market are all marked with English brands and tickets. Of late years there has been also a considerable import of carriages and furniture from Vienna.

It is unnecessary to mention, that the chief natural products of Wallachia, &c., consist of wool, timber, hemp, some wine, bees-wax, honey, corn of very superior quality, but chiefly oxen, which are sent through Hungary to Vienna. The limits of this paper prevent us entering into further particulars.

P.S.—Philippesco was elected hospodar on the 1st January, 1843, and his appointment has been probably ratified ere this.

SPALATRO.

FROM THE NOTES OF FRA GIACOMO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE Spalatro, surnamed Barbone, of whom we speak, was not the illustrious bandit of Napoleon's early time, who assumed, or acquired, that name, but the celebrated original, who first bore it two centuries since. This man was nobly born, lost his parents early, squandered his fortune, and then "took to the road" professionally. He speedily became one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, of Italian robbers of any age. His followers were so numerous, so well armed, and so hardy, that none of the states cared unnecessarily to meddle with him, but contented themselves with acting to the best of their ability upon the defensive; it is even said that Venice allowed this

desperado a secret stipend upon the condition that her territories should be exempted from his depredations: however this may be, it is certain that he made himself so universally dreaded, that but for his singular rashness, he might have lived in as much security, and died in as much splendour, as ever did an absolute prince. He was, however, foolish enough to visit the city of St. Mark during the carnival, and happening to quarrel with a party of young fellows, he killed three of them, but being overpowered by numbers, was taken, and after a protracted examination before the state inquisition, was executed between the pillars in the piazzetta, beside the Doge's palace.

In the hall of the great council, in

the ducal palace, whither, upon the suppression of the republic, the famous library of St. Mark was transferred, the reader, should he happen to visit it, will find at the right of the great entrance, a series of huge tomes, in which are bound up a heterogeneous mass of manuscripts of all kinds — poems, chronicles, and church music. Among them he will discover a voluminous collection, in the hand-writing of one who calls himself “Fra Giacomo, the humblest of the servants of God, and of the republic, and messenger of peace to the victims of justice.” He appears for many years to have acted as confessor to the state prisoners of Venice, and jotted down, in his own hand, abundant notes of the secrets of which he thus became possessed.

On this day, writes brother Giacomo, I visited, for the fourth time, the renowned and unhappy Spalatro. He is the boldest criminal I ever spoke with; there is not in him the fear of death or the fear of God. He will neither pray, nor confess, nor have any of the rites of the church. Yesterday as I talked with him in the prison, he fell suddenly upon the floor in a fit of epilepsy, to which it seems he has been long subject. When he was somewhat recovered I began to argue with him on his hardened state of wickedness, and asked him if he never thought how he should fare in the other world, were death to come in one of these fearful seizures; to which he answered readily and coolly, that he knew well how he should fare, and had no need to inquire; there-upon I talked to him long and seriously, and he listened and answered with more respect than heretofore: he told me that he believed in the existence of God, and in that of the devil, but that he thought little about the Christian religion, having no interest in it. He went on with much excitement, and among other strange things he said—“Were I to tell you why I believe in the great spirits I have named, you would think me mad. I have seen things, these eyes have seen them, which my lips shall never tell. Were I to speak them, you and all other men would laugh at me, and you would pronounce the truth, because it is unlike what you are in the habit of seeing every day, an impossibility and a lie;

but of this be assured, that I know better than any other man can what is in store for me; as for your prayers, and relics, and solemnities, I hold them in mere contempt. You can alter no man's condition. You and your fraternity of monks could more easily dislodge the island upon whose breast this prison sits, than sway in the least degree the immutable destiny of a human soul, or bring its future dwelling one inch nearer to heaven, or farther from hell—tush! I know more of these matters than half your divines.”

When I visited him to-day, this most unfortunate and sinful man was in extraordinary spirits, and full of jests and levity. I was so disgusted with this, that I was about to leave the cell, when he requested me to stay, at the same time apologising for his thoughtlessness, and assuring me he meant no offence. When he chooses he can be very courteous and even engaging. I staid with him for a long time, and he has told me the story of his life. Gracious God! such a story. I feel like one just awaked from a fearful dream. I cannot believe, and yet I know not how to reject it. The tale was told with groans and tears, and tremblings, and agonies of excitement. My mind is full of doubts and fears. I have no more certainty, no more *knowledge*, mystery and illusion are above, and below, and around me. May God sustain me else my mind will be lost, irrevocably lost in the abyss of horror. The narrative was as follows, I give his own words as nearly as I can:—

“My mother was a lady of high birth, and of some fortune; she married, when a mere girl, a French nobleman, Count d'Orbois. This marriage was in every way unfortunate. The count was attached to the French court, whither he took his lady, and having been thus separated from her friends, she was speedily made to feel the dependence of her condition in the bitter sense of conjugal indifference and desertion. Under these illauspices, which my after life in no part belied, I entered the world, and forty-eight hours after my birth my father, who had never set eyes upon me, having gambled all night with ill success, fought two duels in the morning, in the second of which he was so unfortunate as to be run twice through the

body, and killed on the spot. My mother returned to Rome with some small wreck of property, and after two years of widowhood, being a person of singular beauty, agreeable and lively manners, and of unexceptionable birth, she was proposed for by the Marchese Picardi, and accepted him. My earliest recollections are associated with the noble scenery of the Apennines, to the eastward of Rome, and not far from Celano. There in the grand old castle, which has for ages belonged to the Picardi family, I passed the early and the only happy years of my existence. Here, however, I lost my best and tenderest friend, the only one who ever cared very much about me—my mother. She died when I was about six years of age, having had, by her second marriage, two children—a son and a daughter. My step-father, for he soon made it plain that he was resolved to be no more to me, was a man of a naturally cold and somewhat stern temper. He did not love me, and his preference of the others, however natural, galled and wounded me. I resolved, so soon as I should have the right to demand the small sum of money which was my only inheritance, to claim it, and depart for ever from the castle. The feelings of pride and mortification in which this resolution had taken its rise, were far, however, from being always present to my mind. I loved my sister and my brother too—selfish though he was I loved him. I do believe, good father, that I might have been a worthy man, as men go, were it not for a certain pride, which rose into madness even under the show of wrong or oppression, and a kind of ardour and impetuosity which left no room for rest or caution. Although, as I have said, the Marquis Picardi refused me any place in his affections, he did not suffer me to want the advantages of such an education as became a gentleman. Nor were my instructions confined to the mere corporal accomplishments of fencing, horsemanship, and the like; on the contrary, the larger portion of my time was devoted to intense and ardent study. My instructor in all intellectual pursuits was an old monk, from the neighbouring monastery of Carmelites; and as some strange adventures in my after life were connected with this man, you will excuse me if I

describe him briefly. He was a man of great age, his features were commanding and classic, his forehead was bold and intellectual, and furrowed with the lines of deep thought; the baldness of age had supplanted the tonsure, a few locks of snow-white hair, venerably covered his temples, and a long and singularly handsome beard of the same pure white, fell upon his bosom. His figure was rather tall, though slight, and might once have been athletic, but now it was bowed under the weight of years. Clothed in the brown habit of his order, it were hard to conceive a more picturesque impersonation of reverend age. One relic of departed youth alone remained to this venerable man, it was the fiery vivacity of an eye, which seemed as though it had never rested or grown dim—an eye under whose glance the buried secrets of the heart arose and showed themselves, which nothing could baffle or escape. This man, brother Anthony, as they called him in the monastery, was, as I have said, my instructor, and a more learned or subtle, but at the same time a more *unchristian* one could scarcely have been found. He had in me an ardent and, I believe, by no means an unapt pupil; but in dealing his instructions he had a strange delight in setting my mind to work upon subjects which I verily believe no human mind could bear. The fearful themes of time and eternity, and the Godhead in its vastest attributes, were topics in which he loved to engage the faculties of my mind; and I, entangled in the mazy subtleties of his reasoning, or overwhelmed by the magnitude of conceptions after which my mind strained, but which it had not scope or power to comprehend, felt myself often confounded and appalled to a degree which merged upon madness, in such moments the old monk would forget his gravity, and, leaning back in his chair, indulge in an excess of merriment, which little tended to compose my nerves; and strange to say, though I again and again resolved against conversing upon such matters, yet the old man, whenever he pleased, which was often enough, led me to them, as if to make sport for himself out of the perplexities and terrors in which such discourse never failed to involve me. He had, too, a strange pleasure in unsettling all the most established convictions of my mind

and in thus plunging me into an abyss of fearful uncertainty and scepticism from which I have never quite escaped. This kind of metaphysical conversation he not unfrequently seasoned with indirect and artful ridicule of religion, urging, too, in terms which scarcely affected disguise, a philosophy of sensuality unparalleled even in the doctrines of Epicurus. He had, however, in a remarkable degree, the Satanic art of clothing vice in the fairest disguise; and being himself so old as to have no individual interest, further than the inculcation of abstract truth, in the doctrines which he broached, they found the easier access to my mind. It is scarcely wonderful then, if in the hands of such a teacher, so far from acquiring any higher morality, even my natural sense of right and wrong became confused and blunted. This old man, corrupt in heart and powerful in understanding, acquired a strong control over me. I had no affection for him—such a feeling toward him were impossible; cold and full of satire, his nature exhibited to the eye of youth no one quality which was not essentially repulsive; he had yet such intellectual attributes as to fascinate and command. There was, too, between the situation and the character of the man, a strange and mysterious inconsistency, which filled me with a deep and indefinable interest. Than his station, garb, and habits of life, nothing could be more humble; than his appearance, nothing more worn and aged—yet there were ever breaking from him, not the aspirations of ambition, but the reckless scoffings of conscious and established superiority, and while all his feelings seemed to have withered into the scorched and bitter selfishness of age, his mental faculties were endued with preter-human energy, and an activity nothing short of stupendous—

“I was ascending the great stairs of the castle, when methought I heard a shriek. I paused, I listened, I *did* hear a shriek, and another, and another, in quick succession. It was my sister's voice; I hurried towards her room. Several passages I had to traverse on the way; the screams were louder and more rapid, I reached the door, it was fast; I rushed against it and stood in the chamber. Heavens! what did I

behold—my sister with hair dishevelled, struggling, terrified, locked in the grasp of the aged wretch, my instructor.

“You see this arm, good father, it was then as lusty and as sinewy as now; with all the force that frenzy gave, I struck the old villain in the face. I might as well have smitten a rock—he turned upon me like a beast at bay. I heard steps in the passage—servants were approaching, but before they entered the chamber the old man grappled with me, and seizing me by the throat, to my shame be it spoken, hurled me with tremendous force senseless upon the floor. When I came to myself the old friar had made his escape, and neither at the castle nor the monastery was heard of more. After this affair I remained at the castle but a year, at the end of which I was enabled to realize my old scheme of departure and independence.

“Mounted upon a powerful grey horse, whose speed and mettle I had often tried—fully equipped and armed for the road, and with some hundred crowns in my pocket—the remainder of my fortune, a small one enough, being lodged to my credit at Rome—I set forth from the old place which had been my home from my earliest days, to throw myself upon the chances of the world. It was not in nature that I should leave this place without keen regrets. Here all my life had been passed, and here were the only living persons who cared for or knew of my existence. As I rode slowly through the wild wood, which far away skirted the rising ground on which the castle stood, I turned to take a last look of the old building. The temper of our minds clothes even things inanimate with an accordant expression; and as I gazed upon its old grey front, it seemed to me that a familiar face looked sadly and reproachfully upon me. Every window and ivy-mantled battlement and buttress—all the picturesque irregularities—each nook and corner of the fine old pile, suggested to my busy memory some affectionate and pleasant remembrance, which moved my heart that we should thus part, and for a moment so softened me, that I was tempted to reject the long-cherished counsels of my pride, and return to the quiet haunts where I had been so happy. But my evil genius triumphed: the struggle was a

short one, and I turned my back for ever on the castle, with a heart whose despondency, I might say desolation, gave too true presage of my after life. I put my horse to a rapid pace, and had soon left the scenes of my childhood far behind, and out of sight for ever.

“The evening fell before I had accomplished more than half the way which separated the castle from the village in whose *hostelrie* I proposed to pass the night. The road was broken and difficult of passage—in all respects, except as it served to indicate the direction of my route, rather an obstruction to my progress than tendency to facilitate it. The scenery through which I passed, grand and beautiful at all times, began now to assume that wild and fantastic character which the broad and spectral lights and shadows of a cloudless moon shed on all beneath it. The track which I had for some time followed with much difficulty, now led through a deep and rugged gorge, whose sides, precipitous and broken, were clothed with a dark luxuriant copse. For more than an hour I had neither seen human form nor habitation; but now, for the first time, I felt the depression of solitude. The utter desertion and silence of the place, unbroken except by the moaning of the night wind, filled my mind with that vague, mysterious dread which men attribute to superstition. My heart leaped within me as some broad gray rock, like a sheeted phantom in the hoar light of the moon, suddenly revealed itself; or again, when my excited fancy beheld, in the dark top of some tall fir nodding in the night breeze, a gigantic demon saluting me with “mop and moe,” or beckoning me towards it with long fantastic arms. Full of such fancies, which scare us even while we laugh at them, I slowly and painfully pursued my solitary way, frequently scrambling through sloughs and fragments of timber, which storms had dislodged from among the overhanging rocks—often, too, obliged to dismount and lead my horse among chasms and difficulties where his instinct would scarcely have availed him. The labours and anxieties of my progress, were moreover enhanced by very considerable doubts as to the correctness of the path which I was pursuing—doubts which the difficulty, I might almost say the impracticability

of the road, very nearly reduced to certainty. While thus struggling onward, my eye was caught by what appeared to be the figure of a horseman, moving cautiously round an abrupt and shadowy prominence, some four or five hundred yards in advance of me. As this figure slowly approached, I had ample opportunity of scanning his garb and equipments. He was mounted upon a tall, dark-coloured horse, and enveloped in a cloak. He wore, moreover, a broad-brimmed and high-crowned hat. Thus much I could plainly distinguish, as the form of the horseman moved between me and the moonlight. As the distance between us lessened, I cautiously laid my hand upon the butt of one of my holster pistols, resolved, if occasion should render it prudent, to deal very briefly with the cavalier in the cloak. When he had approached within about forty yards, or even less, he, perceiving me, it would appear, for the first time, suddenly reined in, and stood in the centre of my path, in strong and marked relief against the clear light of the moon, motionless and dark, as if horse and man were carved out of black marble. Although I never could accuse myself of much timidity in presence of a human antagonist, my situation was not by any means pleasant. That I stood in the presence and within almost certain range of one of those bandits, of whose quick and deadly aim many a marvellous tale was current, I had little doubt; and yet my suspicions were not sufficiently confirmed to warrant me in anticipating his assault by any *overt act* of self-defence. It was clear that, if shots were to be exchanged, he must have the advantage of the first. With a keen and fixed gaze, therefore, I watched every movement of his, prepared, on the appearance of any gesture indicating an appeal to carbine or pistol, instantly to shoot him, if I could. The figure, however, made no such gesture, but, after a considerable pause, addressed me in a rough, good-humoured voice—

“‘Signor, you travel late, and on a foul track. Santa Maria! you need a stout heart. Whitherward do you ride?’

“‘To Vallecchia, signor,’ replied I. ‘How far do you call it hence?’

“‘To Vallecchia!’ repeated he of the cloak, after a most unceremonious

burst of merriment: ‘*from Vallechia, I should say. Why, your back hath been turned upon the high road thither for ten miles at the least.*’

“‘*Holy devil!*’ muttered I, ‘*here is a pleasant adventure! I even suspected as much.*’

“‘*Nevertheless,*’ continued the horseman, ‘*as you have left your track, you may as well leave it a little farther. You will find shelter and food, though both somewhat of the coarsest, about a league farther on, in the village; but if you turn back, it is most like you will have to put up with a supperless nap by the road side. Your nag must be well nigh on his last legs. What a devil of a blunder!*’

“‘*A devil of a blunder, indeed,*’ echoed I. ‘*I see no better course than that you recommend. About a league a-head you say the village lies?*’

“*With these words I put my horse again to a walk, intending, before I reached my acquaintance—whom, in spite of his frank air and honest voice, I did not quite like—to stop under pretence of setting my saddle-girths to rights; in reality, in order to let him pass me without the necessity of turning my back upon him.*

“‘*By Saint Anthony, signor,*’ exclaimed he, as I slowly approached him, ‘*your horse has gone lame. This is worse again: see, he stumbles. By Bacchus, you must lead him and walk.*’

“*It was indeed too true. Some strain or damage received in scrambling through the broken inequalities and obstructions of the road had indeed rendered him perfectly lame.*

“‘*Holy apostle!*’ cried my sympathetic acquaintance, ‘*this is the very extremity of ill luck. Yes, you have, indeed, but one course before you now, and well if you can achieve it. You must on to the village. Old Beppo can afford you shelter for the night, as well as a fair bottle of wine, and in the morning, if not before, he will set your beast to rights. An honest companion is old Giuseppi, and a first-rate farrier to boot. Three miles hence you will find the old inn by the road side. But here again—here is another rub. You must follow the road we are upon, seeing you know no other; and thus, at once, we have the distance doubled;—whereas, if you could but make out your way by the bridle*

track—— Stay, it must want nearly two good hours of midnight. I have more than half a mind to turn about and set you on the path. I’m time enough—time enough, sir, for my errand;—a funeral—my old cousin’s funeral; but I am too early by an hour or more. I can walk my horse ten miles in little more than three hours, and there I am before two o’clock. So never make words about it; I am your man: follow me. I’ll lead you as far as the two chestnut trees, and thence I can point out the path to you;—so that, unless misfortune is resolved to make a meal of you, you can’t well meet another mishap for this night.’

“*So saying, my new friend put his horse into a slow walk in the direction in which I was about to move. ‘Of a truth,’ thought I, ‘a most accommodating gentleman!—somewhat suspicious, though; and yet why should he seem less trustworthy in my eyes than I in his? He may be, after all, a very honest, inoffensive sort of person. At all events, come what will, I cannot part company unless he choose it; and, after all, we stand but man to man—and the devil is in the dice if I cannot make good my own in a fair field.’ With these encouraging reflections, I followed my companion along the unequal road, under the broad shadowy boughs of the wild wood, which covered the sides of the glen. The path, after many windings, opened upon a wide level, surrounded by low hills, and covered unequally by patches of forest. As we pursued our way, my comrade chatted gaily, now and then interrupting his discourse with some fragment of an ancient ditty, and altogether with so frank and joyous an air, that my suspicions gradually disappeared, and instead of keeping cautiously in the rear, I took my place by his side. A handsome face, carrying an expression at once bold and honest, and lit up, as it seemed habitually, with a reckless, jolly good humour, further won upon my good opinion. I laughed and talked freely with him, and it was with real regret that at length I reached the spot where he was to leave me to explore the rest of my way alone.*

“‘*Here we are, signor,*’ said he, reining in his steed—‘*here we are at the two chestnuts, and here we part.*

Now mark my directions, for a mistake may cost you your supper. You see that gray rock on which the moon is shining. It stands just beside three or four old trees. Pass by that and turn to your right behind that dark screen of wood; ride through the open glade for about half a mile, and when you reach the open ground, ride right a-head, and a few hundred yards will see you upon the road again: then take the left hand, and ten minutes will bring you to the inn, the first building you meet, a large house with some old fruit trees about it—and so signor, good night.'

"With these words my companion turned his horse's head away, and at a slow trot began to retrace his steps. I watched him until his receding figure disappeared in the mists of night; and then, with a light heart, began to follow the course which he had indicated.

"By a close attention to the directions which I had received, I reached the road, and was proceeding leisurely upon it toward the object of my immediate search, when my ear was struck by the sound of a voice chanting a song, but so far away that I could distinguish nothing more than that the tones were those of a man. As I rode on, however, the sounds became more and more distinct, and at length I clearly descried the object from whence they issued. A little man was seated by the road side, upon a block of stone, or some other temporary resting-place, and, with folded arms and his legs extended before him, was chanting lustily, and with no very harmonious cadences, some rude amatory verses. Upon seeing me he forthwith suspended his vocal exercises, stood erect, walked two or three paces away from the road—stopped, turned round, and altogether appeared very much discomposed by the interruption which my evidently unexpected arrival had caused. Having exchanged a courteous salutation, I had passed on some short distance, when the little man overtook me.

"'Signor,' said he, doffing his cap with a lowly reverence, as soon as he had reached my horse's head, 'will you pardon a great liberty?'

"'Readily, I dare say,' replied I. 'Speak freely—can I serve you?'

"'Most essentially, your excellency,'

replied he. 'I am a poor man, a trader in small wares: they are here in my pack—the whole set are not worth a ducat; and I have not sold to the value of a baiocco. I am indeed, sir, miserably poor—oh, miserably poor!'

"'Do you want an alms?' inquired I.

"'No signor,' he replied; 'no, I do not want alms, though I do not know how soon I may,' he added hastily. 'Heaven knows I am wretchedly poor!'

"'What, then, would you have of me, in the name of patience?' cried I. 'Speak out, man.'

"'Merely, sir,' replied he, with an effort—'merely your company. I presume your course lies through some neighbouring town, where I might get my supper and rest. An onion and a piece of bread supplies the one, and an armful of straw the other. We poor men must live as we may.'

"'You have rightly guessed,' replied I. 'I am on the way to a place of refreshment; and unless the guide with whom I have just parted has deceived me, we are now even within a mile of it. So walk with me, and welcome.'

"The poor man was profuse in his acknowledgments; and so, toward the village we went, side by side. As we proceeded, I could perceive pretty plainly that my companion was by no means well at ease. Many and fearful glances he stole around, and not unfrequently I detected him in the act of glancing stealthily and suspiciously at myself. Whatever misgivings, however, he may have had respecting me, they were soon laid at rest, and he began to converse with me with less reserve, and in a tone bordering upon the confidential.

"'Signor,' said he, 'I am rather a timid traveller, especially in the neighbourhood of these hills. The fact is, sir,' continued he, lowering his voice to a whisper, 'I was once robbed among them, about twenty years ago: stripped to my skin, and nothing left me but a pair of old trousers: and, after all, I had a run of two miles or more to get out of the villains' hands. I should have died of fatigue and exhaustion but for the charity of some good monks—the saints reward them!'

"The caution of the worthy pedlar was, then, to say the least of it, perfectly justifiable; yet I own that I

frequently gratified my taste for the comical during the course of our brief journey, by practising upon the ever-wakeful fears of my companion—ample opportunity for which was afforded in the dim uncertain outline of the rocks and underwood with which the ground was unequally covered, and which, in many places, offered a rude resemblance to the outline of human figures grouped together. Thus chatting, we had ridden on for some time, when to my infinite satisfaction, and no less so to that of my companion, we came in sight of the object of our march.

"The road, at the point at which we had arrived, made a sudden sweep down an abrupt descent, which terminated in the bottom of a glen, intersected in its middle by a winding river, whose foam and eddies glittered like silver in the moonlight. Over this river the road was conducted by an old ivy-mantled bridge, at the far end of which stood the ruins of an ancient town. Some fine old trees cast their broad leaves over the road, and sheltered, in picturesque groups, a quaint and extensive building, which stood upon the near side of the river, having something of the mixed character of a house and a castle—in many parts very much decayed and dilapidated, and in some even ruinous. The deep-mouthed baying of a watch-dog now arose from the solitary yard of the old place, enhancing, if any thing were required to do so, by its angry howlings, the desolate and melancholy character of the scene. This old building, then, was the inn to which my recent guide had directed me, and a comfortless one, judging by external appearances, it was likely to prove. Arrived at the door, we gave summary notice of our advent by repeated knockings administered with hearty good will, and accompanied by the most vociferous clamours upon honest Beppo. But although these noises, by no means inconsiderable, were improved into a most energizing din by the furious yellings of the watch-dog, we had long to wait before our summons produced any other effect than that of wearying ourselves. At length a window at some height in the building was opened, and a shrill cracked voice inquired, in no very courteous tones, what we wanted. After some parley, the window was closed again,

and in a short time an old grey-headed little man, half habited, opened the door, and after a curious scrutiny, assisted by the light of a small lamp which he held in his hand, admitted myself and my companion into a kind of hall, whose shattered wainscoting and ruinous appearance promised no very cheering reception. Before entering, I transferred my pistols from the holster pipes to my coat pocket, and throwing the reins upon my horse's neck, trusted to his exhausted condition to keep him from wandering far. At the same time I directed the old man, who was indeed Beppo himself, to have the beast cared for. This done, I followed mine host through several passages and chambers, at the end of which I found myself in a huge old-fashioned kitchen, on whose hearth blazed and crackled a cheerful fire of wood. Stretched on the stone floor before it lay two boys, fast asleep, and by its side, in a chair, sat a girl, also soundly slumbering. At the harsh and well-known accents of old Beppo, the three sleepers started to their feet, and after some grumblings on their part, and not a few oaths and imprecations on his, they began to apply themselves in right earnest to make us comfortable.

"Speedily were we, myself and my humble companion, who at my invitation shared the repast, supplied with a cold patty and a steaming omelet, and with right good will did we apply ourselves to these right savoury viands, seasoned, too, as I had been led to expect, with a bottle of excellent wine. When I had somewhat appeased the rage of hunger and thirst, I began leisurely to scan the apartment and its inmates. In the former I observed nothing worthy of remark, but to my no small surprise, among the latter I recognised, in the girl whom I had seen sleeping by the hearth on my entrance, a kitchen-wench, who having served in the Picardi castle for several years, had suddenly one night disappeared, without leaving any trace to suggest whitherward she had gone, or what had become of her. On seeing and recognising this poor creature thus unexpectedly, I was about to utter an exclamation of surprise when she checked me by a gesture of alarm and impatience, accompanied by a glance of peculiar significance towards

the old inn-keeper, who was now standing before the fire, with his back towards us. In compliance with the mute direction of the girl, I thereupon remained silent, having, by a repeated and more accurate inspection, satisfied myself of the identity of the person. There was something in the expression of face with which the girl had glanced at the old man, brief though that glance had been, which left upon my mind an indefinable and unpleasant impression; nor was this ambiguity of feeling towards my host at all favourably determined by the peculiarities of his outward man. He was, as I have said, a small man, his body, disproportioned to his limbs, was long, and curved like that of a wasp; his shoulders were unusually narrow, and this defect was rendered more conspicuously striking by the enormous magnitude of his disproportioned head; his hair was grizzled and long, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes restless, and in expression very sinister, his nose flat and drooping, his mouth large and furnished with a perfect row of jagged fangs. A considerable projection of the under jaw, added to a face which expressed, in no ordinary degree, cunning and deceit, a character of sternness which, in moments of the smallest excitement, amounted almost to ferocity. Such features and such a cast of countenance were, in themselves, a cautionary notice; and though clothed in all the graces and smiles of what, from the moment that my dress, which was of rich material, caught the light, had become a studiously courteous welcome, could not banish or disguise what, in my mind, appeared the ineffaceable stamp of guilt. I know not how it was, however, though thus clearly appreciating the villainous character stamped upon the face of this man, no shadow of suspicion or thought of danger associated with him for a moment crossed my mind; on the contrary, I felt in unusual spirits, and altogether free from reserve. I laughed, I joked, I sang songs; I compelled the poor little pedlar to do the same, and whether it was that the snug fire and cosy kitchen had kindled the spirit of the vagrant merchant, or, as I more than half suspect, that the wine of which he had partaken contained some strange ingredient, certain it is that he met my

gaiety with more than corresponding hilarity and confidence; he sang his best songs, and told a hundred stories of strange adventures, in which he himself had played the part of hero; he even went so far as to boast of his bargains, and dropped plentiful hints to the effect that he was by no means so poor a man as he might seem, and, in short, was to the full as indiscreet as I, if not more so.

"Suddenly, however, and almost in the midst of his boisterous jollity, the honest pedlar leaned back in his chair, and was almost instantly fast asleep. The inn-keeper shrugged his misshapen shoulders, smiled, and shook his head, observing, at the same time, 'Poor devil! how tired he is—pity such a light heart should have so hard a trade. Would you, signor, desire to see your chamber?'

"I assented.

" 'Martha,' continued he, turning to the girl, and pointing to the slumbering pedlar, 'let this honest man have such a resting-place as you can make out for him at so short notice. You may as well make it here—not in *that* corner, devil!' he suddenly exclaimed, fixing on the girl a tremendous look—not in *that* corner, you limb of hell!' and then, after a pause, he added, 'place it here, in the neighbourhood of the fire, snug and warm; the poor man must be made comfortable. These slutish servants,' continued he, probably in the way of apology for his unaccountable burst of fury, 'are enough to make Job himself blasphemous.'

"So saying, and muttering all the way to himself, he led me through several passages to the foot of a clumsy and antique staircase of oak; this we ascended, and traversing the creaking and half rotten flooring of several rooms, whose bare and mildewed walls afforded but a dreary augury of what I was to expect, my host threw open a large door, with massive and dingy pillars of carved wood at either side, and with a low reverence informed me that this was my chamber. I entered, and found a spacious apartment hung with dusty and tattered tapestry, whose desolate appearance was much enhanced by the absence of all furniture, excepting a bed without curtains, whose four tall posts stood at their respective corners naked and

comfortless as the shorn masts of a wreck; two or three old chairs and one small table completed the garniture of the room. Opposite to the foot of the bed, and at the same side with the door through which we had entered, was the hearth, exhibiting a huge and shadowy chasm, which might have stabled, at least, two horses comfortably. The cheerless aspect of this place, with all its dust, cobwebs, and nakedness about it, speedily subdued the frolicsome spirit which had kindled so madly within me in the snug old kitchen, by the roaring fire of crackling faggots. There was something hungry and treacherous in the dark and comfortless chamber, which accorded well with the sinister and forbidding aspect of my host—something which indistinctly boded danger, and whispered to the startled ear *BEWARE!* My host placed the candle upon the table, and, with another profound reverence and a courteous benediction, took his departure.

"I was now alone. It is wonderful how intensely the outward seeming of things, the mere form and colour of what surrounds us, will move the temper of the mind. Had my host conducted me to as snug modern-looking chamber of moderate dimensions, with due allowance of tables, chairs, wardrobes, and curtains, and containing, above all, a cheery fire in the grate, I should probably have enjoyed the same cheerful good humour, sleeping or waking, throughout the night; but as it was, in a vast and dim old chamber, through whose damp vacancy a solitary candle shed a partial and uncertain light, if possible more depressing than darkness itself, far, as it seemed, from the inhabited part of the mansion, and separated by a long succession of passages, and chambers, and staircases, which I should have been puzzled to retrace, from all the human inhabitants of the house, I felt, I knew not how, a certain suspicion and uneasiness creep over me, which I could neither account for nor control. Without undressing, I threw myself upon the bed, leaving the candle burning upon the table beside me. I soon fell into an uneasy slumber, from which, however, I speedily started with that vague sensation of horror which sometimes overcomes the slumbering mind. I gazed fearfully round the room; it was

empty as before. I sat up in the bed, and raised the candle above my head, that its light might fall more distinctly on every object; but no, there was nothing to awaken my suspicions; all was silent, and just as I had left it. I lay down again, but could not sleep. I felt restless, anxious, and almost awestruck. A kind of vague, superstitious excitement came upon me; I could not rest; I could not remain still; I got up, and, taking the candle in my hand, resolved to satisfy myself that nothing was lurking in the obscure corners of the room. I seized my naked sword in one hand, and the candle in the other, and proceeded to search every nook and cranny of the chamber. I even went so far as to examine the huge chimney: in its dark chasm the faint light of the candle was lost at once, and I remember well thrusting, as high as my arm could reach with my rapier, but without any result except that two or three bats whirled down, and flitted round me in wide, uneven circles. Few who have ever indulged the kind of uneasiness which at that moment actuated me, can be ignorant that when once yielded to, it asserts the most capricious and unreasonable dominion over its victim, leading him, in his fantastic search, to places which, so far from affording verge enough to a human being, could scarcely accommodate a reasonably-proportioned guinea-pig. In the course of my exploratory rambles, I clambered upon the table to examine the window-sills, which were placed high in the wall, and deeply sunk, lest some assassin should lie coiled in their recesses; and although, as you may have easily anticipated, I found nothing of the kind, yet my scrutiny was rewarded by a discovery which did not tend to quiet my uneasiness. This was no other than a complete set of thick, and by no means antique iron stanchions, strong and firmly sunk into the stone window-frame above and below. Each window exhibited the same sinister and gaol-like security. I confess I thought this precaution somewhat strange, nor were my suspicions diminished by observing that these bars were unlike all the other garniture of the room, sound and in good repair, in some places exhibiting, apparently with the freshness of yesterday, traces of the skill of the

plumber and the smith. I turned now to the door, and opening it, looked out upon the dark passage. There was nothing there but the chill night air, which floated cheerlessly into the chamber, causing my candle to flare and flicker like a torch. I closed it again, and having examined the priming of my pistols, and laid them along with my sword close beside me, I threw myself once more upon the bed. I scorned to admit even to myself that I feared any thing. I had an unbounded reliance upon my own activity and strength, and a sanguine confidence in my fortune. With my good weapons beside me I set all odds at nought, and though ever and anon something within me whispered—'Leave this room and get thee down—the Philistines be upon thee—bestir thyself, lest they take thee sleeping'—yet such thoughts crossed my mind but fleetingly, and were despised.

"As I lay thus listlessly, the sweet slumbers of fatigue stole over me; the chamber in which I lay gradually became confused and indistinct; my fatigues and anxieties were alike forgotten in deep and calm unconsciousness.

"From this state of happy oblivion I was aroused by the pressure of a hand upon my shoulder, and the admiration of two or three impatient jolts thoroughly awakened me. I started upright in the bed, and mechanically stretched my hand towards the pistols which lay beside me. The precaution was unnecessary; my visitor was a female—the poor girl whose person I had recognised in the kitchen before. The candle had hardly wasted since I had closed my eyes; I could not have slept a quarter of an hour. I gazed fixedly upon the features of the servant girl; they were tense and pale as those of death: there was such mortal agitation in the face as filled my mind with awe. With an impressive and imploring gesture, several times repeated, she enjoined silence, and then leaning forward, she whispered with slow and startling emphasis—

"Within a few minutes, *murderers* will come to your bedside. I wish you to escape. Draw the tapestry at this side of your bed; you will find a door behind it; a long passage leads from it to a flight of steps, and they to the kitchen. Wait at the head of the

stairs with your drawn sword in your hand, and when you hear me say, God send us all better days, it shall be a signal to you that one of them is about to enter from the kitchen the passage where you stand; drive the sword through him, and run into the kitchen, where you will find another, perhaps two; I shall take care that no more are there. Be firm, and pray to God.'

"With these words she glided speedily from the room, leaving me horror-struck at the sudden and ghastly intimation. With silent rapidity I rose from the bed—my preparations were speedily made. I stuck my pistols in my belt, and taking my naked sword under my arm, I soon found the door which my protectress had described. I extinguished the candle, and, entering the passage, closed the door behind me.

"This passage was extremely narrow and low; the floor and ceiling were of stone; and, as I imagined, its whole width lay in the thickness of the wall. Along this strange corridor I cautiously pushed my way; and, after a progress which appeared all but interminable, I reached the first of a flight of steep stone steps, leading downwards, and here I paused. I had hardly ceased to move when I became conscious that every sound, even that of the lightest foot-tread upon the kitchen floor, was distinctly audible where I stood. I heard the shuffling of many feet to and fro, accompanied by a great deal of whispering. These sounds continuing for a long time, without being followed by any decisive result, my nerves were gradually wrought by the suspense in which I stood to such a pitch of excitement, that I could not remain still. I descended the stairs with the utmost caution. When I had reached the foot, I found a space which afforded little more than standing room. Straight before me, and within a few inches of my face, was the door which opened upon the kitchen. This was a double door, constructed, as I afterwards found, so as to resemble from without a sort of cupboard. A broad chink in the centre, where the two valves met, admitted a bright stream of light; and placing my eye at the aperture, I witnessed, unobserved, a scene which no occurrence of my after life has availed to obliterate.

"At the side of the chamber opposite to that at which I was placed, stood the bed in which lay the poor pedlar; his deep stertorous breathing sufficiently attested the soundness of the slumber in which he was locked. A blazing faggot flamed and flickered on the hearth, throwing an intense but uncertain light over the whole scene. Close by the fire stood two stout fellows, in one of whom I recognised, without difficulty, my good-humoured guide. Beside them sat a third, with his legs extended towards the cheering blaze, while with an air of sublime abstraction, he leisurely smoked a long pipe. At the same time I observed the girl to whom I owed the timely warning, whose success was yet so doubtful, employed in carrying towards the bed in which my poor comrade was sleeping, a large tub, or bucket. Beside the bed stood Giuseppe himself, a hideous incarnation of evil, glaring upon the unconscious slumberer. A boy, resting his head upon the foot of the bed, was fast asleep also. Such was the scene which my first glance through the aperture of the door revealed, under the fierce and restless light of the blazing wood fire. The baleful and ominous scowl which darkened the features of the ill-favoured innkeeper, and something like a foreboding of what was about to happen, rivetted my attention to the group about the humble bed where the poor little traveller lay. The innkeeper stooped forward, and with a sudden jerk of his hand threw the bed-clothes down, so as to leave the upper part of the body of the sleeper bare, except for the coarse shirt which covered it. He next slid his arm gently under the shoulders of the unconscious man, and slowly drew his body towards the edge of the bed. At this moment the girl placed the bucket at the side of the pallet, and with an expression of strange horror turned towards the door where I stood, and passed on from my sight. Giuseppe now drew the shoulders completely over the edge of the couch, so that the head hung down towards the floor. The poor wretch continued to sleep. The innkeeper beckoned now to one of his companions, who stood at the fire. The man came over to the bed, and listlessly shoved the bucket with his foot, until he had brought it directly

under the head of the sleeping man. I could endure no more. My resolution was taken. I set my shoulder against the door, and strained every muscle in my body in the desperate effort to burst it open. The effort, tremendous though it was, was made in vain. The door was fastened without, and that so effectually, that the assault with which I had just taxed its strength had hardly availed to make the fastenings creak. Well was it for me, however, that this sound, slight though it was, occurred while the villain was shoving the bucket, as I have just told you, with his foot along the floor. Had that little sound but reached the ear of any of the wretches who occupied the chamber, I must have perished. On such threads hang the lives of men! Weak and exhausted by the fruitless effort which I had made, I resigned myself in mute horror to witness the tragedy which I had no power to prevent. Giuseppe now, in a whisper which froze the life-blood at my heart, repeated the significant words—'*Il coltello, the knife.*' His companion instantly turned to a cupboard, a few steps aside, and returned bearing in his hand the instrument, whose broad blade, as he walked along, he wiped in his jacket sleeve. The cold sweat burst from every pore in my body. I shook like a man in an ague: a deadly sickness came over me; yet I could not move my eyes from the objects, the sight of which filled me with this agony. The man, with the knife in his grasp, now placed himself by the bed, half sitting upon its edge. Giuseppe took the head of the sleeping man between his hands, and supported it with the face turned directly towards the place where I stood. His companion now applied the edge of the knife to the skin of the throat, and moving it slightly along the surface, until it rested upon the spot which he judged most suitable to his purpose, he laid the palm of his left hand upon the back of the blade, and with his whole weight and strength forced it with a mangling gash, so far as almost to sever the head from the body. The crimson blood gushed, or rather spouted, from the chasm, and, with a gurgling sound, poured into the bucket. At the same moment the assassin, dropping the knife upon the floor, threw himself across the

body, to control the convulsive strugglings of death. The pedlar had continued fast locked in sleep, until the knife had actually entered his throat. The moment, however, that the fatal stroke was given, the murdered man opened his eyes, and gazed with such an expression of imploring terror and agony, as fancy never beheld. At the same time he opened his mouth—perhaps to shriek—perhaps to pray; but sound was never more to come from thence. Blood bubbled forth, and streamed over his white and quivering face. Again and again he opened his mouth with ghastly strugglings. Nor did this fearful motion cease, until the eye fixed, and the mortal agony ended in death. The innkeeper then wrung the head round, while his companion, with the same knife, ploughed through the tendons and muscles, until they succeeded in actually cutting the head from the trunk. The body lay upon the bed, and the neck still hung bleeding over the tub, into which Giuseppe dropped the head. I could see no more. My brain grew dizzy. A sick faintness came upon me. I clambered, I know not how, up the stairs, and, sitting down upon the uppermost step, I clasped my damp forehead in my hands, and remained for some minutes almost unconscious of every thing, absorbed in one dull, vague feeling of horror.

As soon as I came a little to myself, I plainly perceived, by what I could gather from the whisperings which I overheard from below, that the murderers were engaged in removing the body of their victim. Steps now slowly and unsteadily traversed the kitchen—I suppose those of him who carried the horrible burthen. The outer door was cautiously opened; the steps passed forth, and the door again closed.

“‘The gentleman sleeps like a top,’ whispered a gruff voice. ‘He has put out his candle, and lies still as a dormouse.’

“‘Take your stiletto,’ replied another. ‘Morning will break before you have finished.’

“‘Remove your boots, bungler,’ cried a female voice. ‘Your spurs make jingle enough to ring the dead from their graves.’

“‘Peace, gaol-bird,’ cried Giuseppe. ‘What’s that to thee.’

“‘Well, well,’ exclaimed the girl,

with a slow distinct utterance, ‘God grant us all better days.’

“I needed not the warning, I had already placed myself in readiness. After a short delay the door, through which I had just witnessed the scene which I have attempted to describe, opened wide. A broad light flashed upon the rugged and narrow stairs, and a tall figure began to ascend. I stood in the deep shadow awaiting his advance; and as soon as he had arrived within two or three steps of the top, I sprang forward, and lunged full at his breast. This was not done so quickly that he did not catch a glimpse of me, as I started forward, in sufficient time to enable him with his arm imperfectly to parry the thrust. As it happened, however, this was all the worse for himself; for instead of turning the sword aside, he merely struck the point upwards, and it entered somewhere near the eye, and, penetrating the brain, killed him on the spot. Without a groan he tumbled headlong over the steps. Springing over his prostrate body, I rushed into the kitchen. Giuseppe and my honest guide were the only males within it. The latter stood nearest to me, and his astonishment at my entrance was such that he did not move. With a deliberate aim of two seconds, I levelled my pistol at his breast and fired, he fell—I know not whether mortally hurt or not, but I never saw him move again. Without the loss of an instant I levelled the second pistol at the innkeeper—but it missed fire—the wretch ran directly to the door, but before his hand had reached the latch I was up with him. With a hideous yell of defiance he sprang round and grappled with me. His strength far exceeded what his figure seemed to promise; but I felt that he was still no match for me. In a moment I hurled him back upon the gory pallet, and planted my knee upon his breast. As we struggled, he caught my left thumb within his teeth, and clenched them upon it until they fairly ground upon the bone. Heedless of the pain, I clutched his throat in my right hand, and pressed with all my might and strength—in vain he struggled—the eyes started—the face blackened. Froth covered my hands, and before two minutes he lay insensible.

“‘For God’s sake, girl,’ cried I, ‘give me the pistol.’ Silently she obeyed me, and for a moment relaxing my grasp, I seized the weapon by the muzzle, and dashed the heavy butt into his skull—he was dead. Yet such was the strength with which his teeth were locked upon my thumb, that I could not release it until I had beaten out nearly half his teeth, I forced the barrel of the pistol into his mouth, and employing it as a lever; I, with much exertion, unlocked the clenched teeth, and loosed the mangled joint. At this moment I heard a heavy step without, the latch was raised, and one of the fellows who had been present at the murder of the pedlar entered. I did not give him time to recover his surprise, but placing the pistol to his head, I said in a stern and determined voice—‘Villain! lead me to a horse. If I am discovered or interrupted, I will blow your brains out.’

“‘Good Signor,’ said the fellow, evidently ill at his ease, ‘patience for heaven’s sake—be not rash.’

“‘I give you five seconds,’ replied I, ‘to bring me to a horse: at the end of that time, the condition unfulfilled, I will shoot you through the head, as sure as God is in heaven. Look at those corpses—you see I am in earnest.’

“The fellow said not one word more; but, being himself unarmed, led me quietly from the door of the inn at which we stood to that of the stable. I all the time holding him by the back of the collar, with the pistol close by his head.

“‘Choose a strong one, scoundrel,’ said I, as we entered the stable, in which stood several horses ready saddled. I compelled him to lead out the steed, and to mount first himself, and springing up behind him, I commanded him to ride on the shortest track leading to the high road to Rome. The moon had gone down, and the night was now so dark that I could not see many yards before me. In obedience to my directions the fellow rode at a hard trot. We had scarcely crossed the bridge, when two figures loomed suddenly in sight, and so directly in advance of us that it required a sudden and violent exertion

of the bit which threw the animal back upon his haunches, to prevent our running foul of this nocturnal patrol.

“‘Who rides so hard?’ inquired one in no very dulcet accents. Here I pressed the muzzle of the pistol against my companion’s head, as a salutary hint.

“‘Who should it be,’ exclaimed my comrade, ‘but a friend—do not you know me?’

“‘Faith, brother,’ replied the same harsh voice, ‘it is well we did not rob thee, and thou us;’ and marvelously tickled with this pleasant conceit he laughed long and lustily. ‘Any news?’ added he—‘any rabbits in the burrow? any nightingales in the cage—eh?’

“‘Ay, two,’ replied my companion, ‘with their necks wrung. You will see more at the inn. Good night.’

We were passing on, when again one of them exclaimed—

“‘Hey! what the devil have you gotten behind you?’

“Again, I let my honest companion feel that the weapon rested upon his skull; and with much *nonchalance*, he replied—

“‘What is behind me? why a bag of bloody carrion, if you must have it—but we bandy words two long—when I get rid of this, I’ll find you at old Beppo’s.’

“‘Well, good luck, most holy sexton,’ replied the horseman; ‘and as for your burthen, *requiescat in pace—amen.*’

“So saying, the two horsemen rode on, and we pursued our way, at the same hard pace until the morning’s light began to streak the east.

“Watching my opportunity as we rode rapidly down a steep declivity, I bestowed my companion a vigorous shove, which sent him clean over the horse’s head; and before he had well done rolling I had left him four hundred yards behind me. With a courteous valediction I rode on, and without another adventure reached the glorious city of Rome, where strange things befel me, as I shall tell you. But first give me a cup of wine.”

O'CONNELL'S IRELAND AND THE IRISH.*

FIRST ARTICLE.

At last the first volume of Mr. O'Connell's long-threatened history is out. The date of its appearance precludes the possibility of giving an adequate notice of it in our present number; but, instead of postponing our review to a more convenient season, we think it advisable to commence our labours now, with a purpose of bringing them to a conclusion when we have more leisure and more time.

The title of Mr. O'Connell's work is—"A memoir on Ireland, native and Saxon:" the motto which appears on the title-page—

"On our side is VIRTUE AND ERIN—
On theirs is the SAXON AND GUILT."

In the advertisement of the work, the verse from which this motto is taken appears in full. *The Nation* of Saturday, February 11th, indeed, prints in its advertisement two verses of the song from which Mr. O'Connell has chosen his inscription.

'Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.

But onward, the green banner rearing;
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt.
On our side is virtue and Erin—
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

Such is the advertisement, and such the motto, of a work, of which we are informed that it is

Humbly inscribed

to

Her Most Gracious Majesty

The Queen

Of Great Britain

and

Of Ireland.

There are various matters in this little procedure which would merit and reward a notice. We shall content ourselves with advertizing to but one—the sense of duty and delicacy

with which Mr. O'Connell guards the royal ear from the rough counsel which his agents address to the Irish people. The advertisement, which is for the use of the people, calls upon them to rear up the green banner, and to "flesh every sword to its hilt." In the book, with which the sovereign is to be presented, this good advice is only "to be understood"—the author being contented with instructing his royal mistress that "Virtue and Erin" have formed a holy alliance, in opposition to that which the native country of the queen has concluded with Guilt.

This is one of Mr. O'Connell's characteristic suggestions. He is responsible only for his own words, which express an opinion. The penncers of his publisher's† advertisement have added the advice—or rather have anticipated the readers of the motto, in completing its sense, by exhibiting it in connexion with its context.

The author's avowed purpose and design may be learned more fully from the first paragraph of his preface.

"I humbly inscribe the following memoir to her most gracious majesty the queen, not in the shape of a dedication, or with the presumptuous hope of my being able to produce any work of sufficient interest to occupy the royal mind. Yet there is nothing more desirable than that the sovereign of these realms should understand the real nature of Irish history; should be aware of how much the Irish have suffered from English misrule; should comprehend the secret springs of Irish discontent; should be acquainted with the eminent virtues which the Irish nation have exhibited in every phasis of their singular fate; and, above all, should be intimately acquainted with the confiscations, the robbery, the domestic treachery, the violation of all public faith, and of the sanctity of treaties, the ordinary wholesale slaughters, the planned murders, the concerted massacres, which have been inflicted upon the Irish people by the English government."

* A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon. By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Vol. I. 1172—1660. 8vo. Dolman: London. 1843.

† The publisher, the REPEALER's publisher, is, we perceive, a Saxon! Why is this? Would no Irish publisher undertake Mr. O'Connell's work? Or is it Mr. O'Connell's choice to slight the Natives and to publish in England?

This is a very significant intimation of Mr. O'Connell's purpose. He designs to set forth a statement of the crimes perpetrated by "the Saxon," and of the titles which may be advanced on the part of "the natives," to that reputation for virtue which he claims in their behalf. The work does not disappoint the expectations which the preface is calculated to raise. It consists of two parts—the indictment and the proofs. The former extends over forty-eight pages, containing an outline of the charges preferred against England for her government of this country, from the year 1172 to the present day. Observations, proofs, and illustrations, occupy the remainder of the volume.

There is, it appears to us, a marvellous peculiarity among the characteristics of this memoir. *Many of its citations seem to be correct.* This miracle, like others, may suffer, perhaps, from a stricter scrutiny. The number of the citations which we have marvelled to find correct we may find marvellously diminished. But writing of our present impressions, we are bound to say that, in several instances, we have come to the conclusion that the testimonies on which our author professes to rely have been stated by him in the language of the witnesses who had borne them.

Nevertheless, good care is taken that the cause of the Saxon shall not profit, or that of the native suffer loss by this partial aberration from long-established usage. By a simple omission of the evil practices of one party, the enforced resistance of the other acquires a character of crime. This species of sophism was, we think, happily illustrated in one of the replies which were provoked by the invectives of Dr. Doyle. Its author drew a graphic and exciting picture of an outrage ending in death, inflicted in the presence of a great multitude, on a solitary and helpless individual, and, until the indignation of his readers had been thoroughly aroused, omitted to inform them that the outrage was condign punishment inflicted on one who had been convicted, after a fair trial, by the laws of his country, of a capital crime. Such was the omission, he argued, by which Dr. Doyle gave effect to his complaints. He described the suffering of a certain party, and

neglected to state that those sufferings were the penal consequences of transgression. It is upon such an omission or concealment Mr. O'Connell seems to rely for the effect of his memoir. He tells how Ireland has been plagued; and, keeping her offences out of sight, sets forth her plagues as wrongs unrighteously inflicted upon her by England.

The historical memoir is divided into nine chapters. The first embraces the interval from the year 1172 to 1612. During that long period of time, Mr. O'Connell complains that "the Irish people were not received into allegiance, or to the benefit of being recognised as subjects."—p. 2.

"During the four hundred and forty years that intervened between the commencement of the English dominion in 1172, and its completion 1612, the Irish people were known only as the Irish enemies."—p. 3.

"During that period the English were prohibited from intermarrying with the Irish—from having their children nursed by the wives of the Irish captains, chiefs, or lords," &c.—p. 3.

"During that time, any person of English descent might murder a mere Irishman or woman with perfect impunity," &c.

"There was indeed this distinction, that if a native Irishman had made legal submission, and had been received into English allegiance, he could no longer be murdered with impunity, for his murder was punishable by a small pecuniary fine."

Such are Mr. O'Connell's charges against England for the policy she pursued towards this country from the coming of Henry II. until the reign of James I. They in truth resolve themselves into two, or perhaps one—the refusal to regard the Irish as subjects, and to extend to them the benefit of English laws. All other incidents to which the memoir refers are consequences from this refusal. The only question, therefore, to be decided, is upon what party the guilt of such a refusal is to be charged. Mr. O'Connell leaves it to be inferred that the guilty party is England—the truth of history brings home the guilt to the bishops of the Church of Rome in Ireland. They desired to keep the Irish people in slavery to themselves, and in estrangement from England; and they

resisted, and evaded the earnest desire of the English sovereign that the Irish should be permitted to become his subjects. We have much to say on this topic, but for the present think it better to abstain. The evil, to which party soever it should be imputed, was, in the end corrected. At least the government and legislature passed an act of parliament to remove it:—

In the year 1612, "the statute 11 James I., cap. 5, was enacted. That statute abolished all distinctions of race between English and Irish, *with the intent, that, as the statute expresses it, they may grow into one nation, whereby there may be an utter oblivion and extinction of all former differences and discords betwixt them.*"—p. 2.

The second chapter of the memoir advances as its main complaint, that the benign statute of James was rendered nugatory by differences in religion. "The distinction of race was lost." Distinction in creed took its place; and this was an evil which an act of parliament like that of James could not remove. Mr. O'Connell's chief charges against England for its offences during the reign of this monarch are two.

"The reign of James the First was distinguished by crimes committed on the Irish people under pretext of Protestantism. The entire of the province of Ulster was unjustly confiscated, the natives were executed on the scaffold or slaughtered with the sword, a miserable remnant were driven to the fastnesses of remote mountains, or the wilds of inaccessible bogs. Their places were filled with 'Scotch adventurers'—aliens in blood and in religion."—p. 5.

"The jurisdiction of parliament being now extended all over Ireland, King James created in one day forty close boroughs, giving the right to elect two members of parliament in each of these boroughs, to thirteen Protestants; and this, in order to deprive his Catholic subjects of their natural and just share of representatives."—p. 5.

We are willing to admit that the whole system of parliament and parliamentary representation was defective in Ireland. Indeed we regard it as one of the great errors of the English government to have applied the principle of such an institution to a country so circumstanced. It was an evil

from the beginning, having its origin, some say, in an inevitable necessity. It may have been so, and alterations and re-adjustments from time to time would thus have been matter of necessity also. The exercise of prerogative by which James I. conferred the right of electing members of parliament on forty boroughs, was not less constitutional according to the notions which prevailed then, than the withdrawal of that right, in more recent times, from a still greater number of boroughs which had enjoyed it. We may still more boldly affirm that the act of parliament which enabled Mr. O'Connell to become lord mayor of Dublin was a far greater violation of principle than that exercise of power which he condemns in James I.

The second topic of complaint is the settlement of Ulster. For the wisdom with which that settlement was planned and carried into effect, we would refer our readers to the past and present state of the northern counties. For its justice, it is sufficient in this brief notice to observe that it was in a state of rebellion during the reign of Elizabeth, and was regarded as a province subject to confiscation. The subject, however, is of too great extent to be considered here: we reserve it for a more enlarged notice of Mr. O'Connell's memoir.

Chapter three, which extends from 1625 to 1660, complains of confiscations under Strafford—of massacre and extermination under the terrible protectorate of Cromwell's soldiery.

The charge against Strafford is not less than that of obtaining money under false pretences. According to Mr. O'Connell, he raised a subsidy in the House of Commons, by promising that "the graces" should be conceded, and he had the baseness to advise that the sovereign should refuse these "graces" which he himself, in the sovereign's name, had promised.

"The base iniquity of receiving the money for the graces, and of afterwards violating the promise to concede those graces, is still further enhanced by the proceedings of Strafford, with relation to an Irish parliament called shortly after. He opened that parliament with a speech from the throne, in which he deliberately stated the falsehood so often avowed in his correspondence, namely, that if a free and unconditional grant

of supplies were made to the king; the graces (including security of title to their estates) would certainly be conceded. He treated all doubt upon the subject as debasing. He closed with this phrase—

“‘Surely so great a meanness cannot enter your hearts, as once to suspect his majesty’s gracious regards of you, and performance with you, where you affie yourselves upon his grace.’”—pp. 224, 225.

“He stated,” writes Mr. O’Connell, “that if a free and unconditional grant of supplies were made to the king, the graces would certainly be conceded!” He stated this in the “speech from the throne,” with which parliament was opened!! Why has not Mr. O’Connell cited Lord Strafford’s words? Does he imagine his own reputation for veracity to be such, that readers will be satisfied to pronounce Lord Strafford base because he calls upon upon them to do so; that they will be satisfied to receive an enemy’s version of that much calumniated statesman’s words, when his own expressions might, with equal facility, be produced in judgment against him? Mr. O’Connell speaks for Lord Strafford, because the speech from which he borrows the charge against him, contains nothing that could give ground for such a charge. Lord Strafford, we boldly affirm, did not give the undertaking of which our author accuses him.

“He closed,” says Mr. O’Connell, “with this phrase—‘Surely so great a meanness,’ &c. &c. This is not true. He closed with no such expression. His concluding words in the speech cited by our author were these—

“Finally, I wish you had a right judgment in all things, yet let me not prove a Cassandra amongst you to speak truth and not be believed. However speak truth I will, were I to become your enemy for it. Remember, therefore, that I tell you you may easily make or mar this parliament. If you proceed with respect, without laying clogs and conditions on the king, as wise men and good subjects ought to do, you shall infallibly set up this parliament eminent to posterity, as the very basis and foundation of the greatest happiness and prosperity that ever befel this nation. But if you meet a great king with narrow circumscribed hearts—if you will needs be cautious above the moon, remember again that I tell you, you shall

never be able to cast your mists before the eyes of a discerning king, you shall be found out, your sons shall wish they had been the children of more believing parents; and in a time when you look not for it, when it will be too late for you to help, the sad repentance of an unadvised breach will be yours, lasting honour shall be my master’s.”—*Strafford’s Letters and Despatches*, vol. i. p. 290. Dublin, 1740.

Such was the impressive conclusion of Lord Strafford’s memorable speech to both houses of parliament in Ireland, July 15, 1634. But although he did not close with the phrase quoted by Mr. O’Connell, did he not employ it? He did, but whether in the sense ascribed to it by our author, the reader can judge by comparing it with the context—

“Let your gifts preserve the three properties the master architect requires in our best buildings, let them be, *ad usum*, *ad speciem*, and *ad firmitatem*.

“*Ad usum* they shall be, if they prove seasonably answerable to the present exigent of affairs. For if they hold not proportion with these, there will be no symmetry in them, and so perchance you may be answered in the words of the prophet *your bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and your covering narrower than that a man can wrap himself in it.*

“Next, *ad speciem*; for the way of doing imports much with great princes. And beauty and comeliness they shall have if they flow freely without conditions—if your proceedings be as befits subjects towards a king, not by way of contract, or between merchant and merchant. For as all other wise and mighty kings, my master expects the honour of your trust, due to him, indeed, not only in the common cause of king and people, but to him by particular merit. For call but to mind, that where your agents gave six score thousand pounds, to be paid in three years, his majesty, for your ease, was content to take it in six, enlarging to you his graces the while, and then surely so great a meanness can never enter your hearts, as once to suspect his gracious regard of you, and performance with you, where you affie yourselves upon his grace and bounty.”—*Letters and Despatches*, &c. vol. i. p. 289.

Although this passage, from which Mr. O’Connell has extracted the concluding expression in italics, contains no such promise as he would extort

from it, yet it does hold out an expectation or assurance of something to which the parliament looked forward, as good and desirable. The following extract from Carte may serve to explain its drift and meaning.

"He was not without apprehensions that the parliament might press for a confirmation of all the graces given 24th May, 1628, in instructions to Lord Falkland, many of which, if established by law, would not sort either with his majesty's present profit, (for that of limiting the title of the crown to sixty years would alone lose him £20,000 a-year,) or with the power requisite to be upheld for the future in the kingdom. It was uncertain, too, what humour the denying of any of them might put the two houses in; and therefore he thought it best to make two sessions of it, and to give the king's promise for both at the opening of the parliament—the one in summer, the other in winter; in the former to settle his majesty's supply, to ascertain the payment of the army, and strike off the debts of the crown; in the latter, to enact so many of the graces as in honour and wisdom should be thought equal, and to pass all such profitable and wholesome laws as a moderate and good people might expect from a wise and gracious king."—*Carte's Ormonde*, vol. i. p. 61.

There were to be two sessions of parliament, "the former to settle his majesty's supply;" the latter "to enact so many of the graces as in honour and wisdom should be thought equal." Such was the extent of Strafford's promise or pledge.

Had we no other authorities than have been cited here, we should feel justified in pronouncing Mr. O'Connell's charge a calumny; but we have stronger proofs in the words of Strafford himself. Not only did he hold out no expectation that the graces, without reserve, were to be confirmed, in the second sessions of parliament, but he gave a very significant warning of the discrimination which he afterwards recommended.

"I am further, by express command, to signify unto you, that his majesty is prepared to make two sessions of this parliament—this to provide for himself as head, and that to care for his people as members. Yet this I dare assume, that if you fail not the king in this former, his majesty above all you can think, will go along with you in that

latter session, through all the expressions of a generous and wise king; but still, according to the order of good manners, reason, and nature, himself first, his people afterwards."—*Letters and Despatches*, &c., vol. i. p. 288.

The lord deputy who spoke thus could not be looked upon as likely to advise that any grace, prejudicial to the crown, should be confirmed: and when he is accused of obtaining supplies from the Irish parliament by encouraging expectations, which the whole tenor of his speech discountenanced, his memory is most wantonly calumniated. The grounds on which he rests his claims are altogether distinct from those which our author would mis-interpret the words of Strafford into declaring. He claims a supply, not in virtue of benefits by which the liberality of parliament is afterwards to be rewarded, but as a debt for which parliament should consider itself justly answerable. The services rendered by his majesty to Ireland merited such a return—the necessities of the king required it, and the moderation manifest in the nature and amount of the demand ought to procure for it a ready and cheerful compliance. Such were the grounds on which Lord Strafford rested his case; and if the acumen of a subtle enemy could detect, in his whole speech, a single expression to justify the foul imputation now sought to be cast upon him, we may feel well assured that that expression would have been cited, and that Mr. O'Connell would not have betrayed the weakness of his bad cause by showing that it rested not on the words of the great man he has accused, but on an interpretation which he was compelled to offer as their substitute.

If there could be a doubt remaining on this subject, it must disappear, on a perusal of an address "from the Commons of Ireland to the lord deputy," presented in the year 1634, after the speech had been made in which, by suppression and mis-interpretation, Mr. O'Connell has laid the ground for his indictment. Had the Commons of Ireland considered the lord deputy pledged to them—here was an occasion on which, imploring his good offices in having the graces confirmed—they would have been careful to re-

mind him of his obligation. As we have no need of concealment, and would not maintain any argument which had, we shall give an extract from this address, expressive of the grounds on which the Irish Commons based their conviction that the graces ought to be confirmed:—

“ We have, therefore, collected in a schedule hereunto annexed, with some few additions and alterations therein appearing, *so many articles* of the said graces and instructions as we desire, in pursuance of his majesty's princely promise to be enacted in this parliament, and some others which we conceive fit, for the present time, to receive new life and motion from a proclamation and instruction to be published; and to remain as ordinances of convenience until further advisement be taken therein in the next succeeding parliament; and for that we cannot sufficiently discharge our duty to his highness, or the trust reposed in us by our country, unless we be careful in these great affairs, to conserve the honour of his majesty's sacred word in that behalf passed unto us his people, who having heretofore, by the same agents in their free gift of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to his majesty, and one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of loan moneys, or contribution by them forgiven, and fifty thousand pounds in these two last years contributed by the country, amounting, in the total, to three hundred and ten thousand pounds, besides the *voluntary and unanimous gift* of six entire subsidies granted in this session, exceeding, in proportion, their abilities, and the precedents of past ages, will not receive that comfort from our employment in this meeting which they justly expect, if they find not timely content in that behalf. Forasmuch, therefore, as in the whole progress of this great work, we received ample testimony of your lordship's strong propension to the general good and prosperity of this nation, we most humbly pray that your lordship may be pleased to place the statute of 21 Jacobi, cap. 1, *intituled an act for the general quiet of the subject against concealments* in the first transmission of laws into England, the said grace being particularly promised by his majesty—

approved by both the councils of estate of England and of Ireland, and published in all the counties of this kingdom at the general assizes, and most expected of all the other graces; and to be further pleased to recommend the other articles of the said graces and instructions expressed in the said schedule,” &c., &c.—*Letters and Despatches*, &c vol. i. p. 311.

This is surely decisive. Had the Irish parliament received any such pledge or promise as Mr. O'Connell charges Lord Strafford with having given, they would not have overlooked it in their address. They insist upon a promise given on the part of the king, and are encouraged by the lord deputy's “ strong propension to the general good and prosperity of the nation.” Acting in the spirit of this strong propension, Strafford counselled his royal master what graces might safely be confirmed—what it was necessary to refuse, taking upon himself the odium of the unpopular policy, and leaving to the sovereign all the grace of concession. In thus acting he may, or he may not, have conducted himself as a wise statesman or an honourable man.* We are not sitting in judgment upon this particular act; but whatever may be its title—to praise or blame—it is not the act falsely attributed to him by Mr. O'Connell.

We do not mean to enter into an investigation of the charges against Lord Strafford in his prosecution of the king's claims on property in the province of Connaught. The facts of the case we believe to be, that the titles of the occupants in that province were very generally defective, and that the morals of jurors were not, in those days, of a very saintly strictness. Strafford was apprehensive of combinations, by which the king's right was likely to be defeated: he was also of opinion, that even claims on the part of the king might be prosecuted against occupants or claimants, who were destitute of right; and he employed menaces and severities to accomplish objects which

* Carte altogether approves of Strafford's views and conduct respecting the “graces.” “The deputy entered with the council into a serious consideration of the several articles contained in these graces, and after mature deliberation thereon, went, in a solemn manner, to parliament, and gave a particular answer with regard to each; very reasonable in itself, and therefore proper to give a general satisfaction.”—*Carte's Ormonde*, vol. i. p. 80.

ought, if sought at all, to be pursued by means as pure as the professed intentions of him who employed them.

The difficulties, however, in the way of one who would quiet the public mind by a settlement of property, confirming just titles, and annulling such as were destitute of right, were very considerable. The commencing paragraph of the address, already quoted from the Commons to the lord deputy, is sufficient evidence of the great magnitude of the task which Strafford undertook, and which no man who valued his ease above duty, or whom peril or difficulty could dismay, would have taken upon him :—

“His majesty's faithful, loyal, and humble subjects, the Commons of this kingdom in this present parliament, by his majesty's gracious favour, assembled, sensibly apprehending the manifold inconveniences which have befallen this kingdom, thro' the incertainty of estates, occasioned by the imbezzling, burning and defacing of records and other evidences, happened in this realm in times loose and uncertain, troubled with continual war, until the beginning of his late majesty's happy reign, and increased by the negligence or ignorance of sundry persons heretofore employed in passing of patents and estates from the crown, whereby many errors in law crept into such grants, whereof divers indigent persons, with eagle's eyes piercing thereunto, commonly took advantage, to the utter overthrow of many noble and deserving persons, that for the valuable considerations of service unto the crown, or money, or both, honourably and fairly acquired their estates, which is the principal cause of the the slow improving, planting, and building in this land; for that the inhabitants of this kingdom, either thro' carelessness of that whereof they fear they are not secured; and fearing that insecurity, to prevent allurements and enticing of others to hunt after their lands, or quarrel with their titles, are disheartened from making their possessions beautiful or profitable.”—*Letters and Despatches of Thomas Earl of Strafford*, vol. i., p. 311.

This, let it be remembered, is the language, not of Lord Strafford, but of the parliament which addresses him. It describes evils of which they demand a cure—evils under which no country could improve or prosper. Strafford applied himself to the duties which such a state of things imposed on him; and, in his endeavours to

effect a reform, committed acts for which he ultimately lost his life, and which, were they to be judged according to the opinions of modern times, would be thought to merit severe punishment. He fined a sheriff and imprisoned jurors who refused to find a verdict in favour of the king. The circumstances under which he was betrayed into this arbitrary procedure can be briefly stated. Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo had acknowledged the validity of the king's title, before it was submitted to a jury in Galway. Here, on a case which had been three times tried, a verdict adverse to the king's title, and opposed to all former decisions was returned. At the present day, the crown would in such event either renounce its damaged claim, or would re-assert it by due process of law. Strafford's procedure was more irregular. Complaining that there were many evidences of conspiracy between the sheriff, the jurors, and the noble lord most directly interested in resisting the crown, he fined the sheriff for returning a packed jury, and punished the jurors for returning a falsehood as their verdict. We are as firmly convinced that Strafford was wrong in his measures, as we are persuaded that he was right in his suspicions; but of this, also, we are certain, that no man of honour who will do that great man's memory the justice of reflecting upon his conduct and *his times*, can read the language applied to him by Mr. O'Connell, with any other feelings than those of disgust and abhorrence.

Among the testimonies adduced by Mr. O'Connell to support his charges against the persecuted Strafford, one is taken from “The Records of the House of Commons.”

“They tell us,” he writes, “that jurors who gave their verdict according to their consciences, were censured in the castle chamber in great fires—sometimes pillored, with loss of ears, and bored through the tongue, and sometimes marked in the forehead with a hot iron, and other infamous punishments.”—*Com. Jour.* vol. i. p. 307. *Memoir*, &c. p. 233.

Long as we have dwelt upon the case of Strafford, the testimony thus adduced compels us to add a comment upon it.

In the year 1640, in the month of March, the Irish House of Commons, in granting a large subsidy to the monarch, thought proper to express their sense of his royal favour, and in terms of the most ardent eulogium upon Strafford, who had assumed the vice-royalty six years before, thanked the sovereign for sending them such a representative.

"And particularly," these were their words, "in providing and placing over us so just, wise, vigilant, and profitable a governor as the Right Hon. Sir Thos. Wentworth, Knight, Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of your majesty's said kingdom of Ireland, who by his great care and travail of body and mind, *sincere and upright administration of justice, without impartiality*, increase of your majesty's revenue, without the least hurt or grievance to any of your well-disposed and loving subjects, and to our great comfort and security by the large and ample benefits which we have received and hope to receive by your majesty's commission of grace for remedy of defective titles, procured hither by his lordship from your sacred majesty; his lordship's great care and pains in restoration of the church, the reinforcement of the army within this kingdom, and ordering the same with such singular and good discipline, as that it is now become a great comfort, stay, and security to this your whole kingdom, which before had an army rather in name than in substance; his support of your majesty's wholesome laws here established, *his encouragement and countenance to your judges and other good officers, ministers and dispensers of your laws, in the due and severe administration of justice*; his necessary and just strictness for the execution thereof; his due punishment of the contemners of the same, and his care to relieve and redress the poor and oppressed. For this your tender care over us, showed by your deputing and supporting of so good a governor, we your faithful subjects acknowledge ourselves more bound than we can with tongue and pen express."—*Carte's Ormond*, vol. i. p. 92.

Such was the eulogy pronounced on Strafford by the Irish Commons, in the month of March, 1640. It was an unanimous expression of the professed opinion of that body, was pronounced *nenime contradicente*, and amidst loud and general acclamations. A similar testimony was borne in June of the

preceding year, when Sir George Ratcliffe asked leave to wait on the lord deputy in London. On that occasion Sir Roebuck Lynch ("afterwards," Mr. Carte observes, "one of the select committee for presenting the remonstrance, and one of the witnesses against the earl on his trial") joined warmly in the praises of Strafford, and said of him—"Res nostras administrat tam diligenter ut proprias, tam caute ut alienas, tam religiose ut publicas;" an expression of praise which was received by the whole house with acclamation.

When the Commons of Ireland offered these tributes to the reputation of Strafford, the subject of their eulogy was apparently prosperous and powerful. They had had ample opportunities, during the occurrences of six momentous years, to form a sound judgment as to his merits, and they certainly were not niggard in their acknowledgments. Strafford's fortunes changed. *Quid turba Remi?* What of the Irish Commons? *Sequitur fortunam.*

"But the times," writes Carte, "were changed since; the Earl of Strafford was then in power—now he was under a cloud, prosecuted by the Scots and the discontented English with all the virulence imaginable, and his master unable to support and protect him. The factions which thirsted after the blood of that great man, and would be satisfied with no sacrifice less than that of his life, still wanted matter of accusation sufficient to justify the taking of it away; and the Irish" (honorable commission!) "were solicited to furnish them with pretences for that purpose. The Lord Lieutenant had kept a strict hand over the Roman Catholics and the Puritans, and was agreeable to neither party; both of them joined on this occasion to charge him as the author of all their grievances, and a destroyer of the natural freedom of their parliament. This they did on November 7, in a large remonstrance addressed to the deputy; and either for fear it should stop in his hands, or because it would not answer their ends unless it was published immediately in England, they on the 11th of that month appointed a select committee to carry it thither, to present it to his majesty, to solicit redress, (notwithstanding any adjournment, prolongation, or dissolution of the house,) and to press for the continuance of the present or the speedy calling of a new parl^t

ment, with power to receive the complaints of any particular subject, and lay them before his majesty, and to require and have copies of all records without paying any fees," &c. &c.—*Carte's Ormonde*, vol. i. p. 107.

Such is the history of those charges against a persecuted man, which Mr. O'Connell is not ashamed to present among the testimonies on which he rests his case. The whole affair is more than ordinarily base and disgusting. The admirers or sycophants of a great man, in the days of his success, become, in his adversity, the instruments of a faction which seeks his overthrow. While it was in his power to injure the country, they, by their lavish praises, strengthen his hands for evil. They thank the sovereign for having set him in authority over them, and thus indirectly pray that his authority may be continued. They describe him as just, vigilant, wise, brave, tempering firmness with mercy, administering law with impartiality, and upholding the sovereign's interests and prerogatives; while he respected, and caused to be respected, the subject's rights. Thus, to the utmost of their power, they endeavour that Strafford shall remain unquestioned in his high charge:—and the instant his fortunes begin to decline, his admirers become his accusers, and strive as mercilessly and unscrupulously to hunt down the noble quarry to his death, as they strove in former days to exalt him almost above the condition of a man. The praises, it may be said, of such a body ought to be accounted valueless. They were praises extorted by fear or force. On some such principle they must be accounted for by those who deny their justice. But what is to be said of the parliament who, on such a supposition, gloried in the shame of such odious sycophancy? We can sympathize with men whom terror subdues into silence, and feel that though they cannot excite our admiration they may move our pity, and must not of necessity forfeit our esteem or respect. We can imagine, as a possible event, a case in which men shall be coerced into an apparent acquiescence in sentiments which in their hearts they disapprove; and we can imagine that even in such a case there may, perhaps, be more to lament than to condemn. But that the representatives of a nation shall

know a man to be a criminal, for whom the punishment of death is light, and shall praise him as one of those whom heathen nations would enroll among their gods, and whom all nations regard as those whose honoured names shall endure for ever—that a whole body shall join, without a dissenting voice, in the expression of these eulogies; and that when they are uttered they shall be welcomed with universal and long-continued acclamations; conduct like this we cannot ascribe to any body of men without believing them to be false and base beyond the ordinary vices of their kind, or without regarding their testimony as wholly inadmissible in any (the most insignificant) question which may come into dispute.

As against Mr. O'Connell's use of it, we have no hesitation to affirm that if the encomiums of the House of Commons are not to be received in Strafford's favour, the contrary statements which they were hardly enough to make, ought not to be admitted as evidence against him. At this day, they should be regarded as mutually extinguishing each other. There was a day when the more malignant assertions produced their purposed effect. They gave a colourable pretext to the legalized murder of a great man in misfortune. At this day, we do not think that there are many who, after a patient consideration of the facts of the case, will join with Mr. O'Connell in raking out materials to defame the memory of an illustrious sufferer from so polluted sources. Strafford's reputation for good and ill must have its award in far other testimony than that of those who appear as the tempters of his brighter hours, and his tormentors in the time of trouble. It is far from creditable to any writer to make common cause with such prevaricators.

And here, for the present, we pause, with an earnest recommendation to our readers not to think lightly of the "*Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon*," because its staple is pretty much the same with that of many preceding Irish histories. Mr. O'Connell's book is so constructed as to be eminently mischievous. Not concerning itself with more than the allegations against the British government and the Protestant proprietary of Ireland, careless of refutation—careless

of facts, the memoir, without incumbrance or impediment, will make a rapid way at home and abroad: here keeping alive passions of discontent and disaffection, and creating, in foreign countries, a popular opinion, which may be very disagreeable in its immediate effects, and may ultimately prove a serious evil. This is our deliberate opinion. We have heard some whom we respect, speak in a different tone and spirit. They have welcomed the appearance of Mr. O'Connell in his new character. They have said that a work bearing so legibly the traces of evil passions, and the notices of an evil purpose, is disabled from affecting harm, by too palpable an exposure of its principles. All this would be true, were one condition which it implies realized. It supposes that there is such a knowledge of Irish affairs in the minds of reading or thinking men, that the untruth of Mr. O'Connell's representations cannot escape detection. No supposition ought to be more natural—few suppositions can be more groundless.

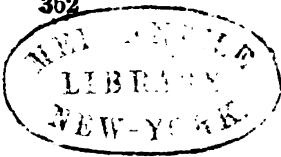
We should not complain of the prevailing indifference to Irish history, nor should we wonder at it, if one class in society, by consenting to remain

ignorant themselves, could extend their indifference to another. Could Conservative politicians, by eschewing Irish story, prevent politicians of another class from reading it, and so cause all harrowing recollections of grim old times to melt away, we could acknowledge the convenience of the amnesty, and resign ourselves to the necessity of the costly sacrifice by which it was purchased. But the ignorance which encouraged such publications as this which we have begun to review, was doubly culpable. It was a temptation to "speakers of lies," and it left lovers of truth unable to rebuke them. While good men slept, enemies were busy in sowing tares. Mr. O'Connell's book is an exposure of the traditions by which the hearts of masses of the Irish people are moulded to what has been styled a seditious patriotism; and there will be no lack of such performances, adventurous and unfair, so long as they have the encouragement of an indifference which seems to promise that, for hundreds who will read and remember an agitating invective, there shall not be found one to be concerned in the duty of detecting and exposing its injustice.

TO A. DE V.

Shall we not long remember, Friend beloved!
 The sweet succession of those pleasant days,
 Enjoyed together, and a frequent gaze
 Turn back in fancy on what soothed or moved
 Our mingling spirits; whether while we roved
 Garden or mossy bank or rocky shore,
 Heard the rill murmur or the ocean roar;
 In various forms the power of beauty proved,
 Or joy of serious thought and converse free,
 Progress and aspiration; or the blending
 Of hues that were revealed externally
 With other colours of our own souls' lending:
 And now, the hour of parting nearly come,
 The human interest of this happy home?

W. R. H.



JUDAS ; A TRAGIC MYSTERY.*

WERE we to search back through the vanished ages of the world's literature, from the great father of English epic to the minstrel king of Salem, we would find that divine subjects and sacred events have been ever considered as within the legitimate province and the favourite theme of the poet. But the hymn, or the prayer, or—as imagination took a freer range—the epic bounded the flight of the sacred bard during many a cycle—and yet such (we dare affirm) were not the true bounds of the realm of holy song. In the re-production of all great and moving passages of human life or human history—in re-painting on the field of imagination all those sensations of the sublime, the preternatural, the adorable, and the tender, in hues which have the nearest approximation in vividness and power to the colour and body of the original, we maintain that the dramatic form is the most effective of all media ; and as it is the most perfect form of literary re-production, so it is, after all, in reality the *ultimate* standard to which the mind refers all composition, and by which it measures its excellence and effect. This a few words will prove. The epic or narrative style is excellent and effective exactly in the degree in which it produces in the mind and imagination a *present* picture of the characters and events in *action* as they were at the time which the chronicler refers to ; in other words, *dramatises its subject* ; for it is the nature of all narrative, as it sinks in the mind, to re-produce itself in the imagination in the form of drama. This proposition, though it may appear novel in its enunciation will receive the ready assent of all who are in the habit of making their own thoughts and feelings the subject of contemplation ; and it is somewhat singular that while in the history of literature the epic or narrative has preceded certainly, if it have not given birth to the dramatic ;

in the process in the mind of the poet that order is inverted ; there the dramatic is the parent of the epic, and the latter is effective exactly in proportion as the former has been in vigorous action and high power in the mind during composition. And thus it happens that the last and highest point of literary achievement is the re-production of things in their most natural and original form.

Two sister arts present a striking analogy to what we have just advanced. Painting is dramatic, and her highest praise is to be a simulator, and, in the presence of the cheated spectator, to steal for the time the name and guise of Nature. Music is epic, and looks not so much up to nature, as back to memory. The former has the homage of all ; a thousand dull ears refuse to bow before the latter ; this is indeed the elder sister, but that is the mightier magician—for she evokes the past to relieve in substance before our eyes, while music but brings back upon our senses the dim shadowy visions of departed things, with the feeling that they are departed for ever.

When the power and superiority of the dramatic style had at length been fully appreciated, it would have been wonderful indeed if the sacred poet should have alone refused its aid. That its adaption to sacred subjects was so tardy as it has been, is attributable certainly not to its unfitness, but to the rigidity of puritanical principles, whose freezing influence was most intensely felt at the very period when the poetic spirit was making its most memorable and mightiest efforts in England. The Puritan, his principles, and his influence have happily long since passed away ; and after many struggles, the fitness of the dramatic form, as a most poetic and powerful vehicle for sacred subjects, has been triumphantly proved in the pure and classical compositions of Milman.

* Judas ; a Tragic Mystery. By Digby P. Starkey, A.M. 8vo. Dublin : William Curry, Jun. and Co. Longman and Co., London. 1843.

Whence is it, however, that, since the right has been fully established, so few have availed themselves of the great and unquestionable advantages it affords. That while late years have produced many eminently successful dramatists in the walks of profane literature—Knowles, and Bulwer, and Talfourd—no one has been found with the genius or daring to give the world a religious drama. It may be that the poetic spirit is too stagnant to rouse herself to any great effort, it may be she is too long accustomed to tread the beaten track of imitation to dare anything in a style which is again becoming antiquated. It is not that the times are unsuited to its exhibition: quite the contrary. We could readily prove, if need were, that perhaps at no period since the Reformation was the general tone of feeling with regard to religious subjects more favourable to the grand, the picturesque, the poetical in religion. But be the cause what it may, we think this feeling is peculiarly favourable to the appearance of a work such as Mr. Starkey's; while in saying so, it is fit to assure the reader of a fact which we deem no small merit in his poem, and praise to himself, that, be his private views what they may, no one can discover in his work any bias or bearing towards any sect, body, party, or clique. The important and wonderful events which laid the foundation of Christ's kingdom on earth are given in their apostolic purity, and there is not, we insist, a Christian living who might not, on perusal of the book, lay it down and say—There is nothing here contrary to the Bible.

The title of the mystery, "Judas," at once suggests a theme startling, original, and bold—yet perilous in the extreme; and he who dares to pursue it would need an eye bright and steady, to look undazzled on the light of holy things—keen, sharp, and far-seeing, to pierce the gloom of mystery,

"The shadows of regions unknown,"

the deep recesses of thoughts and feelings unutterable, and a wing strong and untiring, to sustain him in his flight through the wide realms of creation. All this Mr. Starkey has felt; he cannot at all events plead the ex-

cuse of Phaeton—he knew the peril of his course.

We shall best afford to our readers an adequate idea of the book before us, and accord to its author the best measure of justice that the necessarily circumscribed limits of periodical criticism permit, by giving a brief outline of the drama. The scene, we need scarcely say, is laid in Jerusalem and some of its ever-memorable suburbs; the time ranging from the day preceding to that following the crucifixion; the characters, with the exception of Chavah and a few others, which the effective conduct of the drama requires, are those which holy writ associates with that most awful and surpassing scene of the world's history. But from amongst them *one* is absent; and most judiciously has the dramatist shrunk from a task to which even the genius and skill of Milton were found unequal. Rightly has he declined to exhibit one whose hallowed portraiture his own Holy Spirit alone endowed human pen with the power to delineate; a portraiture so sublimely simple, yet so unapproachably sacred in the outlines which, in his transit through the world during his incarnated existence, it has been permitted us to contemplate, that no mortal limner should dare to fill in the colouring.

But short of this Mr. Starkey has dared, and dared successfully. Fresh from the presence of some manifestation of divinity—the miraculous power, the equally miraculous endurance—the adoring, the wondering, the scoffing witnesses of the event come forward to relate it according to their own several impressions; and, like the light that shone on the brow of the prophet, the proximity, without the presence of a divine actor, gives an intensity and truthfulness to the whole drama which cannot be easily surpassed.

Chavah, the beautiful mistress of Omri, one of the chiefs of the Sanhedrim, a creature in whose ruined soul some sparks of the bright affections of a purer nature still smoulder, is introduced in the second scene of the first act, to bear a prominent part in producing the treachery of Judas; and of this innovation, perhaps the most perilous experiment of the whole work, we shall have somewhat to say here-

after. In the palace of her lord she successively confers with certain scribes, and elders, and undertakes, for costly gifts to sway Omri in his place in the council ; as the last of these retires Omri himself appears, and charges her with encouraging the followers of the notorious and now formidable Jesus. She admits that Judas—

A poor and puny satellite,
One of the twelve which make this
Rabbi's state
Like mimic Lictors—

has, indeed, some once or twice been in the hall, but denies that she has given credence to his tales of Christ. This but strengthens Omri's suspicions, and he proposes a test to try her sincerity—induce the slave to betray his master. She hesitates, but promises at length, under the influence of Omri's threats ; while the complicated plots in which she is already involved, convince her she must effect the object at any price.

In the second act the wretched hero of the mystery, Judas, appears, under the influence of feelings which soon become evident, for mean and miserable as he is, he can claim no immunity from the passion that touches all human hearts. He loves: grovelling, hopeless, fearful, and vague though his sensations be, still it is love ; and as he stealthily haunts the purlieus of the beautiful Chavah's dwelling, he exhibits in soliloquy the strange and terrible conflict which love and avarice wage in a mean and timid nature. He has brought a costly present to his mistress with what hopes he well knows not. She comes, and he tenders it with caution and consummate skill: she feels her way, and at length, deeming him sufficiently excited, she proposes her object—the betrayal of his Lord. The crime strikes him at once in all its enormity. He is stunned and silent :

Well—comprehend'st thou? What?
art silent still?

Oh heavens! he reels, as if a thunder-bolt

Smote on his brow!

JUDAS (*after a pause*).

It was a monstrous thought—
But—I did fancy that a serpent stole
Into my bosom, with a whispering hiss—
“Thou shalt not surely die!”

But he must be stimulated, his horror and fear must be swept away before the flood of some mighty passion, and his temptress holds out less vaguely the exciting hopes of her future favor. The temptation is irresistible. She triumphs as he exclaims in a transport—

JUDAS.

Oh, oh, too much—What would'st thou have me do?

CHAVAH.

Show to the priests his nightly hiding-place ;
Point to the guards his person : nothing more.

And yet the combined influence of love, avarice, and ambition have not undisputed sway over the traitor's heart, there is a fearful conflict between them and his terror, the sense of his baseness, ingratitude, and the enormity of his treason, that sways him to and fro, till his resolution staggers beneath the trial. We would gladly give, if space permitted, the striking soliloquy in which these varied feelings are exhibited ; we must be satisfied with saying, that in it the author has ingeniously put forward some of the less common though plausible views of the motives and objects of the traitor, which he has subsequently most fully discussed in his notes. But to resume. The council of the Sanhedrim proceed, at the instigation of Omri, to plan the destruction of Christ. Nicodemus, in whose heart still dwell the words of him he sought in the darkness of night, alone interposes to save him, and while he dares not openly to avow his feelings towards Christ, he is forced covertly to seek his ends by directing the attention of the council to weightier matters, and affecting to exhibit Jesus as a harmless enthusiast. His stratagem avails so far as to postpone the matter for future deliberation. The council is dissolved, and Nicodemus remains in deep meditation behind: at length he draws near a window, whence he beholds, in the light of the evening, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the brook of Kedron, the mount of Olives, and the Dead Sea, dimly discoverable in the distance. The picture is a fine one, drawn with the masterly hand of a painter, and in colours of solemn

gloom, that most artfully prepare us for the scene that follows. For insensibly the night has deepened down on the musings of the "Master of Israel," and his prayer of sorrow and despondency, is answered by the faint harmonious voice of a comforting spirit, uttering from the volume of the law, the dubious but encouraging words of prophecy. The effect, when taken in connection with all the solemn accessories of the moment, is startlingly dramatic.

In the third act, Judas is brought before the Sanhedrim. He makes large demands, which are indignantly refused. The price of blood is at length fixed, and the plan and time of betrayal concerted; when, lo! the city rings with the fame of another miracle wrought by the Saviour.

So miserably blind a poor old man!
His face had gathered round each
shrunken ball,
As if to shut from man and from himself
The hopeless lack of blessed speculation—

is restored to sight by the finger of the Omnipotent. In the midst of the recital the subject of the miracle enters, giving vent to his overcharged feelings. As he concludes he calls on his absent daughter.

But oh, fetch home within these straining arms
The visible form of those—of her—my own!
Where is the sight should greet and meet me first?
Where is that eye should kindle mine to light?
Chavah—my daughter Chavah!

CHAVAH rushes in, and throws herself on the ground before him.

CHAVAH.
At thy feet!

OLD MAN.
Another miracle! She, she again,
Whom I had deemed long gathered to her sires,
Restored to me with day! Miriam! my wife!
My loved and lost—

CHAVAH.
O father, 'tis thy child—
Thy daughter Chavah!

OLD MAN.

Stay—can it be dream?
Sight! thou'rt perplexing as was blindness once!
Chavah—my Miriam—

She inquires who has wrought the miracle, and as he describes, she at once suspects, and starting up, cries—

CHAVAH (*starting up.*)
What, father! dost thou dare to say that he—
The Nazarene—

OLD MAN.

Ay, is the CHRIST OF GOD!
(*She falls senseless.*)

Chavah! my Chavah! 'Twas too much of joy,
My child! to bear at once. Assist her, friends!
(*They carry her out.—The scene closes.*)

On the roof of her father's house, which rests on the wall of the town, and overhangs a deep precipice beneath, sits the now miserable and conscience-stricken Chavah. It is night, and her overwearied father sleeps tranquilly, with his head resting on her knees, as she gloomily meditates on the death she knows is fast approaching. We know not if we have ever seen any thing more strikingly faithful, yet deeply illustrative of the intensity of human feeling, than that short meditation, exemplifying, as it does, a profound phenomenon of our intellectual being, when under some strong pressure the soul is forced into past life, with the undefined consciousness that it is the type of the present. Her musings are at length interrupted; the sound of feet is heard; her heart tells her the terrible scene that awaits her.

But, hist!
There's some one on the stair. Perhaps the news
What hath befallen—the tale of ruffian force—
Gross merriment! The fatal end avowed!—
A drop of water! Oh! I scarce have force
To raise it to my lips. My swimming eyes
Fill with false moonlight. Oh, alas! I faint—
My father, rest thee on the marble here—
'Tis nearer—oh, support—

JUDAS (*rushing in*).

Yes, Chavah, yes—
Here are my arms!

CHAVAH.

Demon, keep clear of me!
Is the deed done?

JUDAS.

Ay! or I had not dared
To touch thy garment's hem. Take all
the price
That it produced—'tis yours.

CHAVAH.

Father, awake!
My sire, look up! Almighty God, look
down!
Before ye both, the things that I adore
In earth and heaven the most, I charge
yon man
With that would crush a monarch into
dust,
And make an angel carrion.

JUDAS.

Do I hear
Thy words aright, or are thy o'erstrung
nerves
Strained up to madness, or doth my
wrought brain
Plant hideous phantasies in horrid sport
On reason's judgment-seat.

Chavah turns from Judas to her
wondering father, and briefly relates
all that has befallen her since she left
him—her intercourse with Omri, and
her inducing Judas to betray his mas-
ter. The old man admonishes him to
seek forgiveness—

Sinner! go seek him out
Who made me whole—

CHAVAH.

Hush! he *hath* sought him, father!

FATHER.

Nay, then, forgive him, Chavah, as, be
sure,
He must have done, who ne'er beheld in
vain
The suppliant at his feet.

CHAVAH.

But how, bethink thee,
Would he behold the *murderer* at his
throat?

FATHER.

The murderer?

CHAVAH.

Ay! of the CHRIST OF GOD!
The shock is too terrible for the old
man, he dies, and Judas maddened

with despair and passion, addresses
the daughter—

JUDAS.

Chavah—(*a pause*)—Chavah—I've come
to thee for payment
For a commission done. I must be paid.
Chavah—suborner of the needful act
Thy priests and elders won on me to do,
'Twas for a certain price agreed be-
twixt us
That act was done. Chavah—I must
BE PAID.
By Him who dwells betwixt the cheru-
bim,
That all-observant Spirit whom we feel
Wrapping the night-blast like a net
around us,
To catch our faintest whispers, I will
have
My payment in the full. Something
I've done
Hath cost me dear, and—nay, my
beauteous Chavah,
I talk too darkly, when a smile should sit
Upon the lips of both—

CHAVAH.

Thou see'st this thing
Stretched on the stone?

JUDAS.

Nay, lovely Chavah, now
No time for fruitless griefs.

CHAVAH.

This heap of dust
Was once my father.

JUDAS.

But he's now in heaven,
And I am here.

CHAVAH.

But then his dust too's here.
'Tis not beseeching.—Lo, how deep
descends
The escarpment from this terrace, and
below
Far in the shade the rushing of a brook
Rolls through the midnight. Bear him
to the edge.
There—leave him now—thou hast a con-
science still.
It is but dust, and if 'tis torn and bruised
From rock to bough, in tumbling from
this height,
Why—*he* will have no sentiment of woe,
Smiling in paradise. My father! first
My memory in thy arms took conscious-
ness:
In thy arms let it cease. Come with me!
(*She clasps her father's body, and springs
with it down the abyss.*)
JUDAS (*looks over.*)

Chavah!

The fourth act commences with a spirit-chant, which warns Pilate's wife in her sleep at the dawn of the next morning of the fearful events that are approaching. The scene changes to the Prætorium, where the coarse carousing of the Roman soldiers is made subservient to a description of some of the agonies endured by the Saviour that night.

We are led once more to the Sanhedrim, where the successful schemes of the council, receiving at that moment their accomplishment in the execution of Christ, give a tone of exultation to their debate; when lo! the High Priest draws attention to the gloom that unaccountably increases as the day advances, and at length the portents gather awfully around,—thunder and darkness, and earthquake shaking the foundations of the buildings and the hearts of the councillors. The graves yield up their tenants, and through the darkness pass the forms of men in grave-clothes looking ghastly at the affrighted priests. The traitor rushes in and flings the money at the feet of the horrified conclave; they repel him with loathing and horror, and the traitor, after denouncing them and himself, and imprecating curses upon all, flies forth from the eyes of men.

The fourth act closes with a prayer of St. John's, to which we must accord our highest praise. There is a glow of rich colouring and poetic inspiration about it well suited to the great apocalyptic prophet, and a polish and fervour that make it worthy to be placed beside the happiest attempts of Milman in the same style. Let the reader judge from a portion:—

By death's sure hope—and by this dreadful scene,
The vestibule to glory, which had been
Less glorious but for sorrow's gloomy porch,
Through which I press by faith's half-failing torch,
Discerning dimly, as the past retires,
Ten thousand sapphire fires,
Which light the future with a mystic gleam
Of splendour, and from thence
Rush on my ravished sense,
Gilding, with immortality's own beam,
A dim, apocalyptic dream—

Hear, O Jehovah—hear!

In the fifth act Barabbas is followed to a mean house by Omri, (who has discovered the death of Chavah,) and engaged by him to assassinate Judas. As the Pharisee goes, the traitor himself enters, and invites the robber to describe the scene of Christ's sufferings. Barabbas relates all, while Judas listens in silence. At length the former lifts the wine cup to drink to the health of the man (unknown to him) who betrayed Christ, and ere he can withdraw his hand, Judas stabs him. Meantime, Peter that night assails the door of the high priest's palace, and in an agony of remorse, awakened by the look of Jesus at his denial, offers to deliver himself up. He is thrust out by the guards, and determines to spend the night prostrate at the foot of the cross.

Here, too, Judas has decided that the act of suicide should be committed; and here he arrives at night in the midst of storm and tempest, which however is calm and light in comparison with that which is within his heart. Deep, burning, and fearful are his communings with his own soul, which the intensity of suffering and the approach of death have, to some degree, enlarged and exalted. At length he reaches Calvary, where the distant sound of the paschal hymn floats to his ears.

This brings a thought of earth back into his mind, till he is accosted by a demoniac, who warns him of the approaching resurrection in terms which, though he does not comprehend, goad him to fury. He threatens to exorcise the demon with that name of power which has so often been obeyed. The demon defies him to pronounce it—the miserable man remembers his treason and dares not, but, pointing to the cross, the demoniac flies away shrieking. As he is about to lay violent hands on himself, a cloud of mist rising from beneath, peopled with the spirit-life of hell, spreads around him; he is wrapt from mortal sight, and within that phantom veil is enacted that terrific scene which Dr. Lightfoot informs us, is traditionally believed to have been the closing one in the life of Judas. In wild chants and alternating choruses, the fiends obscurely picture forth the gloom and torments of hell, and thus proceed to remove

from his eyes the film of earthly prejudices :—

A SINGLE VOICE (*chanting.*)

Hitherto thou'st thought
The childish thunders of those empty words,
Which hedge Gehenna round with flames and swords,
Till mortals fly it, as their parents fled
That home wherein first innocence was bred,
All with plain meaning fraught.
Now learn
That man is far too sensually framed,
To have the things of spirits rightly named.

Go! turn,
And look on the noon-day sun again—
'Tis a blaze to the tribes of mortal men :
Approach it! 'tis only a world like thine,
That a word, as with thee, first ordained to shine.
He is of fire *beheld from hence* :
But the nearer view of a clearer sense,
Disperses the gleams
And the region beams
Alone with the light of magnificence.

They then announce that the deepest mysteries of infernal lore are reserved for the time when the soul and body, dis severed at the moment of death, are reunited in the regions of eternal woe—

A VOICE (*chanting.*)

The spirit cometh first, wrapt 'twixt our wings,
Adown the causeway steep,
That shelveth towards the silent shadowy deep,

The grave of things.
The body followeth—through air, and earth,
And the grim changes to corruption's birth,

To elements,
From whence we gather the dispersed form,

Disorged from the worm,
Or shed from herbs, or filtered down through rents,

In poisonous sediments,
And wed the substance of the wandering sprite,

'Neath Death's congenial night,
Uniting self unto itself again ;
Whence, re-incarnate of the race of Cain,

And gifted from a second natal hour,
O'er all thy passions with a boundless power

Thou wilt begin the chase
After earth's feeble race,

And swell the cry of hell's infernal pack
With sure untiring foot upon man's track,

Till, soul by soul, they sink
Dead, on Life's dizzy brink.

The spirits are about to slay the traitor, who is roused to a fierce resistance, and, as a living man, defies the troop of shadows, and appeals to the archfiend himself—to SATAN. Amidst increasing darkness, lightning, and thunder, the master-fiend approaches. In words of fearful import he shadows forth his doom, but ere its consummation he disabuses his mind from the horrors of the sensible hell, which the lying demons have already depicted. Judas asks if *he* is true? The reply is forcible and fearful. By the similitude of the snake who lies coiled in the grass till he springs on the browsing beast, to crush and devour him, Satan explains that he, too, is lying and deceptious till the prey is seized, but then *true*, for deceit is useless : and, indeed, in the scene that follows, Mr. Starkey has finely conceived, and very ably executed, this idea, and makes Satan most fitly announce those divine and eternal truths which the devils believe while they tremble—truths which, as a wise being, were within his knowledge, and as a malignant one, his object to tell, as the knowledge of them would, through all eternity, be the most intense aggravation to the miseries of his victim. We give the whole of this magnificent passage—

SATAN.

And so—give ear.
Thou'st heard these demons dirging on the note
Of pains, racks, fires, and torture—till they saw
More must be told—and then they changed their chant
To foul employments, lust, ire, pride, and hate,
And forced rebellion to a power supreme.
Thou hast appealed to Satan—he is come.
Now hear of hell from hell's own Sovereign.
Hearken—give ear—'tis fable—cheat—a lie—
THERE IS NO HELL!—ha! ha! thou seem'st amazed.
I would not have thee whisper it for worlds

There—in Jerusalem—lest they give
 o'er
 Their hot pursuit of it. But hearken
 yet—
 I'll tell thee what is hell—thy mind, thy
 mind,
 No more by clouds of prejudice ob-
 scured,
 But opened to discern the real truth
 Of all that thou hast never learned be-
 fore.
 The majesty of virtue, and the rank
 Of him from whom it flows, the Almighty
 source
 Of it and happiness ; the power of love,
 The privilege of prayer, the bliss of
 praise ;
 The vastness of creation, and the scope
 Of God's all-seeing eye, which shines
 amongst
 His beings, as the sun upon the
 flowers,
 Source of their being and their beauty
 too ;
 And by that knowledge doomed itself
 to know
 Alone unlighted by the all-gladdening
 ray.
 —I'll tell thee what is hell—thy secret
 soul,
 Immortal, conscious, vigilant, intense,
 Quivering with life, and impotent to
 stand
 Inactive in a fervent universe,
 Wherein undying labour is the meed
 Conditioned unto all ; and to observe
 That soul, by the still-conscious mind
 informed,
 Slow drifting on the eternal course of
 things,
 Down that dark stream, o'er which the
 arch of death
 Bends and obliterates the face of God.
 —I'll tell thee what is hell—to own, and
 teach,
 As I do now, great truths, when nought
 avails
 Instruction or confession, but to add
 Honours to the Omnipotent, and write
 With conscious hand the sentence of our
 crime
 Above the portal of our punishment ;
 And thus be wrung by that tremendous
 Power
 That bends all beings to his sovereign
 will,
 To swell heaven's anthem, and repeat
 His praise
 In deep responses to the cherubim ;
 And for the hated homage yet be paid
 With deeper bale, as they with brighter
 bliss.
 —I'll tell thee what is hell—thy me-
 mory,
 Still mountained up with records of the
 past,
 Heap over heap, all accents and all
 forms,

Telling the tale of joy and innocence,
 And hope, and peace, and love ; record-
 ing too,
 With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
 Worked upon weakness and defenceless-
 ness ;
 The blest occasions trifled o'er, or
 spurned ;
 All that hath been, that ought not to
 have been,
 That might have been so different, that
 now
 Cannot but be irrevocably past !
 —I'll tell thee what is hell—thy gan-
 grened heart,
 Stripped of its self-worn mask, and
 spread at last
 Bare in its horrible anatomy
 Before thine own excruciated gaze.
 —I'll tell thee what is hell—to be ad-
 judged
 To look, too late, into a mystery
 So near to thee that it was all but
 touched,
 Nay, *was*, by thy right hand ; a scheme
 that all
 The nations panted for from that first
 day
 I drove thy parents from their rest, till
 now
 That 'tis complete at last : a work the
 hosts
 Of heaven watched by and wondered ;
 nor conceived,
 Till, part by part wrought out, it stood
 a thing
 To fall before and worship. 'Twas this
 plan
 I, too, mistook, like thee, till the curse
 grew
 Lasting as Him who launched it. Thou
 hast stood
 In this work's light, and drawn the eyes
 of men
 From the two tombs, of prophecy, be-
 fore,
 And history, after, on thy hueless
 form,
 Till in the blaze it quivers ; and this
 act—
 Judas, come close, I'll whisper in thine
 ear—
 This act of blood thine hand hath
 wrought—whereby
 I come to claim thee—this it is, se-
 cures
 The hope of all men by thy sole de-
 spair.
 THIS—THIS is hell, to see the work of
 God
 Achieved for others, by the very deed
 That damns thyself for ever.—Ha ! I
 see
 Thou'rt moved at last ; and I half feel
 the hate
 That is my mood, relaxing to a sense
 Of grim complacency.—Poor wretch !
 thy hair

Bristles in stiffening dread; and as I
touch
Thy brow, 'tis clammy with the sweat
of death——

JUDAS.

Oh, agony! that touch—yet, yet an
hour!

In the midst of wild laughter of demons, which drown the cries of the wretched Judas, he is whirled aloft, and then cast expiring to the earth. At this moment, the last verses of the sweet Paschal hymn, speaking of mercy and peace, come faintly on his ear, bringing with them thoughts less wild and despairing. The recollection of one who would at this hour have succoured him comes to his mind.

My mother—she'd have held
A drop of water to my dying lips,
In spite of all. 'Tis well that she is
gone.

Now I may cry aloud, where none can
hear.——

I would have prayed to God, but—— Oh,
if Christ

Were near me now!——

He dies.

Such, then, in its mere outline, is the Judas of Mr. Starkey. We have, indeed, not given the whole outline, and altogether omitted the minor yet very effective portions of the plot, and in our selections have made choice rather of those that explained the subject than such as we would have gladly put forward as illustrating, in a special degree, the poetic power and genius of the author. In theme, style, and plot, it is original, bold, and startling; and though we cannot say it is without its faults, yet we deem it one of the finest efforts of poetic genius that have for many years come before the public. Mr. Starkey in his conception of this great subject, as well as in the execution of it, has struck out for himself a path untrodden by others. Without the gorgeousness of Milman, there is all his dramatic propriety, the same attention to the unities, with profounder views of man and mind. Without the savage misanthropy and gloomy moroseness which, like a thunder cloud, hang over the creation of Byron's mysteries, there are passages, particularly in the last act, whose vigour and truth bring Cain and Manfred, strongly to our re-

collection. The lyrical portions, though perhaps rather long, are singularly harmonious, and shape forth with fearful intensity, under the personification of feelings, what we may suppose the thoughts and communings of such a being as the traitor with his own spirit. It is observable, that though professing to follow the tradition mentioned by Dr. Lightfoot, Mr. Starkey has not adopted his opinion that the devil entered bodily into the traitor. In this we think he was wise, for this obvious reason, it would have destroyed the identity of Judas, and exhibiting him under the influence of an irresistible extrinsic power, would so far deprive him of free will, and destroy much of the interest in him which the drama is intended throughout to sustain.

We have said, however, that the work is not without its faults; and the impartiality of criticism calls upon us to advert to them. And first, the character of the traitor is not developed with sufficient strength and prominence in the earlier parts of the tragedy, nor do we find our interests strongly attracted towards him till after the accomplishment of the treason, which, we may remark, is brought about too abruptly. Then, indeed, his whole nature is changed: he assumes an elevation of thought and language foreign to his former nature, and in the impassioned, desperate, and almost sublime traitor, we can scarcely recognise the mean, timid, and grovelling Judas. Ere we pronounce this a fault, let us remember that there is much to justify the change, besides the absolute necessity for dramatic effect of exhibiting Judas in a more elevated position towards the close. The approach of death, and the events preceding it, may naturally account for much of the effect. Let the author, however, speak for himself.

“Actions and events make characters. Qualities, the existence of which is unsuspected, are developed by the progress of circumstances. The timorous stag will assume the qualities of the lion, when he sees no retreat from the fang of the bound; and the mind of an idiot must have been wrung by agony into action; beneath the mountain-pressure of such guilt as Judas's.”

There is, however, an innovation of a bold and original nature to which we promised our readers to revert, and

which, we warn Mr. Starkey, will draw all eyes upon him: we mean the introduction of Chavah. To incorporate in the history of an event, whose sacredness will scarce endure to be tampered with, an agent, and in no subordinate degree too, of whom that history makes no mention, is, we repeat it, a bold and perilous experiment. If a fair chasm be left for such a creation without displacing a single fact of the sacred records—could the influences attributed to such an imaginary actor, have *possibly* operated, and the catastrophe, humanly speaking, been such as it really was, then, no doubt the poet uses but his well-established licence in availing himself of so potent an auxiliary. Has, then, such a chasm been left which may be reverently filled up? Is there a spot in the sacred structure which a pious and discreet hand may restore, with a member imaginary, it is true, yet not out of keeping with that with which it is interjoined? We think there *may be* such in reality, and therefore *is* for the purposes of the poet. That avarice was a prominent vice in the character of the wretched Judas is unquestionable. That it was greater than his love for, or faith in, his master is evident. That it was his master-passion *may be* true, but is not established. And yet, with all this, it may well be that other impulses exercised their force to bring to maturity an amount and enormity of crime which would appear to human reasoning to demand some more imperious solicitation than the bribe of a few coins of silver. Such being the case, the poet is justifiable in suggesting an impulse so powerful as that of love in producing the dark crime of treason. Admitting, then, the right so to do, the propriety of its exercise is a different and scarce less difficult question. On the one hand it is not to be denied—and we believe it to be the only danger attending any, even an otherwise successful attempt at such an innovation as that now under discussion—it is not to be denied that the primitive incidents of Christianity, like its fundamental doctrines, admit with jealousy accessorial aid: in the language of Dryden,

“The mysteries which Christians must believe,
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive;”

and so the suggestion of a motive

which the mind has never been in the habit of contemplating, as employed in the production of an event which has acquired the fixity and unalterableness of a religious truth—may operate in divesting the whole subject of that impress of reality which deepens down on the heart with such solemn and exquisite power. On the other hand, it is to be observed that the more the complicated and mysterious machinery of human action is exhibited in its full work and high power, the greater will be the dramatic effect produced, the deeper the interest excited;—while it should not be forgotten that few, if any, of the important events of life which fashion at once and for ever the destinies and characters of men, are the effect of any single or master-passion, but are the resultant of many of them in combination. The anatomy of avarice—to cite an instance particularly in point—like that of the human body, exhibits, when submitted to more microscopic scrutiny, a thousand undeveloped passions—love, sensuality, ambition—all, like the creatures within ourselves, drawing vitality from, and stimulating to action, that whereof they seem but an insentient portion; and, indeed, we may observe that of all human passions, the love of money—merely for itself, and not for the gratification of some ulterior object—is the least conceivable, and is only to be accounted for on the principle of a monomania. In this view of the case, then, the agency of love—even such a low and animal form of the passion as the Judas of Mr. Starkey could feel—is, we conceive, not improperly adopted as accessorial to, or even originating, the ultimate and admitted passion of avarice, which was the proximate cause of the treason. Let us, ere we dismiss the point, give the author himself a hearing.

“It is no light thing,” he says, “to admit into the story of our Lord’s passion the incidents of guilt and crime as connected with woman, and to allow a drop of that blood, self-imprecated upon his betrayers and murderers, to rest on the brow of a daughter of Eve; yet in going deep into nature, for the double purpose of examining the radical impulses of human action, and ascertaining the machinery which will give that action effective power in the public estimation, that depth must be reached.”

at last, in which the hearts of man and woman are intertwined in every crime as in every virtue, and hold together by the mutual relationship which marks their derivation from a common stock. And the same deep scrutiny will show how vain would be the attempt to excite or sustain the interest of a story in which the sex that lends its charm to our lightest, and sheds its colouring influence over our greatest actions, should be excluded from all participation. Such is the acknowledged power of woman's weakness, such the despotism of her dependence, that the deed, of good or evil, uninstituted by her persuasive interference, I should expect to loose, in the reader's eye, its impelling motive, and be held unaccountable and unnatural. I confess that, taking the analogy of man's first great transgression for my argument, and the experience of his whole history as its confirmation, I could see, in the present instance, no human power sufficiently mighty to effect that object, which in the silence of Scripture is here found accomplished, save the single one—that charm that, gifted though it be with this two-fold efficacy, proves, to us who recognise it, in the vast majority of instances in which it applies, so unspeakable and unquestionable a blessing.”

One other defect we shall allude to—one which is less a wrong conception than a short-coming in the portraiture of a character, which is the inevitable result of the nature of that character itself—we mean the Virgin Mother, and the expression of her sensations in her lamentation over the sufferings and death of her Son. As her position was one which no other human being has been placed in, so it is impossible to realize her feelings, and we wonder less that Mr. Starkey has not completely mastered this subject, than that he has developed it so powerfully, and touched with so true a hand some of the sublimest chords of maternal emotion.

To sum up, we pronounce “*Judas*” to be a work of great merit; possessing poetic vigour, profound and philosophic views, and a power of stirring all the deeper sympathies and feelings

of our nature. To its execution the author has brought great erudition, most unwearied industry, and a profound sense of the sacredness of all holy things; but as it has evidently been the production of long and matured contemplation, so will it require careful and contemplative perusal to be fully appreciated. Most heartily we wish him the success which we know he deserves, and which we venture to predict. He has, however, within himself, that consciousness of merit, which will sustain him even under the disappointment of fame postponed for a season. We cannot more aptly conclude, than by putting forward his own feelings so eloquently expressed on this subject:—

“If it filter at last through those insensible pores of reflection into the silent heart, and there be found after many days in a scanty but purified deposit, softening its nature, or rising to the eye in tears of human sympathy; if it press a conviction upon the imagination which lingers with a sort of sentimental scepticism over a narrative it can scarcely realize to itself, that what moves it actually happened, in very deed occurred on earth—is TRUE; if it should at any time, in any instance, in any degree, refine, ameliorate, enoble, Christianize a human soul—oh, is not that success, in the purest, sublimest sense of the word! It is the belief that there are sentiments and thoughts in the poem calculated to produce these effects—that when narrow criticism and microscopic cavilling shall have done their worst, and under the crucible of investigation exhaled its claims to poetic merit away to the clouds, there will be a residuum of good and true which their powers will not discharge from it—it is this conviction that has encouraged the author to abide the deadliest form of censure—indifference; and to dismiss those thoughts and scenes which have been, perhaps, too indulgently cherished in privacy, to the dubious welcome of an unexcited world, with a degree of composure which would be inconsistent with any thing approaching anxiety as to their immediate reception.”

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT, ETC.

London, 10th Feb., 1843.

DEAR HARRY—I arrived here safe, of course. One always does in these days of the ascendancy of steam, and the decay of stage-coaches. If there be a blow up, by way of variety, which very seldom happens, there's an end of the matter, and one is provided for without writing home to one's friends. The wind blew a gale as we crossed, and kept our good ship dancing the most extraordinary heel-and-toe performance to the music of the storm that it was ever my fate to take part in, and I cannot say that I have any violent inclination for a repetition of the entertainment on any future occasion. All on board, to the very rats and mice, I believe, were sea sick, or at all events sick of the sea, for that bout. As for myself, to say that I was as sick as a dog, would be but a faint image of the dread reality. I was sick as a whole kennel of dogs during a surfeit in the slaughtering season. I should have died but for an old fellow in a berth at the other side of the cabin, whom I hated so for his imperturbability, that I resolved to live in the hope of paying him off some day or another. He had a nose like the claw of a mammoth-lobster, made scarlet by boiling, or like the half of a red-hot pick-axe; and for hours, while the vessel was pitching like a thing deliriously drunk, or dancing mad, he sat silently imbibing tumbler after tumbler of brandy and water, and munching up innumerable biscuits, and then deliberately disrobing, and turning in, he hung his nose over the side of the berth, as if to cool, and kept staring with hard un pitying eye at all the confusion and sickness going on below. I never saw such an inhuman red-nosed savage, and the more particularly odious, as he wore a coffee-coloured night-cap, with a high peak to it, like the mockery of a mitre, which is my aversion.

We arrived however, and were soon packed up like a bale of goods in a rail-road carriage, and forwarded up to town. In theory, I think rail-road

carriages travel too fast, and I cannot see any philosophy in being in such an infernal hurry. In practice, I don't feel that I go fast enough. When I am spinning along at the rate of three-and-thirty miles an hour, I feel as if I should like above all things to whip on the horses and get on twice as fast: we seem to walk or trot, and I should rather gallop. There seems to me to be so many reasons on every side of every question, disputable or disputed, in this world, that I find no way for a rational person to make up his mind but by determining to be prejudiced one way or another. I am therefore against railways in the abstract, as a modern Manchester invention, tending (indirectly) to the increase of cotton-twist, democratic principles, pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy. On the other hand, as a mere practical matter, tending to the more easy conveyance of humanity and its accompanying luggage from Liverpool to London, or from Liege to Ostend, I cannot deny that these same railways are extremely meritorious.

By the way, happening to fall into a philosophical harangue near Birmingham (under the influence no doubt of the *genius loci*), I mentioned my disapproval of railways "in the abstract," upon which a good-humoured-looking man in black, with very broad skirts, begged to know what I meant by my phrase "in the abstract." This was rather a severe thing to ask in a railway carriage, from which there was no escape without the certainty of several very severe compound fractures, and a very fair chance of concussion of the brain at the same time. I therefore collected my modesty, and replied that "in the abstract" meant much the same as if one should say "for no particular reason;" at which the broad-bottomed gentleman laughed most heartily, and greatly commended the ingenuousness of my reply. Fearing he might think me a simpleton, I determined to poke a little *philosophy* at him, and expressed my hope that he did not think there was any thing very

unreasonable in disliking a thing without a reason, or without any reason reduced to the dry form of language, always so inadequate to express the minuter shades of feeling, and the more mysterious emotions of the soul, which, when they come to the surface, mingle with the common mass of likes or dislikes. Having uttered this very profound speech, with great intrepidity, and all the solemnity of a newly-made professor, my friend seemed at first a little surprised, but presently assured me that he very cordially agreed with all I had been saying, and before we parted earnestly pressed me to visit him at the rectory of —, in Warwickshire, if I ever should be passing that way; which I, with the usual sincerity of gentlemen on their travels, promised to do.

I got to the house of your very respectable relatives in Harley-street, about nine o'clock in the afternoon, and found them all as well as could be expected considering the very bad state of the times, and the prevalent distress. Your truly patriotic uncle, mindful of the necessities of the public revenue, and the great falling off in the duties upon port wine, was taking measure after measure to render necessary the bottling of another pipe at an early opportunity. His most excellent spouse, and your cousin Kate, were sighing over the sad fact, that it was almost time to dress for an evening party in Bryanstone-square; and your extremely laudable maiden aunt, who continues in a very high state of preservation, was asking advice as to the best mode of investing her January dividends, the interest in the public funds being so ruinously low.

Much the same sort of thing goes on every day, but with this addition that Miss Kate laughs, and her mamma smiles a great deal at me, as though I were a sort of merry-andrew, though I am, for the most part, as grave as a church, and as logical as a fellow of college. The London men have, no doubt, a vast deal of wisdom, but "tis always so slow to come forth," as Myore says of something else, that I very often miss it altogether; and because we, who have been in Ireland, speak out at once whatever flight of fancy, or deduction of philosophy, may happen to occur to us upon the matter

under discussion, we are thought "so droll." Your cousin Kate, however, who has plenty of good sense, as well as mirthfulness and beauty, does us the justice which a great many others do not: but that is *inter nos*.

You wished me to write you something about the meeting of parliament, and I must try, though I fear there is as yet little of interest to be said. The opening of the session was shorn of its accustomed splendour by the resolve of the queen not to open parliament in person. Your highly-estimable maiden aunt says there was a good reason for this, which it is not possible I should know any thing about, and which ought not to be explained to me. This may be very true, but "they do say" (*vide* Mr. Crabtree in the School for Scandal) that the first lady in the land was by no means inclined to forego her accustomed share in the opening of parliament, till that greatest of authorities with ladies in a certain condition, namely, the doctor, shook his head, and said it must not be. 'Twas well it was so settled, although to the infinite disappointment of some hundreds of grown-up children, the dearest delight of whose souls is in sight-seeing, and who would make greater efforts to obtain tickets for the House of Lords, when the queen goes there, than they would to save a village from starvation or the flames. 'Twas well it was so settled, for no force of finery could have stood against such a day. The sheeted rain poured down, borne upon the western blast, and almost emptied even London streets of foot-passengers. Melancholy was Whitehall, and desolate the wide waste of Charing-cross. Nothing to be seen but cabs flying along, with small imitations of Niagara rushing from the hat-brims of the drivers to the Macintoshes with which their shoulders were enveloped. The posting-bills upon the boarding which separates the works going on in Trafalgar-square from the Charing-cross footway, shone out in all the splendour of well-washed red letter. Conspicuous among the rest blazed forth "Tom Burke of Ours," in letters ten inches square, and revealed to the wayfarers of the mightiest metropolis of the earth that another portion of "Our Mess" was served up, and ready to be devoured.

The rain ceased at noon, but still the day remained too dismal to make it desirable to go down and laugh at the five commissioners, in cocked hats, going through the empty ceremony of opening the parliament, so I waited for the evening, when I knew there would be some smart talk. The House of Commons began first, with a large assemblage of members on both sides, looking about as slovenly and as stupid as usual, save the mover and seconder of the address, who were both in military uniform, the mover in scarlet, the seconder in blue and red, both young men, and rather good-looking, especially Lord Courtenay, the younger of the two, and evidently the more at his ease. He really spoke with great fluency and considerable animation, or at least enough to appear to have some interest in what he was saying; but as he had to go over all the topics of the speech, the harangue became inevitably tiresome, so I walked into the region of the House of Lords which commoners are permitted to tread, and there found business just beginning. There might have been about twenty peers in the house, which, undoubtedly has a far more respectable, legislative appearance than the House of Commons can boast of. On the opposition side were Lord Portescue, Lord Clanricarde, Lord Campbell, all of them familiar enough to Dublin eyes. On the treasury side were the mover and seconder of the address, both in scarlet uniform; the mover, Earl Powis, an elderly, grey-headed man, though only lately come to his title, in consequence of his father being so unreasonable as to live to the age of eighty-four years. The seconder, the Earl of Eglinton, the hero of the tournament, had nothing striking in his appearance; it would not have been so had he been in armour, with his well-poised lance in his hand. Close beside them was the Duke of Wellington, looking exceedingly well. His hair is now as white as milk, and you would say he looked as like a French abbé as the great military hero of England, the foremost man of all the world. He was dressed in black clothes, with a stock round his neck of purest white, fastened behind with a silver buckle, and he seemed the personification of neatness.

He showed, in the course of the evening, that his mind was as bright, vigorous, and decisive as the best friends of England and Queen Victoria could wish it to be. With great punctuality to the hour to which the house had adjourned, (five o'clock,) the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst walked in, robed in his black gown and wigged, and took his seat on the woolsack. He then rose to read her majesty's speech, amid a cry of "hats, hats," some of the peers having forgot to uncover, which is the accustomed mark of respect when any communication from royalty is read. The speech having been read, Earl Powis rose to move the address, but as his lordship's oratory was not very exciting, I returned to the House of Commons.

By this time Lord Courtenay had finished, and Mr. Miles of Bristol was making his oration as seconder of the address. He clasped his hands, and held them steadily all the time he spoke, as a soldier when he gets the command to "stand at ease." He went on very steadily with what he had to say—sometimes tripping for a moment, but soon falling again into the thread of his discourse, which was manifestly an effort of memory from beginning to end, and a very good plan too, when the judgment is not quick and the imagination not fertile.

When Mr. Miles had said his say, up rose on the opposition side Mr. Charles Wood, member for Halifax, son-in-law of Earl Grey, and of course brother-in-law of Lord Howick. These two *did* form a party of themselves during the last year or two of the Melbourne ministry, from which they had, upon some crotchet or another, seceded. Lord Howick was the head of this dual party, and Charles Wood was Lord Howick's "tail." It appears however that now, in the time of their adversity, this party of two has joined the main body of the Whigs again, under Lord J. Russell's leadership, so Charles Wood advanced to fire the first shot. He is rather an uninteresting Henry Grattanish-looking man, (I mean Henry the living, not Henry the illustrious,) with a long face and a high narrow forehead. He spoke tolerably well, though without the least approach to grace of action, or agreeable modulation of voice. He

said nothing about an amendment—hinted certain doubts about certain points of foreign policy, though, upon the whole, disposed to think well of it, and ended with some laudation of the infallible wisdom of Mr. Huskisson, and some sharp sarcasm upon the difference between the minister and many of his supporters on the question of free trade. When this orator sat down, there was a pause in the house which is very unusual during the progress of a debate, unless when for a few minutes the speaker happens to retire. For the most part one sees four or five all jumping up together, and anxious to be heard. On this occasion the house waited, and Sir Robert Peel rose.

He was evidently not in spirits. He is not thinner, but he seems a much more worn man than when I saw him last; very pale, and seeming more like a man at the end of the session, exhausted with repeated debates, than one coming fresh to the encounter, and prepared to endure the six months parliamentary fog which are before him. Probably, not only the difficulties of the country, but the recent death of Mr. Drummond by a blow intended for the premier himself, may have, as Othello says, "a little dashed his spirits." Whatever were the cause, it certainly did not seem that "his bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne." He spoke very deliberately and emphatically, but apparently with an effort, as if forcing out his words. As an indication of the temperament of the minister, it may be noticed that though the conclusion of Mr. Wood's speech was rather a sharp attack upon him, he began with much coolness, and considerable solemnity, to express his great gratification at the unqualified approval of the foreign policy of the government to which the honourable gentleman had given utterance. He was talking for half an hour, and had travelled all over America and the East Indies, before he came to the subject of commercial policy, upon which Mr. Wood had twitted him, and he then spoke of it with as little of the animation of retort as if he had been reciting an interesting passage from the multiplication table. He was, however, clear enough and emphatic enough, in stating that he did not mean to propose any important commercial

changes this session; that at present he had none in contemplation, but that he adhered to the principles of commercial policy he had propounded last session, and that when he did propose further changes, they would be founded upon those principles.

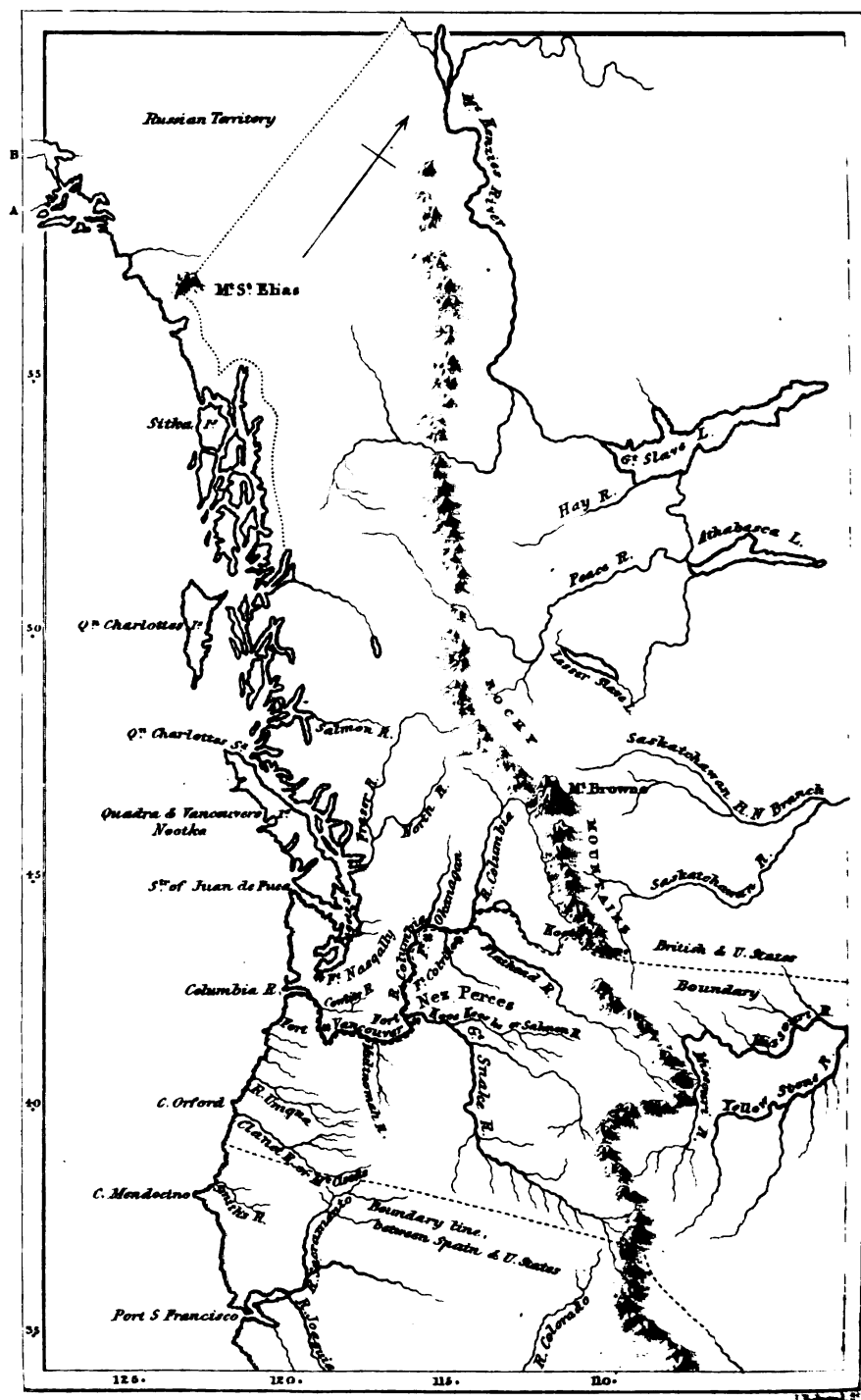
After him rose Lord John Russell, and to my surprise a good many members rose up from both sides of the house and walked out, while his lordship was clearing his throat to begin. To account for this it should be mentioned that the clock then marked some minutes after seven, and possibly these gentlemen were made reckless by certain internal cravings for dinner.

Johnny Russell spoke better than I ever heard him speak while he was a minister. He was then in the habit of mouthing long-wordy, pompous sentences, in which the sense bore about the same proportion to the sound, as Falstaff's consumption of bread did to his consumption of sack; but this evening the noble lord was quick and fluent in his elocution, and his manner had the ease of common conversation, with more precision and force than common conversation requires. He was about as disingenuous as ever, but he was most decidedly smart and effective. The little man looks hardened, like a piece of dried lemon-peel, and seems in good health for the sessional work.

When he sat down I thought the debate would have ended, but daft-fighting Charley Napier got up, and began to talk in his broad Scotch accent; so I travelled again towards the Lords. It was only necessary to stand at the door to hear the debate, for Brougham was speaking as loud as when he used to harangue a multitude in the open air, and with the same Scotch accent, and matchless distinctness of utterance. At the moment I arrived, he happened to have fallen foul of M. de Tocqueville and his blunders about America and the right of search; and his voice was pealing forth in accents that might have been almost heard in France, if no storm had been raging in the channel, his astonishment at the gross, the monstrous, the incredible ignorance which had been displayed by those who ought to have known better, upon the subject of America and the right of search.

The House of Lords had grown

MAP OF THE N.W. COAST OF AMERICA.



hot, and the noise was rather much, and finding a certain Mr. Wallace up in the House of Commons, and no chance of an amendment, I thought it pleasanter to get home to Harley-street, where I had some sensible, agreeable talk with the women-kind, and was asleep before either house adjourned.

I might now very easily give you a disquisition upon politics, and tell you how wrong every body is about every

thing, save myself and a few other equally profound political philosophers. But as your cousin is waiting for me to drive with her to an exhibition of pictures in Pall-mall, and as you would very probably set but small store by the political wisdom which I might impart, I think it better to say good-by, and to assure you that I am, dear Harry, yours truly,

T. O'R.

THE NORTH-WEST BOUNDARY QUESTION.

SINCE the difficult question of the north-east boundary between the United States and the English colonies has been finally set at rest in the way in which such matters should ever be arranged, by peaceful negotiation and mutual concessions, it is to be hoped that a similar result will be obtained in adjusting the claims of the two nations respecting the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. In the present paper we shall endeavour to place before our readers some information concerning the limits and natural capabilities of the territory under dispute, and also, a brief outline of the progress of discovery on the north-west coast, and then consider the claims set up by the United States.

If the reader will inspect a map of North America, he will find that it is divided by the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, the Cordillera of North America, into two very unequal portions, the eastern portion comprehending a vast country, which includes the territory of Hudson's Bay, Canada, and the United States. The western region is a narrow strip of land, situated between the shores of the Pacific Ocean and the Rocky Mountains. If we take this region in its most extensive sense, it includes a vast variety of climates, from the permanent frosts of Behring's Straits to the tropical district of Old California. In respect to physical conditions, this western country presents contrasts rather than analogies with the vast eastern regions. In the

latter nature appears to have constructed every thing on a gigantic plan, which can be better comprehended by the physical geographer and geologist than by an ordinary traveller. We have the Mediterranean Sea of Hudson's Bay, and the fresh-water lakes occupying a greater area than Great Britain and Ireland, and including islands larger than English counties. The rivers, as the St. Laurence and Mississippi are on the same scale of magnificence, and the land is either boundless forests or prairies. The country west of the Mountains has altogether a different appearance; nature exhibits herself on a smaller scale, and we find ourselves in a miniature and compact country, where the absence of the vast and illimitable is compensated by ever-varying distributions of mountain, forest, and river, and by the archipelago of islands which protect its shores.

Taking the north-west coast in its widest limits, on the south it comprehends the peninsula of California, separated from the mainland by the gulph of the same name; and at the upper extremity of this American Adriatic, we find the entrance of the Rio Colorado, on one of whose tributaries (the Rio Gila) we find the monuments of Mexican civilization. The climate of this peninsula is hot and arid; rain seldom falls, and the soil is sandy and sterile: it is inhabited by a few Indian tribes, who formerly lived under the superintendence of Jesuit missionaries. To the north of the peninsula of Old

California, along the shores of the Pacific, we find a much finer country, which has been long occupied by the Spaniards, whose establishments at Monterey, San Francisco, &c. are much frequented by the whalers of the South Sea. The Spanish population of this beautiful country is far from being numerous, although the colony has been established for more than a century; but here, as in all other instances, one is struck by the vast superiority of the English mode of colonizing. Van Dieman's Land has not attained to the fourth of the age of California, and already far exceeds it in wealth and population. It is the same lesson that we are taught by the history of Lower Canada and New England. Passing from California to Behring's Straits, we have an immense line of coast claimed by England and the United States, with the exception of the northern portion, which is acknowledged by all to belong to Russia. The Russian dominions in North America are, like their Asiatic possessions, cold and dreary, inhabited chiefly by the Esquimaux and a few American tribes, which live by hunting and fishing. We shall therefore restrict our remarks to the country bounded by Cape Mendocino on the south, and Observatory Inlet on the north, and extending from the shores of the Pacific to the Rocky Mountains, as this includes all the country under dispute.

If we consult a map, we will at once perceive that the region we have just defined is destined, one day, to be the abode of a powerful and commercial nation. By its position, overlooking, as it were, the Pacific Ocean, the Ocean-sea, as the old Spanish writers poetically name it, the north-west region can maintain very extensive commercial relations. To the south we have the long line of Spanish countries from Monterey to Valparaiso. In a western direction Nootka, or the Columbia river, are only six weeks' sail from the Sandwich Isles, the half-way stage to Canton; so that for sea communication, the port of Nootka is nearer to China by less than half the distance than New York, or even London. From this it is pretty obvious, that the Sandwich Islands will, one day, become a province subordinate to the north-west colonists. In an easterly direction this territory will always be

able to maintain a land communication with the United States and British possessions. The rivers which originate on the west side of the Mountains, and flow into the Pacific, and those on the eastern side which proceed to the Atlantic, furnish some kind of water-communication up to their sources, while the Mountains can be, in many places, traversed without difficulty. If, from those obvious consequences, we were to speculate on some of the more remote ones, which will one day result, we might anticipate the final dismemberment of the Mexican republic—the Americans from the east disseminating slavery and democracy over the provinces of Coahuila, and Santander, and the settlers from the north-west spreading into California and Sonora.

The north-west coast is not important merely from its geographical position. This advantage has been vastly augmented by the configuration of the land, and the nature of its climate, and consequent cabability for affording valuable agricultural productions. The configuration of the north-west coast, especially toward the north, affords abundance of safe and capacious harbours. From Cape Mendocino on the south, northward to De Fucas Straits, there is certainly an unbroken coast; but beyond that in the Straits named there is abundance of harbours. Further north we have the port of Nootka, and up to Observatory Inlet; there is shelter for vessels in every direction. The entrance of the Columbia river is certainly one of very great danger; but the importance of inland communication by means of that river, which flows through the finest part of the country, will, doubtless, cause this difficulty to be overcome. In connection with the subject of harbours, we may mention the means of internal communication by water. The Columbia river is, in this respect, the most important, especially as, in our opinion, it is through the country watered by its tributaries that the boundary line ought to be drawn. Unfortunately, however, the navigation of this river has many obstacles, and its importance is by no means corresponding to that of the country through which it flows. Its entrance is obstructed by a bar or flat on which several vessels and many lives have been

lost; and, in fact, during the violent north-west gales of the winter months, it can only be entered at the most imminent risk. Even when entered, it is not navigable for more than one hundred miles by vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burden; and further up all navigation, even by canoes, is rendered impossible by the rapids and cascades. A little below Fort Vancouver, and to the south, we have the Multnomah river flowing through a fine country, but navigable with difficulty. Beyond this the Columbia divides into two branches, the southern called Lewis river, which holds an easterly and south direction towards its sources in the Rocky Mountains. The adjoining country is pleasantly diversified by hills and valleys, woods and prairies, and is capable of supporting a numerous population. A colony placed here could spread in all directions, until it come in contact with the Spaniards and people of the United States. The Missouri, Yellow-stone, and Big-horn rivers are only at a little distance, and easily reached across the Mountains. To the south-west we have the Arkansas, which joins the Mississippi, the Rio del Norte flowing through Columbia into the Gulph of Mexico, and to the south-west the Rio Colorado, which terminates in the Gulph of California. The main branch of the river Columbia flows from the east, but also from the north, parallel with the Mountains, and takes its source near that of Saskatchewan, thus establishing a communication with Lake Winnipeg; and thus, on principles of geographical convenience, as clearly belonging to England as on the same grounds Lewis river, or the south-eastern branch may be assigned to the United States. To the north of the Columbia river we have the Caledonian river and the Tacoutche Tesse, or Frazer's river, both flowing into the Gulph of Georgia. This gulph, with its tributary streams and numerous bays and inlets, is beautifully adapted for water communication, especially by steam-boats. It separates the great island of Quadra and Vancouver from the main land, and communicates with the Pacific by the Straits of De Fuca, and to the south it terminates in Puget's Sound, within a short distance of the Cow-litch river, a tributary of the Columbia.

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The climate of the north-west is also an interesting consideration in estimating its importance. In this respect it forms a great contrast with that of the country to the east of the Mountains. Compared with New England and Canada, the north-west coast may be said to enjoy an insular climate, while the former possesses a continental one: it is the difference between the climate of Dublin and Petersburg. On the east side of North America, from the great extent of circumpolar land, and the great surface occupied by the fresh-water lakes, the winters are of intense cold, while the summer heat is proportionably great. On the other hand, the north-west coast, forming a narrow strip of land, and facing the Pacific, is, in consequence of the prevailing westerly winds, constantly bathed in a warm and moist atmosphere. Hence the remarkable difference in the climate, which resembles that of Ireland or Cornwall more than that of Nova Scotia or Massachusetts. The Columbia river is in nearly the same parallel of latitude as the St. Lawrence, but the former river is never frozen; snow seldom falls, and remains but a short time on the ground. Rains, however, are frequent; and in this respect the climate of the north-west will bear a comparison with that of Donegal or the west Highlands of Scotland. In an agricultural view this is important: the north-west may be a grazing country, while in Canada the cattle must be kept within doors for one half of the year.

Of the natural productions of the country, they are upon the whole analogous to those of Canada and the States. Unfortunately we as yet know but little of the mineral resources of the country. To the north, at Observatory Inlet and Nootka, the rocks appear to be what geologists call primary; on the Columbia there are limestones, sandstones, and basalt; and in many places saline springs; and coal may be found, at least as yet we know nothing that warrants a contrary inference.

In the vegetable kingdom the country presents much that is interesting. The plants of the north-west coast are many of them the same as those of the United States; others are common to some parts of northern Asia, giving a small degree of Asiatic feature to

the country, just as, in a higher point of view, the country may be viewed as the connecting link between the old populations of the two continents. Many plants, however, are peculiar to the country, and of uncommon beauty, and well adapted to our own climate. It is not, perhaps, generally known that many of the commonest and most beautiful ornaments of our gardens are natives of this country. This valuable donation to our ornamental horticulture was made under the auspices of the horticultural society of London, by the late Mr. Douglass, who was employed by them to introduce seeds of the rarest plants.* In an economical point of view, the vegetable productions of the north derive their chief importance from the forests affording a vast supply of timber, chiefly from the pine tribe. Many of these pines are different from those of Canada, and far exceed them in grandeur. One kind which was introduced into England by the unfortunate traveller just mentioned is said to attain to an elevation of three hundred feet.

The animal productions are chiefly various kinds of game, as deer, elks, and an abundance of water fowl; and it is a remarkable fact, that the buffalo, so abundant on the coast of the Rocky Mountains, has never made his way to the sources of the Columbia. At present the only commercial importance of the country is derived from the trade in peltries. Formerly this trade attracted more attention, and presented a double feature—that of the inland trade, which was chiefly in beaver-skins, and the coasting trade, in which sea-otters formed the commodity sought after. This latter branch of the fur trade has now ceased, as the animal has been all but extirpated. The coasting fur trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Americans, who were enabled to beat the English out of the market for a very obvious reason. China is the great consumer of furs; and the Boston merchant exchanged his sea-otter and beaver skins for tea, with which he returned to his own country: of course no Englishman

could attempt this as long as the tea trade was in the exclusive possession of the India Company. We attach very little importance to the fur trade of the north-west, for if it is wished to retain the country, it must be by means incompatible with the permanence of the traffic, or in other words, by substituting farmers and merchants for fur traffickers and *voyageurs*. The vast abundance of fish in the rivers and on the shores of the north-west, is a circumstance of more permanent advantage, and must, especially in the infancy of a colony, be of vast importance as affording a guarantee against famine. The privations of the early colonist on the Swan river need not be experienced here. Those who have visited this country speak in terms of admiration of the vast abundance of salmon and sturgeon in the rivers, and also flat fish (halibut) along the coast. The importance of this may be seen from the fact that it has decided the characters of the natives, while the Indians east of the Mountains may be characterised as wandering buffalo-eaters; those of the north-west are sedentary ichthyophagi. It may be worth mentioning that although poisonous reptiles are abundant towards the south-east, and on Lewis river, they are not found anywhere on the coast, nor in the northern parts of the country.

With respect to the aboriginal inhabitants, they appear to be, in some respects, in a more advanced condition than those of the eastern side of the Mountains. In illustration of this remark, we shall quote a few sentences from a writer in the *Geographical Journal*, who appears to have paid much attention to the subject:—

“Several causes contribute to produce this remarkable difference between the tribes of the eastern and western sides of the Mountains. The most abundant supply of game on the north is supplied by the buffalo, and this animal has never penetrated to the north-west coast; at the same time the Columbia river, Frazer's river, and other streams on the western side of the Mountains, abound in salmon almost to their

* The gentleman alluded to, Mr. Douglass, was equally distinguished as a zealous botanist, and bold and enterprising traveller. His death was a melancholy one. While in the Sandwich Islands, he fell into a pit-fall, in which there was a wild bull, and was killed in the struggle to escape.

source. The inland tribes of the north-west region reside chiefly on the margins of rivers, where they live on salmon during the summer, and prepare great quantities of the same fish for their winter supply. The produce of the chase is therefore with them a secondary consideration. On the east side of the mountains no supply of salmon can be obtained: the rivers either flow into fresh-water lakes, or, as is the case with the tributaries of the Mississippi, their sources are too remote from the sea to permit of the immigration of salmon from fresh to salt water. The habits of the eastern nations are almost as unsettled as those of the buffalo, whose migrations bring along with them alterations of abundance and starvation."

"It is, at least, in part owing to these peculiarities of their physical condition that the habits and social arrangements of the Indians on the opposite side of the Mountains present such a remarkable contrast. The north-west Indians, especially the coast tribe, have made considerable progress in the rude arts of savage life. Their canoes are constructed with much skill; their houses being for permanent residence, have been erected with some forethought and attention to comfort; and their fishing apparatus, and articles of domestic economy, are far more numerous and elaborate than can be found in the temporary lodge of hunting tribes. From this settled mode of life they are more accustomed to continuous labour, and even show a considerable aptitude for passing into an agricultural state."

To enter into further details, we may state that even in the north-west the Indian character is exhibited under considerable variety. The natives of the upper Columbia have exhibited not only great aptitude for civilization, but, under the tuition of the missionaries, have made progress in Christianity. The coast tribes of Queen Charlotte's Island are active and energetic; while, on the contrary, those of the lower Columbia rank exceedingly low. They are, perhaps, the most cowardly and grossly-vicious of any Indian tribe, possessing every low and disgraceful vice, without any redeeming point of courage or enterprise. It is also a melancholy reflection, that even independently of the influence of civilized men, in all cases so fatal to the American race, that disease is doing its work, and rapidly diminishing the numbers of the red men. The aboriginal tribes inhabiting the banks of

the Columbia have been greatly diminished during the last ten years.

"The Indians of the Columbia," says Mr. Townsend, "were once a numerous and powerful people; the shores of the rivers, for scores of miles, was lined with their villages. The depopulation has been truly fearful. A gentleman told me that only four years ago, as he wandered near what formerly had been a thick-peopled village, he counted no less than sixteen dead men and women lying unburied, and festering in the sun, in front of their habitations. Within the houses all were sick; not one had escaped the contagion. Upwards of a hundred individuals, men, women, and children, were writhing in agony on the floors of the houses, with no one to render them any assistance. Some were in the dying struggle, and, clenching with the convulsive grasp of death their disease-worn companions, shrieked and howled in the last sharp agony."

"Probably there does not now exist one, where five years ago there were a hundred Indians; and in sailing up the river, from the cape to the cascades, the only evidence of the existence of the Indian is an occasional miserable wigwam, with a few wretched and half-starved occupants. In some places they are rather more numerous; but the thoughtful observer cannot avoid perceiving that in a very few years the race must, in the nature of things, become extinct; and the time is probably not far distant when the little trinkets and toys of this people will be picked up by the curious and valued as *mementos* of a nation passed away for ever from the face of the earth. The aspect of things is very melancholy: it seems as if the fiat of the Creator had gone forth, that those poor denizens of the forest and the stream should go hence, and be seen of men no more."

"In former years, when the Indians were numerous, long after the establishment of this fort, (Astoria, or Fort George,) it was not safe for the white men to venture beyond the protection of its guns, without being fully armed. Such was the jealousy of the natives towards them, that various deep-laid schemes were laid to obtain possession of the fort and massacre all whom it had harboured. Now, however, they are as submissive as children: some have even entered into the service of the whites; and when once the natural and persevering indolence of the man is worn off, he will work well, and make himself useful."

It is a curious and very important

consideration that the coloured races, more especially the American and Malay (Polynesian), are so seriously affected by diseases which are only innocuous, or at most attended by little risk, to the European constitution. It would appear as if even physical causes operated with the onward progress of the human race, and that the laws of physiology pointed in the same direction as those of politics, to transfer the abodes of these unfortunate men to the descendants of Europeans. At the same time it is never to be forgotten that no consideration whatever can silence the claims of natural justice, and such statements can never apologise for the shameful policy of the United States. It is a sad and humiliating reflection to perceive that the Americans, in the sympathisers of Texas in the violation of the Cherokee treaty, in their conduct towards the Indians of Florida, have, under the garb of piety and philanthropy, inflicted a far greater amount of human suffering than was effected by a Cortez, a Pizarro, or a Quesada. In short, we feel pleased that Providence has done on the Columbia river, what would have been done in the most systematic manner by the countrymen of Franklin and Jefferson.

To return from this digression, we have stated enough to prove the great importance of the north-west coast as a field for colonization and commercial enterprise. We have now to investigate the progress of discovery, and the claims of England and America to the disputed territory. As these two topics are more intimately connected than is usually supposed, we shall enter into some details on the subject, especially as it is a point of geography on which much ignorance prevails. In such a question, in its practical bearings, we may well omit all details respecting the Russian discoveries on the north, and also the Spanish to the south of Cape Mendocino. We shall confine our remarks to the intermediate space, concerning which alone any present political importance can be attached.

In as far as regards the claims to priority of discovery upon the north-west coast, there has been considerable obscurity, chiefly resulting from the circumstance that the Spanish government did not choose to communi-

cate the discoveries made under its auspices of the world. In fact, this jealousy on the part of Spain appears to be a part of the national character of that brave and energetic people. Murhohius complained long ago, that even in matters purely literary, the Spaniards concealed their literary treasures with the spirit of the dog in the manger of the fable, and the same disingenuous mind has often been displayed in withholding from the public the results of their geographical discoveries. This narrow spirit has even forced its way where it would little be expected, in their poetry, intended to be put within the reach of all. Every Spanish scholar must remember the verses of Ercilla, in his *Araucana*, where he expresses the wish that the Straits of Magellan had not been discovered, or that some convulsion of nature should block up the passage.

"Ora sea yerro de la altura cierta,
Ora que alguna isleta, removida
Del tempestuosa mar i viento ayrado
Encallando la boca la ha cerrado."

Notwithstanding this narrowness of views, it is certain that by far the greater part of the north-west coast of America was explored in the first instance by Spanish navigators. The motives which led to this were truly characteristic;—in the first place, to anticipate the discovery of a north-west passage, and by this means to exclude other nations from its benefit; and in the second, the love of gold, which induced them to undertake expeditions by land to discover the imaginary city of Quivira, the *El Dorado* of North America, and supposed to rival Peru in its wealth. Scarcely had the conquest of Mexico been accomplished, than Cortez, suspected and superseded by his sovereign, gave vent to his restless character by undertaking new expeditions, in which the gulph and peninsula of California were made known and explored. This wonderful man, so high in the scale of intellect, and the lowest of the low in that of humanity, commenced the third of his expeditions in person, and explored both sides of the Gulph of California. A few years later, 1542, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, explored the coast up to the forty-fourth degree of latitude; and in 1582, Gali visited the coast as

high as the fifty-seventh degree. It now becomes important to remark that the claims of England begin, and as we have no wish to flatter national prejudice in a question of dates and latitudes, we will state the limitations under which these claims are to be admitted, and this we cannot better do than in the words of an enlightened foreigner, profoundly acquainted with every thing relating to the history of American geography.

"From the example," says Humboldt, "of the English maps, several geographers gave the name of New Albion to New California. This denomination is founded on the very inaccurate opinion that the Navigator Drake first discovered, in 1578, the north-west coast of America, from between the thirty-eighth and forty-eighth degrees of latitude. The celebrated voyage of Sebastian Viscaino, is, no doubt, twenty-four years posterior to the discoveries of Drake; but Knox and other historians seem to forget that Cabrillo had already examined, in 1542, the coast of New California to the parallel of forty-three degrees, the boundary of his navigation, as we may see from a comparison of the old observations of latitude with those taken in our own days. According to sure historical data, the denomination of New Albion, ought to be limited to that part of the coast which extends from forty-three to forty-eight degrees, or from Cape White of Martin d'Aguilar to the entrance of Juan de Fuca."

This decision is of much interest, in as far as the discovery of Drake, when thus reduced, embraces all the coast which the United States, even on the most extravagant demands, can ever lay claim to. It is also of importance to remember that the discoveries of the Spanish navigator, Gali, were confined to the northern parts of the north-west coast, now ceded to Russia; so that no further notice need be taken of them.

Passing over a long period during which all curiosity respecting this part of America slumbered, we come to the interest excited by the voyages of Captain Cook, and to the excellent surveys of the Spanish government, and that made by Captain Vancouver, under the auspices of our own. According to undoubted authority the Spanish expedition, commanded by Juan Perez, in the year 1774, discovered Queen Charlotte's island, and the port of

Nootka, thus anticipating, by a considerable time, the visit of Captain Cook to the latter harbour. Shortly after this another Spanish navigator, Quadra, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river, to which he gave the name of *Entrada de Eceta*, so that the subsequent discovery of this river by the American Captain Gray turns out to be no discovery at all. The details of the progress of discovery and exploration on the north-west coast would afford materials for an interesting volume, but we can only state in the shortest space those topics which have any bearing upon the present question. Upon the conclusion of the American revolutionary war, English merchants turned their attention to the north-west coast, which they knew only through the accounts of Captain Cook. Many enterprising voyages were made, reaching from the coast from California to Cook's river, in quest of beaver and sea-otter furs. When a cargo was collected, the vessel sailed to Canton, and disposed of the skins to the Chinese, and was probably chartered home with a cargo of tea by the East India Company. It is easy, however, to perceive that in such a commerce the English could not compete with the Americans, who enjoyed an intercourse with the Chinese unrestricted by an privileged company. The consequence was, that the English abandoned the field, which was in the hands of Americans almost exclusively for many years. At first, however, the English carried on the enterprise with great activity and vigour, which accordingly had the effect of arousing the jealousy of Spain lest English settlements should take root on the frontiers of California and Mexico. A company had been formed in London chiefly, we believe, through the enterprise of Messrs. John and Cadman Etches, for the purpose of forming a settlement at Nootka, and carrying on a vigorous commerce in the north Pacific. When Captain Colnet, of the *Argonaut*, arrived at Nootka (in 1789) for the purpose of commencing the settlement, he found that he had been forestalled by Senor Martinez, who had been despatched by the viceroy of Mexico, in the name of Spain. The result is well known, Senor Martinez adopted the bold step of arresting Colnet, and sending him as a pri

soner to Mexico. This imprudent step on the part of the Spanish officer led to very important consequences. The younger Pitt was then at the head of the government, and he instantly demanded from the Spanish government not merely satisfaction for the arrest of Captain Colnet, but also the cession of the disputed settlement to England. The two nations were nearly plunged into a war about a settlement of comparatively small value, and situated in the most remote and inaccessible corner of America, and is deserving of notice as an instructive illustration of the folly of war, that as soon as the question had been settled both parties forgot and neglected the object of their contention. The practical bearing, however, of these transactions on the modern question is, that whatever rights Spain had to the settlement at Nootka, she has transferred to England.

The interest, however, in this question, which had been lost in one direction was kept up in another, while the configuration of the coast had been ascertained we knew nothing of the interior of the country. The enterprise of the inland fur traders gradually led them farther westward, until at length one of the boldest and most intelligent of their number reached the shores of the Pacific. The first individual who traversed the continent of North America was Nunez Cabeça de Vaca, whose narration abounds with details of horrors and strange adventures, reminding us of the miserable expedition of Gonzalo Pizarro to explore the Amazon. Cabeça de Vaca was an officer in an expedition fitted out for the conquest of Florida, in which the greater number of the adventurers perished by shipwreck or hunger, or were murdered by the Indians. The unfortunate officer we have named, after wandering for several years from tribe to tribe, sometimes as a slave, sometimes as a pedlar, dealing in shells and wampum, and at last in the more profitable capacity of juggler and medicine man; he finally, after several years' wandering, arrived at Caliacan, on the west coast of Ame-

rica.* This journey, however, was of no practical importance, and it was not until, nearly three centuries later, serious attempts were made to travel across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The first individual, as far as we know, who attempted to travel across the Rocky Mountains, and down to the Pacific, was Captain Carver, an officer who had served in the brilliant campaigns, which ended in the fall of Quebec, and the conquest of Canada. On the restoration of peace Carver resolved to explore the interior of North America, and, if possible, to reach the Pacific near the straits of Anian (Strait of Juan de Fuca). It is due to the memory of this entertaining traveller to mention that he was the first to perceive the great commercial importance of establishing a line of posts across the continent, and of opening a commercial relation with China from the north-west coast of America—

"What I chiefly had in view," says he, "after gaining a knowledge of the manners, customs, languages, soil, and natural productions of the different nations that inhabit the back of the Mississippi, was to ascertain the breadth of that vast continent, which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, in its broadest part, between forty-five and forty-six degrees of northern latitude. Had I been able to accomplish this I intended to have proposed to the government to establish a post in some of those ports about the Straits of Anian, which having been first discovered by Sir Francis Drake, of course belong to the English. This, I am convinced, would greatly facilitate the discovery of a north-west passage, &c. &c. Besides this important end a settlement on that extremity of America, would answer many good purposes, and repay every expense the establishment of it might occasion. For it would not only disclose new sources of trade, and promote many useful discoveries, but would open a passage for conveying intelligence to China and the English settlements in the East Indies, with greater expedition than a tedious voyage by the Cape of Good Hope, or the Straits of Magellan will allow of."—*Introduction*, p. 5.

* Cabeça de Vaca landed in Florida in 1527, and returned to Spain in 1537. He was afterwards governor of Paraguay. The number of miracles he says he performed is very great—in short, he was a second Apollonius of Tyana.

It is needless to state that the attempt of Carver to penetrate to the Pacific were unsuccessful, and during the three years which he spent in his expedition he did not visit any part which had not been previously known to the French priests and traders. Carver was indefatigable in making inquiries among the Indians, a people he appears to have been well fitted to manage, and learned among them of the existence of a great river in the west, called the Oregon, and this is probably the earliest mention of that appellation in geographical discussions.

On coming to London, Carver laid his papers before the Board of Plantations, and was reimbursed for his expenses, while at the same time the board appears to have made an ungenerous attempt to suppress the publication of his notes and charts. Carver's travels acquired great popularity, and ran through several editions; and even led to the idea of establishing a settlement on the west coast, thus anticipating by many years the project of Mr. Astor. Our author informs us that—

“In the year 1774, Richard Whitworth, Esq., M.P. for Stafford, . . . from the representations made to him of the expediency of it by myself and others, intended to travel across the continent of America, that he might attempt to carry a scheme of this kind into execution.

“He designed to pursue nearly the same route that I did; and after having built a fort at Lake Pepin, to have proceeded up the river St. Pierre, and from thence up a branch of the river Missouri, till having discovered the source of the Oregon or river of the west, he would have sailed down the river to the place where it is said to empty itself near the Straits of Annián.”

“This gentleman was to have been attended on the expedition by Colonel Rogers, myself, and others, and to have taken out with him a sufficient number of artificers and mariners for building the forts and vessels necessary on the occasion, and for navigating the latter, in all not less than fifty or sixty men. The grants and other requisites for this purpose were even nearly completed, when the present troubles in America began, which put a stop to an enterprise

which promised to be of inconceivable advantage to the British dominions.”

The next attempt to extend the trade of the north-west coast, and to establish an overland communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, originated with Ledyard, who, as well as Carver, was a native of New England. This intrepid, restless, and enterprising person had served as a marine on board Captain Cook's ship, during his third voyage, and was present at the death of that distinguished navigator. During the voyage, Ledyard had the opportunity of visiting Nootka, and was struck with the importance of its fur trade, and he at once saw the political consequence which the north-west coast would one day assume. On his return, although in extreme poverty, he devoted the energy of his character to carry into execution the project he had formed, which was substantially that of Carver. After a series of fruitless attempts in America, France, and England, and more than enough to have disheartened any ordinary man, he resolved to travel on foot from Petersburg to Kamtschatka, and to make his way, in some Russian vessel, to the north-west coast, and from thence to travel overland to the United States. After arriving at Irkutsk, in Siberia, he was arrested by order of the empress Catherine, and conducted to the frontiers of Poland. Ledyard was afterwards employed as a traveller to explore the interior of Africa, under the auspices of the African association, and died at Cairo.*

The long anticipated exploit of traversing the breadth of the North American continent was at last accomplished by an English subject, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie. This intelligent and enterprising traveller was connected with the Canadian fur trade, and not with the Hudson's Bay Company as has been supposed. His voyage was undertaken with a small party of men in a single canoe; and the complete success of the expedition proved how easy it was to penetrate into the country, to the west of the Rocky Mountains. After descending the Tacoutche Tesse river, which

* *Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard, by Jared Sparks, a very well-written piece of biography.*

Mackenzie mistook for a branch of the Columbia, he left that river, and after a short journey entered the Salmon river, which, after a short course, conducted him to the Pacific. The place where Mackenzie saw the sea was greatly to the north not merely of the mouth of the Columbia river, but also of Quadra and Vancouver's Island. The Salmon River, by which he descended, enters into Fitzhugh Sound, near Point Menzies; and it is remarkable that Captain Vancouver had visited the spot only a short time before Mackenzie's arrival. This important voyage was made during the year 1793.

The views entertained by Mackenzie were uncommonly sagacious; and, in fact, so correct, that they may be taken for a description of the actual state of the trade of the country west of the Rocky Mountains at the present moment. He justly remarks—

“The Columbia is the line of communication from the Pacific Ocean pointed out by nature, as it is the only navigable river in the whole extent of Vancouver's minute survey of that coast. Its banks, also, form the first level country in all the southern extent of coast from Cook's entry, and consequently the most northern situation, fit for colonisation, and suitable to the residence of a civilized people. By opening this intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and forming establishments through the interior, and at both extremes, as well as along the coasts and islands, the entire command of the fur trade of North America might be obtained, from latitude forty-eight degrees north to the pole, except that portion of it which the Russians have in the Pacific. To this may be added the fishing of both seas, and the markets of the four quarters of the globe. Such would be the field for commercial enterprise, and incalculable would be the produce of it when supported by the operations of that credit and capital which Great Britain so pre-eminently possesses. Then would this country begin to be remunerated for the expenses it has sustained in discovering and surveying the coast of the Pacific Ocean, which is at present left to American adventurers, who, without regularity, or capital, or the desire of conciliating future confidence, look altogether to the interest of the moment. They, therefore, collect all the skins they can procure, and in any manner that suits them; and having exchanged them at Canton for the produce of China, return to their own country. Such ad-

venturers—and many of them, I have been informed, have been very successful—would instantly disappear before a well-regulated trade.”

It is very remarkable that these views have now been fully realized; and one of the most bitter grounds of complaint on the part of these adventurers is, that they can no longer compete with their English rivals, and we can add, to the no small advantage of humanity and morals.

The expedition of Lewis and Clark was next projected by Mr. Jefferson, while president of the United States. There can be no doubt that this subject had been often reflected on by Mr. Jefferson, especially as he had frequent opportunities, while ambassador at Paris, of conversing with his countryman, Ledyard, whose life may be said to have been devoted to the enterprise. The acquisition of Louisiana from the French government, which took place under Mr. Jefferson's presidency, could not fail to direct attention to the immense regions of the west which had now been added to the union. An expedition was accordingly despatched under the command of Captains Lewis and Clarke, which arrived in 1805 at the mouth of the Columbia. The route followed by this expedition was, of course, much farther to the south than that of Mackenzie. The American expedition ascended the Missouri, and, falling in with the great southern branch of the Columbia, they made their way to the ocean. This important journey could not fail to add greatly to our knowledge of both of the upper branches of the Missouri, but also in giving information concerning the previously unknown course of the Columbia and its tributary waters. We are also indebted to it for additional knowledge of the Indian tribes, which are of interest to ethnographical science. If viewed, however as the first national exploring expedition sent out by the United States, we must say that its objects were more political and commercial than scientific. Certainly for elevation of ends intended, it can never be compared with the arctic expeditions of England, or those to explore the course of the Niger. This is the more surprising, as Mr. Jefferson was the only president who ever made any pretensions to philosophy, and certainly Mr. Jefferson

could easily have availed himself of men who would have honoured his expedition—such as Pursh in botany, and Wilson, the author of the American ornithology. Both of these individuals would cheerfully have undertaken the journey.

Subsequent to these journeys, the north-west coast began gradually to rise in commercial and political importance. In 1810, Mr. Astor, a German by birth, but settled in the United States, formed the idea of realizing the conceptions of Carver and Mackenzie. Of the unhappy fate of this attempt, the immense loss it brought upon its author, and the calamities which befel the adventurers engaged in it, we need not enter into any details. They are well known, and fully stated in the Astoria of Mr. Irving. To crown Mr. Astor's misfortunes, war broke out between England and America, and his establishment was in consequence transferred to the English North-west Company. Since that time the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Company, instead of wasting their resources in a ruinous and disgraceful competition, have adopted the far wiser policy of uniting for the purpose of carrying on a common traffic. The beneficial consequences of this wise and humane proceeding have become apparent in many ways. An infinitely higher standard of morality has been introduced among the traders, who are now under complete control. If the Indians are not courted with extravagant prices, they are no longer supplied with spirits, unless by American adventurers, and the trade has been vastly extended by the establishment of trading ports from Hudson's Bay to the shores of the Pacific. The result of the great capital and well-contrived arrangements of the Hudson's Bay Company has been to drive all American competition from the field; and truly, to those who are acquainted with the reckless system they pursued, in quest of present gain, to the sacrifice of every moral duty, or even any considerate regard to contingent utility, few will ever wish for their return. Their conduct either on the Columbia or along the coast, was such as to lead to incessant bloodshed, and we have reason to know that the only instances of scalping ever known to the west of the mountains were practised by

Astorians. Present profit, at all risks, characterised the conduct of this pernicious crew.

Under this point of view, it is curious to see the statements of American statesmen, in which the burden of their complaints is not so much injuries inflicted as envy at the success of others. One ground of complaint which was, we believed, never before urged in such matters is, that the English supply the American traders with trading goods cheaper than they can get them from home. Thus, according to Mr. Slacum, an agent of the United States government, and a personage, concerning whose character we shall have more to say in the sequel, "This assemblage of American hunters and trappers takes place annually on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, generally in the month of July, and amounts to from four hundred and fifty to five hundred men, who bring the result of their year's labour to sell to the American traders. These persons purchase their supplies for the trappers at St. Louis, *though, after being subject to the duties on these articles*, (chiefly of British manufacture,) they transport their goods about one thousand four hundred miles to sell to the citizens of the United States within our acknowledged lines of territory." The mingled stupidity and dishonesty of this official document requires a few words. In as far as meaning can be made out of it, it appears that the ground of complaint is, first—that American traders cannot compete with English, while the generous Englishman supplies him with goods cheaper than he could obtain them anywhere else; and further, to bring this iniquity to a climax, the said goods, after paying the duties imposed by the United States, can still be sold at a profit within their territory. These are certainly grievous evils, and it would be easy to crowd our pages with complaints of similar wrongs.

We shall now direct our attention to the consideration of the respective claims of England and the United States to the territory in dispute. We may premise that the boundary between the British possessions and the United States on the east side of the continent runs from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Moun-

tains, along the parallel of forty-nine degrees north latitude, west of the Rocky Mountains, we have the Russian possessions extending down to fifty-four degrees forty-seconds, and on the south the Spanish or Mexican boundary of latitude forty-two: the intermediate territory is claimed in part by England and America. We shall, therefore, consider the claims of the Americans, as put forth by their statesman, or embodied in the *North American Review*. The majority of Americans have no difficulty in settling the question in a very brief and summary manner. Since, according to them, as the parallel of forty-nine is the acknowledged boundary on the east from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, for this reason it should be continued right westward to the Pacific. This monstrous proposition is easily disposed of. The boundary line of forty-nine degrees has been acknowledged by both parties, as extending from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, and no farther. On the contrary, the claim to the country west of this is expressly left open to be settled by subsequent negotiations. The assumption, therefore, that the same line should be continued to the shores of the Pacific is merely the expression of an unreasonable demand most disingenuously urged by those who well know that no foundation in treaties or official documents exist in favour of such a claim.

So far from our possessing any data which would entitle the Americans to this lion's share of the disputed territory—the truth is, that it is difficult to assign any valid claims on which they would be entitled to demand any thing whatever. When the question is thus an open one, of course every sort of argument is put forward; and among others, that of discovery and occupancy. To enter upon this question with the requisite details is impossible; but as it has been put forward, it merits a few remarks. We may observe, that the claim of discovery in itself is an exceedingly vague one, and which, in practice, has been more often disregarded than observed. Were politicians to refer as a standard to priority of discovery, we believe the office of geographical historian and critic would become a very important one among the commercial

nations of Europe. In the first place, we may remark, that in an astonishing number of instances the discoveries of distant regions have, to use a contradictory expression, been made twice over. Every one knows that North America was discovered in the tenth century by the Northmen, yet Norway has never urged a claim to the possession of New England. The west coast of Africa had been explored in the middle ages by the bold navigators of Catalonia; but they were re-discovered and claimed by the Portuguese without any remonstrance from the crowns of Castile and Aragon. Few European nations hold their colonies by the right of discovery; certainly not the West India islands, except Cuba and Porto Rico. The Cape was discovered by the Portuguese and colonised by the Dutch, and Mauritius, a Portuguese discovery, became a French settlement. New Holland, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand, as their names imply, had been visited by the Dutch long before they were occupied by England. Such claims of discovery, without occupancy, merit no regard, and in fact were disposed of by Queen Elizabeth in the manner they ought to be treated. It is Camden, we believe, if our memory serves us, that the queen in reply to some such claim on the part of Philip of Spain, in the spirit of her blood and nation, nobly answered, that the sea was like the air—free to all; and that the fact of a new coast having been seen for the first time by a Spanish ship, would not seal up the seas by which it was bounded from the enterprise of her subjects. Discovery and subsequent occupancy furnishes a very different claim, which is ever valid except against the law of conquest: but such a claim no Americans can put up to any part of the north-west coast which is at present under debate.

In investigating the claims, however feeble as they are, we have no doubt that our readers will be amazed when we state that the Americans put in claims of discovery, especially as many of those discoveries were made generations before the epoch of American independence; and also, that the United States government, with the exception of the journey of Lewis and Clarke, never contributed a farthing to the extension of geographical knowledge.

This strange claim is—that by treaty Spain has made over all her rights on the north-west coast to the United States; and not only has this conferred on them the political rights of Spain, but even hydrographical glories of that country are also transferred to the American ochlocracy. Such is the proposition to be found in No. 102 of the *North American Review*. The words of this writer are, that “we have other sources of title, and more especially under the Florida treaty, by which, in consideration, among other things of our cession to Spain of our possessions west of the River Sabine, Spain ceded to us all her pretensions north of the forty-second parallel of latitude.” This claim, therefore, requires to be analyzed. In the first place, therefore, by what strange fatality is it, that in American treaties we ever find a disregard of honour. The ceded territory west of the Sabine has been wrested from Mexico, the representative of Spain, by the pirates of the Texas, acting, as is now well known, with the secret encouragement of the United States government. In this case, however, territory was not the object, but the stability of slavery by establishing a slave state on their frontiers. With respect to the Spanish rights of discovery now said to be transferred to the United States, the matter is easily disposed of. Admitting these transferred rights, we have only to state that they have no bearing on the present question, but rather the reverse. Deciding the matter by priority of discovery, we know that Sir F. Drake was the first to visit the coast from latitude forty-three to forty-eight degrees, of course before any Spaniard had visited that part of the coast. Now it is to be remarked, this space of coast, first seen by Drake, includes nearly all that the Americans demand, for even the wildest among them do not seek to send the English line farther north than the forty-ninth degree.

It is humiliating to read the statements on this subject made by the *North American Review*. “Although Sir Francis Drake pretended to take possession of the country and to call it New Albion, this could amount to nothing against Spain, the prior discoverer. England, by touching at New California, could not acquire any

rights whatever; for whatever right such act may be deemed by the European conventional law to confer, had already been appropriated by Spain. And Spain also proceeded to do that which England did not do, which, by the same conventional law, is deemed the consummation of the inchoate title gained by discovery, namely, the formation of settlements in the country discovered.” This statement we shall only characterize by saying, that its morality is of a piece with that displayed by Daniel Webster, in the affair of the red line. The first trick is to confound New Albion and New California. In a writer of modest pretensions, some apology might be urged for this; but one who on all occasions accuses English authors of falsifying and suppressing Spanish discoveries, this conduct admits of no excuse. According to the Spaniards themselves, New California extends only to Cape Mondocino: Drake's discoveries commenced here, and extended north to forty-eight deg., which in all truth is the territory of New Albion, and precisely what the Americans claim, and which was also first seen by Drake. Again, Spain certainly settled New California, although more than a century and a half after its discovery; but it is untrue that she ever had a settlement of more than a week's duration, beyond latitude forty-two degrees, in New Albion. The attempt here, by confounding the two denominations of New Albion and New California, to extend the undoubted right of Spain to the latter, by an equally valid claim on the former, is characteristic. The animus of the writer is more obvious from what follows. Drake's discoveries are of no value, for he was a pirate, as if the early Spaniards were any thing else. What were the expeditions of Cortez and Coronado? But to quote the reviewer—“The absurdity of claiming title for England as against Spain by the piratical acts of a professional pirate.” Piracy is too tender a name for these brutalities. “He began his life as a slave trader under Hawkins.” We shall only remark that with two centuries of additional light and knowledge, the fathers of American independence were little better than poor Drake. Washington was, like Drake, a slave trader; so was Jefferson, per-

haps, as is said, still more nearly allied to slavery.

It is further to be remarked, that the Spanish discoveries north of latitude forty-nine degrees, can confer no right on America, as these are in regions which no one pretends to dispute. The port of Nootka was visited by the Spaniards before the arrival of Cook, and subsequently their right was established by actual settlement. All this claim, however, was abandoned when the question had nearly involved England and Spain in a war, and when the latter country resigned her right to the settlement at Nootka in favour of Great Britain.

There is another branch of the question of discovery which is also put forward by the Americans, and which a few words will effectually settle. Even the North American reviewer claims the discovery of the Columbia river for his countryman Captain Gray. This strange and untrue assertion is made in a very left-handed manner: after informing us that Captain Gray entered this river, he says, "Although this voyage was unprofitable to its enterprising projectors, it was highly important to the United States, as well by giving them rights of discovery, as because it opened the way to a most valuable and productive commerce," &c. The discovery, of course, means that of the Columbia river. On this subject we shall not make any remark of our own. The reviewer shall refute himself, and tell us who the real discoverer of the Columbia river was. "The following year, 1775, a second expedition sailed from San Blas, under the orders of Don Bruno Heceta, D. Juan de Ayala, and D. Juan de la Bodega y Quadra. The incidents of the voyage are known to English readers by the journal of the *Pilot Mauvèlle*, published in Barrington's Miscellanies. They explored the coast up to latitude fifty-eight degrees, "and were the first to discover the mouth of the river Columbia, which they called Entrada de Heceta." The truth is, Captain Gray's voyage, although stated to be one of commerce and discovery, the last word introduced, for the nonce had no other object than the discovery of sea-otter and parchment beaver. That the keen merchants of Boston should hazard the profits of the voyage

for the sake of making discoveries, we think requires strong evidence. We have seen that the river was discovered in 1775 by Heceta. In 1792 it was entered by Captain Gray, although it had previously escaped the notice of Vancouver, who was first informed of its existence by Gray. It is therefore certain that not a foot of the north-west coast was discovered by an American. In fact, the merchant vessels of other countries have done what they neglected to do. The commercial voyages of Dixon, Portlock, Meares, Colnet, and Duncan were from England; and Marchand's voyage, edited by M. Fleaurieu, by the French, have afforded much valuable knowledge, and have combined science with trade.

With respect to claims founded on settlement, the question admits of but little difficulty. The English were the first to settle on the north of the Columbia, and their trading stations now extend both coastwise and inland, over the extensive region from the Columbia up to the Russian territory northward; and here we are not aware of any prior claim on the part of the United States: that of Spain to Nootka has already been mentioned. On the other hand, what claim of settlement can the Americans urge? We know of only one, that of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, and on its south bank. It admits, however, of some doubt whether Mr. Astor's settlement of itself can be considered as giving my right to the United States. Mr. Astor was a German by birth, and engaged in the American fur trade. His settlement of Astoria was formed at his own hazard, without sanction expressed, or tacit, that we have heard of, on the part of the United States. Would a settlement formed by Mr. Astor, in some unoccupied part of New Holland, give the United States a claim to such territory against Great Britain? Afterwards the settlement of Astoria was both conquered and purchased by British subjects. After peace was restored by the treaty of Ghent, Astoria was restored in virtue of an agreement by which a mutual restitution of captured places was made. Was it restored to America or to Mr. Astor? This question, however, we need not agitate, as the south bank of the Columbia, and of course Astoria will be, and we believe, on principles

of equity, ought to be included within the limits of the United States.

We may inquire now upon what principles can this question be adjusted, or what basis exists for negotiators to rest upon? It must be confessed that previous treaties afford but small assistance. The claims founded on discovery, futile as they are, are decidedly in favour of England, although America should bring the Florida treaty and the glories of Spanish enterprise to the rescue. If the north-west coast was to be partitioned out to its original discoveries, many an interminable question would have to be solved; and ultimately, if colonized by the discoverers, would exhibit a motley group of English, Russian, Spanish, and perhaps French settlements. Right of occupation America has none, except to Astoria, which will, no doubt, be conceded. Under these circumstances the matter must be settled by friendly agreement; and even here the question may be much narrowed. The course of the Columbia is obviously the proper limit of the English and American claims. On this point it would be extravagant to expect England to give way. The possession of both sides of the Columbia is obviously the very point in dispute, whoever gains that gains all that is worth contending for—that is both the most beautiful and fertile lands, and also holds the key of all communication with the ocean. In fact, the wild claims put forth by American politicians and writers are much in the same style as characterised their conduct in the question of the north-east boundary. We should, however, conceive that the navigation of the Columbia is a point which neither party will surrender nor ought they, and it is clear that the amicable adjustment is that both should enjoy in common what both claims, and that the north and south sides of the river should be their respective limits, along the lower Columbia, that is from the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers above Fort Nez Percés to the sea. This limit is obviously the course of the main stream. Beyond Fort Nez Percés the river divides into two branches, the north Columbia called also Clark's river, and the southern branch, the Shapton Lewis or Snake river. Each of these rivers,

on principles of mutual convenience, seem to be respectively the property of the two parties. This is especially the case with the northern branch of the Columbia, which takes its source higher than the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and thus at its origin is a British river, even on the showing of the most pertinacious of the Americans. To make this northern branch of the river the American frontier would, in some places, carry that boundary even beyond the forty-ninth degree, and such a tongue of territory would be an offensive position in the hands of the United States, while in those of England it is simply defensive. In short, equity would seem to require, that while the valley of the Salmon river was ceded to America, the country between that valley and the north or upper Columbia should in great part belong to England.

Although we believe that the claims of England are better in every respect than those of America, still an important question may arise—is the disputed territory of sufficient importance to involve two great commercial countries if not in war at least in feelings of exasperation and ill will? We have no hesitation in saying, that if the territory under debate is to be retained merely as a preserve for wild animals, the commerce in whose furs is not worth two hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum, and cannot be increased to a much greater extent, the dispute is a very unimportant one. Looking at the question in this aspect, we care but little if the territories of the United States, west of the Rocky Mountains, be extended from the Columbia to the arctic circle. The question appears to us to involve more important considerations than those belonging to a trade in peltries, or the possession of forests and lakes. It is the use to which the country may be turned as a field for emigration that can ever give it any importance, and it will unquestionably be colonised one day either from America or England. Probably there never was a time in which the importance of emigration was more felt in England than at present. Excess of capital and population have lowered both the value of money and labour with corresponding distress especially among the middle and lower classes. The removal of a portion of

our superfluous population, so far as it goes is a double benefit, affording relief and ultimately comfort to those who emigrate, and creating an increased demand for employment to those who remain. Schemes for emigration have also this advantage, they can justly claim the encouragement and favour of any government, and fortunately have not been contaminated by any mixture of party politics. To us it has been pleasing to look over the names of those who have taken an interest in this matter, where we find Sir George Sinclair and Mr. O'Connell, the churchman and the radical, all co-operating in the best feeling to promote what all believe to be an unquestionable good.

With respect to the practical question as to colonising the north-west coast, we only know of one objection, but certainly a formidable one, we mean the length of the voyage, which is on an average six months, or from two months to six weeks longer than the voyage to New Zealand. On the other hand, as the voyage will only be undertaken once by the greater number of emigrants, a difference of two months in its length may be counter-balanced by other advantages. The climate and soil are far superior to those of Australia, there is abundance of water communication, and no droughts or arid plains, fit only for sheep walks. The north-west also is in these respects far superior to Canada, and the more northern of the United States; and while equally capable of producing corn is much better adapted for rearing cattle. The preliminary hardships need not be great, very little apprehension need be entertained from the hostility of the natives, who are now in part Christians, and adopting a settled and civilized life, and the produce of the rivers alone will be a guarantee against starvation. There is also another reason why we would prefer to see at least a part of the country colonised from England. We are too apt while discussing the contending claims of England and

America to forget the real proprietor of the country, the unfortunate aborigines, and certainly their interests should be studied with attention and tenderness, and he must be a prejudiced individual who cannot perceive that this will be far better accomplished under the British than under the American rule. The expulsion of the Cherokees from Georgia, and the late Seminole war in which blood-hounds were employed, are decisive on this question.*

The preliminary question of the settlement of the boundary between the territories of the United States and England is, however, that which requires a speedy adjustment, and the earlier this is done it will be done both better and easier. Already the subject has been made matter of intemperate debates in congress, and numerous publications respecting it have been issued from the American press. We are sorry to add that the business has been discussed in a very bad spirit, and we are much afraid that the spirit and morality displayed in the north-east boundary question is but the type of what will occur in the present instance. We shall quote a few illustrations of this conduct already pursued. Several years since (1828) an attempt to establish a colony on the Columbia river was projected by Mr. Kelly of Boston, which, however, was never executed. The most remarkable circumstance is that Mr. Kelly, in a circular issued by him in 1831, entitled himself the agent of a society for the settlement of Oregon, incorporated by the legislature of Massachusetts. As the disputed territory is by treaty left open to the citizens of both nations, we cannot take umbrage at this intention of effecting a settlement in some part of it; but what right has any state government to incorporate an association for this purpose? Surely, such a right belongs exclusively to the federal government; or is it wished to embarrass the question after the fashion of the state government of New York and congress, in

* The religious instructors of the Indians on the Columbia are chiefly from the United States, and it is pleasing to see the excellent and cordial spirit with which they acknowledge the courtesy and hospitality of the British traders, and the aversion they have to intercourse with their own countrymen.—See *Parke's Travels*

the affair of McLeod and the Caroline? The matter, to say the least, was in very bad taste. Another question of some interest arises from this, as illustrating the different uses that may be made of a simple fact. *The North American Review* (January, 1840) says, "perhaps the American settlement actually effected by Mr. Lee, as hereafter described, may owe its conception to the publications and suggestions of Mr. Kelly." This Mr. Lee, or, more correctly, the Rev. Jason Lee, is a missionary among the Nez Percees Indians. We are then informed that Mr. Lee, "finding that fifteen or twenty families of men, formerly employed by the Hudson's Bay Company had begun a settlement at Wallomet, on the Multnomah, which is a branch of the Columbia, opposite Fort Vancouver, he determined to join them; and under his auspices the settlement increased by the addition of some other Americans, who subsist by cultivation, and may be considered as the beginning of the colonization of the Oregon." As to this account of the matter, quite in the way of Daniel Webster and the red line, we shall offer a few remarks more as illustrative of the style in which the *Review* treats such matters, than from the importance of the matter under discussion. In the first place we have to condemn the spirit which would drag an unobtrusive missionary into a political discussion. The Rev. Jason Lee had no intention to interfere in the disputes between the two governments, and surely the use made of his name and character is an ungenerous return for the unsuspecting hospitality and steady friendship which the American missionaries have ever experienced from the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. Again, it is not true, even on the reviewer's own showing, that Mr. Lee formed the settlement. He himself tells that it had been commenced by some discharged servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. We are next informed that the settlement, by the addition of some other Americans, may be considered the beginning of the colonization of the Oregon. Who were these other Americans? No doubt, Americans; but also French Canadians, Americans, and consequently British subjects; and for aught we know,

there may be among them also Scotch Highlanders and Orkney-men. Any right of settlement founded on this matter is therefore British. When the reviewer says it is the beginning of colonization on the Oregon, does he abandon any claims from the previous settlement of Mr. Astor? We are told also that they have recently applied to congress to take possession of the country. If so, it is strange conduct on the part either of British subjects or an American missionary. How can this settlement be reckoned a commencement of colonization, when it is an emanation from the older British settlement, Fort Vancouver?

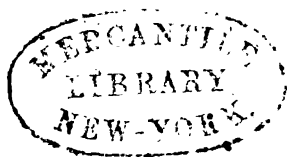
We will only mention another curious circumstance. One would suppose that all requisite information respecting the Columbia could be readily obtained in an open and manly way; but the president of the United States condescended to send out one Mr. William A. Slacum as a secret agent or spy, to look into the doings of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Columbia. The office of secret agent is not a pleasing one. We do not know what sort of a person this Mr. Slacum is, except that he sojourned in the country, partook of the hospitality of the English traders, listened to the conversations of the dinner-table and the hearth, and embodied the whole in a report to the president. The mission of this secret agent was not known until 1835, when his accounts were brought before the senate for settlement. The contents of Slacum's report, in as far as we know them, do not compensate for the loss of character incurred by the mode in which they were procured. He is elaborate on the dimensions of buildings, the number of bushels of corn or potatoes, and of animal produce: the heads of oxen, pigs, and horses, is also carefully set forth. We are also told that a ship arrives annually, and like most other ships, brings a cargo of merchandise. Among other important items, tea, coffee, and cocoa, with sugar to sweeten them, boots and shoes, as people are greatly given to travelling; also, soap and blankets to promote cleanliness and comfort, and to bring the matter to a climax, calicoes and paint, beads and chain-cables, playing-cards and anchors. They have also a distillery, but to their credit it

has fallen into disuse; and, what is still better, an hospital for the sick. Lastly, chief-trader M'Leod can afford to undersell the Americans on their own ground. If Mr. Slacum had only been silly, we should have concluded, but as he has also been spiteful, we must trespass on the patience of our readers a little longer, especially as his statements are embodied in an official document. We request our readers' attention to the following specimen of Mr. Slacum's philanthropy: "Besides this, the policy of this company is calculated to *perpetuate the institution of slavery* which now exists, and is encouraged among all the Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains." We must state explicitly, that a statement more replete with falsehood cannot well be constructed, and really justifies the harsh appellation of spy, which we have bestowed on Mr. Slacum. It is not true that slavery exists among all the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. It is a pity the minute accuracy with which the cargo of the English ship is detailed had not been observed here. We shall supply the deficiency from the published journal of an excellent man. "It is only in the lower country of the Oregon territory and along the coast that slavery exists: it was formerly practised in the upper country, but has long since been abolished. The Wala-wala tribe are descended from slaves, formerly owned and liberated by the Ner Percees Indians, and are now a respectable tribe."* We have also to state on the most unquestioned evidence, that the assertion that the Hudson's Bay

Company, in any shape, encourages or sanctions slavery, although embodied in an American state report, is as utterly false as any thing can possibly be. This assertion requires some explanation; and the fact is, that the Indians of the Lower Columbia have a species of very mitigated slavery among them: their communities consist of two orders—family slaves and freemen. The slaves, or *mischemis*, live under the same roof with their masters, partake of the same food, and intermarry with them; and it would be well if the slaves of Alabama and Georgia were in the same position with respect to their masters. The only shadow of feasibility in this accusation is, that many of the company's servants marry native women, who consequently bring their slaves along with them, a circumstance of which a public body can scarcely be expected to take cognizance. But the spirit of this accusation may be judged in another way. It is, we believe, a standing rule in the American legislature that any petition for the abolition of slavery is not read, but thrown under the table. Now, here we have the precedent broken, when a vile insinuation can be advanced against the most distinguished anti-slavery country in the world. But we must have done. Our readers will be able to judge from what has been stated of the manner in which this question will be urged by America, they will be prepared for abundance of extravagant demands, reckless assertions, disingenuous conduct, and in short, for all those things which have on so many previous occasions tended to place American statesmen so low in the scale of morality.

* Parker's journey beyond the Rocky Mountains.





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VOL. XXI.

LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT V.—MR. O'KELLY'S TALE.—PART I.

"I CAN tell you but little about my family," said my host, stretching out his legs to the fire, and crossing his arms easily before him. "My grandfather was in the Austrian service, and killed in some old battle with the Turks. My father, Peter O'Kelly, was shot in a duel by an attorney from Youghal. Something about nailing his ear to the pump, I've heard tell was the cause of the row, for he came down to my father's with a writ or a process, or something of the kind. No matter—the thief had pluck in him; and when Peter—my father that was—told him he'd make a gentleman of him and fight him, if he'd give up the bill of costs; why the temptation was too strong to resist—he pitched the papers into the fire—went out the same morning, and faith he put in his bullet as fair as if he was used to the performance. I was only a child then, ten or eleven years old, and so I remember nothing of the particulars; but I was packed off the next day to an old aunt's, a sister of my father's, who resided in the town of Tralee.

"Well, to be sure, it was a great change for me, young as I was, from Castle O'Kelly to Aunt Judy's. At home there was a stable full of horses, a big house, generally full of company, and the company as full of fun; we had a pack of harriers, went out twice or thrice a week, plenty of snipe shooting, and a beautiful race-course was made round the lawn: and though I wasn't quite of an age to join in these pleasures myself, I had a lively taste for them all, and relished the free-and-easy style of my father's house, without any unhappy forebodings that the amusements there practised would end in leaving me a beggar.

"Now, my Aunt Judy lived in what might be called a state of painfully-elegant poverty. Her habitation was somewhat more capacious than a house in a toy-shop, but then it had all the usual attributes of a house. There was a hall door, and two windows, and a chimney, and a brass knocker, and I believe a scraper; and within there were three little rooms, about the dimensions of a mail-coach each. I think I see the little parlour before me now this minute; there was a miniature of my father in a red coat over the chimney, and two screens painted by my aunt—landscapes, I am told, they were once; but time and damp had made them look something like the moon seen through a bit of

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smoked glass; and there were fire-irons as bright as day, for they never performed any other duty than standing on guard beside the grate, a kind of royal beef-eaters, kept for show; and there was a little table covered with shells and minerals, bits of coral, conchs, and cheap curiosities of that nature, and over them again was a stuffed macaw. Oh, dear! I see it all before me, and the little tea-service, that if the beverage had been vitriol, a cup full couldn't have harmed you. There were four chairs, human ingenuity couldn't smuggle in a fifth. There was one for Father Donnellan, another for Mrs. Brown, the post mistress, another for the barrack master, Captain Dwyer, the fourth for my aunt herself, but then no more were wanted. Nothing but real gentility, the 'ould Irish blood,' would be received by Miss Judy; and if the post mistress wasn't fourteenth cousin to somebody who was aunt to Phelim O'Brien, who was hanged for some humane practice towards the English in former times, the devil a cup of bohea she'd have tasted there. The priest was *ex officio*, but Captain Dwyer was a gentleman born and bred. His great grandfather had an estate; the last three generations had lived on the very reputation of its once being in the family: '*they* weren't upstarts, no, sorrow bit of it,' 'when they had it they spent it,' and so on, were the current expressions concerning them. Faith I will say that in my time in Ireland—I don't know how it may be now—the aroma of a good property stood to the descendants long after the substance had left them; and if they only stuck fast to the place where the family had once been great, it took at least a couple of generations before they need think of looking out for a livelihood.

"Aunt Judy's revenue was something like eighty pounds a year, but in Tralee she was not measured by the rule of the income tax. 'Wasn't she own sister to Peter O'Kelly of the castle; didn't Brien O'Kelly call at the house when he was canvassing for the member, and leave his card;' and wasn't the card displayed on the little mahogany table every evening, and wiped and put by every morning for fifteen years; and sure the O'Kellys had their own burial ground, the 'O'Kelly's pound,' as it was called, being a square spot enclosed within a wall, and employed for all trespassers of the family within death's domain. Here was gentility enough in all conscience, even had the reputation of her evening parties not been the talk of the town. These were certainly exclusive enough, and consisted as I have told you. Aunt Judy loved her rubber, and so did her friends, and eight o'clock every evening saw the little party assembled at a game of 'longs,' for penny points. It was no small compliment to the eyesight of the players, that they could distinguish the cards, for with long use they had become dimmed and indistinct. The queens had contracted a very tatterdemalion look, and the knaves had got a most vagabond expression for want of their noses, not to speak of other difficulties in dealing, which certainly required an expert hand, all the corners having long disappeared, leaving the operation something like playing at quoits.

"The discipline of such an establishment, I need scarcely say, was very distasteful to me. I was seldom suffered to go beyond the door, more rarely still alone: my whole amusement consisted in hearing about the ancient grandeur of the O'Kellys, and listening to a very prosy history of certain martyrs, not one of whom I didn't envy in my heart; while in the evening I slept beneath the whist-table, being too much afraid of ghosts to venture up stairs to bed.

"It was on one of those evenings when the party were assembled as usual; some freak of mine—I fear I was a rebellious subject—was being

discussed between the deals, it chanced that by some accident I was awake, and heard the colloquy.

“‘Tis truth I'm telling you, ma'am,' quoth my aunt, 'you'd think he was mild as milk, and there isn't a name for the wickedness in him.'”

“‘When I was in the Buffs there was a fellow of the name of Clancy——’

“‘Play a spade, captain,'” said the priest, who had no common horror of the story he had heard every evening for twenty years.

“‘And did he really put the kitten into the oven?’ inquired Mrs. Brown.

“‘Worse than that—he brought in Healy's buck goat yesterday, and set him opposite the looking-glass, and the beast, thinking he saw another opposite him, bolted straightforward, and, my dear, he stuck his horns through the middle of it. There isn't a piece as big as the ace of diamonds.’”

“‘When I was in the Buffs——’

“‘Tis at *say* he ought to be—don't you think so, captain?’ said the priest——‘them's trumps.’

“‘I beg your pardon, Father Donellan, let me look at the trick. Well, I'm sure I pity you, Miss O'Kelly.’

“‘And why wouldn't you! his mother had a bad drop in her, 'tis easy seen. Sure Peter, that's gone, rest his soul in peace, he never harmed man nor beast; but that child there has notions of wickedness that would surprise you. My elegant cornelian necklace he's taken the stones out of, till it nearly chokes me to put it on.’

“‘When I was in the Buffs, Miss O'Kelly, there was——’

“‘Pay fourpence,’ said the priest, pettishly, ‘and cut the cards. As I was saying, I'd send him to say, and if the stories be thrue, I hear, he's not ill fitted for it; he does be the most of his time up there at the caves of Ballybunnion with the smugglers.’

“My aunt crimsoned a little at this, as I could see from my place on the hearth rug; for it was only the day before I had brought in a package of green tea, obtained from the quarter alluded to.

“‘I'd send him to Banagher to-morrow,’ said he, resolutely; ‘I'd send him to school.’

“‘There was one Clancy, I was saying, a great devil he was——.’

“‘And faix ould Martin will flog his tricks out of him, if birch will do it,’ said the priest.

“‘Tis only a fortnight since he put hot cinders in the letter-box, and burned half the Dublin bag,’ said Mrs. Brown. ‘The town will be well rid of him.’

“This was exactly the notion I was coming to myself, though differing widely as to the destination by which I was to manage my exchange out of it. The kind wishes of the party towards me, too, had another effect—it nerved me with a courage I never felt before—and when I took the first opportunity of a squabble at the whist-table, to make my escape from the room, I had so little fear of ghosts and goblins, that I opened the street door, and, although the way led under the wall of the church-yard, set out on my travels, in a direction which was to influence all my after life.

“I had not proceeded far when I overtook some cars on their way to Tarbert, on one of which I succeeded in obtaining a seat; and, by day-break, arrived at the Shannon, the object of my desires, and the goal of all my wishes.

"The worthy priest had not calumniated me in saying that my associates were smugglers. Indeed, for weeks past, I never missed any opportunity of my aunt leaving the house, without setting out to meet a party who frequented a small public-house, about three miles from Tralee, and with whom I made more than one excursion to the caves of Ballybunnion. It was owing to an accidental piece of information I afforded them—that the revenue force was on their track—that I first learned to know these fellows; and, from that moment, I was a sworn friend of every man among them. To be sure they were a motley crew. The craft belonged to Flushing, and the skipper himself was a Fleming; the others were Kinsale fishermen, Ostenders, men from the coast of Brittany, a Norwegian pilot, and a negro, who acted as cook. Their jovial style of life, the apparent good humour and good fellowship that subsisted among them, a dash of reckless devil-may-care spirit, resembling a school-boy's love of fun—all captivated me; and when I found myself on board the 'Dart,' as she lay at anchor under the shadow of the tall cliffs, and saw the crew burnishing up pistols and cutlasses, and making ready for a cruise, I had a proud heart when they told me I might join, and be one among them. I suppose every boy has something in his nature that inclines him to adventure: it was strong enough in me, certainly. The hardy, weather-beaten faces of my companions—their strong muscular frames—their coarse uniform of striped Jersey wear, with black belt crossing on the chest—all attracted my admiration: and, from the red bunting that floated at our gaff, to the brass swivels that peeped from our bows, the whole craft delighted me. I was not long in acquiring the rough habits and manners of my associates, and speedily became a favourite with every one on board. All the eccentricities of my venerable aunt, all the peculiarities of Father Donegan, were dished up by me for their amusement, and they never got tired laughing at the description of the whist-table. Besides, I was able to afford them much valuable information about the neighbouring gentry, all of whom I knew, either personally or by name. I was at once, therefore, employed as a kind of diplomatic envoy to ascertain if Mr. Blennerhassett wouldn't like a hogshead of brandy, or the Knight of Glynn a pipe of claret, in addition to many minor embassies among the shebeen houses of the country, concerning nigger-heads of tobacco, packages of tea, smuggled lace, and silk handkerchiefs.

"Thus was my education begun; and an apter scholar, in all the art and mystery of smuggling, could scarcely have been found. I had a taste for picking up languages; and, before my first cruise was over, had got a very tolerable smattering of French, Dutch, and Norwegian, and some intimacy with the fashionable dialect used on the banks of the Niger. Other accomplishments followed these. I was a capital pistol-shot—no bad hand with the small sword—could reef and steer, and had not my equal on board in detecting a revenue officer, no matter how artfully disguised. Such were my professional—my social qualifications far exceeded these. I could play a little on the violin and the guitar, and was able to throw into rude verse any striking incident of our wild career, and adapt an air to it, for the amusement of my companions. These I usually noted down in a book, accompanying them with pen illustrations and notes, and I assure you, however little literary reputation this volume might have acquired, 'O'Kelly's Log,' as it was called, formed the great delight of Saturday night at sea. These things were all too local and personal in their interest to amuse any one who didn't know

the parties; but mayhap one day or other I'll give you a sight of the 'log,' and let you hear some of our songs.

"I won't stop to detail any of the adventures of my sea-faring life; strange and wild enough they were in all conscience: one night staggering under close-reefed canvas under a lee shore; another carousing with a jolly set in a 'Schenk Haus' at Rotterdam or Ostende—now hiding in the dark caves of Ballybunnion, while the craft stood out to sea—now disguised, taking a run up to Paris, and dining in the 'Café de L'Empire,' in all the voluptuous extravagance of the day. Adventure fast succeeding on adventure, escape upon escape, had given my life a character of wild excitement which made me feel a single day's repose, a period of *ennui* and monotony.

"Smuggling, too, became only a part of my occupation. My knowledge of French, and my power of disguising my appearance, enabled me to mix in Parisian society, of a certain class, without any fear of detection. In this way I obtained, from time to time, information of the greatest consequence to our government; and once brought some documents from the war department of Napoleon which obtained for me the honour of an interview with Mr. Pitt himself. This part of my career, however, would take me too far away from my story, were I to detail any of the many striking adventures which marked it; so I'll pass on at once to one of those eventful epochs of my life, two or three of which have changed, for the time, the current of my destiny.

"I was about eighteen: the war had just broke out with France, and the assembled camp at Boulogne threatened the invasion of England. The morning we left the French coast, the preparations for the embarkation of the troops were in great forwardness, and certain particulars had reached us which convinced me that Napoleon really intended an attempt which many were disposed to believe was a mere menace. In fact, an officer of the staff had given me such information as explained the mode of the descent, and the entire plan of the expedition. Before I could avail myself of this, however, we should land our cargo, an unusually rich one, on the west coast of Ireland, for my companions knew nothing all this time of the system of 'espionage' I had established, and little suspected that one of their crew was in relation with the prime minister of England.

"I have said I was about eighteen. My wild life, if it had made me feel older than my years, had given a hardihood and enterprise to my character which heightened for me the enjoyment of every bold adventure, and made me feel a kind of ecstasy in every emergency, where danger and difficulty were present. I longed to be the skipper of my own craft, sweeping the seas at my own will; a bold buccaneer, caring less for gain than glory, until my name should win for itself its own meed of fame, and my feats be spoken of in awe and astonishment.

"Old Van Brock, our captain, was a hardy Fleming, but all his energy of character, all his daring, were directed to the one object—gain. For this there was nothing he wouldn't attempt, nothing he wouldn't risk. Now our present voyage was one in which he had embarked all his capital; the outbreak of a war warned him that his trade must speedily be abandoned—he could no longer hope to escape the cruisers of every country that now filled the channel. This one voyage, however, if successful, would give him an ample competence for life, and he determined to hazard every thing upon it.

"It was a dark and stormy night in November, when we made the first light on the west coast of Ireland. Part of our cargo was destined for

Ballybunaton, the remainder and most valuable portion was to be landed in the bay of Galway. It blew a whole gale from the south'ard and westward, and the sea ran mountains high, not the short joggle of a land-locked channel but the heavy roll of the great Atlantic, dark and frowning, swelling to an enormous height, and thundering away on the iron-bound coast to leeward, with a crash that made our hearts quiver. The 'Dart' was a good sea-boat, but the waves swept her from stem to stern, and though nothing but a close-reefed topsail was bent, we went spinning through the water at twelve knots. The hatchways were battened down, and every preparation made for a rough night, for as the darkness increased, so did the gale.

"The smuggler's fate is a dark and gloomy one. Let the breeze fall, let the blue sky and fleecy clouds lie mirrored on the glassy deep, and straight a boat is seen sweeping along with sixteen oars, springing with every jerk of the strong arms, to his capture. And when the white waves rise like mountains, and the lowring storm descends, sending tons of water across his decks, and wetting his highest rigging with the fleecy drift, he dares not cry for help, the signal that would speak of his distress, would be the knell to toll his ruin. We knew this well. We felt that come what would, from others there was nothing to be hoped. It was then with agonizing suspense we watched the little craft as she worked in the stormy sea; we saw that with every tack we were losing. The strong land current that set in shore, told upon us at every reach; and when we went about, the dark and beetling cliffs seemed actually toppling over us, and the wild cries of the sea-fowl rang like a dirge in our ears. The small storm-jib we were obliged to set, sunk us by the head, and at every pitch the little vessel seemed threatening to go down bow foremost.

"Our great endeavour was to round the head land, which forms the southern shore of the Shannon's mouth. There is a small sound there, between this point and the rocks, they call the 'Blasquets,' and for this we were making with all our might. Thus passed our night, and when day broke, a cheer of joy burst from our little crew, as we beheld the Blasquets on our weather bow, and saw that the sound lay straight before us. Scarce had the shout died away, when a man in the rigging cried out—

"'A sail to windward:' and the instant after added—'a man o' war brig.'

"The skipper sprung on the bulwark, and setting his glass in the shrouds, examined the object, which to the naked eye was barely a haze in the horizon.

"'She carries eighteen guns,' said he slowly, 'and is steering our course. I say, O'Kelly, there's no use in running in shore to be pinioned, —what's to be done?'

"The thought of the information I was in possession of, flashed across me. Life was never so dear before, but I could not speak. I knew the old man's all was in the venture. I knew, too, if we were attacked, his resolve was to fight her to the last spar that floated.

"'Come,' said he again, 'there's a point more south'ard in the wind; we might haul her close, and make for Galway bay. Two hours would land the cargo, at least enough of it, and if the craft must go——'

"A heavy squall struck us as he spoke; the vessel reeled over till she laid her crossrees in the sea. A snap like the report of a shot was heard, and the topmast came tumbling down upon the deck, the topsail falling to leeward, and hanging by the bolt-ropes over our gunwale. The little craft immediately fell off from the wind, and plunged deeper than ever

in the boiling surf; at the same instant a booming sound swept across the water, and a shot striking the sea near, ricocheted over the bowsprit, and passed on dipping and bounding towards the shore.

"'She's one of their newly built ones,' said the second mate, an Irishman, who chewed his quid of tobacco as he gazed at her as coolly as if he was in a dock yard. 'I know the ring of her brass guns.'

"A second and a third flash, followed by two reports, came almost together, but this time they fell short of us, and passed away in our wake.

"We cut away the fallen rigging, and seeing nothing for it now but to look to our own safety, we resolved to run the vessel up the bay, and try if we could not manage to conceal some portions of the cargo, before the man-o'-war could overtake us. The caves along the shore were all well known to us, every one of them had served either as a store or a place of concealment. The wind, however, freshened every minute; the storm-jib was all we could carry, and this instead of aiding, dipped us heavily by the head, while the large ship gained momentarily on us, and now her tall masts and white sails lowered close in our wake.

"'Shall we stave these puncheons?' said the mate in a whisper to the skipper; 'she'll be aboard of us in no time.'

"The old man made no reply, but his eyes turned from the man-o'-war to shore and back again, and his mouth quivered slightly.

"'They'd better get the hatches open, and heave over that tobacco,' said the mate, endeavouring to obtain an answer.

"'She's hauled down her signal for us to lie to,' observed the skipper, 'and see there, her bow ports are open—here it comes.'

"A bright flash burst out as he spoke, and one blended report was heard as the shots skimmed the sea beside us.

"'Run that long gun aft,' cried the old fellow, as his eyes flashed and his colour mounted. 'I'll rake their after deck for them, or I'm mistaken.'

"For the first time the command was not obeyed at once. The men looked at each other in hesitation, and as if not determined what part to take.

"'What do you stare at there?' cried he in a voice of passion, 'O'Kelly, up with the old bunting, and let them see who they've got to deal with.'

"A brown flag with a Dutch lion in the centre, was run up the signal-halliards, and the next minute floated out bravely from our gaff.

"A cheer burst from the man-o'-war's crew, as they beheld the signal of defiance. Its answer was a smashing discharge from our long swivel, that tore along their decks, cutting the standing rigging, and wounding several as it went. The triumph was short-lived for us. Shot after shot poured in from the brig, which already to windward, swept our entire decks; while incessant roll of small arms, showed that our challenge was accepted to the death.

"'Down, helm,' said the old man in a whisper to the sailor at the wheel—'down, helm;' while already the spitting waves that danced half a mile ahead, betokened a reef of rocks, over which at low water a row boat could not float.

"'I know it, I know it well,' was the skipper's reply to the muttered answer of the helmsman.

"By this time the brig was slackening sail, and still his fire was maintained as hotly as ever. The distance between us increased at each moment, and had we sea room it was possible for us yet to escape.

"Our long gun was worked without ceasing, and we could see for

time to time that a bustle on the deck, denoted the destruction it was dealing; when suddenly a wild shout burst from one of our men—"the man of war's aground, her topsails are aback." A mad cheer—the frantic cry of rage and desperation—broke from us; when, at the instant, a reeling shock shook us from stem to stern. The little vessel trembled like a living thing; and then, with a crash like thunder, the hatchways sprang from their fastenings, and the white sea leaped up, and swept along the deck. One drowning cry, one last mad yell burst forth.

"Three cheers, my boys!" cried the skipper, raising his cap above his head.

"Already, she was settling in the sea—the death notes rang out high over the storm; a wave swept me overboard at the minute, and my latest consciousness was seeing the old skipper clinging to the bow-sprit, while his long grey hair was floating wildly behind: but the swooping sea rolled over and over me. A kind of despairing energy nerved me, and after being above an hour in the water, I was taken up, still swimming, by one of the shore boats, which, as the storm abated, had ventured out to the assistance of the sloop; and thus was I shipwrecked within a few hundred yards of the spot where first I adventured on the sea—the only one saved of all the crew. Of the *Dart*, not a spar reached shore; the breaking sea tore her to atoms.

"The *Hornet* scarcely fared better. She landed eight of her crew; badly wounded; one man was killed, and she herself was floated only after months of labour, and never, I believe, went to sea afterwards. This was the first episode of my life. Now, if you'd like a second you must help me to another flask; for this talking is dry work.

"The sympathy which in Ireland is never refused to misfortune, no matter how incurred, stood me in stead now; for although every effort was made by the authorities to discover if any of the smuggler's crew had reached shore alive, and large rewards were offered, no one would betray me; and I lay as safely concealed beneath the thatch of an humble cabin, as though the proud walls of a baronial castle afforded me their protection.

"From day to day I used to hear of the hot and eager inquiry going forward to trace out, by any means, something of the wrecked vessel; and, at last, news reached me that a celebrated thief-taker from Dublin had arrived in the neighbourhood to assist in the search.

"There was no time to be lost now. Discovery would not only have perilled my own life, but also have involved those of my kind protectors. How to leave the village was, however, the difficulty. Revenue and man-of-war boats abounded on the Shannon since the day of the wreck; the Ennis road was beset by police, who scrutinized every traveller that passed on the west coast. The alarm was sounded, and no chance of escape presented itself in that quarter. In this dilemma, fortune, which so often stood my friend, did not desert me. It chanced that a strolling company of actors, who had been performing for some weeks past in Kilrush, were about to set off to Ennistymon, where they were to give several representations. Nothing could be easier than to avoid detection in such company; and I soon managed to be included in the corps, by accepting an engagement as a 'walking gentleman,' at a low salary, and on the next morning found myself seated on the 'van,' among a very motley crew of associates, in whose ways and habits I very soon contrived to familiarize myself, becoming, before we had gone many miles, somewhat of a favourite in the party.

"I will not weary you with any account of my strolling life. Every one knows something of the difficulties which beset the humble drama;

and ours was of the humblest. Joe Hume himself could not have questioned one solitary item in our budget; and I defy the veriest quibbler on a grand jury to traverse a spangle on a pair of our theatrical smallclothes.

"Our scenes were two in number: one represented a cottage interior—pots, kettles, a dresser, and a large fire, being represented in smoke-coloured traits thereon—this, with two chairs and a table, was convertible into a parlour in a private house; and again, by a red-covered arm-chair, and an old banner, became a baronial hall, or the saloon in a palace; the second represented two houses on the flat, with an open country between them, a mill, a mountain, a stream, and a rustic bridge inclusive. This, then, was either a street in a town, a wood, a garden, or any other out-of-door place of resort, for light comedy people, lovers, passionate fathers, waiting maids, robbers, or chorus singers.

"The chiefs of our corps were Mr. and Mrs. McElwain, who, as their names bespoke, came from the north of Ireland, somewhere near Coleraine, I fancy, but cannot pretend to accuracy; but I know it was on the borders of 'Darry.'

"How or what had ever induced a pair of as common-place matter-of-fact folk as ever lived, to take to the Thespian art, heaven can tell. Had Mr. Mac been a bailiff, and madam a green groceress, nature would seem to have dealt fairly with them: he being a stout, red-faced, black-bearded tyke, with a thatch of straight black hair, cut in semicircles over his ears, so as to permit character wigs without inconvenience, heavy in step, and plodding in gait. She a tall, raw-boned woman, of some five-and-forty, with piercing grey eyes, and a shrill harsh voice that would have shamed the veriest whistle that ever piped through a key-hole. Such were the Macbeth and the Lady Macbeth—the Romeo and Juliet—the Hamlet and Ophelia of the company; but their appearance was a trifle to the manner and deportment of their style. Imagine Juliet with a tattered Leghorn bonnet, a Scotch shawl, and a pair of brown boots, declaiming somewhat in this guise—

"Come *gentle* night, come loving black-browed night,
Gie me my *Romo*! and when he shall *dee*,
Tak' him, and cut him into *leetle* stars,
And he will *mak'* the face of heaven *sae* fine
That a' the *world* will be in *lo'e* with him."

"With these people I wasn't destined long to continue. The splendid delusion of success was soon dispelled; and the golden harvest I was to reap settled down into something like four shillings a-week, out of which came stoppages of so many kinds and shapes, that my salary might have been refused at any moment, under the plea, that there was no coin of the realm, in which to pay it.

"One by one, every article of my wardrobe went to supply the wants of my stomach; and I remember well my great coat, preserved with the tenacity with which a shipwrecked mariner hoards up his last biscuit, was converted into mutton, to regale Messrs. Iago, Mercutio, and Cassius, with Mesdames Ophelia, Jessica, Desdemona, and Co. It would make the fortune of an artist, could he only have witnessed the preparations for our entertainment.

"The festival was in honour of, what the manager was pleased by a singular figure of speech to call, my 'benefit;' the only profit accruing to me from the aforesaid benefit being any satisfaction I might feel in seeing my name in capitals, and the pleasure of waiting on the enlightened inhabitants of Kilmash to solicit their patronage.

"There was something to me of indescribable melancholy in that morning's perambulation, for independent of the fact that I was threatened by one with the stocks as a vagabond, another set a policeman to dog me as a suspicious character, and a third mistook me for a rat-catcher; the butcher with whom I negotiated for the quarter of mutton came gravely up, and examined the texture of my raiment, calling in a jury of his friends to decide, if he wasn't making a bad bargain.

"Night came, and I saw myself dressed for Petrucio, the character in which I was to bring down thunders of applause, and fill the treasury to overflowing. What a conflict of feelings was mine—now rating Catherine in good round phrase before the audience—now slipping behind the flat to witness the progress of the 'cuisine,' for which I longed with the appetite of starvation—how the potatoes split their jackets with laughing as they bubbled up and down in the helmet of Coriolanus, for such I grieve to say was the vessel used on the occasion—the roasting mutton was presided over by 'a gentleman of Padua,' and Christopher Sly was employed in concocting some punch, which, true to his name, he tasted so frequently, it was impossible to wake him towards the last act.

"It was in the first scene of the fourth act, in which with the feelings of a famished wolf I was obliged to assist at a mock supper on the stage with wooden beef, parchment fowls, wax pomegranates, and gilt goblets, in which only the air prevented a vacuum. Just as I came to the passage—

'Come, Kate, sit down—I know you have a stomach,
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What is this——mutton?'

"At that very moment as I flung the pine saddle from one end of the stage to the other, a savoury odour reached my nose; the clatter of knives, the crash of plates, the sounds of laughter and merriment fell upon my ears—the wretches were at supper! Even the 'first servant,' who should have responded to my wrath, bolted from the stage like a shot, leaving his place without a moment's warning; and 'Catherine, the sweetest Kate in Christendom, my dainty Kate,' assured me with her mouth full, 'the meat was well if I were so contented.' Determined to satisfy myself on the point—regardless of every thing but my hunger, I rushed off the stage, and descended like a vulture in the midst of the supper party—threats, denunciations, entreaties were of no use, I wouldn't go back; and let the house storm and rage, I had helped myself to a slice of the joint, and cared for nobody. It was in vain they told me that the revenue officer and his family were outrageous with passion; and as to the apothecary in the stage box, 'he had paid for six tickets in senna mixture;' and heaven knows I wasn't a case for such a regimen.

"All persuasions failing, Mr. M'Elwain armed all in proof, rushed at me with a tin scimitar, while Madame, more violent still, capsized the helmet and its scalding contents over my person, and nearly flayed me alive. With frantic energy I seized the joint, and, fighting my way through the whole company, rushed from the spot.

'Romans,' 'countrymen,' and 'lovers,'

'Dukes,' 'duennas,' 'demigods,' and 'dancers,' with a loud yell, joined in the pursuit. Across the stage we went, amid an uproar, that would

have done credit to Pandemonium. I was 'nimblest of foot,' however, and having forced my way through an 'impracticable' door, I jumped clean through the wood, and having tripped up an 'angel' that was close on my heels, I seized a candle, 'thirty-six to the pound,' and applying it to the edge of the kitchen aforementioned, bounded madly on, leaving the whole concern wrapped in flames. Down the street I went, as if blood-hounds were behind me; and never stopped my wild career until I reached a little eminence at the end of the town: then I drew my breath, and turned one last look upon the 'Theatre Royal'—it was a glorious spectacle to a revengeful spirit—amid the volumes of flame and smoke that rose to heaven, for the entire building was now enveloped, might be seen the discordant mass of actors, and audience mixed up madly together. Turks, tailors, tumblers, and tide-waiters, grantees and grocers, imps and innkeepers; there they were all screaming in concert, while the light material of the 'property-room' was ascending in myriads of sparks. Castles and forests, baronial halls and robbers' caves, were mounting to mid-heaven, amid the flash of blue lights, and the report of stage combustibles.

"You may be sure, that however gratifying to my feelings, this last scene of the drama was, I did not permit myself much leisure to contemplate it; a very palpable conviction staring me full in the face, that such a spectacle might not exactly redound to my 'benefit.' I, therefore, addressed myself to the road, moralizing as I went, somewhat in this fashion: I have lost a respectable, but homely suit of apparel; and instead, I have acquired a green doublet, leathern hose, jack boots, a slouched hat and a feather. Had I played out my part, by this time I should have been strewing the stage with a mock supper. Now, I was consoling my feelings with real mutton, which, however, wanting its ordinary accompaniments, was a delicacy of no common order to me. I had not it is true, the vociferous applause of a delighted audience to aid my digestion as Petrucio. But the pleasant whisper of a good conscience, was a more flattering reward to Con O'Kelly. This balanced the account in my favour; and I stepped out with that light heart, which is so unequivocal an evidence of an innocent and happy disposition.

"Towards day-break I had advanced some miles on the road to Killaloe: when before me I perceived a drove of horses, coupled together with all manner of strange tackle, halters, and hay ropes. Two or three country lads were mounted among them, endeavouring as well as they were able, to keep them quiet; while a thick, short, red-faced fellow, in dirty 'tops,' and a faded green frock led the way, and seemed to preside over the procession. As I drew near, my appearance caused no common commotion; the drivers fixing their eyes on me, could mind nothing else; the cattle, participating in the sentiments, started, capered, plunged, and neighed fearfully. While the leader of the corps, furious at the disorder he witnessed, swore like a trooper, as with a tremendous cutting whip he dashed here and there through the crowd, slashing men and horses with a most praiseworthy impartiality. At last his eyes fell upon me, and for a moment, I was full sure my fate was sealed; as he gripped his saddle closer, tightened his curb-rein, and grasped his powerful whip with redoubled energy.

"The instincts of an art are very powerful; for seeing the attitude of the man, and beholding the savage expression of his features, I threw myself into a stage position, slapped down my beaver with one hand, and drawing my sword with the other, called out in a rich melodramatic howl—"Come on Macduff!" my look, my gesture, my costume, and

above all my voice, convinced my antagonist that I was insane; and as quickly the hard unfeeling character of his face relaxed, and an expression of rude pity passed across it.

"'Tis Billy Muldoon, sir, I'm sure," cried one of the boys, as with difficulty he sat the plunging beast under him.

"'No, sir," shouted another, 'he's bigger nor Billy, but he has a look of Hogan about the eyes.'

"'Hould your prate," cried the master. 'Sure Hogan was hanged at the summer assizes.'

"'I know he was, sir," was the answer, given as coolly as though no contradiction arose on that score.

"'Who are you,' cried the leader? 'where do you come from?'

"'From Ephesus, my Lord,' said I, bowing with stage solemnity, and replacing my sword within my scabbard.

"'Where?' shouted he, with his hand to his ear.

"'From Kilrush, most potent,' replied I, approaching near enough to converse without being overheard by the others: while in a few words I explained that my costume and appearance were only professional symbols which a hasty departure from my friends prevented my changing.

"'And where are you going now?' was the next query.

"'May I ask you the same,' said I.

"'Me, why I'm for Killaloe—for the fair to-morrow.'

"'That's exactly my destination,' said I.

"'And how do you mean to go?' retorted he. 'It's forty miles from here.'

"'I have a notion,' replied I, 'that the dark chesnut there, with the white fetlock, will have the honour of conveying me.'

"A very peculiar grin, that I did not half admire, was the reply to this speech.

"'There's many a one I wouldn't take under five shillings from, for the day, said I; but the times are bad, and somehow I like the look of you. Is it a bargain?'

"'Faix, I'm half inclined to let you try the same horae,' said he. 'It would be teaching you something, any how. Did ye ever hear of the Playboy?'

"'To be sure I did. Is that him?'

"He nodded.'

"'And you're Dan Moore,' said I.

"'The same,' cried he, in astonishment.

"'Come, Dan, turn about's fair play. I'll ride the horse for you to-morrow—where you like, and over what you like—and in reward, you'll let me mount one of the others as far as Killaloe: we'll dine together at the cross roads.' Here I slipped the mutton from under the tale of my coat. 'Do you say done?'

"'Get up on the grey pony,' was the short rejoinder; and the next moment I was seated on the back of as likely a cob as I ever bestrode.

"My first care was, to make myself master of my companion's character, which I did in a very short time, while affecting to disclose my own, watching, with sharp eye, how each portion of my history told upon him. I saw that he appreciated, with a true horse-dealer's 'onction,' any thing that smacked of trick or stratagem; in fact, he looked upon all mankind as so many 'screws,' he being the cleverest fellow who could detect their imperfections and unveil their unsoundness. In proportion as I recounted to him the pranks and rogueries of my boyish life, his esteem for me rose higher and higher; and, before the day was over, I

had won so much of his confidence, that he told me the peculiar vice and iniquity of every horse he had, describing, with great satisfaction, the class of purchasers he had determined to meet with.

“‘There is little Paul there,’ said he, ‘that brown cob, with the cropped ears, there isn’t such a trotter in Ireland; but somehow though you can see his knees from the saddle when he’s moving, he’ll come slap down with you, as if he was shot, the moment you touch his flank with the spur, and then there’s no getting him up again till you brush his ear with the whip—the least thing does it—he’s on his legs in a minute, and not a bit the worse of his performance.’

“Among all the narratives he told, this made the deepest impression on me. That the animal had been taught the accomplishment, there could be no doubt; and I began to puzzle my brain in what way it might best be turned to advantage. It was of great consequence to me to impress my friend at once with a high notion of my powers; and here was an admirable occasion for their exercise, if I only could hit on a plan.

“The conversation turned on various subjects, and at last, as we neared Killaloe, my companion began to ponder over the most probable mode I could be of service to him on the following day. It was at last agreed upon that on reaching town I should exchange my Petrucio costume for that of a ‘squireen,’ a half gentleman, and repair to the ordinary at the ‘Green-man,’ where nearly all the buyers put up, and all the talk on sporting matters went forward. This suited me perfectly. I was delighted to perform a new part, particularly when the filling up was left to my own discretion. Before an hour elapsed after our arrival, I saw myself attired in a very imposing suit—blue coat, cords and tops, that would have fitted me for a very high range of character in my late profession. O’Kelly was a name, as Pistol says, ‘of good report,’ and there was no need to change it; so I took my place at the supper-table, among some forty others, comprising a very fair average of the raffa and raps of the county. The mysteries of horse flesh were, of course, the only subject of conversation; and before the punch made its appearance, I astonished the company by the extent of my information, and the acuteness of my remarks. I improvised steeple-chases over impossible countries, invented pedigrees for horses yet unfoaled, and threw out such a fund of anecdote about the ‘turf’ and the ‘chace,’ that I silenced the old established authorities of the place, and a general buzz went round the table of, ‘Who can he be at all—where did he come from?’

“As the evening wore apace my eloquence grew warm—I described my stud and my kennel, told some very curious instances of my hunting experience, and when at last a member of the party piqued at my monopoly of the conversation endeavoured to turn my flank by an allusion to grouse shooting, I stopped him at once by asserting with vehemence, that no man deserved the name of sportsman who shot over dogs—a sudden silence pervaded the company while the last speaker turning towards me with a malicious grin, begged to know how I bagged my game, for that in his county they were ignorant enough to follow the old method.

“‘With a pony of course,’ said I, finishing my glass.

“‘A pony!’ cried one after the other—‘how do you mean?’

“‘Why,’ resumed I, ‘that I have a pony sets every species of game as true as the best pointer that ever ‘stopped.’”

“A hearty roar of laughing followed this declaration, and a less courageous spirit than mine would have feared that all his acquired popularity was in danger.

" 'You have him with you I suppose,' said a sly old fellow from the end of the table.

" 'Yes,' said I carelessly—'I brought him over here to take a couple of days' shooting, if there is any to be had.'

" 'You would have no objection,' said another insinuatingly, 'to let us look at the beast?'

" 'Not the least,' said I.

" 'Maybe you'd take a bet on it,' said a third.

" 'I fear I couldn't,' said I,—'the thing is too sure—the wager would be an unfair one.'

" 'Oh! as to that,' cried three or four together, 'we'll take our chance, for even if we were to lose, it's well worth paying for.'

" The more I expressed my dislike to bet, the more warmly they pressed me, and I could perceive that a general impression was spreading that my pony was about as apocryphal as many of my previous stories.

" 'Ten pounds with you he doesn't do it,' said an old hard-featured squire.

" 'The same from me,' cried another.

" 'Two to one in fifties,' shouted a third, until at last every man at table had proffered his wager, and I gravely called for pen, ink and paper, and booked them with all due form.

" 'Now, when is it to come off,' was the question of some half dozen.

" 'Now, if you like it—the night seems fine.'

" 'No, no,' said they, laughing, 'there's no such hurry as that; tomorrow we are going to draw Westenra's cover—what do you say if you meet us there by eight o'clock—and we'll decide the bet.'

" 'Agreed,' said I; and shaking hands with the whole party I folded up my paper, placed it in my pocket, and wished them good night.

" Sleep was, however, the last thing in my thoughts; repairing to the little public-house where I left my friend Dan, I asked him if he knew any one well acquainted with the country, and who could tell at a moment where a hare or a covey was to be found.

" 'To be sure,' said he at once; 'there's a boy below knows every puss and every bird in the country. Tim Daly would bring you, dark as the night is, to the very spot where you'd fine one.'

" In a few minutes I had made Mr. Tim's acquaintance and arranged with him to meet me at the cover on the following morning, a code of signals being established between us by which he was to convey to me the information of where a hare was lying, or a covey to be sprung.

" A little before eight I was standing beside 'Paul' on the appointed spot, the centre of an admiring circle, who, whatever their misgivings as to his boasted skill, had only one opinion about his shapes and qualities.

" 'Splendid forehead'—'what legs'—'look at his haunches'—'and so deep in the heart'—were the exclamations heard on every side—till a rosy checked fat little fellow growing impatient at the delay, cried out—

" 'Come, Mr. O'Kelly, mount if you please, and come along.'

" I tightened my girth—sprang into the saddle—my only care being, to keep my toes in as straight a line as I could with my feet. Before we proceeded half a mile, I saw Tim seated on a stile, scratching his head in a very knowing manner; upon which, I rode out from the party, and looking intently at the furze cover in front, called out—

" 'Keep back the dogs there—call them off—hush, not a word.'

" The hounds were called in, the party reined back their horses, and all sat silent spectators of my movements.

"When suddenly I touched Paul in both flanks, down he dropped, like a parish clerk, stiff and motionless as a statue.

"What's that?" cried two or three behind.

"He's setting," said I in a whisper.

"What is it, though?" said one.

"A hare!" said I, and at the same instant I shouted to lay on the dogs, and tipping Paul's ears, forward I went. Out bolted puss, and away we started across the country, I leading and taking all before me.

"We killed in half an hour, and found ourselves not far from the first cover; my friend Tim, being as before in advance, making the same signal as at first. The same performance was now repeated. Paul went through his part to perfection; and notwithstanding the losses, a general cheer saluted us as we sprang to our legs, and dashed after the dogs.

"Of course I didn't spare him: every thing now depended on my sustaining our united fame; and there was nothing too high or too wide for me that morning.

"What will you take for him, Mr. O'Kelly?" was the question of each man, as he came up to the last field.

"Would you like any further proof?" said I. "Is any gentleman dissatisfied?"

"A general 'No' was the answer; and again the offers were received from every quarter, while they produced the bank notes, and settled their bets. It was no part of my game, however, to sell him; the trick might be discovered before I left the country, and if so, there wouldn't be a whole bone remaining in my skin.

"My refusal evidently heightened both *my* value and *his*, and I sincerely believe that no story I could tell, on our ride back to town, would not have met credence that morning; and indeed, to do myself justice, I tried my popularity to its utmost.

"By way of a short cut back, as the fair was to begin at noon, we took a different route, which led across some grass fields, and a small river. In traversing this, I unfortunately was in the middle of some miraculous anecdote, and entirely forgot my pony and his acquirements; and as he stopped to drink, without thinking of what I was doing, with the common instinct of a rider, I touched him with the spur. Scarcely had the rowel reached his side, when down he fell, sending me head foremost over his neck into the water. For a second or two the strength of the current carried me along, and it was only after a devil of a scramble I gained my legs, and reached the bank wet through and heartily ashamed of myself.

"Eh, O'Kelly, what the deuce was that?" cried one of the party, as a roar of laughter broke from amongst them.

"Ah!" said I mournfully, "I wasn't quick enough."

"Quick enough!" cried they. "Egad, I never saw any thing like it. Why, man, you were shot off like an arrow."

"Leaped off, if you please," said I, with an air of offended dignity—"leaped off—didn't you see it?"

"See what?"

"The salmon, to be sure. A twelve pounder, as sure as my name's O'Kelly. He set it."

"Set a salmon!" shouted twenty voices in a breath. "The thing's impossible."

"Would you like a bet on it?" asked I drily.

"No, no—damn it; no more bets; but surely——"

"Too provoking, after all," muttered I, "to have lost so fine a fish,

and get such a ducking ;' and with that I mounted my barb, and waving my hand, wished them a good-bye, and galloped into Killaloe.

"This story I have only related, because insignificant as it was, it became in a manner the pivot of my then fate in life. The jockey at once made me an offer of partnership in his traffic, displaying before me the numerous advantages of such a proposal. I was a disengaged man—my prospects not peculiarly brilliant—the state of my exchequer by no means encouraging the favourite nostrum of a return to cash payments, and so I acceded, and entered at once upon my new profession with all the enthusiasm I was always able to command, no matter what line of life solicited my adoption.

"But it's near one o'clock, and so now, Mr. O'Leary, if you've no objection, we'll have a grill and a glass of Madeira, and then, if you can keep awake an hour or so longer, I'll try and finish my adventures."

HUNTING CHORUS.

Hurrah for the chase! for the royal old sport,
The beloved of the castle, the cottage, the court,
Old chivalry wakes, as our sweet bugles blow,
And the forest resounds to our bold Tally-ho!

Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Tally-ho, Tally-ho, Tally-ho!

Hurrah for the chase! for the gallant array,
Of the courser foam-flecked, and the red coat so gay;
Of the hounds rushing on like the torrent's white flow,
With deep musical answer to, Hark! Tally-ho!

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! &c. &c.

Hurrah for the chase! tho' we meet not the glance
Or the sweet voice of woman in this our wild dance,
Yet gaily lead off! in her voice soft and low,
There's more danger by far than in loud Tally-ho!

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! &c. &c.

Hurrah for the chase! let the strangers come see
How defenders are trained for this land of the free,
How the huntsman can share in the battle-field's glow,
And the war-cry he practised in bold Tally-ho!

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! &c. &c.

Will they shrink from the glitter of bayonet or lance,
Who never recoil'd from the torrent or fence?
Will the voice of their cheer, as they charge on the foe,
Be less fearless and free than their own Tally-ho!

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! &c. &c.

Here's a health to ye all, my brave comrades, well tried,
Who have ridden full many a field side by side;
And long with light heart and bold hand may ye go,
To the hounds' merry music, and sweet Tally-ho!

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! &c. &c.

E. W.

THE LIFE OF SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, BART.*

THE work before us—although, as its author observes in his preface, “it must be always to the relatives, the friends, and even the acquaintances of the person whose life is delineated, a source of melancholy satisfaction”—will not prove so generally interesting as though it were the history of one who, without any aid from station or fortune, had risen from an humble position, and attained the highest honours of his profession solely by the perseverance of his industry and the exertion of his abilities.

The young aspirant for fame and distinction in any profession—particularly if his means be humble, and his success therefore in a greater degree dependant on himself—loves to contemplate the career of those who have toiled on through all the cares and troubles that beset the first steps in the path of life—who, perhaps, with the cold sneers of the world, have felt all the bitterness of poverty amid the many sore and trying difficulties of their “early struggles;” but who have at length overcome them, and by the exercise of their talents, and the ceaseless efforts of untiring, indefatigable industry reached the goal of their ambition, and won for themselves a name which the world *could* withhold no longer.

In the life of one who has thus attained to eminence, the young tyro in the outset of his own career can feel his interest aroused, and all his warmest sympathies awakened. He can trace in every circumstance of the life that is pictured before him—in its every struggle—its every disappointment at first—some resemblance to his own, and he can thus be led to believe that for him too the course is open, and to hope that he also may reach the goal—a winner in the race of fame. There is something in every sentence to rivet his attention, and he is carried on through all its details—unwearied, because they come home

to his own feelings, and he can say, “such difficulties I too have surmounted, and such will I yet overcome.” He can then read with breathless interest the visions of happiness which were opened to the eye of the poor beginner by the receipt of his “first guinea,” and can follow him from that moment eagerly and anxiously, as step by step he steadily advances until he reaches in triumph the proud position which he so long and so patiently has sought.

But the biography before us is of one who entered on his professional career with all the adventitious aids of birth, position, and fortune. His road to eminence, although requiring the energies of his talent to enable him successfully to journey over it, was yet without the many hills and hollows—the obstructions which comparative poverty and the want of a connection have thrown so often in the way of some of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession.

There is always a certain degree of interest attached to the life of any one distinguished above his fellows, whether his position be attained by the power of his own talents, or by those fortuitous circumstances which so frequently place a man of little more than ordinary intellect in a situation which without them he never would have reached.

So far as an interest of this description goes, we think the work before us may well excite it; but we repeat, there is but little claim on the sympathies of that class of readers who should be expected to reap the greatest benefits from it and from the example of its subject, viz.—the young members of the medical profession.

The author appears to take the greatest pains to prove how totally independent Sir Astley Cooper was both by birth and fortune, of the difficulties which others have been obliged to encounter in the commencement of

* Life of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., &c. &c. By Barnsby Blake Cooper, Esq., F.R.S. In two volumes 8vo. Parker: London, 1843.

their career; and we really think there is nothing so peculiarly worthy of admiration in the successful life of, as he is pleased to designate him, "one of the most illustrious surgeons that ever adorned the science he professed."

There are certainly many things to interest us in these volumes, but not by any means, to that absorbing degree which the author seems to think must be felt as a matter of course. That Sir Astley Cooper was a clever man there is no doubt; but that his talents were so exceedingly pre-eminent as to warrant his biographer in assuming a tone of such ultra-laudation, we deny.

He tells us that Sir Astley Cooper was his uncle, and that if, in his undertaking, (as his biographer,) his expressions may be thought to savour somewhat of extravagance, the respect he entertained for him from the period of his boyhood, the gratitude he owes him for the instruction he derived at his hands, and the affection he always bore towards him as a relative, may surely be admitted, if not in justification of the fault, at least in extenuation of its degree, and that "partiality can scarcely be considered culpable when its absence would be almost criminal."

We can fully appreciate and respect the feelings which have prompted Mr. Cooper to display so strong a partiality for the character, private and public, of his uncle. There can be none more willing—none more anxious to make every allowance for such feelings, and to give them the full meed of credit which is their due; but still we must say, that as a biographer Mr. Cooper should not have suffered them to betray him into the error of letting them appear so visibly upon the surface of his work.

Considering the very high position to which Sir Astley Cooper attained—a position which we might naturally expect would afford so rich a field for the biographer—the book is very little remarkable either for anecdote or entertaining correspondence; and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of believing how much more of interest would be attached to the life of one of our own professional men (we speak of Dublin) of the same standing, or of a grade or two below it,

Sir Astley Cooper's success in life was, we think, in a great measure owing to his easy kindness of manner, steadiness of nerve, and pleasing personal appearance, qualifications which he possessed in an eminent degree, and the more likely to win success, as they were rarely to be met with among his cotemporaries.

We have no hesitation in saying that there are many members of the medical profession amongst us, who, if they moved in the same sphere and with the same opportunities as Sir Astley Cooper, would prove themselves in the knowledge and science of their profession, at least fully his equals, and in general information and literary attainments immeasurably his superiors.

Sir Astley Cooper's biographer states—somewhat unnecessarily—that in literature and science unconnected with his profession he was by no means proficient, and that at no period of his life was the amount of his classical knowledge such as to induce him to peruse the works generally read by the more advanced in such pursuits; the gratification which they are capable of affording to the polished scholar, being to him more than counterbalanced by the drudgery he had to encounter in arriving at the interpretation.

This is, indeed, a very low standard of acquirements for a distinguished member of a most accomplished profession, and we are happy to think, is rather the exception than the rule. We know of no class, who in all times and all countries have laid general science and literature under heavier obligations than the members of the healing art; nor are there any who have been more conspicuous for purity and elegance of style, classical neatness, and graceful learning, than such, when they have appeared before the world as authors.

Astley Paston Cooper was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper—the descendant of an old and highly respectable Norfolk family—and was born at Brook Hall, near Spottesham in Norfolk on the 23d of August, 1768. His mother appears to have been a lady distinguished for her literary pursuits no less than for her private virtues, and from her and his father Astley received the rudiments of his early education, his only other pre-

ceptor being a Mr. Larke, the master of the village school. It is stated that at this time he was remarkable for anything but assiduity and attention to study of any sort, although he occasionally exhibited traces of an unusually quick perception and active intellectual powers.

It appears he was at this period, and even for years after, extremely wild, and delighting in all kinds of mischief—escaping whenever he found it possible from his teachers to join in whatever sports were going forward in the neighbourhood, and continually engaged in a variety of pranks which created alarm in the minds of his family, and occasionally were of such a nature as to bring upon him his parents' displeasure.

There are several anecdotes of his adventures at this time to be found in the first volume; but we can see nothing more in them than the life of any school-boy would afford. We will, however, give our readers one or two specimens, and let them judge for themselves:—

“Having climbed one day to the roof of one of the aisles of Brook church, he lost his hold, and was precipitated to the ground, but provisionally escaped with only a few bruises. He was always fond of playing with donkies, or *dickies*, as they are called in Norfolk, and provoking them 'till they kicked him, and he bore many marks for some time of their violence. One day when he was riding a horse which he had caught on Welbeck Common, near the house, he directed the animal with his whip to leap over a cow which was lying on the ground; but the cow rose at the instant, and overthrew both the horse and its rider, who had his collar-bone broken in the fall.

“On one occasion the bell to summon the scholars had rung, and they were all hastening to the school-room, when some one snatched a hat from one of the boys' heads and threw it into one of the ‘meres,’ or ponds of water, which are situated in the village, and by which they were passing. The boy, lamenting the loss of his hat, and fearing he should be punished for his absence from the school, was crying very bitterly, when there came to the spot a young gentleman dressed, as was then the fashion of the day, in a scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, a glazed black collar or stock, nankeen small clothes, and white silk stockings—his hair hanging in ringlets down

his back. He seeing the boy crying, and being informed of the cause of his sorrow, deliberately marched into the water, obtained the hat, and returned it to the unlucky owner. This young gentleman was no other than Master Astley Cooper, &c.”

Mr. Cooper, in relating these adventures and pranks of his uncle, says:

“Although by some they may be looked upon as merely the acts of a careless, headstrong child, and unworthy of notice in a life so signalized as that of Sir Astley Cooper, they nevertheless, to those who delight to trace the *man* in the *boy*, possess an abundant share of interest.”

Now, with every possible deference to Mr. Cooper, we cannot exactly understand by what course of reasoning he can prove any analogy between a love for provoking donkies and a fondness for anatomical pursuits, or between directing a horse to leap over a cow and the performance of a successful surgical operation; and we can only say, that if a predilection for such pursuits be an omen of future greatness in the medical profession, there are sundry young gentlemen of the present day for whom we may augur a most brilliant and successful career. There is one anecdote, however, which we think well worthy of notice, as it is strikingly illustrative of that readiness and self-possession which so eminently distinguished him in after life;—the circumstance to which it relates occurred when he was about thirteen, and happened as follows. After alluding to his foster mother—

“A son of this person's, somewhat older than Astley Cooper, had been ordered by his father to convey some coals to the house of Mr. Castell, the vicar, and while on the road, by some accident the poor lad fell down in front of the cart, the wheel of which, before he could recover himself, passed over his thigh, and, among other injuries, caused the laceration of its principal artery. The unfortunate boy, paralyzed by the shock of the accident and sinking under the loss of blood—the flow of which was attempted to be stopped by the pressure of handkerchiefs applied to the part only—was carried almost exhausted to his home, where, Astley Cooper having heard of the accident which had befallen his foster-brother, almost immediately

afterwards arrived. The bleeding was continuing, or probably having for a time ceased, had broken out afresh. All was alarm and confusion, when the young Astley in the midst of the distressing scene, alone capable of deliberating, and perceiving the necessity of instantly preventing further loss of blood, had the presence of mind to encircle the limb with his pocket-handkerchief above the wound, and afterwards to bind it round so tightly that it acted as a ligature upon the wounded vessel and stopped the bleeding. To these means his foster-brother owed a prolongation of life until the arrival of the surgeon who had been sent for from London."

The gratitude of the friends of this poor boy, and the flattering applause of his own for his conduct on this occasion, appears to have given his thoughts their first bent towards the profession of surgery. The success of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper of London, together with his own previous inattention to study and perhaps positive dislike to a college life and literary pursuits, had also considerable weight with him; but it was not until a later period that he determined to devote his life to it.

The anecdote above related is the only one of his "boyhood years" in which we can trace the slightest approach to "the character of the man in the boy;" and we hope Mr. Cooper will not be angry with us for our inability to perceive any great precocity of intellect displayed by his uncle in such feats as climbing on the roof of a church—ripping open old pillows, and letting the feathers fly from the belfry to fall as if they had been a shower from the clouds, and thus frighten away the little wits the poor rustics possessed, with sundry other similar performances which in our days—doubtless owing to our lack of prophetic vision—instead of being looked upon as forebodings of future distinction, would very probably entail upon the unfortunate perpetrator no other reward than a sound flogging.

In such wild freaks as these, Astley Cooper seems to have spent the greater portion of his time until his thoughts were again brought back to surgery by the representations of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, who was himself a surgeon of considerable eminence.

"The animated descriptions of London and its scenes, and the numerous anecdotes which his uncle, who mixed much in society, would narrate in the presence of his young nephew, led him earnestly to bend his thoughts towards the metropolis, and determined his selection of that profession which, from his uncle's position and influence, offered him, above all others, an advantageous opening.

"Still, however, there can be but little doubt that much of this anxiety to visit London was attributable rather to his taste for pleasure and excitement than to any wish for industrious employment. For when he had finally determined on becoming his uncle's pupil (which was not, Sir Astley used to say, until after witnessing an operation for the extraction of stone by Dr. Donne of Norwich,) there was no evidence of his making any special resolution of devotion to his adopted science, or exhibiting any unusual desire for achieving greatness of name in its pursuit."

Accordingly in August 1784, being then about sixteen, he went to London and took up his residence at the house of Mr. Clive, a man of some note in the profession, and one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's hospital, who was in the habit of taking a few pupils to board with him.

Here he appears to have imbibed those democratic feelings which shed their baneful influence on the circle which now surrounded him, and which were at the time fast spreading themselves over Europe. Mr Cooper, speaking of this period, remarks:—

"Nothing could have been more probable than that a young man of ardent and sanguine temper like Astley Cooper should be captivated by a set of opinions at variance with those of the stricter aristocratic school in which he had been educated; possessing to him all the charms of novelty, freedom from restraint, and ostensibly having for their object a state of social perfection which he had not then experience enough to determine to be altogether Utopian."

Even the religious principles of Astley Cooper seem to have been infected for a time by his association with Horne Took, Thelwall, &c., among whom subjects of religion were either ridiculed, or wholly disregarded. However his intercourse with such men affected for a time

his opinions, he appears to have afterwards exchanged them for others of a somewhat more loyal nature, which change was partly brought about by the inhuman scenes he witnessed during the progress of the French revolution, partly by other reasons.

It is a curious fact, and one which may well afford considerable scope to the inquiring mind of some political philosopher, that a decided tendency to whig-radicalism has always been a characteristic of the medical profession.

There seems, however, to be one infallible means of exorcising this half rebellious spirit. Let the most ultra whig-radical of them all come once within the influence of a royal smile, and, as if by magic, the cloud which enveloped his political opinions is dispelled—let him but feel the touch of that sacred finger which is proverbially gifted with the power of curing the “king’s evil,” and, like that disease, all his preconceived ideas of radicalism and democracy are dissipated as by a spell, and he comes forth a highly respectable Tory! Democracy is an exceedingly convenient creed for those who have nothing to lose—the professed object of its followers being to reduce all *above them* to their own level; but we never knew any to carry the feeling so far as to consider *themselves* on a level with those *below* them.

Astley Cooper does not appear at first to have devoted himself to the acquisition of professional knowledge with any greater degree of zeal than he had previously bestowed on his literary studies; his social qualities opened the way to an intimacy with young men of his own standing in London, and in their company he suffered himself to be led into all the dissipations the metropolis afforded. However, in the year following he became as remarkable for his industry as he had formerly been for his idleness, and had attained a degree of anatomical knowledge far beyond that possessed by any other of the pupils of his own standing in the hospital to which he was attached.

From this period his rise in his profession was steady and rapid. He had made such progress in his knowledge of anatomy, in his second session, that

he was frequently called upon by the pupils to assist and direct them in their dissections, and proving by his ready concession to their wishes that he had both the knowledge and industry requisite to facilitate their labours, he at once established a reputation which made him sought after by his fellow pupils as their demonstrator, and afterwards procured him, immediately on the office becoming vacant, the offer of this desirable position.

Thus early did Astley Cooper arrive at distinction; doubtless his talents and the considerable portion of knowledge which they had enabled him to acquire in so short a time were, in a great degree, the cause of his success; but it cannot be supposed that they were the sole means which led to it. If he had been, like many others of his profession, thrown entirely upon his own resources, without friends and without any influence, save what his talent could procure him, it is more than probable that he would have been left to struggle on through all the difficulties which so many others have been obliged to overcome, until time, or perhaps chance, should have brought him into notice.

However the partiality of his biographer may lead him to suppose that to his own powers alone he was indebted for this early advancement, we must believe that at least an equal share of thanks is due to his connexion with Mr. William Cooper, and the influence of eminent medical men, the personal friends and professional associates of that gentleman. There are too many instances of men of first-rate abilities, possessing a thorough knowledge of all requisites for success, wasting away whole years of life without obtaining it, to allow us to believe that so very young a man as Astley Cooper then was, both in years and in professional knowledge—no matter how commanding his talents might be—could have attained to such a position without other assistance than his own.

We, therefore, by no means advise any young student to be led by this portion of Sir Astley Cooper’s life into the *ignis fatuus* belief, that he may commence the first session of his professional studies in idleness and dissipation, and in the second be chosen as a demonstrator. If he does, he

will be apt to find the bright dream of his ambition fade away into "airy nothing," unless indeed he happens to have an uncle surgeon of a chief, of a metropolitan hospital.

By whatever means Astley Cooper was thus early distinguished, it seems to have given a spur to his assiduity and to have caused him daily to become more and more attached to anatomical pursuits: for, from this period, no labour was too great, scarcely any obstacle sufficient, to prevent his becoming acquainted with every feature the most minute, of any case attended with circumstances of peculiar interest which happened to come within his notice. Every study unconnected with the immediate matters of his profession was wholly neglected; indeed he never displayed any fondness for literature, so far as we can learn from his biography, and he seems to have given up his entire mind to the practice of anatomy and its various details.

It appears strange that a man should have occupied the exalted position of Sir Astley Cooper for such a time, and in a country so pre-eminent for literary acquirement as England, with so small a share of learning and general information as he possessed. But these are qualifications by no means indispensable or essential to his branch of the medical profession, when compared with what the physician finds necessary not only for occupying, but maintaining his station in society.

The world can, in a great measure, constitute itself the judge of a surgeon's success, and to a certain degree appreciate in him those powers which, in a physician—because he possesses not the same means of showing them—it does not understand.

The cases in which the former is called upon to act are, comparatively speaking, open to every eye; and if he possess a manner of cool and perfect self-possession, unflinching nerve, a quick eye, confidence, and a steady hand, the odds are at least twenty to one in his favour, that the world will pronounce him a clever fellow, and never give itself the trouble to enquire, how far his skill be the mere exertion of manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and steady coolness, or the result of profound anatomical knowledge, and thorough intimacy with his subject.

But to return to Sir Astley Cooper. In 1787 he visited Edinburgh, where he studied for some months. In this portion of the book there are some brief but amusing sketches of the leading characters of the medical profession of Scotland at the time, and there is one short anecdote related by Sir Astley, which we think worthy of laying before our readers, although unconnected with the subject of the work before us:—

"At one of the meetings of the Royal Medical Society a discussion took place between two young surgeons, one an Irishman, the other a Scotchman. The former maintained that cancer never occurred in women who had borne children. The young Scotchman vehemently opposed this doctrine, and mentioned the case of a lady who twice had twins, and yet had cancer afterwards. To this apparently conclusive evidence the Irishman immediately replied, 'Ah, but don't you know that's an exception to the general rule; where's the wonder in cancer following gemini? it always does.'"

"In 1791, Mr. Clive seeing the advantages that were likely to arise no less to the school than to his pupil, by associating him with himself made him an offer to this extent, although the time of his pupilage had not yet expired. Accordingly an arrangement was entered into that Astley Cooper should give a part of the lectures and demonstrations, Mr. Clive promising him a sum of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, to be increased twenty pounds annually until he gave one half the lectures, when the proceeds should be equally divided."

Here, then, we find Astley Cooper while the period of his pupilage was still unexpired, a lecturer and a demonstrator, with a salary the amount of which for one year considerably exceeded the sum which the first three years of his practice brought him.

If young medical students could look forward to place themselves, by their own exertions, in such a position as this, we think, that much as the profession is at present overstocked, its ranks would soon become doubly increased. But unfortunately it is of all others the profession least likely to attain to early distinction in, unless with great interest, or better still by one of those "lucky chances" for which many men, who have filled an eminent sta-

tion, have every reason to "thank their stars." We feel fully convinced that there are at this moment many young members of the profession with as much talent and as many requisites (as far as depends upon themselves) for success as ever Sir Astley Cooper could boast of, held back and kept completely in the shade for want of the interest, which he possessed, to bring them into notice. Whoever will read "The Diary of a late Physician," will find in the beautifully written tale of his "early struggles," a true picture of the difficulties which they may expect who enter the profession with no other means of forwarding themselves in it than the talents they may possess, and which, in their dreamy prospects for the future, they think are all-sufficient. We are far from wishing to damp the ardour of any young student in the pursuit of his profession; our desire is simply to expose the many difficulties which are thrown across the road to eminence; and not to lead him into the belief that he has nothing to do but become a pupil, attend an hospital, display some talent, become a lecturer, then a professor, and so on step by step until he has obtained the highest station to which he can arrive.

In 1792, Astley Cooper visited Paris, and it would seem that the peculiar bias of his political opinions actuated him to this as much as any desire to acquire information respecting the state of medical science in France, or any of the causes which usually induced persons to visit the Continent. He did not, however, suffer his interest in the revolution to lead him from his pursuit of professional knowledge, but studied while there under Desault and Chopart. Indeed, wherever he went, this seems to have been the first object of his consideration. He never suffered an opportunity to escape him by which he could learn any thing of interest in anatomy, or in any branch of surgical science, but on the contrary, was most indefatigable in seeking it. Every species of disease was watched by him with an anxious eye, and every new feature it might present examined with the minutest scrutiny, and the most untiring industry. Even the lower animals were not exempt from his examinations, and many a poor dog fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of ana-

tomical science. Mr. Cooper states, that there have frequently been thirty or forty of these animals in his stable at a time, which had been stolen by his servants, all of which were destined to become martyrs to the advancement of surgical knowledge. Nor were dogs the only animals upon whom he experimented; an elephant, which died at the tower menagerie, was removed to his house, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get the huge carcase into his dissecting rooms, he was obliged to get several surgeons to assist him, and to work at it for three days in the open air of the court yard, in front of his residence. His servants also used to attend the markets to procure specimens of fowls, fish, &c., in short there were scarcely any of the animal race which did not become subjects for his investigation. He worked almost incessantly from six o'clock in the morning frequently till midnight, and seemed never to know weariness in his ardour for professional knowledge.

Considering Sir Astley Cooper's character for kindness of heart and disposition, it seems somewhat strange that all the horrors he witnessed, during the progress of the French revolution, having been in Paris when the first cannon was fired, on the 10th of August, and an eye witness of many of the frightful scenes of carnage which followed, do not appear to have effected any immediate change in his political opinions, although they were the same entertained by the very men who had caused these scenes of bloodshed which met his eye at every step. It is probable, however, that the disgust he felt at those horrid massacres which were then of every-day occurrence, formed the ground-work of the change in his ideas of democracy which afterwards occurred.

In 1793, he was appointed professor of anatomy to Surgeons' Hall. The election for this office took place annually, and in 1794, he was again chosen to fill it. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, he took up his residence in St. Mary Axe, and commenced practice. The house which he now occupied had been for many years Mr. Clive's, and it was by the advice of this gentleman that he went to live in it, hoping that any of the patients who were in the habit of at-

tending there would consult the new occupier rather than take the lengthened walk to Mr. Clive's new residence.

"One of the first patients, however, who sought his advice under these circumstances gave him a hint that he was not to fancy that with Mr. Clive's house he was at once to gain Mr. Clive's fees: 'Soon after I got into my new residence,' Sir Astley relates, 'a patient gave me half a guinea, saying, 'I gave Mr. Clive a guinea, but as you were his apprentice I suppose half a guinea will do for you.' Mr. Clive made it a rule to take whatever was offered him; so I did not refuse the proffered fee.'"

The income, which he at first derived from private practice, was very inconsiderable even at the period when he was elected surgeon of Guy's Hospital, by no means such as his position at the hospital and at Surgeons' Hall, and the numerous attendance at his house of the poorer classes of patients would have led us to expect. His receipts during these early years of practice, of which he has left an account, exhibit a steady and comparatively speaking, a considerable increase in his professional income, but at the same time form a remarkable contrast with what he afterwards annually derived in the same pursuits.

"My receipts," says he, "for the first year was five pounds five shillings; the second twenty-six pounds; the third sixty-four pounds; the fourth ninety-six pounds; the fifth one hundred pounds; the sixth two hundred pounds; the seventh four hundred pounds; the eighth six hundred and ten pounds; the ninth, (the year he was appointed surgeon to the hospital) eleven hundred pounds." He himself appends a remark which sufficiently shows his feeling on the subject: "although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery."

It appears that his political opinions had nearly proved fatal to his appointment as surgeon to Guy's Hospital. There was a copy of a curious anonymous document which Mr. Harrison, the treasurer to that institution, received relative to the election for the office, which states "that one of the three candidates (alluding to Astley Cooper) was a Jacobin, &c." Mr. Harrison, however, spoke to Mr. Cooper on the subject, when the latter said,

"If you think me, sir, professionally competent to perform the duties of surgeon to your institution, you may rest assured that my politics, whether in thought or action, shall never interfere with my discharge of them; in fact, a regret has spontaneously arisen in my mind, not only that I have ever been prominent in political excitement at all, but more especially that I should have espoused the opinions of those with whom I have been connected."

By this renunciation of a political creed, which stood between him and advancement, the bar to his appointment as surgeon was removed, and he was elected to the office. If the avowal of this change in his political opinions was somewhat sudden, it is, however, but justice to him to state, that he ever afterwards avoided those political friends, in whose society he had delighted, and gave himself wholly and entirely to professional considerations and pursuits, never failing to inculcate in the younger portion of his acquaintance this maxim—"That as the duties of a surgeon extend alike to men of all parties and views, it must be *most unwise* for him to attach himself to any one particular set, and thus render adverse to him all maintaining contrary opinions"—a piece of advice the wisdom of which will, no doubt, be fully appreciated.

We find through the entire work, short, but most graphic and amusing sketches of the various eminent members of the medical profession with whom Sir Astley Cooper had been at any time associated, or whom he had had any intercourse with in his travels to Scotland, on the Continent, &c.; and also a great number of anecdotes which our space—even if we were so disposed—would not permit us to extract. The latter portion of the first volume is entirely occupied with a curious but horrible account of that extraordinary class of individuals whose success was at that time in its zenith—the resurrectionists. It appears almost incredible the means by which some of those men used to procure "subjects," when popular feeling became so strong against them as to render it a matter of the utmost danger, if not of impossibility, for them to obtain them in the usual way. To give our readers some idea of the *modus operandi* on these occasions, we shall

extract from Mr. Cooper's account of them, one or two instances. We should first premise that the principal characters among the resurrectionists were two men, the one named Patrick, the other Murphy:

"An intimate friend of Patrick's was employed in the service of a gentleman, whose residence was at a short distance from London. One day this man called, in company with a fellow-servant, on Patrick, and informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something in the way of business might be done with the body, as it was lying in a back parlour, the windows of which opened on to a large lawn. Patrick made several inquiries, and having ascertained that the funeral was to take place on the following Sunday, said in conclusion, 'The coffin then will most probably be screwed down on Saturday; if it is, let me know; I will have nothing to do with it until that part of the work is done.'

"Things fell out as Patrick anticipated, and accordingly on the night of Saturday he entered at the back of the premises, and being admitted to the parlour by the servant, he commenced his operations. Unassisted by any light, he drew out all the screws, took off the lid, and having formed an estimate, as accurate as the circumstances would allow, of the weight of the body, removed it into a box which he had brought with him for the purpose of containing it. He next placed in the coffin a quantity of earth, which the servant had procured from the garden, corresponding to the weight of the corpse. The lid was then replaced, carefully screwed down, the pall thrown over it, and the box, containing the body, passed out of the window to Patrick, who hid it in a tool house at some distance from the dwelling place. In this shed he allowed it to remain until the following Monday, when it was removed to one of the private anatomical schools, &c. For this subject Patrick received fifteen guineas!"

This is but one of a great number of such instances, but it is a tolerably fair specimen of the cool and daring character which marked the system of what was termed "body-snatching."

The enormous profit which attended this pursuit may be imagined, when it is stated that one of its followers (Murphy) received for one night's work one hundred and forty-four pounds!

There was also a considerable profit arising from the traffic in human

teeth, and it is related of this man, who was no less active in mind than in body, and who never moved but in his occupation—

"That in taking a walk, he observed a neat meeting-house, attached to which was a paved burial ground. Looking around, he observed a trap-door, leading, he had no doubt, to vaults of hidden treasures, and these he determined at once to explore. A short time after coming to this conclusion, dressed in a suit of black, and with a demure demeanour, his eyes reddened as if from tears, he called upon the superintendent of the meeting-house burial-ground, and described to him in much apparent distress, the recent bereavement which he had met with of his wife, and his anxious wish that her bones should repose in this neat and quiet sanctuary. Slipping a half-crown into his hand, Murphy readily induced the man to permit him to descend into the vault, under the idea that he wished to select the spot for the deposit of the remains of his beloved. Murphy, who while outside had studied the bearings of the trap-door, after much pretended inspection of the vault, took an opportunity while his companion's back was turned to him, of suddenly raising his hand to the ceiling and slipping back two bolts which secured the door. On that very night Murphy let himself down into the vault, and there, by a few hours' active exertion, secured possession to himself, of the front teeth of all its inmates. By this night's adventure he made a clear profit of sixty pounds!"

As it may be interesting to some of our readers, we extract from the work the dates of the different distinctions and honours which Sir Astley Cooper obtained. In 1802 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1813 he was elected in council as Professor of Comparative Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1814 he was elected Honorary Fellow of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. In 1820 he was created a Baronet. In 1822 he was elected one of the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1827 he was appointed President of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1828 he was appointed Serjeant-Surgeon to the King. In 1830 he was elected Vice-President of the Royal Society. In 1832 he was elected by the Institute of France a member of their body, and received

from the King the rank of Officer of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour. In 1834 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. In 1836 he was again elected President of the College of Surgeons, and received from the King the Grand Cross of the Order of the Guelph, which he obtained through the kindness of the Duke of Wellington, upon whom he had lately been attending professionally. Upon his grace's recovery, some conversation took place between him and Sir Astley respecting this order, and finding that Sir Astley had it not; although Sir Henry Halford and Sir Matthew Tierney, who was Sir Astley's pupil, had, he briefly said to him, in conclusion, "You ought to have it; good morning to you." On the very next morning, Sir Astley received a letter from his grace, informing him that he had been made a Grand Cross! He was also elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Gottingen—a Member of the First Class of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands—of the Society of Natural Philosophy of Heidelberg—of the Physico-Medical Society of New Orleans—of the Academy of Medical Science of Palermo. From Russia he received the diploma of the Imperial University of Vilna, and from Mexico that of the Medical Society of Guadalupe.

3. The income which Sir Astley Cooper derived from his private practice, after the first few years, was immense. Mr. Cooper mentions that his receipts for the year before he left Broad-street for the West end, amounted to upwards of *twenty-one thousand pounds!*

We find in the second volume two cases of murder in which he had been called upon in his professional capacity, and which excited considerable sensation at the time. As instances of his quick perception and presence of mind, as well as because we think they possess features of general interest for our readers, we shall quote them, but we regret our space obliges us to abridge them in some degree:—

"Mr. Cooper was one day suddenly sent for by a general practitioner of the name of Jones, to see a Mr. Isaac Blight, a ship-broker, at Deptford, who had received a severe injury from a pistol-ball which had been fired at him. When Mr.

Cooper arrived at the house, he was told by his patient, that while sitting in his parlour his attention had first been aroused by the door of the room being suddenly opened; on turning round, he perceived an arm extended towards him, and at the same instant, the report of a pistol, and the sensation of a severe blow, convinced him that he had been intentionally shot at. He mentioned that he had not the least idea by whose hand the act had been committed, but related the fact that his partner, Mr. Patch, whilst sitting in the same apartment, a few days before, had been alarmed by the report of a gun, apparently discharged on the wharf, and by a ball, which at the same time passed through the shutter into the room, and he expressed his firm belief that the same hand had been employed on both occasions. Upon examining the wound it was at once evident that it was fatal. Mr. Cooper's inquiring mind led him closely to investigate every circumstance connected with the case, and even to examine minutely the spot on which the act was perpetrated. He placed himself into the position in which Mr. Blight had been when he received the wound, and with his natural acuteness at once perceived that no one but a left-handed man could have so stood, with respect to the door, as to have concealed his body, and yet at the same time to have discharged the pistol at his victim with effect. This made a strong impression on his mind, and having been already prepossessed with the idea that Patch was the culprit, his suspicion became an absolute certainty when he ascertained that he was a left-handed man. So positive did he feel of this, that on reaching home, he said to his servant in secrecy, 'You will see, Charles, that Mr. Patch, the partner of Mr. Blight, has been his murderer.' No suspicion, however, appeared to be attached to him by others until Mr. Blight died, but in the course of the coroner's inquest, a variety of facts tended strongly to criminate him and he was committed for trial. He was tried, and being convicted, by a train of circumstantial evidence of the clearest nature, was executed at Horse-monger-lane, on the 8th of April, 1803."

The other case to which we allude was the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Bonar:—

"Mr. Bonar was a wealthy merchant and the intimate friend of Mr. Cooper. It was, therefore, with no less horror than astonishment, he heard one morning that this gentleman had been mur-

dered in the course of the previous night, and that Mrs. Bonar was in a most dangerous state, from the wounds which she had also received from the hands of the assassin. The person who brought this intelligence was a servant of Mr. Bonar's, of the name of Nicholson. He had come on horseback from Chiselhurst, where Mr. Bonar had a country house, and where the murder had been committed. Mr. Cooper immediately desired his servant, Charles, to go and inform a friend of Mr. Bonar's, who lived opposite, of the event, and to beg of him to go at once with him to Chiselhurst. They set off at once, but although they arrived before life was extinct in Mrs. Bonar, all Mr. Cooper's efforts were of no avail in averting the fatal event. The conduct of the servant, when he brought the news in the morning, was singularly strange and confused, and Mr. Cooper had drawn from it, and from other circumstances of the man's appearance, that he was the murderer. There was an apprentice of Mr. Cooper's at this time with whose father Nicholson had been a servant for some years. It appears that this gentleman had been roused between six and seven A.M., by Nicholson, who told him that his master and mistress had been murdered the night before. He said, further, that he hoped his mistress might yet be saved, and appeared most anxious that Mr. Cooper should proceed at once to Chiselhurst. Mr. Tyrrel (the apprentice) relates as follows—'I wished to accompany Mr. Cooper, but he said he could not take me, because I must look after Nicholson, whom he declared to be the murderer. Nicholson had disappeared, and I immediately commenced a search after him, although I was perfectly satisfied, in my own mind, that he was not the murderer; for he had only quitted my father's service ten or twelve days before, after having lived with him between three and four years. He had been a most excellent servant, and on some occasions when illness had occurred in the family, had evinced unusual kindness and attention. He was apprehended in the afternoon, and taken to the counter-prison. I went there to see him, and was accompanied by the governor to the cell in which he was confined. Whilst speaking to him, a little black and dun terrier dog placed its forepaws on his knees, and began to lick his breeches, which were made of some dark-coloured velveteen. Observing this, the governor directed him to remove them. On afterwards holding them up to the light, the front part of each thigh was evidently stained, and a little molsture soon proved it to be with

blood. The governor remarked that my dog was a sagacious little fellow, but I could not own him, for I had never before seen him; and all the inquiries which were made subsequently, could not discover a master for him. It was the more extraordinary, because a public notice was posted at the gates of the prison, forbidding the entrance of dogs. In the evening I sent to the prison to beg to have the dog as I heard he had not been owned; when, remarkable to say, he had disappeared as strangely as he had entered, and was never afterwards found.' When Nicholson was examined, there was no sufficient evidence against him, notwithstanding the strongly suspicious circumstance of the spots of blood found upon his breeches—to warrant his being detained in prison, and he was accordingly set at liberty, but at the same time was desired to stay at the house at Chiselhurst. A day or two after he attempted to destroy himself by cutting his throat. Mr. Cooper was sent for, and on his arrival found him still alive. He had some difficulty, on account of the man's resistance, in arresting the flow of blood and closing the wound. The fellow declared his intention of resisting, by every means in his power, all attempts at cure, and Mr. Cooper had to repeat his visit on the next day, as he had contrived to tear away the dressings from his throat. He found him quiet, and a priest was with him, vainly endeavouring to elicit a confession from him. However, on Mr. Cooper's informing him that in all probability he had but a few hours to live, he expressed his willingness to confess. A magistrate was immediately sent for, and in his presence, before Mr. Cooper and the priest, the wretched man relieved his mind of the dreadful secret, and explained all the circumstances of the transaction. From this time he became perfectly passive, offering no opposition to the treatment to which he was subjected for the cure of his wound. In a short time he was tried, condemned, and executed near the scene of the murder. The account in his confession was remarkable. He said that for some time after the family had gone to bed he sat before the fire in the hall drinking ale until he fell asleep. The next thing he remembered was his ascending the stairs towards his master's bed-room, with the hall-poker in his hand—his afterwards stopping on the way and addressing himself by name, saying 'Nicholson, what are you going to do?' and a reply which he strenuously maintained he heard made to him by a voice at his side, 'To murder your master and mistress.' From the peculiar circumstances of this murder, Mr.

Cooper was extremely anxious to procure a cast of Nicholson's head, which he succeeded in doing. It proved of considerable interest, as it tended, to a remarkable extent, to confirm the views of phrenologists in reference to the peculiar conformation which they describe as characteristic of those persons who have naturally a disposition to commit such an act as murder."

This murder, with all its attendant circumstances, we think the most extraordinary we have ever heard of, and Mr. Cooper's connection with it, appears to have considerably increased the publicity of his name, and to have materially forwarded him in his professional progress.

In 1820, Mr. Cooper was called into attendance upon George the Fourth. His majesty was afflicted with a tumour on the crown of his head which caused him some inconvenience as well as pain. Sir Everard Home and Mr. Brodie were called in at the same time. Mr. Cooper has left a detailed account of his attendance on the king, from which we extract the following:—"When we saw the tumour it was tender, painful, and somewhat inflamed, and we thought it best to delay the operation. The king was much disappointed, but yielded to our advice. In 1821, I was called down to Brighton to see the king. He came into my room at one o'clock in the morning, and said, 'I am now ready to have it done, I wish you to remove this thing from my head.' I said, 'sire, not for the world now—your life is too important to have so serious a thing done in a corner. No, too much depends upon your majesty to suffer me at one o'clock in the morning to perform an operation which might, by possibility, be followed by fatal consequences.' The king was very much annoyed, and said, 'I will have it done as soon as I come to town, then.'" The king came to town shortly afterwards, and although Sir Astley Cooper made every exertion to have the operation performed by Sir E. Home, his majesty insisted that it should be done by him; accordingly he removed the tumour, and the king bore the operation with the utmost patience.

It is curious to contemplate the hesitation of Sir Astley Cooper to perform this operation, which, in an

ordinary case, would not have caused him a moment's uneasiness. To see the man who, for a long series of years, had been in the daily habit of performing, with a steady eye and an unquailing hand, operations the most hazardous—involving life and limb—who would amputate a man's leg with as much *sang froid* as a chicken's, or tie an artery as coolly as a cravat—to see him pause and hesitate about cutting away a slight tumour, because it happened to be fixed upon a royal head—to see the nerves that would have remained unshaken while he severed a limb from some tortured subject, quail and lose their tension, while he made an incision in a little tumour, because it had grown upon the sacred crown of "the Lord's anointed." We know not how to account for feelings so foreign to his nature, being called forth so suddenly, unless there be a spell in the presence of those whom the Scripture tells us to "put not our faith in." This brings strongly to our mind an instance of Napoleon's knowledge of "human dealings," when he exclaimed to Corvisart, during the accouchement of Maria Louisa, "Behave, sir, as if your patient was the wife of a Bourgeois de Paris!"

There is a very interesting account of Sir Astley's attendance on the Duke of York, which we regret our space will not allow us to give. His royal highness is represented in a most amiable light, and as having borne his illness and all its suffering with heroic fortitude. When Sir Herbert Taylor informed him of his danger, he said, "God's will be done; I am not afraid of dying; I trust I have done my duty; I have endeavoured to do so; I know that my faults have been many, but God is merciful, his ways are inscrutable, I bow with submission to his will. . . . I own it has come upon me by surprise; I knew that my case had not been free from danger; I have been always told so, but I did not expect immediate danger, and had I been a timid or nervous man the effect might have been trying. I trust I have received this communication with becoming resolution."

There are no anecdotes of any interest, relating in any way to the many high and distinguished persons whom Sir Astley Cooper had attended; and indeed, altogether, the work is very

deficient in this respect. If the author's object was to paint the character of Sir Astley Cooper in such a strong and favourable light, we think he should have left in the shade, instead of bringing forward, one or two instances of what we should call downright selfishness. We shall give one of the anecdotes to which we allude, and if our readers can trace in it any appearance of that great kindness of disposition and thoughtfulness for the distress of others, which Mr. Cooper tells us his uncle was so distinguished for, we will acknowledge our error at once; but at present, we must confess, that we can see in it no trait of kindness, or thoughtfulness, save what is displayed towards the "first numeral."

Mr. Cooper says—"I was once myself travelling with him, when the hind-wheel came off, but the carriage did not turn over. The misfortune happened in the middle of the night; I immediately got out, and asked my uncle if he would not alight; to which he replied, 'undoubtedly not; put up the window, and you and the post-boy make all right.' We found that the only accident was the loss of the linch-pin, which had caused the wheel to roll off; so that we raised the carriage, put the hind-wheel on, but were still at a loss, for we could not find a substitute for the linch-pin. I sent the post-boy forward to look for a nail in some cottage. After he had been gone about ten minutes, my uncle became impatient, told me to get upon the horse and drive on until we met the post-boy, at the same time saying, 'if you keep quite straight the wheel will not come off again.' After going a distance of about a mile, we met the post-boy who had at last succeeded in procuring a nail; and this answering our purpose, we arrived about four o'clock in the morning at Huntingdon."

Now, if Mr. Cooper intends this anecdote to exhibit his uncle in a favourable point of view, there must be some hidden virtue in keeping a poor devil half the night shivering in the cold, which we candidly confess our inability to discover; but if on the contrary, he relates it as an instance of extreme selfishness, we think it a very fair one—at the same time, we must say, that in our opinion, the anecdote might very judiciously have been omitted.

We must now bring our notice of this work to a conclusion, and in doing so, will offer a few brief remarks which suggest themselves to us. It is not for us in reviewing the biography before us, to make any criticisms on the writings of Sir Astley Cooper, we shall only say, that we do not consider them deserving of the high praise which has been heaped upon them, even his great work on Dislocations—decidedly his best—is not without its inaccuracies. A physician or surgeon in high practice, we expect more than any other professional man, to make notes of the cases that come before him, in order to afford a future clue to the detection of disease, and an insight to the best mode of treatment to be pursued for its alleviation or cure; but notwithstanding Sir Astley Cooper's great experience, he has left to the world, comparatively speaking, very little useful information, and has transmitted to us but a very slight portion of the immense fund of professional knowledge, which he must have acquired in so vast a field. In fact, Sir Astley Cooper has left very little but an immense fortune, and the echo of his fame—the one of which may be very useful to the *pockets* of his family, the other to their *pride*, but neither by any means likely to confer benefit on society in general, nor any strong claim upon its gratitude.

In love of his profession, Sir Astley Cooper was never surpassed; he had scarcely a thought beyond it; every hour was given up to it, and if anything called him for a time from its pursuit, he would return to it with as much eagerness as if almost his very existence depended on it. At home or abroad, he never lost an opportunity of acquiring information respecting it; in short, his fondness for it was a passion which lasted until life itself had ceased to last. He possessed too every qualification for success—manners, appearance, great readiness and presence of mind, knowledge of his profession, and though last not least, a private character uniting kindness of disposition, with high feelings of honour, and unblemished integrity. Of his decision and readiness, we will mention an instance which, although not mentioned by his biographer, we remember, if we mistake not, to have heard from the lips of Sir Astley him-

self:—He was attending a man who had dislocated his shoulder, and was endeavouring to make him let the injured arm hang by his side in such a manner, as would have enabled him to restore the joint to its proper position. The poor man was sitting up in his bed, vainly striving to obey Sir Astley's directions; for in spite of his endeavours to let the arm hang "*dead*" by his side, the muscles preserved their tension and would not relax sufficiently. Sir Astley, as if he had given over the attempt, told the man to move himself back in the bed, and then watching the moment when the patient's attention was otherwise directed, and the muscles consequently unprepared for resistance, he seized the limb, and by a sudden jerk restored it to its socket.

Before concluding our notice, we would beg to enter our strong and decided protest against the appearance in print of certain anecdotes which grew out of Sir Astley Cooper's professional attendance on the Earl of Liver-

pool. Without questioning for a moment their authenticity and correctness, we regret that such memoranda should ever have been made by the subject of the memoir himself, and still more that they were deemed suitable for publication by his nephew.

Our estimate of the physician's mission is a very high one: and he who is called on to see suffering humanity in all its weakness, in all its imbecile prostration, should guard himself rigidly against the possibility of shaking the world's confidence in his honourable secrecy, by disclosures such as these we have alluded to. We would rather forego all the pleasure of such biographies than see them tainted with a fault like this.

On the whole, as a work of general interest, as well as the life of a man who attained to a distinguished position, the volumes possess a good deal of merit, and will form a desirable addition to the libraries not only of the medical profession, but also of private individuals.

SONG. BY JAMES MURRAY.

I.

When we're parted think not thou
I'll forget our plighted vow!
Other looks from other eyes—
Other whispers—other sighs—
Other forms, though fair they be,
Shall not wean my soul from thee!

II.

Oft as balmy twilight flings
Dew drops from her dusky wings—
Oft as coming morn again
Trembles in the sparkling main,
Shall my fervent prayer be
Light of life and joy to thee!

III.

When the noon-day sun is high
Flaming in the arching sky—
When the swain, with toil oppress'd,
Seeks the shade and sinks to rest,
Then in fancy wild and free
I will live that hour with thee!

Edinburgh.

A POLYGLOT PAPER.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER FROM NED HYDE TO HARRY LORREQUER.

Castle Hyde, near Mallow, Cork County,
Feast of St. Patrick.

DEAR HAL—That clever young poet, T. J. Ouseley, and I have taken “a lark” down here, and forgetting Coke and Blackstone for the nonce, are flaring up among the village girls, who in this month look as pretty as the Nymphs, and, if you will believe me, are just as loveable. The fact is, the Temple is about this time of the year dull enough for us who are yet juniors, and the town is quite empty—there being no farce or fun going on, except, of course, in the House of Commons; but even there Joe Hume has not yet begun to Liston-ize, and Colonel Sibthorpe, I am sorry to say, has shaved off his whiskers, and jokes but seldom. The theatres are going entirely to the dogs; and the red-lipped little ballet girl, with whom I used to pass my February mornings, has got quite tired of John Bull audiences, and sighs once more for the sunshine and bouquets of *la belle France*. Muntz and his cudgel are gone down to Birmingham; Dr. Bowring is slowly recovering from the convulsive fit into which he was thrown, on reading Thomas B. Shaw's exposition in this month's *Blackwood* of his (the said Bowring's) utter ignorance of the Russian; Cobden himself is silent; and there is no anti-corn law fun—

“Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur”—ENNIUS—

going on in the metropolis. Tom Duncombe and Mary Anne Walker, the hen-chartist, (to use the elegant metaphor of *The Times*,) have made it up between them and Tom Macaulay has republished his reviews from the *Edinburgh*!!! After all these mishaps and follies, can you wonder that I have cut London?

I wish I could coax you and Butt down here for a few weeks. He is a very fine fellow, quite after my own heart, and I like him exceedingly, [I suppose he does not forget the last piece of comedy we had at the “Imperial” in Cork, when Carew O'Dwyer sang, “*We all love a pretty girl under the rose*,” with such transcendent effect, and poor Counsellor Walsh offered to eat his breeches for a wager!] Pray make my respects to him, and forward the accompanying keg of smuggled whisky, which I got from the mountains last night as an invaluable present. I believe it occasioned the death of some half a dozen people, but as they were only gaugers, of course the matter excited no surprise, and the magistrates very properly hushed it up. Nobody thinks it a sin or shame to kill an exciseman. We can easily spare six or seven prying inquisitive rascals out of the country, but we cannot do without our whisky. Potheen, as you both well know, is a classic drink, and Phœbus Apollo was so fond of it, that he used to bathe his hyacinthine locks in the *mountain dew* from morning till night. The anecdote is in Horace—

“*Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos*”—

and clearly shows the Pythian to have been an ass. I suppose I need not tell you that it is not my auburn locks, but my palate, that I bathe with the enrapturing mixture. Nor is it for pomatum that I send it to you and the Alderman. Customs of that kind (thank Heaven) are prevalent neither in Cork nor Galway. The beautiful city sends two members to parliament who represent not only the wishes of their constituents, but also the two very best distillers in the south of Ireland, those of Glin and Middleton; and I believe

Mr. Martin of Galway is a manufacturer of potteen. If he is not, I can only say he ought, both as a gentleman and senator. This whisky that I now send is prime. I hope you liked the last lot, &c., &c., &c.

Pray tell me whether you ever intend to visit Cork? We have some fine old castles and towers in a state of delectable ruin, on which you might dilate for ever, and quite as full of reminiscences, amatory, poetical, historical, fire-eating, smuggling, drinking; and steeple-chasing, as any in the classic regions of Galway—a district, by the way, for which you have done more than ever Homer did for Ionia, or Plutarch or Pindar for the foggy realm of Bœotia. I can also offer you, on my kinsman's part, every thing that can delight the mind and cherish the body—*balnea, vini, Venus*, baths, Burgundy, and bright eyes. Suppose you write a book on Blarney Castle, the Helicon from which Tom Moore drew his inspiration; or on this of our own, more famous still, and teeming in every corner with legendary lore, for which Curry or Murray, would sell their souls and bodies; Butt and I, to hash up the classical matter, and give you as many quotations from the Sanscrit as you might want; you to array the scenes in your own peculiar style, and clothe them in the gorgeous robe of romance. I think a book of that kind would sell; I know a passage in Plutarch that I will lay a thousand pounds furnished O'Brien with his solution of the grand arcanum of the Round Towers. The dry antiquarian portion of the history has been done by that learned Thehan, in a way that sets competition at defiance: for you, Bulwer, Ainsworth, or James, remains the more fascinating task of making them the ground-work of romance. Think over it old fellow!

Well—but you ask me how I am getting on, and request a paper for the *University Magazine*. I have been dreadfully idle of late, and am sorry I cannot oblige you with one of my own manuscripts, but I enclose in this cover a set of songs which I received a few days ago from an old and valued correspondent of mine, one Brallaghan, of whom of course you have heard. He is a very excellent piper in the oriental parts of London, and writes occasionally for the *Edinburgh Review*. Macvey Napier “honours the very flea of his dog,” as the man in Ben Jonson says, and good right he has, for Brallaghan is the very best contributor that Messrs. Black and Co. have had since Brougham gave them up. I thought you might not be displeased to see some of Barney's prolusions, and I therefore send you seven. Print and publish them together, and believe me yours ever, my dear boy,

E. V. H.

P.S.—Brallaghan's orthography is eccentric. I send you his note.

Copy of Mr. B. Brallaghan's note to Ned Hyde.

Paddy's Goosc, March 10, 184threes.

“DEAR HIDE—As you've been blagardin me so longe about thim songes Eye promist yew, I sends em at last. I'd rite moar only I'm reedin the *Morain Past*, a peapr wich every gentleman and thrue Tory should read. Good bye and bad luck to ye.

“Yers thruly,

“B. BRALLAGHAN.

“To Edward Vaughan Hyde, Esq.

A POLYGLOT PAPER.

BY BARNEY DRALLAGHAN.

CHANSON.

Vivons à ma Julie !
 Jurons d'aimer toujours ;
 Le printemps de la vie
 Est fait pour les amours.
 Si l'austère vieillesse
 Condamne nos desirs,
 Laissons lui sa sagesse
 Et gardons nos plaisirs.
 Vivons à ma Julie, &c.

L'étoile dont la lumière
 Nous dispense les jours
 Au bout de sa carrière
 Recommence son cours.
 Quand le temps dans sa rage
 A fêtré les appas
 Les roses du bel âge
 Ne refleurissent pas.
 Vivons à ma Julie, &c.

D'une pudeur farouche
 Fuis les déguisemens,
 Viens, donner à ma bouche
 Cent baisiers ravissans.
 Mille autres—pose encore
 Sur mes lèvres de feu,
 Tes lèvres que j'adore—
 Mourons ce doux jeu.
 Vivons à ma Julie, &c.

De nos baisers sans nombre
 Le feu rapide et doux
 S'échappe comme l'ombre
 Et passe loin de nous.
 Mais le sentiment tendre
 D'un heureux souvenir,
 Dans mon cœur vient reprendre
 La place du plaisir.
 Vivons à ma Julie, &c.

SONG.

O press me, press me ere we part,
 Sweet, and vow to me,
 The love that warms thy gentle heart
 Mine own shall ever be.
 The flower of life is love alone,
 Cold wisdom is its weed :
 The sage may deem it wise to frown,
 But kisses are *our* creed.
 Then press, &c.

The star of day whose golden eyes
 Sweet are fair like thee,
 Though sunk at night, at morning's rise,
 Springs brightly from the sea.
 But once they've pass'd, life's sunniest hours
 Never again shall beam ;
 We wither like the summer flowers,
 We vanish like a dream.
 Then press, &c.

Then blush not sweet, but kiss on kiss
 In thousands give to me,
 Thy rosy lips are shrines of bliss,
 Let me the votary be.
 Again—again : those lips of fire,
 My heart, my soul entrance,
 My own—my last—my sole desire,
 The stars are in thy glance.
 Then press, &c.

Kiss me again—nay, wilt thou chide
 A heart so true to thee ?
 Kisses are nought—they pass, they glide,
 Like wavelets o'er the sea.
 But love—true love like thine and mine,
 Glows with immortal bloom,
 It lives through life—its glories shine
 Purely beyond the tomb.
 Then press, &c.

LUIS DE CAMOES—SONNET XXXIV.

Quando o Sol encoberto vai mostrando
 Ao mundo a luz quieta e duvidosa,
 Ao longo de huã praia deleitosa,
 Vou na minha inimica imaginando
 Aqui a vi os cabelos concertando ;
 Alli co' a mão na face taõ formosa ;
 Aqui fallando alegre, alli cuidosa ;
 Agora estando queda agora andando,

When the glad sun sinking,
 Leaves the world in shade,
 Oft I wander thinking
 Through our silent glade.
 As I saunter lonely
 'Neath the sky star-wrought,
 Thou—oh, thou only
 Art my dream, my thought.

Aqui esteve sentada, alli me vio,
 Erguendo aquelles olhos taõ isentos;
 Commovida aqui hum pouco, alli segura.
 Aqui se entristeceu, alli se rio;
 E em fim neste causados pensamentos
 Passo esta vida vaã que sempre dura.

As I gaze around me
 On the scenes well known,
 Sad thoughts confound me
 And I weep alone.
 Here I've seen thee braiding
 Thy hair gracefully
 With flow'rets fading
 As thy love for me.

In these happy bowers
 'Mid the gay rose trees,
 Thou hast dream'd for hours
 In love's reveries.
 Here I've seen thee wiling;—
 Here I've known thee grave;
 Here thou oft stood'st smiling,
 My heart thy slave.

Here I dared to love thee;
 Here I pressed thy brow;
 When the stars above thee
 Were less pure than thou.
 Here, alas! we parted—
 Yet I live—I live—
 And, though broken-hearted,
 Can thy fall forgive.

MADRIGALE DI GABRIELLO CHIABBERO.

Dico alle Muse: dite,
 O Dee, qual cosa alla mia Dea somiglia?
 Elle dicono allor: l' alba vermiglia;
 Il sol che a mezzo di vibri splendore;
 Il bel espero a sera infra le stelle,
 Queste imagini a me pajon men belle;
 Onde riprego Amore
 Che per sua gloria a figurarla muova;
 E cosa, che lei sembri, Amor non truova.

Said I to the Muses, "Ye sisters declare
 "What beautiful image resembles my fair?"—
 With purple-bright smileings and laughing blue eyes
 The Lady Thalia, for all, thus replies,

"We think that your mistress resembles the dawn
 "In chariot of gold by her crimson steeds drawn;
 "We think, too, at times that she shines like the noon
 "Of a sunshiny day in the flower-dressed June.

"Moreover we think that her eyes have a fire
 "Like Hesper the brightest of all the bright choir."
 "Pooh, pooh!" said I, "Ladies, you mock me indeed—
 "Her charms all your stars and your sunshine exceed."

Then I ask'd of young Cupid some likeness to name;
 At once at my bidding the little god came;
 He thought, and he thought for a long summer's day,
 But fail'd and at last in chagrin flew away.

DE SANTILLANE.

1.

Moza tan fermosa
 Non vi en la frontera
 Como un vaquera
 De la FINOJOSA.
 Haciendo la via
 De CALATAVENO,
 A Santa MARIA,
 Vencido del sueño,
 Por tierra fragosa,
 Perdi la carrera
 Do vi la vaquera
 De la FINOJOSA.

2.

En un verdo prado
 De rosas y flores
 Guardando ganado
 Con otros pastores,
 La vi tan fermosa
 Que ahenas creyera
 Que fuesse vaquera
 De la FINOJOSA.

3.

Non erio las rosas
 De la primavera,
 Se an tan fermosas
 Nin de tal manera.
 Fablando sin glosa
 Si antes supiera
 De quella vaquera
 De la FINOJOSA—

4.

Non tanto mirara
 Su mucha beldad,
 Porque me dejara
 En mi libertad.
 Mas dixi donosa,
 Por saber quier era.
 A quella vaquera
 De la FINOJOSA.

1.

I ne'er on the frontier
 Saw nymph like sweet ROSA,
 The pretty milk maiden
 Of green FINOJOSA.
 It happ'd on my way
 To the shrine of St. MARY
 Of CALATAVENO,
 I grew stiff and weary;
 And ent'ring a valley
 For rest, I saw ROSA,
 The pretty milk maiden
 Of green FINOJOSA.

2.

In a flower-prankt lawn,
 Amidst other fair girls,
 Her cows she sat milking
 With fingers like pearls.
 I could scarcely believe
 As I gazed on this ROSA,
 She was but a milk maiden
 Of wild FINOJOSA.

3.

Than brightest spring roses
 My darling is fairer:
 I know not to what
 I could meely compare her.
 Had I dreamed of the beauty
 That charms in this ROSA,
 The pretty milk maiden
 Of lone FINOJOSA,

4.

I would never have dared
 Through that valley to saunter,
 Or be caught in the spells
 Of the lovely enchanter.
 Here ends my long canto,
 So pledge me sweet ROSA,
 The pretty milk maiden
 Of green FINOJOSA.

HEINRICH VOSS.

1.

Das Mägdlein braun von Aug 'und Haar
 Kam über Feld gegangen;
 Die Abendröthe schien so Klar
 Und Nactigallen sangen.
 Ich sah und hörte sie allein,
 Dalderi daldera das Mägdlein
 Soll mein Herz liebchen sein.

1.

A dark-haired girl with arch brown eyes,
 Tripp'd lightly o'er the meadows,
 A rosy flush suffused the skies,
 And in th' embowered shadows
 The nightingales sang sweet and clear—
 But her alone I see and hear,
 My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

2.

Ein Röckchen trug sie dünn und Kurz
Und leichtgeschürt ihr Mieder;
Es weht' ihr Haar, es weht' ihr Schurz
Im Weste hin und Wieder.
Die Strümpfe schienen weiss und sein—
Dalderi daldera das Mägdlein,
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.

2.

A short and simple gown was tied
Around her waist so tightly;
The wanton zephyrs blew aside
Her petticoat—but slightly:
Her ankle small did plain appear—
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

3.

Die hunte Kuh gelockt mit Gras,
Kam her vom Ager trabend,
Und als das Mägdlein melkend sass
Da bor ich guten Ahend,
Und schielt ins Busentuch hinein—
Dalderi daldera das Mägdlein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.

3.

The cow approached, and soon her pail
With rich new milk was laden;
She sat and sang—I told my tale
Of passion to the maiden.
Her eye lit up with love sincere—
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

4.

Sie nickte mir mit holdem Gruss;
Da ward mir wohl und bange,
Und herzlich drückt' ich einen Kuss,
Auf ihre rothe Wange.
So roth, so roth wie Abendsonnen,
Dalderi daldera das Mägdlein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.

4.

I woo'd, and while she sweetly smiled
I strove to read her blushes,
Yet snatch'd some kisses warm and wild,
Whereat her red cheek flushes
Like sunset bright in yonder sphere—
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

5.

Ich half ihr über Steg und Zaun
Du Milch zu Hanse bringen,
Und gegen Ungethüra und Graun
Ein Schüßerliedchen singen;
Denn dunkel wars im Buchenchain—
Dalderi daldera das Mägdlein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.

5.

O'er hedge and stile I help'd this maid,
Her snowy milk-pail bringing;
Onward we went, through gathering shade
A homely ballad singing.
Ne'er reach'd her heart one thought of
She is the lass I most revere, [fear—
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

6.

Die Mutter schalt: So spät bei Nicht?
Da stand sie ach, so schüchtern.
Sacht, sprach ich, gute Mutter sacht
Das Töchterlein das nehm' ich.
Nur freundlich Mutter willingt ein,
Dalderi daldera das Mägdlein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.

6.

"So late to-night?" her mother cried—
At once I thus besought her,
"Good mother, hold, nor vainly chide,
I love thy beauteous daughter.
Let her be mine—my vows now hear,
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear."

A FAREWELL TO THE GIRLS OF CORK.

1.

Χαίρετε λουπαι.
'Εμιν γυναικες
Χαίρετε' ερωτες
Και μου πραδεις,
"Αις ιβαδιζον
Νιος και παρος
των διδερων
Κακημενης.

O! ye charming girls
With teeth like pearls
And lips of honey-dew
As I know well,
With whom I've saunter'd
In sweet groves and gardens,
When young and foolish,
Take my last farewell.

1.

Valete Amores
Risus, lepores
Cordisque mei
Pulchræ feminae,
Queis, queis vagabam
In vernis pratis
Flore ætatis
In Corcagiâ.

Καλλος λυρίων
Μυθῶ καὶ ὠδῶ
Ὅπου πλανώμαι
Κυματὶ ἤγῃ,
Θωμῆδιον ὡςτις
Ἡ φραγκισκὸς πατρὸς
Μελισσῆς ἦδ' οὖς
Ἐν Κορκηγίῃ.

β

Ἀγγέλων χάριτος
Ἐν Ὀλυμπῷ ζῶντας
Τὶ καὶ στίλβοντας,
Χάρει καλῇ,
Οὐκ ἵκανοί εἰμι,
Ἀγγέλους καλλίστους
"Αἰεὶ ἀδράμην
Κορκηγίῃ.
Ἐν ταῖς παλαιαῖς
Χαρίτις παιζοῦσι
Βαλλοὶ καὶ ὁμμάτωι
Μὴν ἀσφραγίσθῃ,
Αὐτοὶ τι Παπῆας
Ἰδοὺ δίδωτο,
Τὰς κορὰς ἀπαλαῖς
Ἐχὺν αὐτῇ.

γ

Κροκοπίσπος Ἡρώς
Ἐν ῥόδῳ διφῶ
Λαμπρῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ
Σὺν καὶ κρυσθῇ,
Οὐδ' αὖτις ποῶν
Ὀμοῖαι καλλοὶ
Θαῖαι ἡγῶντο' ἐν
Κορκηγίῃ.
Διὰ ἡνιόκων
'Ἐλση Ἀργεῖν
Ἐταῖρα Παριδὸς
Ἐν φρυγίῃ
Οὐκ ἢ φίληνταρ
Παρεῖα τέσσοντο
'Ὡς Καθαρίνα
Μολλὼν.

δ

Νυμφαὶ καὶ Νηάδες
Σαυροὶ ποταμοὶ
Ἄλλοι τι πάντων
Ναπῇ καὶ ὕλῃ,
Κατιχίδι λυχνοῖς
Οὐκ ἔχον, φημι,
Ταῖς σοβαδαῖς
Ἐν Κορκηγίῃ,
Παυροὶ δι' παλλὰς
Ἐν ταυτῇ πολυ
Παρθενικαὶ δι'
Πολλὰς ἐν ᾗ,
Καὶ φιλιούσιν
Ἀγῶς—ἀλλ' ἄλλως
Γυναιξὶ γυμναῖς
Ἐν Ἀχαιῶν.

'Tis I'll your glory
Celebrate in story,
Where'er I wander
On horse or shank,
I'll sing as sweetly,
And as completely,
As bould Tom Little
Or Father Frank.

2.

They may talk of angels
Who're always ranging
On starry pinions
Through the goolden air;
But 'tis my opinion
That the Queen's dominions
Couldn't show such angels
As our Irish fair.
Their looks so charming,
Are quite disarming,
The stoutest stoic
Before them were weak,
And in their faces
Are thron'd such graces,
That the pope himself
Might their favours seek.

3.

The Queen of Beauty,
I'd lay a wager,
Was black and sooty
If compared with ours;
And even Aurora,
And the blushing Flora
Were quite inferior
With all their flowers.
The Grecian Helen
Who left her dwelling,
To rake with Paris
In the towers of Troy—
Och! who'd compare her,
Or call her fairer,
Than that rogue of loveliness
Sweet Kate Molloy?

4.

The Nymphs and Nalads
And purty Straiads,
Who galavanted
Without sense of shame,
Couldn't hould a candle
To our Munster fairies,
The Nells and Marys
So well known to fame.
'Tis we've few ladies
Of bad reputation;
Our maids don't flirt beyond
A kiss or so;
Not like them goddesses
Who wore no boddices
But ran stark naked
Through Greece long ago.

Vos celebrabo
Marique terrā,
In versu bellē,
Et splendide,
Ut Thomas Parvus
Aut Franciscus pater
Dulcis cantator
Corcagiæ.

II.

Vos estis rosæ
Et magis formosæ
Quam angeli
Vis lactem,
Cælique stellæ
Sunt minus bellæ
Quam sunt puellæ
Corcagiæ.
Gratiæ mille
In ocellis ludunt
Piosque trudent
In vitia;
Papaque ipse
Rugare vellet
Dulces amplexus
Et oscula.

III.

Per Stygem juro
Roseam Auroram
Deamque Floram
Cum Venere,
Non habuisse
Formam decoram
Paremq; nostris
In Corcagiâ.
Clara Helena
Græciæ regina
Quæ sæpe dormiit
Cum Paride
Mæ Catharinæ
Parvæ, divinæ
Inferior esset
Certissimè.

IV.

Nymphæ quæ silvas
Olim pererrabant
Sine pudore
Aut modestiâ
Non potuissent
Lucem tenere
Deabus nostris
In Corcagiâ.
Nec meretrices
Ullæ sunt nobis
Omnes sed virgines
Castissimæ,
Basiante sæpe
Sed—o! modestius
Nymphis nudissimis
Achais.

CÁIT Ó GARNABHILE.

1.

A nuaib tu nuaib a n-Garnabhile,
 hÓ b-veacab tú, a n-Garnabhile,
 Uí t-ruaire-bean ós
 ha c-cuaca n-óir,
 'Sj Cáit mo ríor a n-Garnabhile.

2.

Jr gile í ná ealab ari lín,
 'Spá rneacta ari bái na cnaoib cnuíhe,
 'Sir míre a pús
 ha dnuíct ari nór;
 'Sj Cáit mo ríor a n-Garnabhile.

3.

Jr bíhe a ceól 'ná lon 'rha ríol
 Jr 'ná píomeól ari cnaoib na ríle:
 Wap long faoi íeól
 Ari toíh zan éeo
 Sead éíjm mo ríor a n-Garnabhile.

4.

Chúat-ra a Chnort cuirim mo zúrbe,
 Wá tá aon bupz a n-zúrbe ó' n b-íle,
 Zan casí zan éíor,
 Zon bion zan óíe,
 Zo nuaib Cáit 'ra buiceí a n-Garnabhile.

KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

1.

Oh wert thou e'er in Garnavilla,
 Or hast thou seen in Garnavilla,
 The nymph so fair,
 With sunbright hair,
 My darling Kate of Garnavilla?

2.

Like swans that glide o'er summer streams,
 Or mountain snow, her bosom beams:
 Like dew that rests
 On roses' breasts,
 Is Kate's sweet kiss in Garnavilla.

3.

Her silv'ry songs the ear delight
 Like the dear angel-bird of night;
 In glance in mien,
 She looks a Queen,
 My darling Kate of Garnavilla.

4.

To thee, O Heaven, in prayer I bend,
 (If Heaven to poet's prayer attend,)
 May bliss and joy
 The hours employ
 Of darling Kate of Garnavilla.

THE PYRENEES.—A PIC-NIC AT COARRAZE.

BY LOUMA STUART COSTELLO.

It would hardly seem that January was a time for pic-nics, nor is it often so in the south of France more than in England, that sweetest of all countries, most neglected and most unjustly censured for its climate, which is infinitely better than the seekers after novelty will allow. I do not know how a pic-nic in January would answer in general in England, but arranged under the circumstances of our expedition to Coarraze on the 25th, it could scarcely have failed.

Pau is one of the gayest places imaginable: scarcely one evening passes without a fête. English, Spaniards, and Americans have nearly pushed the French inhabitants from their stools, and those who remain are rather looked upon as visitors amongst the intruders, who, like cuckoos, have turned the original birds out of their nests. The French give very few parties, but the English are never quiet; one *soirée* creates another, and one new expedition suggests a newer. One bright sunny day in the afternoon, when the blue sky and soft air asserted that it was summer, and was only contradicted by the leafless trees and desolate aspect of the hills, which insisted on the season being that of winter, a gay party of '*every body in Pau*,' met together in the high terrace of the Park of Castel Beziat, and were seen standing in groups, laughing and talking, and devising for the future. The mountains were at this moment so clear and so close, that it seemed almost possible to see the bears courting each other through the ravines and across the plains of snow, extending from peak to peak, glittering in the golden sun, which reflected their sides of *talc* and ice like fabled heights of looking-glass or crystal. The near *coteaux*, though no longer covered with vines, by their sombre hue and cold brown colour, brought out the back-ground of the transparent purple Pyrenees in fine relief. Every peak was sharply traced upon the blue sky, from the enormous pyramid of

Bagneres, above the valley of the Adour; along the line, where a space opens towards St. Sauveur, and Vignemole's shadow gleams far off, where the jagged sides of Costerillou lead the eye on to Gabisos and the Pics of the Eaux Bonnes, and the great monarch of the Val D'Ossau raises his triple crown, diademed with snow, and the high chain of Aspe sinks gradually away from view. All this, though seen so often by the promenaders in the park of Pau, has every day new attractions, so magnificent is the prospect of these gorgeous mountains and their murmuring attendant, the ever-clamouring Gave, which rushes impetuously along its interrupted bed, and leaps, and winds, and chafes, and glitters, without pause or delay, spurning all control, and making itself what course it pleases for its bright green waters through the sands and shingles which strive to choke its passage. Meantime the gay party increased every moment in size till the whole walk was filled with smiling faces, and the whole air rung with lively voices. A pic-nic, it was contended, would be very possible; and to lose the opportunity of the fine day was a positive misdemeanour. What so easy and what so pleasant as to order all the carriages, and let the gentlemen all mount their horses, and to-morrow morning set out for Coarraze? The castle where Henri Quatre *studied*, under the eye of his governess Susanne de Bourbon, Baronne de Missons, or under that of the pretty *jardinière*, who taught the ready prince the lore never since forgotten, *de conter Fleurette*.

Some sage voices were faintly heard, whispering of colds and draughts, and damp grounds, and snowy mountains, but the laughter and approval drowned the sounds, and it was all agreed on without opposition, and an hour fixed. Patés, and champagne, and Bayonne hams, and all that the pastry-cooks of Pau could furnish, were soon ordered, and the sun went down in crimson and

gold, promising fair and kindly. All were to meet again at several parties in the evening, and arrange the spot of meeting and starting for the following day: but when the hour came for the revels of the night to begin, behold! torrents of rain had deluged the streets, and the uncertain climate had shown its tyranny.

Every one, however, was too busy to lament; the music was so pleasant, the dancing so agreeable, the *petits-jeux* so entertaining, "Let the storm rage on," no one heeded it, no one had inclination to think of to-morrow; nevertheless, in the pauses of amusement a voice seemed to sigh for Coarraze, which was echoed here and there: there had been little romances imagined, little *tête-à-têtes* projected, which, as a young Irish friend observed, are meetings "*almost alone*;" "and it is so much better not to *put off* things," said a pretty philosopher, shaking her ambrosial curls:

"To-day is ours—what do we fear?
To-day is ours—we have it here."

Happy climate of Pau, where one hour has no idea what the next will bring forth! The morning rose in smiles, and, though the mountains were hid in a veil of mist, the sunbeams were hovering above it, watching an opportunity to induce them to come shining forth; half a hundred little billets came showering about to ask, "Are we to go?" "Ought we to venture?" "Don't you think we can?" "Surely we need not hesitate," &c. &c., until at length one "voice potential" gave the word, and by twelve o'clock the *monde* was *en route*.

"Lo que ha de ser, no puede faltar,"
"That which is to be, cannot fail,"

was engraved above the old gateway of the tower of Coarraze, and so it was with us; for fate had destined that we should go and should succeed.

In summer time the drive from Pau to the tower and chateau is charming: the pretty hills are festooned with rich vines from top to bottom. At the village of Bizanos you pass a height crowned with magnificent pines, which forms a feature in the landscape from Pau, and relieves the monotony of the continuous foliage elsewhere. Here

was formerly a place of meeting during the last days of carnival, where games of all kinds went on, and where all was gaily and hilarity amongst the people. *La salade des Braxtons* was there eaten and enjoyed, and the *obsequis* of *mardi-gras* were celebrated amidst the popular patois chorus:

"Si t'en bas jou que demouri,
Adiù praübe Carnabal!"

But all that is national or peculiar is dying fast away in France; and in this distant nook of Navarre, their old customs are discontinued. Bizanos is now only a village of washerwomen, and its pleasant castle a country house—to let. From the ground is a glorious view into the mountains; and the town of Pau, across the Gave, stands proudly out on its hills, though its chateau of Henri IV. is concealed by a mound; the extensive building of the college, which, near, has no attraction, is by distance turned into a commanding fabric, having all the effect of a citadel, and thus looks as fine as the castle and donjon which predominates on the side opposite Gelos and Jurançon.

The plain beyond is called *La Limagne*, of Béarn, and is not unlike that chosen spot of Auvergne so vaunted: for fruitfulness and cultivation abound; corn and wine, and pasturage and gardens are there; and all is glowing with richness and quiet beauty. But our drive on the 25th of January only indicated these things, and told us how lovely the scenery would be by-and-by. *En attendant* the fine season, we were content with the goods the gods provided for the day, and hailed every gleam which showed us the sky brighter and brighter as we journeyed on. Less than two hours brought us to the desired spot, and there we found cavaliers and *amazones*, all busy already exploring every nook and corner of the place.

The whole of the ancient castle is destroyed, except one tower which remains entire, and to climb up the narrow stair of this is the great object; for, from the platform at the top, the view is wonderfully fine. You seem as if on one side the purple mountains, with their snowy sides, could be reached with the hand; and, on the other, the whole wide smiling country is spread out in a panorama.

There is something awful and mysterious in looking down the dim gorges between the everlasting hills, and roaming in imagination into the deep valleys below, so well known to the adventurous Henri, and his young band of mountaineers, whose home was wherever the lizard or the bear could leap or prowl. Many may have been, and as useless as many, "the lengthened sage advices" of the prudent Susanne de Bourbon to her charge, that he should be careful and not dare too much; but Henri had early impressed on his heart, as he afterwards did on his coins, the motto,

"In via virtuti nulla via est,"

and went laughing forth, hoping each new adventure would be more dangerous and exciting than the last.

While some stood wrapt in wonder, leaning over the parapet of the donjon, and watching the mountains which seemed as if making signals to each other, as the skudding mists now veiled and now revealed them, and took strange forms, as if spirits were hurrying to and fro, on messages to their brethren in the caverns and on the peaks; others of the pic-nic party set out for the village, and paused to sketch the antique door-way of the church, where two priest-like angels, holding scrolls, guard the entrance and support the empty niche surmounted by a coronet, where Notre Dame once smiled upon the pious pilgrim, and welcomed him to her shrine before he continued his journey to say his orisons before her sister of Betharram.

Whatever might have been the Spartan simplicity in which Henri, then called Prince de Viane, was brought up, and however much we all admired the plan of his education, we were not able to profit by the opportunity we had of resting in a castle, where so excellent an example of frugality was given: for our provisions were too ample and too good to be resisted, and while we lauded the dry bread and insipid cheese with which the young hero was nourished, we mortified ourselves with very different fare.

A blazing fire, round which we closed our merry circle, seated in capacious arm-chairs and on luxurious sofas, cast a ruddy glow over the large saloon where we were assembled; and

though we now and then, particularly the most poetical amongst us, cast a glance towards the blue and snowy range, whose heads seemed peering into the long windows to watch our proceedings, we could not but enjoy the genial heat sent forth by the crackling logs, and fancy ourselves just such a party as might once have assembled round the hearth of the old castle, on whose site the present is built, and, like us, here they might have laughed and joked, and conversed and sung the hours away.

Here La Marguerite des Marguerites, the lovely and learned sister of Francis I., has, with her charming court, no doubt rested after a hunting day in the woods, and related stories and sung songs as we were doing: just so, might have arrived on a sudden the wily mother of kings, Catherine de Medici, with her *grande* or *petite bande* of beauties, whose accomplishments might have been called forth on such an occasion for some special purpose, such as was always working in the mind of the crafty Italian. On such a day might the weak Anthony of Bourbon have been beguiled by a fatal fair one with bright eyes, whose lute woke echoes in that hall, while Catharine looked on and saw the fires of St. Bartholomew kindling in the distant future, and her enemies' feet slipping into the snare. Here and there might the innocent and too *sensible* Catherine of Navarre have listened to the soft words and tender gallantries of him who was never destined to make her happiness, the designing and handsome Comte de Soissons, for whose sake she refused her hand to so many princes and pined away in solitary regret, the victim of state policy. Here the heroic Jeanne looked with maternal delight and pride on the gambols of her young mountaineer, who recounted to her all his adventurous wanderings since her last visit. Here, in after years, his beautiful Marguerite, from whom his usually tender heart stood back, laughed, danced, and conversed, and fascinated every hearer but her husband, in whose ears the *midnight knell* always sounded in her voice; and here, for less enchanting smiles, the volatile prince exerted the wit and gaiety that won all hearts his way.

Here, a century before, the great

hero of Béarn, the magnificent Gaston Phœbus, perhaps sat by the hearth, conversing with the Lord of Coarraze, and hearing his wondrous story of the spirit Orton, who, in the very walls, visited him every night, and woke him from slumber to relate news from foreign lands, whence he had come,

"Swifter than arrow from a Tartar's bow."

And it might be, as the two knights gazed on the sparkling flames that roared up the huge chimney, that it was then the wily prince recommended his credulous friend to entreat the spirit to appear in a tangible form, and be no longer content with a mere voice. Perhaps from these windows the Lord of Coarraze looked into his court and beheld the spirit in the form of a huge swine of strange appearance, and from hence he might have cheered on his dogs to destroy the intruder, who, looking mournfully up in his face, vanished in a cloud, leaving him the conviction that he had seen his faithful messenger only to lose him and his information for ever: how and why, perhaps, the bribes of Gaston Phœbus could answer, who from that time obtained the spirit's assistance.

Our conversation grew more and more animated as the shades drew in; and many were the anecdotes told of travels in the Pyrenees, first by one clever *raconteur*, then another. How a joyous party were stopped by stress of weather in the valley of Bedous, and forced to take up their quarters for the night in a suspicious-looking inn; five ladies sharing the same room with no protector but a faithful dog, separated from their gentlemen, who had left with them a whistle to use in case of danger. How the agitation of the dog induced one of them to look in the direction he was pointing, by which means she discovered, through an opening, a room beneath them, where, seated round a table in silence, she descried the forms of *fourteen Spaniards*, each with a large knife in his hand—their gestures and mysterious movements, and finally their extinction of the dim candle which had lighted their conclave. The consequent terrors and uncertainty of the fair captives, their fears of using their whistle, lest their friends should *pay too dearly for*

it, and after a sleepless night, their discovery in the morning that their silent neighbours, silent for fear of disturbing the ladies, all left the inn noiselessly in order to be in good time *at the fair* hard by.

Then came stories of spending the night in old castles, and hearing strange sounds which *were never accounted for*; not that, of course, any one is ever so weak as to credit the idle stories of places being haunted—and yet, most respectable persons have sworn they saw *something*. There was one of our guests who told with great gravity of having seen the ghosts of Sully and Henri Quatre, walking arm in arm on the terrace of the castle of Pau, and of having clearly beheld a line of mail-clad figures issuing out of the great reservoir where tradition says Jeanne d'Albert drowned her Catholic subjects who refused to conform to the new religion.

The story of the unfortunate knight of Aragon, whose fatal sentence was engraved over the castle portal, occupied much attention, and the tale, new to some, was related. An early lord of Coarraze had a dear friend in Aragon, who was to him as a brother. They had not met for some time, when, one stormy night, the horn was blown at the gate, and his friend was announced much to his delight. But the pleasure he felt was soon clouded when he found that he owed his welcome visit to misfortune.

The knight of Aragon had fallen under royal displeasure, and was obliged to fly his country. He had dared to love a princess, and his affection was returned; but since at all times true love is doomed to sorrow, nothing but danger and difficulty surrounded the lovers, and it had only been at last by flight that he was able to save his life.

Sad was the time that the friends passed together in the castle of Coarraze, talking of the past and the future; but the conclusion of all their discourses was a fresh springing hope in the bosom of the knight of Aragon, that fate would be yet propitious to him, and his lady love be his own. The friends were once out hunting in the wild mountains of Ossau, and had been successful in their chase, having killed more than one bear; they were returning, bending beneath the weight of one of the finest of these animals, when

they reached, late in the evening, a deep gorge, at the entrance of which they were surprised to see a group of females in white, seated on the ground, apparently in conversation. They paused to observe them, and as they did, so they rose, and forming a circle, began a measured dance, to which their voices made a low melancholy music, like the sighing of the wind amongst the rocks. The words they sung ran thus :—

“ There is crimson in the skies,
Green and gold and purple dies,
When dim night puts on his cowl
We shall hear the tempest howl ;
There are shadows passing over ;
See ! the highest peaks they cover ;
From the valley comes a sound
Echoing through the gorges round ;
’Tis the whisper of the blast
That shall burst in storm at last.
Fear the sunset red and bright,
Days of calm bring fiercest night :
Vain from Fate would mortals flee—
‘ *That which is to be—will be !* ’ ”

While they listened and gazed, the sound and the white forms died away together, and there was nothing before them but the evening mist.

“ Let us go forward,” said the knight of Coarrazé with a shudder, “ we have seen the *Blanquettes*, and the meeting bodes no good.”

“ The words they utter, nevertheless,” said the knight of Aragon, “ shall in future be my device—*Lo que ha de ser no puede faltar.* ”

That night, on their return home, a messenger awaited the knight of Aragon, from the lady of his love : she bade him return, and with tender protestations of affection, she related to him that her royal relative had listened kindly to her prayer, and had given his consent to their union. Her letter concluded with the words, “ *That which is to be—will be.* ”

“ I will not delay an instant,” exclaimed the lover : “ adieu, my friend ; our bridal over, I will return to Coarrazé, and my bride shall thank you herself for my welcome.”

“ Go not,” said his friend, “ this may be a snare—you may be deceived ; wait yet a little, and let me go and ascertain its truth. No danger can reach me ; and if all is as it should be, we will go back to Aragon together.”

“ This is her hand—this is her sum-

mons,” returned the knight, “ and were it to certain death I would go at once—*What is to be, shall be.* ”

Alas ! he reached Saragossa ; but not to meet his beloved : it was to hear of her death—to find her letter forged—to be dragged to a dungeon, and there to meet with a cruel doom. His blood stained the scaffold ; and his friend found, to his grief, that his fears were but too well founded. He had his last words engraved above the portal of his castle ; and taking the cross, he departed for the Holy Land, where he died fighting for the faith. The shades of the two friends, bearing between them the carcass of a grisly monster, may sometimes be met in a certain gorge, where it is known that the fatal *Blanquettes* love to assemble and dance their rounds.

But it was not in telling such sad stories alone that our day passed ; there were many merry anecdotes related, which caused the chamber to echo with laughter ; and the sound of the Spanish guitar was heard, played by a skilful hand, in that peculiar manner which accompanies the charming Moorish ballad, with a hollow, murmuring stroke, as if pent up waters were beating against a hollow rock from which they could not escape. Several young clear voices joined in chorus, and amongst other songs, we heard the curious *patois* ballad of the *Doves of Cauteret*, composed at the time when Marguerite and Henri II. d’Albert visited the springs.

AUS THERMIS DE TOULOUSE.

UE FONTAN CLARE Y A, ETC.

At Toulouse there are waters,
Waters fresh and bright ;
And there three doves are bathing—
Three Doves with feathers white :
They dip their wings and flutter,
And three whole months they stay ;
Then o’er the heights to Cauteret
They take their blithesome way.

“ Oh, tell me who at Cauteret
Are bathing there with you ? ”
“ The King and Queen are with us three,
Amidst the waters blue.
The king has got a perfumed bower
Of flowers amidst the shade ;
And that the Queen has chosen
The Loves themselves have made.”

In such a spot and amidst such re-

collections the songs of the pastoral poet of the Valley d'Aspe, the Shenstone of the Pyrenees, Despourrins, were not forgotten; his famous song, known in every vale and on every mountain, '*La haut sus las Montagnes*,' was played and sung, and several others, among them the following—

MOUM DIU ! QUINE SOUFFRANCE.

1.

Of what contentment
Those eyes bereft me !
And ah ! how coldly
Thou since hast left me !
Yet didst thou whisper,
Thy heart was mine—
Oh ! they were traitors,
Those eyes of thine !
For 'tis thy pleasure,
That I repine.

2.

Alas ! how often
I sighed in vain,
And loved so dearly
To purchase rain :
And all my guerdon
To be betray'd,
And only absence
My safety made—
To mues on fondness
So ill repaid !

3.

But let me warn thee,
While time is yet ;
Thy heart may soften,
And learn regret.
Should others teach thee
New griefs to prove—
At once thy coldness
Subdued by love—
Thou mayst glean sorrow
For future years ;
Beware, false maiden,
Beware of tears !

It was now time that the carriages should be ordered, as the shades of evening had fallen, and we were all to re-assemble at Pau, in order to finish the revels with charades. By starlight, therefore, did we resume our journey, and large and lustrously did they shine to light us on the way. We quitted the

solitary old tower of Coarrase, standing beside the modern chateau built beside it like old memories in a new age; and when we arrived at Pau, we were met by condolence, for it had rained there several times in the day, while we were enjoying the sunshine. The sensation was great which our expedition created, and all those who had declined joining us were now mortified exceedingly, and resolved in future never to be stopped by the sullen aspect of the sky. Half a dozen other pic-nics were immediately talked of, and if February does not frown upon the gay folks of Pau, spring will be anticipated by them, and parties as lively as the last will chase away all recollections of winter. Meantime we wander and moralize amongst the ruins and restorations of the old castle, where Henri, the beloved of all time, was born—

THE CASTLE OF PAU.

1.

Stop ! and look upon these towers,
And these walls so dark with time ;
Where yon frowning donjon lowers,
And yon mountains rise sublime,
See those bow'rs and hills so green,
And the foaming Gave below,
Vines and foliage between,
Henry's castle-home of Pau !

2.

Here mem'ries of the gallant king,
Upon the mind come crowding back,
Visions of war and love they bring
In ev'ry scene, on every track :
Turançon's* height of gen'rous wine,
Touched by the sun with ruby glow,
Shines forth the rival of the Rhine,
The glory of the hills of Pau.

3.

'Tis said by many a vale and rill,
That lovers sigh and maids believe ;
'Tis said that on the ramparts still,
Henri and Sully walk at eve.
Fly, lovers.—for 'tis dang'rous ground,
Where Henri trod, if this be so—
But kings and ministers come round,
And study in the towers of Pau.

Pau, Jan. 28, 1843.

* Celebrated in Béarn, and the favourite wine of Henri.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.*

THERE is an old and vulgar proverb which implies that you may as well hang any poor dog, who happens to have incurred your indignation, as give him a bad name. This is a truth of universal application, not only to dogs but to men, not only to men but to things. It is the foundation of one half of the prejudices in the world, and it affords to cunning men and to cunning nations a means of injuring enemies, and effecting various other purposes, some of which it may be our task to expose. The first recorded exemplification of this wise saying is afforded by the history of a certain Quaker, who, when a dog ran into his shop, and gave him some cause for offence, exclaimed, "I will not strike thee, but I will give thee a bad name—mad dog! mad dog!" Whereupon those who were in the street immediately pursued the unfortunate quadruped, and put him to death. But a far more important illustration of the subject has lately been afforded by the conduct of America and France regarding the reciprocal *right of visit* claimed by Great Britain for her ships within certain latitudes, for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade.

It may be as well to give a slight sketch of the affair from its commencement, without exactly entering into the chronology of the matter, which is unnecessary, but merely stating the facts. A great number of nations having confederated with Great Britain for the purpose of suppressing the infamous traffic in human beings, and some few having refused to enter into treaties to that effect, even while they pretended to hold the trade in abhorrence, cruisers were appointed to guard the coast of Africa, and stop any vessels carrying on the slave trade which might belong to subjects of the contracting powers. Notwithstanding the treaties, a very great number of

vessels, belonging to those states which had entered into them, were fitted out as slavers by the subjects of those states; and, in order to escape the vigilance of the cruisers on the coast of Africa, they had recourse to an expedient of a wonderful, extraordinary, and almost miraculous character. The distinctive marks by which the vessels of different nations are officially known at sea, we must inform the unlearned reader, are certain pieces of thin cloth, commonly called *bunting*, which being chequered with certain colours, according to the taste of the country, is named its flag, and distinguishes its vessels from those of other nations. Now when the slaver of any kingdom or state, which had prohibited the slave trade, perceived upon the coast of Africa any savage-looking cannon-bearing vessel, with a flag having certain red and white crosses upon it, and knew thereby that it was that fierce and furious thing called a British cruiser, what did her commander do? Why he hit upon the ingenious expedient of diving down into certain coffers or chests and bringing out a piece of different coloured bunting from his own; it might be all speckled over with stars, it might be plain white, it might be blue, red, and white, and hauling it up by certain blocks, ropes, and pulleys, to a place where it was conspicuously in view, he sailed by the British cruiser as the ship of one of those powers which still claimed the right of dealing in human flesh. In other words the flags of non-contracting powers were employed to cover the criminal traffic carried on by daring villains of all nations, and the only possible means of putting a stop to this impudent and rascally proceeding was for the cruisers of those states, which prohibited the slave trade, to stop and visit every vessel of which they entertained a suspicion, in order to ascertain

* Some account of the Trade in Slaves from Africa, &c. By James Bundinel, Esq. Longman and Co., London.
Correspondence with British Commissioners relating to the Slave Trade, &c. Parliamentary Report.



whether it really was or was not that which the flag announced it to be.

This operation might have been carried on for years without the slightest injury or offence to any one; a few minutes' detention could rarely be very inconvenient, and not more than a few minutes was necessary to ascertain whether a ship under ordinary circumstances was or was not the property of the country whose flag she bore; but the slavers had recourse to other expedients, they did all they could to disguise their vessels, they often sent them forth furnished with the objects of legitimate trade, concealing as far as possible all the means and preparations with which they were fitted up for turning that trade into the slave trade as soon as occasion offered. The various deceptions thus practised rendered longer and more minute search absolutely necessary in many instances, and thence arose complaints and grumbings which were fostered and encouraged with every artful stimulant by the villains who, contrary to their own laws, still carried on the trade, and by the nations who thought fit to retain the unenviable privilege of committing crime.

England, however, still persisted in exercising the right of boarding vessels appearing in suspicious circumstances within certain degrees of latitude; and it is proved beyond all doubt that this right, having for its object the suppression of the most infamous practices that ever disgraced mankind, was carried on with more moderation, and less annoyance, than ever attended the enforcing mere custom-house regulations having for their object a matter of revenue.

When fairly stated, and under its proper name, no state, government, or nation, could reasonably object to this *right of visit*, exercised simply for the purpose of ascertaining that a certain flag, displayed under suspicious circumstances, was really the national flag of the ship displaying it, and that, too, with perfect reciprocity, the ships of the greatest commercial and maritime nation in the world being subject to the same right of visit by the vessels of other nations. It so happened, however, that an immense number of American vessels, notwithstanding several severe laws passed by the congress of the United States, still remained en-

gaged in the slave trade; so much so, indeed, that one American cruiser, in the course of the year 1821, captured five vessels fitted out on American account for the purposes of this inhuman traffic. But it unfortunately happened also, that in former years England had claimed and exercised a right not of *visitation* but of *search* for English seamen in vessels of the United States. This purely belligerent right was as totally distinct and separate from that now claimed by Great Britain as it is possible for any thing to be, both in theory and in practice, but it unhappily occurred that the Americans, peculiarly jealous of the mother country, and not altogether indisposed to profitable trades of any kind, thought fit to mix up the question of the right of search with the question of the right of visit, and to represent the two things as identical. The British government, and even British lawyers, not seeing the consequences of this mistake, suffered the term to be used without any strict definition; and consequently, to return to the proverb with which we set out, the dog got a bad name, which has caused a great deal of mischief.

It is but justice, however, to the people of the United States to admit, that, at one period of their history, their representatives in congress showed a sincere desire to put an end to the infamous traffic. On the fifteenth of May, 1820, the United States legislature passed a law by which all citizens of the Union, who might thenceforward seize or carry away any coloured person, not being already a slave by the United States law, in order to make such person a slave, he should be adjudged a pirate, and on conviction suffer death; and in February, 1821, a committee of the House of Representatives lamented the inefficiency of the existing laws for the suppression of the slave trade, and pronounced an opinion that a practical abolition of the trade could only be obtained by a mutual concession of the maritime powers to each others' ships of war of a qualified right of search. They pointed out at the same time most distinctly that this concession was totally different from the belligerent right of searching for seamen claimed by Great Britain, and it is clearly proved that at this time American cruisers were actually in the habit of visiting vessels

suspected to be concerned in the slave trade on the coast of Africa under whatsoever flag they might be sailing. (See Bandinel, p. 182.) The United States president, however, persisted in confounding the *right of visit* to ascertain the nationality of a ship, with the belligerent *right of search*; and upon more reasonable and obvious grounds, he objected to the trial of American citizens by foreign tribunals. American citizens, and all other foreigners, are of course subject to trial by British courts for crimes committed within the limits of the British jurisdiction; but for crimes committed upon the high seas, except against British subjects or property, they can alone be answerable to their own courts. But the question might become somewhat complicated by the fact of the United States legislature having recognised the principle that persons engaged in the slave trade are pirates, which puts them beyond the pale of international law. This part of the question, however, has generally been evaded from the many difficulties surrounding it, and even the famous decision of Sir William Scott, in the case of the French ship *Louis*, did not directly touch this point. It went to the effect, perhaps, that you must ascertain whether a ship be a pirate before you seize her, and that no proof of her piratical character, obtained in consequence of her seizure, will justify that act without other and preceding evidence to the same purpose. At that time, however, it must be remarked that Great Britain herself had not declared the slave trade to be piratical, and consequently her courts were in no condition to avail themselves of the American law to that effect.

America herself suggested such a step to the government of this country, her legislature having passed a resolution by which the executive government was authorized to enter into negotiations with all the states to which it had ministers accredited, for the purpose of concluding conventions declaring "the slave trade to be piracy, and authorizing the armed vessels of the one nation to capture those of another engaged in the trade, on condition that the captor should deliver over the captured party to the tribunals of his own country for trial, and that the capturing officer should be responsible for any abusive exercise of his

power." Such was the proposal made by America to England, in August, 1823, and England acted with her usual sincerity and truth, and not only accepted the proposal as the basis of a convention, but submitted it to parliament, and carried a bill declaring the slave trade to be piracy. A convention was drawn up accordingly upon this basis, and signed by the diplomatic functionaries of both countries: but the American senate refused to ratify some of the articles; and while negotiations were going on, individual interests and public jealousies raised up a strong party in America against the convention, which was ultimately lost.

Amongst the many great evils of democratic institutions, whether in a pure or mixed form, one of the greatest is the uncertainty of all negotiations, the impotence of executive wisdom, and the want of fixed principles upon every question of vital importance.

Who could suppose that the nation which was thus forward in 1823 to suggest the only practicable means of suppressing the slave trade would in 1841 and 1842 resist, with the most violent clamour, means much less stringent than were then proposed; go out of the ordinary course of diplomatic proceedings to interfere with the negotiations taking place between two foreign countries for so noble an object, and aid in exciting the passions of the foolish, the prejudiced, and the ignorant of the French people, to oppose with virulence of temper, weakness of argument, and ignorance of facts—probably never equalled in the history of mankind—a treaty which could but redound to their own honour, and arrive at the object which they pretend to have in view?

Interested persons, however, proceeding in any base and iniquitous course, generally look upon themselves as perfectly safe so long as they can enlist the popular passions of their country on their side; and there can be but very little doubt in the minds of any one that both in America and in France, people having a direct interest in the slave trade have long exerted themselves in an artful manner to misrepresent the conduct of Great Britain for the suppression of that horrible traffic, and to create an outcry against every measure adopted

by their several governments for the same purpose. In both countries political factions have been induced for their own objects to forget the dignity of justice, and to argue as if this country sought to keep in her own hands exclusively what has been called the police of the seas, when in fact this is an infamous perversion of her claim, which bears upon its face the offer of subjecting her own vessels, tenfold as numerous as those of her opponents, to the same supervision on the part of other states which she herself seeks to exercise. Every day, too, a thousand false statements are put forward—sometimes to show that the concession of the claim is not necessary; sometimes that it would be dangerous; sometimes that it would be degrading; when the experience of years has proved that not the slightest peril is attached to it—when the governments of the very countries which now oppose it, have looked upon it in former years as an honour to the national character for humanity to concede and to suggest it, and when facts within the reach of every one establish that it is more necessary now than ever. We may also add to the list of absurdities written and spoken upon this subject, the assertion that Great Britain has her own commercial advantages in view in the suppression of the slave trade, when she herself has very lately made a sacrifice of twenty-one millions to wipe away the stain of slavery for ever from her empire. Some of these assertions are so self-evidently foolish, that we shall only deal with one, as the others bear their own refutation with them. That assertion is, (and it has been made by those who should know better,) that there exists no longer any necessity for visiting suspected vessels on the coast of Africa. Some have gone so far as to assert that the slave trade is at an end; some that sufficient vigilance is exerted by the nations who repudiate the crime, to prevent their flag from being employed to cover this nefarious traffic.

England meets both these assertions with a direct negative. She says that the slave trade still goes on, if not to as great an extent as ever, to a lamentable and shameful degree; and that the moment any check was withdrawn the trade would revive and be

carried on with more vigour than before. She also boldly declares, and is prepared to establish the fact, that the flags of those foreign countries which have not entered into treaties with Great Britain for the suppression of the trade, have been constantly, and are still constantly, used for the purpose of screening the horrible crimes committed. The reports from the *Havanna*, published by order of parliament in 1837, clearly showed in a thousand instances both these facts, and together with various other reports of the commissioners at different places, formed the ground for those negotiations with France and America which have been met by such a storm of outcry. We can scarcely turn to a page of the report without meeting some such sentences as these:—

“The schooner ‘*Vibora*,’ *alias* *Viper*, (together with the *Lebiral*,) sailed from hence in October last under American colours, both (as already reported by Mr. Scherley) belonging to a French slave dealer named Forcade.”—*Parliamentary Report*, page 114.

“We beg leave to state, that on the 29th of June a vessel named the ‘*Trisibolo*,’ under Austrian colours, arrived at this port from the coast of Africa. She was consigned to the French consul, who, being prohibited by his government from engaging in commerce, placed her in the hands of Mangoaga and Co., *notorious slave dealers*. She is now publicly advertised, and is loading to return to the coast of Africa.”—*Parliamentary Report*, page 127.

“*Havanna*, 1st October, 1837.

“We have the honour to inclose copies of a correspondence which has passed between her majesty’s commissioners at this place and the Captain General of *Havanna*, respecting a slave vessel, the ‘*Dido*,’ which, though Spanish property by repute, and manned entirely by Spaniards, entered this port on the 19th September last, under Portuguese colours, after having landed, a few days previously, upon the coast upwards of four hundred Africans, to be sold as slaves.”—*Parliamentary Report*, p. 139.

Yet in the face of all this we are told that there is no necessity for ascertaining by visit the real nationality of ships, even under the most suspicious circumstances; and a loud outcry on account of the very claim is raised against England, a country which has made, for the great and glorious ob-

ject of securing the blessing of freedom to the whole human race, as great sacrifices as any tyrant ever made to enchain it.

In the midst of this outcry appeared a book better calculated probably than any that ever was written to enlighten sincere and candid men upon this great and momentous question—"Bandinel's Account of the Trade in Slaves in Africa." Calm, simple, without exaggeration, without declamation, founded entirely upon official documents, to which, from his station, he had unlimited access, the work of Mr. Bandinel shows by the mere concatenation of facts, and the relative position in which he has placed them, the straightforward and honourable policy of Great Britain—her zealous and self-sacrificing protection of the African race—and her open, moderate, but firm demeanour towards all foreign nations, on a subject in regard to which there should be no difference of opinion amongst states which even pretend to civilization and Christianity. Mr. Bandinel has displayed great skill undoubtedly in the collation of the facts, but at the same time he has shown the most perfect frankness; he has suppressed nothing bearing strongly upon the subject under his hands; he has raised nothing into undue importance, but, satisfied with placing a long series of positive truths in such a position with regard to each other that no unprejudiced mind can avoid drawing from them one simple and undeniable conclusion, he has spared himself all argument and oratory upon the subject. His book has all the certainty and force of a theorem, and there is a dignified calmness about it which is in itself eloquent.

As a specimen of the work, we might present many passages illustrative of the candour and moderation which Great Britain has displayed, many instances of her persevering firmness and generous devotion for the cause of humanity. We might quote much to show that she has been met, sometimes with vacillation, sometimes with double dealing, and but too frequently with coldness by other states; but we shall content ourselves, as a specimen of her manner of treating such subjects, with his account of 1824, of which there has been lately

so much said and written; and the all-convincing view which he gives of the effect produced by the treaties which England has lately been striving to enter into with all maritime nations, as exemplified by the only instance in which one of these treaties has been granted and sincerely carried out.

In regard to the treaty of 1824, the following are Mr. Bandinel's words, and we give them with great satisfaction, although we have referred to them before, as the more generally this treaty is known, (proposed, as it was, by the United States themselves,) and the more it is put in apposition with the present conduct and declamations of America the better.

"At length, in August, 1823, the United States government, acting on a resolution which the American secretary of state observed had been passed almost unanimously by the House of Representatives at the close of the preceding session, instructed every one of its ministers, both in Europe and in America, to propose to the several states to which they were accredited, to enter into negotiations with them for concluding conventions for declaring slave trade piracy, and for 'authorizing the armed vessels of the one nation to capture those of another engaged in the trade,' on condition 'that the captor should deliver over the captured party to the tribunals of his own country for trial; and 'that the capturing officer should be responsible for any abusive exercise of his power.'

"And a draft of a convention to this effect was sent by the American government specially to the American minister in London, and he was authorized to propose and to conclude the same with the British government, provided the latter would treat upon this subject on the basis of a legislative prohibition of the slave trade by both parties, under the penalties of piracy.

"The draft of a convention was accordingly proposed, together with the condition on which alone it was to be negotiated.

"The British government accepted that condition as the basis of negotiation, and accordingly submitted to parliament a bill declaring British slave trade to be piracy, and urged the parliament to pass the bill without difficulty or delay, on the ground of these negotiations with America on slave trade.

"The bill was passed; in the mean time the negotiations had proceeded. On the 13th March, 1824, Mr. Rush, on the part of the United States, signed a

convention upon this subject with Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Canning on the part of Great Britain.

"It was stated in the preamble to this convention, that the object of it was to make the law of piracy, as applied to slave trade, immediately and reciprocally operative on the vessels, and subjects, and citizens of both parties.

"1. And it was stipulated, that the cruisers of each party on the coasts of Africa, America, and the West Indies, might detain, examine, capture, and deliver over for trial, vessels concerned in the slave trade, and carrying the flag of the other party; and that the vessels captured should be adjudged by the tribunals of the captured party, not by those of the captor.

"2. That if vessels examined by the cruisers of either party on account of slave trade did not carry the flag, but were chartered by the subjects or citizens of either party, they should be delivered over for trial to the country by whose subjects or citizens they were chartered.

"3. That any person, subject, or citizen of either party, but found on board a vessel of a third party trading in slave trade, should be delivered over for trial to the country to which he belonged.

"4. That the proceeds of vessels condemned under the convention should be paid to the captor.

"5. That the boarding officer and captor should be personally responsible for any vexatious or abusive exercise of the right of examination and detention conceded by the convention.

"And, 6. Both parties to the convention declared, that they conceded the right of detaining their vessels, solely and wholly on the ground and consideration that slave trade was made piracy by their respective laws.

"In the first instance, the senate of the United States signified their readiness to ratify this convention, with the exception of the word 'America' in the stipulation marked 1, and with the omission of the whole of the stipulation marked 2, and also of the stipulation marked 3.

"The British government then agreed to omit the last-mentioned stipulations, but urged the retention of the word 'America' in the first-mentioned stipulation, on the ground that the provision included in it was essential to the purposes of the convention. In the mean time, a strong party in the United States manifested a distrustful jealousy of the contents of the convention: and the United States government then declared to the British minister at Washington, that the senate had recently re-

fused to ratify a treaty upon the same subject with Columbia, even when the objectionable word 'America' was omitted; and that they had thus virtually refused to ratify the convention of Great Britain.

"The president shortly afterwards communicated to the senate the correspondence. The senate did not express any direct decision on the subject; but on the British minister, Mr. Addington, requesting, in the year following, from the United States government a decided answer, whether or not the convention would be ratified on the part of the United States, the secretary of state, Mr. Clay, answered, that 'under the circumstances it would be inexpedient and unnecessary any longer to continue the negotiation, with a hope that it would be made to assume a form satisfactory to both parties.' The British government forbore to press for a more categorical reply, under the impression that it could not be other than a decided refusal, which would render more difficult the re-opening of the negotiation at a future time. And thus the negotiation then terminated."

Such are the plain facts regarding the celebrated treaty of 1824, and we shall now proceed to quote Mr. Bandinell's words in relating the negotiations with Spain in 1835, and the effects which have resulted from the treaty then signed.

"At length, on the 28th June, 1835, after the death of Ferdinand, and when a constitutional government had been established in Spain, she concluded with England a treaty, for the abolition of the slave trade, the most efficient for its purpose of any of the treaties yet concluded in reference to this subject.

"First, it gave to the cruisers of each party a right to search and to detain the merchant vessels of the other party all over the world, except in the Mediterranean, the North Seas, and that part of the Atlantic which is adjacent to Europe.

"Secondly, it established mixed courts of justice for the adjudication of the detained vessels.

"Thirdly, it gave a right to condemn any vessel which should be found with slaves on board, any where within the above-mentioned limits.

"Fourthly, it gave a power to condemn vessels with no slaves on board, when such vessels were found equipped in a specified manner, indicating that they were destined for slave trading.

"Fifthly, it declared, that vessels condemned shall be broken up, and sold

as old timber, to prevent their being again employed in slave trade.

"Sixthly, it provided, that negroes liberated by the mixed courts shall be delivered over to the government, to whom the cruiser which made the capture belongs.

"Seventhly, it contains stipulations that within two months after its ratification, the Spanish government should promulgate a penal law, affixing a severe punishment on all Spanish subjects concerned in infringing the treaty.

"And such are the stringency and efficacy of the several regulations contained in this treaty, that, although ever since it was concluded, the ingenuity of the slave traders has been at work to evade its operations, they have not, in any instance, been successful; and the consequence is, that since the middle of 1836, when it came into full effect, slave trade, under the Spanish flag, appears to have almost ceased.

"The following statement will show its immediate operation.

"In the year 1834, the vessels which entered the Havana from Africa, after having landed their cargoes of slaves on the coast of Cuba, amounted to 33 :	
Of these, vessels having the Spanish flag amounted to	29
Those under the Portuguese flag to	3
And those under the French to	1
	—33
In 1835, the vessels thus entering Havana amounted to 50 :	
Of these vessels, the number which bore the Spanish flag were	42
And those which bore the Portuguese	8
	—50
In 1836, the vessels entering the Havana under the Spanish flag had diminished again to	
While these under the Portuguese flag had risen to	29
	11
	—40
But in 1837, the vessels under the Spanish flag had diminished to	
While those under the Portuguese flag had risen to	3
	48
	—51
In 1838, the vessels under the Spanish flag were only	
The Portuguese	4
The Brazilian	44
The Russian	1
	1
	—50

In 1839, the vessels under the Spanish flag were but	
The Portuguese	2
And the American	29
	6
	—37
In 1840, the vessels under the Spanish flag were	
The American	7
And the Portuguese	5
	29
	—41

We have now given the simple facts as stated in the book before us, regarding the negotiations with America, and their failure, and regarding the treaty with Spain, and its results.

Such is Mr. Bandinel's account of the treaty proposed by the nation which now, without the slightest cause or motive, except an unreasonable and braggadocio hatred of Great Britain, makes the most furious opposition to the only means that have ever been devised of effectually putting a stop to the slave trade; and such the results of a treaty which carried out to the highest degree yet attained, the views of Great Britain for the suppression of the most inhuman and barbarous traffic that ever disgraced the Christian world. The slave-holding states of the Federal Republic, and the pirates who use her flag, whether citizens or foreigners, for the purposes of the slave trade, may show a fierce and menacing resistance: political parties in France, who employ the blind hatred of the populace towards a neighbouring and friendly country for their own factious objects, may rage, and foam, and make some foolish speeches day after day; but all may be certain that England, knowing the purity of her motives, the enormous sacrifices she has made, and the great results to be obtained for our fellow-creatures, will pursue the course which she has ever followed; meeting opposition with calmness, rage with moderation, objections with firmness; and waiting patiently, with her perseverance unchecked, her zeal undiminished, till her opponents recover the use of their reason, or rather we should say, till the great mass of intelligence and good feeling, which exists both in France and America, shall have time to act in removing popular ignorance, and quieting party violence. For the purpose of producing such a result, nothing could be better calculated, or better timed, than Mr. Bandinel's

History of the Slave Trade; and we will conclude by expressing our belief that it is a work which will do much good to any one who reads it, give perspicuity and confidence to the arguments of all who support the views of Great Britain, and enlighten the mind and remove the prejudices of all who oppose those views on any but factious or interested grounds. Every one should read it, every one should have it, who wishes to know the facts connected with some of the most important events, not only in the history of Europe, but in the history of humanity and civilization; and we will ven-

ture to say, that whoever does read it, will join with us in returning sincere and cordial thanks to Mr. Bandinell, for one of the most pellucid, honest, and straightforward statements of a question, which malice and selfishness, in various forms, has endeavoured to obscure and to prevent—for stating the case of Great Britain, in short, in such a manner, that any one who henceforward presumes to impugn her motives, must either acknowledge that he has not read the book, or subject himself to contempt as well as reprobation.

SPALATRO.

FROM THE NOTES OF FRA GIACOMO.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

“In the heart of a gay capital, possessed of funds which, to my shortsighted inexperience, seemed all but inexhaustible, full of ardour, curiosity, and passion, I threw myself heart and soul into the intoxication and excitement of all the folly, vice, and extravagance which revolved around me; with more of inquisitiveness than of depravity, I hunted out vice in all its secure and secret haunts, where, undisguised, and maddening, and terrible, it ruled and rioted. The adventures and perils of the wild scenes in which I mixed, had for me a strange attraction; I panted to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; I longed to try and prove those old and mighty rulers of the human kind—the ancient vices of the world in the high places of their power; recklessly I courted danger: wildly I plunged into the unfathomable gulf of sin, and madly did time fly by.

“My acquaintances were among the madcap young nobles of the city. There was nothing to withdraw me from the headlong career of sins and follies in which I was borne, except prudence or religion—and I had neither. I resolutely closed my eyes

against all distant consequences: I saw but the present—I *would* see no more. I felt that when my wealth was squandered, I would find a way to get more; I cared not how, provided it were boldly, and in the manner of a soldier of fortune. Even then my coming destiny filled the vision of my mind; I beheld it perhaps with awe, but undismayed; for me it had a dreadful fascination—I rushed towards it with a bosom full of defiance and scornful recklessness.

“Fagged and jaded with the last night’s debauch, I rose towards evening from the numb and heavy sleep of excess, and wandered forth to breathe the fresh air upon the Corso. It was the carnival—the streets were thronged with masks, jugglers, itinerant gamblers with their various apparatus for cheating the incautious; mountebanks and empirics holding forth upon their crazy stages; noble ladies in rich attire walking with their high-born protectors, and shouldered and jostled by countrymen and beggars—all mingled up in the fantastic mazes of a bewildering and gorgeous dream. Captivated by the never-ending variety of the scene be-

fore me; hour after hour flew by; and when at length the sun went down, and twilight was succeeded by the wan splendour of the moon, I still was sauntering among the gay and idle throng, whose groups crossed and flitted before my eyes in such rich and grotesque contrariety. 'Why so sad, young gentleman?' exclaimed a voice close by my ear, while, at the same time, a party-coloured sword of lath was laid smartly upon my shoulder. The speaker was a harlequin, who had turned for a moment from his masked companions to accost me. 'Has thy lady-love frowned, or thy Jew friend been cruel? has thy luck been hard, and thine head soft? are thy creditors more than thy credit? art thou hungry, or thy sweetheart angry? has she broke her faith, and thou not thy fast? if so, sour looks will never mend the matter—lament to-morrow, but laugh to-night. The gods have given but one excuse for glum looks during carnival, and that is the cholic. If thou hast it, thou art right to be religious; but get thee home and pray in bed: thy public piety is a public nuisance. Owlet, avaunt!' A loud smack from his lath weapon enforced the mandate, and under cover of the horse laugh with which the crowd greeted the conclusion of his lecture, the mask unperceived whispered sharply in my ear as he passed—'Keep your eye on me, friend, and follow me; your doing so may save your life. Enough.' With these strange words he plunged once more into the crowd, and mingled as before in the madcap gaieties of the scene. My curiosity was however excited. I followed him carefully, and thought I could observe him occasionally abstract his attention for a moment from the tricks and railleries with which he abundantly entertained the multitude, to steal a glance toward me, and ascertain that I was present. Gradually the harlequin withdrew himself from the group with which he had borne his part, and by little and little separated himself from the crowd, I still following at a short distance. With many a fantastic pirouette and gambol away he flitted through by-lanes and alleys. Again and again was I obliged to run at the top of my speed to keep my strange conductor in view, watching the tall

light form with a vigilance so close and exclusive that I knew not through what streets I passed, and scarcely in what direction I was moving. We passed through the scattered houses of the suburbs; and although I strained my sinews to the utmost, my guide gained upon me so fast that I began to grow fearful of losing him altogether. He was now running lightly by the banks of the Tiber—we had passed the thronged dwellings of the city; and the cool air from the quiet country came rushing along the waters, the grateful and refreshing gift of nature. Half vexed at the pertinacious speed with which my companion pursued his course, and half-suspecting the whole affair to be a hoax, I was just about to stop and turn about, when my intention was anticipated by the mask. He suddenly checked his course, sprang into the air, and, with a grotesque flourish of his sword, turned to the right about, awaiting with a low mock reverence my breathless pursuit. I was soon by his side. 'Now in the devil's name, sir harlequin,' exclaimed I, 'for what have you given me this unconscionable race?—your tidings must needs be worth the hearing when a man must run after them as if Beelzebub ran at his heels.' 'Fie, fie,' cried the mask, 'devil and Beelzebub are ugly words, and especially *now* and *here*. Be, I pray you, a little more pious: you know not what may be near you.' At these words my companion stooped down and lowered his head to a level with the reeds which grew by the river's brink, in the attitude of one who listens attentively for some distant sound—then raising himself, he added in a lower tone, 'We must go further; follow me yet a few steps more.' Accordingly he led the way along the river bank, but now at a slow pace. As he went along he began to sing a strange and mournful air, the like of which I never heard before or since, and *that* with a management of voice, if possible, stranger still. It appeared to me like the most extraordinary ventriloquism; for the sounds seemed sometimes to come from one side—sometimes from another—sometimes high in air—sometimes so far away as almost to be lost in the distance, and again swelling into a fierce and thrill-

ing loudness, as if the voice was rushing toward us with the speed of a whirlwind. I cannot describe to you the strange effect of this music upon me: I felt ready either to laugh or cry—I felt a weight at my heart and an excitement in my head more than hysterical. The words which he sang were odd, and to me unintelligible; but he threw into them a laboured significance which added to the unpleasantness of the whole. The words have remained fixed in my mind, and to this day I cannot utter them without sensations which perhaps you would laugh at. They ran as follows:—

“Child of wrath, with the human bride,
Mighty oppressor of earthly kind,
Thy presence walks with us, side by side.

I feel thee, and know thy soft laugh
on the wind.

Kiss, kiss his hot lips again and again;

He has given thee his heart; now
master his brain.”

“The excitement under which I laboured increased until it amounted to a degree of horror almost unendurable. Under the vague impulse of superstitious terror, I was about to turn and run from my companion, when he, suddenly looking round, exhibited to my astounded sense the features of the hoary monk or demon, Father Anthony. Nerved by the extremity of terror, I turned my back upon the abhorred shape, and fled with the speed of light toward the city. The attempt to escape was utterly in vain. Though I ran with a speed which nothing but the agony of terror could have sustained, the fiendish monk not only kept up with me, but ran round and round me—sometimes in narrower, sometimes in wider circles, with gambols of preterhuman agility, and grimaces more hideous than night-mare ever saw. Suddenly he stopped short before me, and by an unearthly sympathy I was constrained to do the same: he sat down upon the earth; by an irresistible impulse I did so likewise. We were opposite to one another—face to face, and scarcely a yard asunder. He tossed his arms wildly in the air—I could not choose but do the same: he writhed his features into contortions such as delirium never portrayed, each one of which, with frenzied exaggeration,

I felt forced to imitate. Into these hideous grimaces he threw, at times, expressions of demoniac passion so fearfully intense, that hell itself could not have exceeded them: these too, I was forced to follow, and the dreadful passions themselves possessed me in succession, while all the time, independently of these malignant inspirations, there remained within me, as it were looking on, a terrified self-consciousness. He yelled forth blasphemies the most awful, while my very brain sickened with horror—the unearthly power constrained me to echo them all, tone for tone, and word for word. He advanced his face, I did the same—our features almost touched. He burst into a peal of laughter like that of lunacy, I joined howling in the horrible mirth. Every word *he* spoke, *I* spoke—every movement *he* made, *I* made too. My motions all corresponded with his, with the simultaneousness and accuracy with which shadow follows substance; I felt as if my identity was merging into his. He placed his hand within his bosom—my hand copied the gesture, and rested upon my stiletto; he drew a dagger from his breast—I drew my poignard from mine. At the next instant his weapon was at his throat, and mine at mine. Another moment, and *HELL* would have had its victim; but it was to be otherwise. A voice close by shouted, ‘In the name of God, young man, forbear,’ and at the instant I was disenthralled; the hideous figure cast upon me one livid scowl, and threw himself on the ground. I saw no more, for my senses forsook me. How long the demon had made me the sport of his hellish mockeries I cannot say. As soon as consciousness returned I found myself supported in the arms of an honest peasant—he to whose intervention I owed my life.

“‘So, so, master,’ exclaimed he, ‘a pleasant frolic this, for the carnival—time was, when you youngsters were satisfied with carving your neighbours’ throats, but nothing will serve you now, forsooth, but cutting your own. In God’s name, young man, why do you seek to harm yourself?’

“‘Tell me,’ said I eagerly, ‘where he is gone—where is the mask—the harlequin—the devil? Bring me away from this place. Where is the monster you saw before me?’

“‘Sir,’ replied the man, ‘I see you are disordered. I will go with you to the town; here, take my arm.’

“‘Where,’ I said with increased excitement, ‘where is the hellish thing that sate on the ground before me?’

“‘Pshaw, sir,’ replied he, ‘there was nothing before you but yonder old bush; to be sure,’ he added, after a thoughtful pause, ‘it did sway and tremble rather oddly; and then, when I came up, I saw something like an otter sliding softly through the sedges into the stream. But that is all—come on, signor, let us be moving.’

“Silently I walked with my friendly guide, who cast many a fearful look around, and muttered many a prayer as we proceeded—so contagious is mysterious terror.

“For more than a month I was in mind and body utterly prostrate. There is in youth, however, a recuperative power, an elasticity which never loses its spring while youth remains. In five weeks’ time, after an illness, during which mind and body were bound down in the fiery chains of fever for nearly the space of a month, I was once more mingling in all the pleasures and follies of the capital, as if no fears or perils had ever crossed me. As time wore on, I began to grow weary of uncontrolled indulgence. Fashion is a hard task-master—vice and pleasure tire their pursuers at length more than the severest toil—monotony dulls the edge of enjoyment, and the solicitous repinings of conscience wear the spirits, and irritate and embitter the temper; all this I felt, and half (but *only* half) resolved to reform, and lead a better life. In this melancholy mood I was wandering through the oldest and least-frequented streets of the city, when a singular adventure befel me. There was walking before me, with slow and feeble steps, an old and venerable man; his dress was of the richest velvet of that hue which we call *ruby*, lined with yellow satin, and richly overlaid with gold lace; the fashion, however, of his garments was that of another day, and though the suit was no doubt originally a splendid one, it bore no less in its faded colour and tarnished embroidery, than in its obsolete construction, the evidences of extreme antiquity. From under the shadow of a broad-leaved

hat his snow-white hair descended in venerable ringlets, covering the top-most folds of his short velvet cloak. In his hand he carried a crutch-handled stick of ebony, which, with measured and solemn action, he impressed upon the pavement as he proceeded. The figure of the old man was slight, and as well as I could discern, elegantly moulded; he bore about him, too, that indescribable air of high birth and breeding which cannot be mistaken. These circumstances, along with the striking peculiarities of which I have already spoken, irresistibly fixed my attention and engaged my curiosity. As I followed in the track of this old man, he suddenly tottered, as if through weakness or giddiness, and would, no doubt, have fallen upon the pavement, had not I instantly caught him in my arms and supported him. He speedily recovered, and with many courteous professions of gratitude, acknowledged my services. These professions were as courteously received as made, and I offered the aged man the support of my arm, during the remainder of his walk. The tender of my support was accepted with eager gratitude, and arm in arm, at a leisurely pace, we walked down the street together. The old man, as I have said, was soon quite recovered; and as we moved slowly along, he conversed with that easy and courtly gaiety by which age can so pleasingly and irresistibly engage and fascinate the young. Almost without knowing how, so pleasantly had my companion beguiled the way, I found myself at the entrance of a venerable mansion, before which my *old* acquaintance made a halt. I looked around me, for so completely had my attention been absorbed in the gay conversation of my comrade, that I had scarcely observed the objects through which we were passing. The street was dark and narrow—the houses on either side tall, sombre, and antique, and withal carrying upon them a character of decay and neglect which added gloom and sadness to a scene already sufficiently uncheery. The street had made a curving sweep, so that at the point where we stood I could see but little way either up or down. As far as I could see, however, it was absolutely empty: there was neither sound of human voice, nor echo of foot-falls, but a silence like that of desolation.

We stood directly in front of a richly-carved and massive stone door-way, the portal of a huge time-worn edifice—a palace, but so weather-stained, neglected, and crumbling, that the evidences of its original architectural splendour served only to render its present aspect more solemn and more sad. Reading, perhaps, in my face what was passing in my mind, the old man, with a melancholy musing smile, accosted me—

“‘It is, indeed, a mournful place—little better, perhaps, than a ruin; the street, too, as you observe, well accords with the character of this deserted shrine of hospitality—the spirit of desolation dwells in and about it—the current of human life frets and chafes near and far, but no chance eddy thereof ever finds its way into this dim, silent channel. The roar of human occupation, toil, and jollity, is here swallowed in perennial silence—we never hear it—in almost every house this street contains, you see the monument of some noble family gone to ruin, wasted by prodigality, or struck down into the dust by the heavy arm of power. Those who dwell here seldom seek to look into the staring, noisy world; they think not of the present, but ever upon the past—and oh! how variously. Silence here holds her eternal court—see, lest any careless Foot-step should break the quiet of the place, gentle dame Nature has spread her soft green mantle over the uneven pavement—the long grass waves in the wind here as in a church-yard: yet, amid all this lonely silence, is there any quiet for heart or brain? Oh, eternal, unforgiving spirit! is there any rest—is there any unconsciousness?’

“He clasped his hands together—his head sank upon his breast, and I saw the tears fall, one by one, fast upon his bosom.

“More shocked than I can describe at what I heard and saw, I stood silently by, scarcely knowing what course to take. I soon, however, grew weary of my foolish situation, and, beginning to regard the whole thing as rather comic than imposing, I asked, somewhat abruptly, whether I could do any thing further for him, at the same time observing that the evening would soon close, and that I had better find my way home while I had light. This speech soon brought the old gentleman

to his senses. With many apologies he pleaded to be excused.

“‘Signor,’ he continued, ‘did you but know half what I have endured, far less what I *must still* endure, you would pardon this else unpardonable vehemence. I will not, however, weary you with, after all, what is but too common a tale. Those who have seen as much of life as I have, are seldom happy. I can, however, as you perhaps have perceived, sometimes forget my griefs; and if you will vouch your forgiveness, by entering so poor and unpromising a dwelling as that before you, you will make me more your debtor, sir, than I am.’

“There was a gentleness and even a kindness in the tone and manner in which the old man addressed me which easily prevailed. I at once consented.

“From his pocket he drew a key, to which the street door instantly yielded. Closing the hall-door, which was of massive oak, behind us, he led the way through a stone vaulted passage, and through another door into a spacious and lofty hall, also vaulted, and built of stone; this latter door he also swung to with a heavy crash, which echoed through the empty chamber with many a dreary reverberation. The room in which we now stood was hung round with splendid full-length pictures. It seemed to be a gallery of ancestral portraits. They were superbly painted—evidently from the hands of the most celebrated of our Italian masters: the collection was worth a monarch’s ransom.

“‘You will find occupation for a few minutes in looking at these old family pictures,’ said my host; ‘and you will, I hope, pardon me if I leave you to entertain yourself for a brief space.’ So saying, the old man made a deep reverence, and before I had time to reply, he darted through a door at the far extremity of the apartment, and disappeared.

“The pictures were very well worth an attentive examination, and afforded me no small pleasure. But there were three placed side by side, over each of which hung from top to bottom a black velvet pall, and although not without some reluctance upon the score of good breeding, to these my curiosity led me by an irresistible attraction. I took my stand upon a stool which stood beneath them against the wall, and raising the cover-

ing of the first, I beheld a faithful and very beautifully painted portrait of my entertainer, arrayed precisely as I had seen him. The painting looked old, and yet it represented him not as any younger than he now was. While musing upon this discrepancy, my eye accidentally fell upon some numerals dimly traced in one corner of the canvass. Heavens! the date they recorded was that of more than a century before; yet the portrait was undoubtedly his. It was a perfect likeness—character, expression, every thing—it was a *fac simile* of the original. My convictions, too, were yet further established by observing traces upon the back of the right hand, which rested upon a crutch-handle stick, a deep scar, which had caught my attention in the original, as his hand lay within my arm in our to-day's walk. Again I examined the date, I had read it aright—the year it recorded had been passed nearly a century and a half before, and the mellow tone of the picture itself tallied well with its silent but startling claim to antiquity. With a strange feeling of interest and of horror I suffered the sable drapery to fall again over the picture; and raising the covering of the next, I beheld the portrait of a young lady, richly dressed, and of such surpassing loveliness and grace as my eyes had never seen before. Entranced—lost in wonder and rapture, I gazed upon this beautiful vision; a creature so perfect, of such unutterable, such infinite loveliness had never even dimly visited me in my most ethereal fancies. Like one lost in a sad and beautiful dream, I stood wrapt and moveless, my heart wrung with vain yearnings, for still the thought stole over me that all this most terrible beauty before whose image I stood in this intense worship of every faculty, had long ago passed to dust and darkness. Thus gazing and dreaming on, the tears flowed silently down my cheeks. Strange fascination!

“‘You make yourself at home, signor, I'm glad to see,’ said the old man, who, unperceived by me was standing by my shoulder.

“‘I started, and dropped the velvet curtain, and was for some time so confounded as not to be able to articulate a single word. There stood the old man, his figure disposed in precisely the attitude represented in the por-

trait, his tall crutch-handled stick in his right hand, and his left buried to the wrist in the bosom of his doublet; there he stood in all points—face, attitude, and garb, the breathing incarnation of the picture on which I had just been looking.

“‘You examined, then, these portraits?’ inquired the old man.

“‘Two of them, signor,’ I replied with some embarrassment.

“‘This one,’ continued he, raising the pall which covered the first, ‘is accounted extremely like me: it is the portrait of one of my house, a brave man, who fell one hundred and forty years since in the service of the state of Venice. I am reckoned like him, strangers at least account me so.’

“‘He fixed his eyes upon me, I thought with that uncertain, curious gaze with which those who feel themselves the objects of suspicion, encounter a glance of scrutiny. I averted my eyes, and he, suffering the velvet cloth to drop into its place, turned upon his heel and walked twice or thrice rapidly through the hall; he stopped beside me, and laying his hand kindly upon my shoulder, he said—

“‘Come, come, you must not grow melancholy, my young friend; you were looking, when I surprised you, at a portrait of singular beauty, that of a young woman. You shall probably have an opportunity before long of comparing the counterfeit with the original. Will not that bring a smile to your cheek? time was when such a promise would have led me blindfold any where; but I am partial, perhaps, she is my daughter.’

“‘If the old man looked for compliments upon the beauty of his child, I believe he must have been satisfied, if my words bore any proportion to my feelings. Man never spoke language of more passionate admiration than did I, he smiled and cried ‘Bravo,’ as I finished; then observing that it was growing dark, he placed his arm within mine, and led me from the hall.

“‘We passed through several apartments, lofty, damp, and dark, impressed with the character of desertion and decay, but every where carrying the evidences of former splendour.

“‘We entered a chamber hung with dusky tapestry. The end at which we stood on entering was occupied by a

table and some antique chairs, and upon the floor, corresponding with the angles of the table, but at the distance of some six feet, were placed four massive golden candlesticks containing huge wax tapers, which shot into the air to the height of twelve feet, and burned with a flame larger than that of a torch, but white and clear as the light of the sun. The strange effect of these arrangements was much enhanced by another still more extraordinary peculiarity which marked this chamber as unlike any which I had ever seen before. The end of the room at which we stood, as I have already said, was occupied by the table and other furniture which I have mentioned, but the opposite extremity of the chamber I could not see. It was effectually shrouded from my sight by a light semi-transparent vapour, which rolled and eddied in cloudy volumes within some twenty or thirty feet of the table—beyond this distance it did not come—some invisible influence held it back, and there it hung, forming a strange, heaving barrier, a mysterious impenetrable veil between human vision and sights, perhaps, unsuited to its ken. These odd peculiarities of the room in which I found myself were not without their effect upon my imagination and spirits—a sense of unknown danger overshadowed me. I recounted in my own mind the circumstances of my meeting with my host; every thing which had happened since appeared to me to furnish matter of indefinite and horrible suspicion; yet when I looked upon the mild features of the venerable old man, and read in the play of his cheerful eye the returning animation of that gay spirit which had so won upon me at first, I felt my doubts rebuked, and my superstitious fears absolutely ridiculous. Still, however, a gloom was upon me, and it required a perpetual effort to prevent the unpleasant impressions which I could not dispel from deepening into awe and terror.

“The old man motioned to me to sit down in one of the great antique chairs by the table, which was covered with golden plates, and dishes, and cups. You will readily believe me when I tell you that I had no desire to eat. I took advantage then of my host’s abstemiousness to avoid partaking of his viands, and this was the first and

the last supper at which I ever sat where not one dish was invaded or even uncovered.

“‘Well,’ said my entertainer, ‘as you will not eat, you needs must drink: if you will imitate my vices, copy at least my solitary virtue.’ So saying he drew towards himself one of the cups which stood upon the table, and shoved another to me. ‘Old men have a right to be selfish,’ said he, ‘and, therefore, wishing myself many repetitions of this evening, and that out of this casual rencounter may arise a lasting union between us, young man, with all my soul I pledge you.’ Long and deep was the draught with which the old man drained to its last drop the golden goblet; as he raised the cup to his lips I raised mine to do him honour, and as I did so I thought I heard some one mutter over my shoulder—‘That is not wine.’

“I glanced round but there was no one from whom the sounds could have proceeded. I raised the cup once more, the crimson liquid foamed up towards my lips, a slight sensation of giddy sickness passed over me as I lifted the vessel, and the same voice, real or imagined, whispered sharply in my ear the startling words—‘But the blood, which is the life of it, thou shalt not eat.’ Horrified I dropped the cup upon the floor, and whatever was the liquor which it contained, it was every drop shed upon the ground. The old man when this happened was still engaged in his deep potation, and did not perceive the accident, or if he did, he certainly did not pretend to do so. He wiped his mouth and rose from the table; he motioned me to be still, and kneeling upon the ground with his face toward the hidden part of the chamber, he continued apparently in long and earnest devotion, stretching his hands forth with many gestures of vehement entreaty. As he did so, the surface of the cloudy barrier became agitated, strange lights and shadows flitted over it; sometimes tracing in the eddying vapours wild ghastly features, which vanished almost as soon as they appeared, and sometimes dimly showing monstrous shapes, and now and then more faintly-traced forms of surpassing grace—all gliding and wheeling, appearing and melting away, separating and mingling like the endless shiftings of a wondrous

dream. At length there came a low and marvellously sweet sound of far-off music, like holy choirs singing a wild requiem over the dead; the sound stole floating along, sometimes broken and disordered, as though the untutored wind swept at random through the chords of a thousand-stringed instrument, then again, coming with perfect harmony and unspeakable melody over the senses, until once more the music would lose itself in the wild burst of the wailing wind. Still, however, minute after minute these fitful wanderings of the melody grew less and less, and the music breathed on, louder and more clear, in sweet but unearthly order. As these wondrous sounds rose on the ear, I beheld in the cloudy curtain, at first so dimly traced that my eye lost it every moment, but gradually becoming more fixed and discernible, the shadowy semblance of a female form, wrapt in a thin mantle, and as it seemed of beauty more than human. This form, at first traced only in the faintest discernible shadow, grew gradually more and more clearly defined, until at length the outline became fixed, and the colours, and lights, and shadows, after some uncertain flittings to and fro, clearly developed themselves, and thus little by little, without my being able to remember at which point the transition had taken place, I beheld what had first been no more than the lightest shadow upon a fleeting vapour now stand before me in corporeal substance—a model of preternatural loveliness in limb and feature, but pale and bloodless as the dead. The old man arose, and stepping sadly and reverently to her, he took the small hand which hung languidly by her side, and led her slowly towards the table. The beautiful form moved lightly over the floor, but seemingly without more volition or purpose of its own than belongs to a mere automaton; the lips pale as marble, the eyes fixed and glittering, and every muscle of the perfect face still as death. He led her to a chair, and placing her in it, he took one of the large golden goblets, like that which he himself had just emptied, full of the dark red liquid, and putting its brim to her lips he poured every drop of its contents down her throat; he laid the vessel again in its place, and withdrawing to a little distance, he folded his arms, bowed his head down-

wards like one in deep dejection, and silently awaited the result. After two or three wild thrilling peals, the music gave place to utter silence, and at the same moment the glow of life spread itself gently over the face and limbs of the girl, and dyed her lips with the brightest crimson, the fixed glance of her eyes gave place to the soft fire of animation, and I beheld before me the breathing archetype of the portrait whose beauty had so enchanted me. I approached her—I spoke with her, her voice was melody such as fills the ear with ever-varying sweetness, and floods the heart with mysterious joy; an embodied dream of divine beauty—unspeakable grace in every the slightest movement, and absolute fascination in every look; the very mystery of her being but heightened the wild interest which wrapt every faculty of my soul: delighted wonder, love and awe, fear and rapture, filled all my heart with a sweet and terrible delirium of worship. I saw revealed before me a divinity, clothed in the eternal majesty of ideal beauty—that glorious mystery after which the heart of man has panted and toiled, and yearned, even since the world was young. I know not how the time went by, many hours seemed but as the dream of a minute; the spell was broken by the old man her father, who taking me by the hand led me away through the dark part of the chamber; the chill and darkness of the cold cloudy medium through which we walked fell like death upon my heart—a revulsion of horror unutterable succeeded; sickness of heart and terror were upon me. The fearful transition was, however, of short duration; an unseen arm thrust me forward, and when I recovered my equilibrium I found myself in the aisle of a church, crowded with listeners, and lighted with many lamps. A preacher, too, was loudly haranguing them from the pulpit. How I had entered the place I knew not; I stood in the centre of the church; my movements, however, had undoubtedly been somewhat abrupt.

“ ‘Sir,’ exclaimed a bull-necked, red-faced burgher, with an indignant scowl, ‘if you must make a row, you had better do it at the other side of the door. We came here to listen, not to be kicked and jostled.’

“ ‘What the devil ails the young

gentleman?' cried another; 'he bolts and butts like a mad bull.'

"'You have broken my hat,' ejaculated a third.

"'And my back,' groaned a fourth.

"These and such like exclamations, accompanied with abundance of sour looks, were quite sufficient to assure me that my impetuous entrance at least was not an illusion. The church was that of — one which I had often visited, and with all whose usual approaches I was thoroughly acquainted. I was therefore but the more puzzled and confounded in attempting to account to myself for my suddenly assumed position in the very centre of the congregation. This was, however, the least marvel in a day of wonders.

"Henceforward life had lost for me all interest. I had beheld loveliness which was not of this earth, beside the remembrance of which all that I had ever seen of beauty, either in nature or in art, seemed gross, insipid, and charmless. The comeliness of this world was no more for me; day and night the same thought haunted me—day and night one dream, from which it was agony to awaken, overspread my soul. I was unsocial, changed, spirit-stricken, night and morning, moving and living in the irresistible fascination of the same absorbing, yearning vision. Day after day, ay, and night after night, I traced the streets and lanes of the city in the hope of finding again the scene of my strange adventures—my searches were all in vain. I described the street, all its peculiarities, but no one could direct me to it, none had seen it. Still I wandered through the city with the almost hopeless object of meeting the old man—this hope was equally abortive—disappointment, still disappointment. I was miserable—my life was mere weariness. I wandered on, a stranger to the pleasures and to the interests of men; none knew of the unearthly passion which wasted me; I neither had nor wished to have a companion; mysteries had revealed themselves to me—mysteries which men could not behold and be happy. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, wore on in one long, all-absorbing, unsatisfied wish. I knew that the beautiful being, the worship of whom was wearing me away, could not be of this world; but fear I had none respecting her; there was

indeed awe, but no fear, no revulsion.

"I seldom slept, but when I did, my slumbers were broken by a thousand fantastic dreams, but all more or less horrible. In these visions the foreground was ever occupied by the beautiful subject of my waking thoughts; but darkly lurking in some obscure corner, or suddenly crossing my sight when I least remembered him, came the abhorred monk, scaring away the lovely illusion, and startling me into broad wakefulness again. After such dreams, troubled and checkered with terror though they were, the strange passion, which had now become the essence of my being, would return upon me with redoubled vehemence; existence had become to me one fevered, unsatisfied wish—a burthen too heavy for me to bear. One morning I started from one of those visions which continually broke my rest; as I opened my eyes, I distinctly saw some dark shapeless thing glide like a snake from my pillow down the side of the bed, where I lost sight of it. Hardly knowing why, I sprang upon the floor, and to my unutterable horror I beheld peering from under the bed, the face of the demon monk. With a yell of despairing terror I howled, 'In God's name avault;' and clasping my hands over my eyes I stood fixed and freezing in an agony of horror, not daring to expose myself to the terrors of a second gaze. I stood locked in this tremendous catalepsy, until my servant entering the chamber more than an hour after, recalled me to myself.

"'I see it, I see it all,' thought I, as with the excitement of madness I paced up and down my chamber.—'I know it, I am under the influence of Satan—in the power of the tormentor. Oh, God! oh, God! is there no passage of escape? is there no refuge from this Satanic persecution? Must I waste away in strength of body and in the faculties of my mind, until body and soul perish for ever?'

"Almost as I uttered this agonized appeal, a thought struck me as suddenly as if it had been suggested by another speaker.—'Go present yourself to a priest; confess your sins in a penitent spirit, and he will give you good counsel in your present strait, and if on earth there be deliverance for you, it is thus.' The thought had hardly

presented itself, when I put it into execution. I went to an aged and holy man and made my shrift, and on the imposition of a certain penance, he gave me absolution. I told him all I had suffered, and asked his advice under the peculiar and horrible case. Having heard me attentively, the good old man told me to be of good cheer.

“ ‘My son,’ said he, ‘thou hast experienced one of those assaults of the evil one which we, who sit in the confessional, are often told of—ay, while the giddy unconscious world is scouting the very possibility of such things. Strangely, too, it is, that as in thy case, my child, it generally happens that those who come hither for counsel under such terrors as those which have so long haunted thee, are from among the gay fashionable votaries of pleasure, whose chief characteristic it is to lead the way in ridiculing all belief in such influences, and too often in covert derision of religion itself. Watch and pray, my son—by no consent of thine own invite the adversary; purify thy conscience by frequent confession; trust in the mercy of heaven; walk in the ways of life uprightly and humbly; mortify every foolish as well as every sinful desire; and if thou dost so, Satan will never possess thee, body or soul, in all time, hereafter for ever.’

“ ‘I returned much comforted and with singleness of heart; I endeavoured in all things to conform myself to the directions of the good priest, and thus day by day the delirium under which my rest, and strength, and faculties were declining, gradually melted away and almost disappeared.

“ ‘A month had passed away, and I had become in health and spirits like other men, my mind being now thoroughly released from its former wanderings. I entered at nightfall the church of ——. I knew not what feeling impelled me in the choice. There were but few worshippers in the church, and my thoughts, no doubt misled by the associations with which my last visit to this place was connected, wandered far away from the subject on which you will say they ought to have been fixed. My attention was, however, recalled to the scene before me by a circumstance which I shall not soon forget. Two figures caught my eye, as it seemed to me, that

of a male and of a female, but both wrapt in mantles so ample as effectually to conceal the limbs, and quite to overshadow the features of those who wore them; both had drawn the hoods of their cloaks over their heads. The instant my eye encountered these figures, a sudden conviction flashed upon my mind that they were those of the very objects of the search which had for so long absorbed me. Every moment served to confirm this conviction; and when I saw them rise and pass from the church it was with a fearful interest that I too arose and followed them. They passed into the street, now nearly dark, I still closely dogging their steps: when they had arrived there, after a short pause they separated, moving rapidly in opposite directions; without hesitation I followed the lighter of the two figures, inwardly convinced that it was in truth no other than that of the being whom most of all I should have shunned and dreaded. Through many streets I followed the light gliding form, with a fascination too deep for words; with a blind obedience still I followed it, until it passed beyond the precincts of the city, and as the figure entered the broad fields, now sleeping under the misty light of the moon, I suffered the distance which separated us to increase, so far as to avoid the immediate likelihood of detection to which a near pursuit, though unremarked among the throng of the city streets, would, in this sequestered and open place, have exposed me. Cautiously and at some distance then I followed, until I saw the object of my curiosity pause under the boughs of some tall trees, and, throwing back the hood from her face, and suffering the cloak to fall upon the ground, seat herself gently upon a large grey stone which stood there, and crossing her arms pensively on her lap, gaze fixedly upward at the broad bright disc of the beautiful moon.

“ ‘I resolved now to ascertain the correctness of my suspicions; and resisting as well as I might the misgivings and fears which crossed my mind, I stole noiselessly along under the broad friendly shade of the majestic trees, beneath which she was seated. Under cover of some brushwood I crept noiselessly onward, until I had reached to within some ten or twelve

steps of the mysterious figure. The countenance was raised a little; the dark silken hair, parted on the forehead, fell in luxuriant folds upon the white shoulders and heaving bosom of the beautiful being. I beheld the full lustrous eye beneath its long dark lashes, and the exquisite features all revealed in the pale light of the moon, and clothed in the witching tenderness of sadness. A single glance told me that I was not mistaken; the conviction smote upon my heart; for an instant its pulses were suspended, and a chill, like that of death, shot through my frame, and then through every artery the tingling life-blood sprang with a recoil as impetuous and sudden. It was she—the dreamed-of—the longed-for—the enchantress. I abandoned myself to the intoxication of the moment. With words of passionate madness I threw myself at her feet: she raised me up—her arms were around me.

“ Beautiful betrayer—passionately-beloved phantom—uncerthly lover!—what have I done? I am a fear and wonder to myself. Are all thy tears and blushes a mockery, and can hell borrow the beauty and modesty of angels? Sweet terrible illusion, I will not curse thee: ’twas I—I and not thou who wooed these strange horrors—thou didst warn me—ay! fallen, lost for ever as thou wert, warn me in pity—with tears, and supplications, and shadowy threatenings implore and resist. Still night after night thy footsteps are my guide, thy smiles my life, thy bosom my pillow: the vital taper burns away—down, down, wasting in the fierce glare of fever. Where, where will end this agony of love and despair? Would to God that heart and brain were dust, so I might remember no more, and be at rest! But no, no, it may not be. Cruel, beautiful destroyer! thou wilt drink my life away sweetly, slowly, ever day by day. I am all thine own—heavier, heavier grows the dreary sleep. All men move around me strangers, and as far away from my world of existence as from the dimmest star that twinkles in the sky. I have but one companion, one interest, one object; ever within me dread and loathing wrestle against passionate love in

eternal agony. Oh! God! whence art thou, beautiful destroyer? Thou wouldst not kill me for ever. There is pity—infinite pity—in thy words and looks—tenderness and sorrow ever in thy dark, soft, deadly eyes: thy sweet words, too, ever warning—ay! thou hast truly said. The grieved and vainly-resisting slave of others art thou—the unwilling thrall of agencies hated and feared, but from which never—never in time or eternity canst thou escape.

“ One evening, in the self same church, I saw the other figure stand with her again; I followed them forth, but vainly looked for her to separate from him when they had reached the street. Together the two figures walked quickly onward, I following. Twice or thrice she turned her head, and with hasty gestures stealthily warned me off. Still doggedly I pursued: they walked, I know not whither, through streets strange to me; and at length, like a dream, around me rose the objects which my memory had so carefully treasured—the dark, silent street whither the old man had led me months before—the long grass waving in the night breeze over the pavement—the dim, tall, mouldering palaces at both sides towering darkly against the deep blue sky of midnight, and all over-shone by the pale moon. The two shapes stopped by the self-same stone porch which had given me entrance to the habitation so terribly remembered. Like one in a dream, without fear or purpose, I stepped lightly to the gate before they entered. The old man (it was he) moved to meet me—bade me welcome a thousand times, and made me promise to come in with him. This I did eagerly, though I saw the girl who stood behind him wring her hands as if in sorrow. Glaring lights of many colours were streaming from the windows, and mirthful music, mixed with wild uproar like the mad gusts of a tempest, resounded from the distant chambers. Shadows too flitted and bounded across the casements. We entered the hall as before, the old man leading the way. As we moved around the girl whispered softly in my ear—‘ You are in mortal peril. For your soul’s sake

eat nothing—drink nothing; speak to no being whom you do not know, and say to me no word of love, or you perish everlastingly. They will have you. *He* (pointing to the old man) and a worse than he will torment you for ever. Guard every look and word; trust not in your own strength, but elsewhere; be not terrified by their mockeries, and when you can escape hence fly.

“Still with a dull recklessness I followed the old man, and mounted with him a broad marble staircase. As we ascended, the sounds became louder and fiercer. Loud barbaric music, mingled with fierce bursts of maniac laughter—Bacchanalian shouts, and long-drawn yells, as it seemed of agony, along with the continuous shuffling and pounding of feet upon the floors, produced a combination of noises which few could have heard without terror. I paused for a moment at the door, and then, summoning my utmost resolution, I entered. The spectacle before me was one which, while consciousness remains, I can never forget. A vast chamber, lighted dazzlingly with a thousand lamps, or rather stars, for they were not supported nor suspended by any thing, but glowed, flickered, and sported, separate and self-sustained, rolling and eddying high in air—expanding, and contracting, and yielding in glorious succession all the most splendid colours which imagination can conceive. Beneath this gorgeous and ever-shifting illumination a vast throng of shapes were moving—all enacting, but with a repulsive and hideous exaggeration, the courteous observances and jollity of a festive meeting. Some glided to and fro with courtly ease, but bearing upon their lifeless faces the fearful stamp of sin and eternal anguish; others sate looking on, their fixed features writhed into smiles which, but to dream of, would appal the fancy for days; others, with ghastly idiotic grimaces, made hideous music from strange instruments, which panted and quivered, and writhed like living things in agony; others leaped, and danced, and howled, and glared like the very fiends of madness; and all formed a crowd of such terrific and ghastly horror as words cannot even faintly shadow forth. I felt like one under the enchantment of opium: I feared

nothing: I revelled in the horrors among which I was plunged: an intoxication too strong for body and mind was upon me. Among these appalling and tremendous sights I beheld close by me, with fierce rapture, the beautiful form of the mysterious being who had won my very soul. I spoke I know not what words of passion, and she, with grief and horror in her face, said softly to me—

“‘Speak to me no more of love, as you would save your soul alive. In sin and sorrow my lot is fixed for ever. Beware how you court me here. I strive to save you. We are not all alike. I am not as these: I have mercy: I would deliver you: but these are stronger than I. The adversary has called me from my mournful dreams to work his will. They will have you—they will have you. Know you who they are?’

“I spoke again, I know not what. ‘Beware—once more beware,’ said she softly. ‘See you not that these are in torment and hatred? You know what they are. If you regard not my counsel you will be among them, and of them in eternity. You are in mortal peril—beware.’

“Again, in wayward madness, I spoke—

“‘The time draws nigh,’ said she, while death-paleness overspread her cheeks. ‘I foresaw this. I dreaded it. The time draws nigh—my mission will be ended. They will let me go to my quiet; but you they will possess and keep in the bondage of hell—in hatred and agony for ever and ever. It is too late now. You have spoken the word. I am going hence, where you will see me no more.’

“As she thus spoke, a cloudy indistinctness overspread the pale beautiful vision, and she began slowly and mournfully to recede from me. Stung with horror and agony at the sight, I cast myself before the fading form.

“‘Stay, stay, beautiful, beloved illusion,’ I said; ‘leave me not, oh, leave me not alone—I can love none other—I am your slave, your worshipper—I am yours for ever—God be my witness.’

“As I ended the sentence, a yelling crash like the roar of ten thousand gigantic bells stunned my ears—total darkness swallowed every object, and my senses forsook me.

"I was found in the morning by the sexton of —, senseless, bruised, and covered with blood and foam, lying in the great aisles of that building. Since then I have been, *you will say, mad—I say, the sport of other souls than my own—a blind, desperate instrument of hell, wending onward to an eternal doom which no imaginable power can avert. This consciousness of inevitable fate has been my companion ever since then, and it has taught me to despise opinion, virtue, vice—to trample on religion, and to laugh at punishment.*

"Satan, whose I am, had chosen me for himself, to do his work even from the first. I am one with him, and he with me; and when I die, will merge for ever into that dark mind. Think you, then, I care whether death come to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day? It must arrive soon; and then—

"Now, father, I have confessed enough, and you are welcome to tell my shrift to all the world. Absolve me now; and if you send me to heaven, I'll give you credit for a wonder-worker when we meet."

So saying, he laughed loud and bitterly.

He is to die to-morrow in the Place of St. Mark. They are building the scaffold. All are anxious to see the celebrated bravo and bandit.

They say that he has killed more than two hundred men in various broils and actions with his own hand. The caitiff mob of Venice admires the gigantic ruffian.

"Spalatro," say they, "was a great man—a grand robber—a tremendous bravo. There will not soon again be such another dagger in Venice."

It is over—the axe has fallen—the wretched sinner has passed from the world he so much abused. He spoke to the people from the scaffold, but all in mockery and jibes. The giddy crowd applauded him. When he had done speaking, and before the executioner was ready, of a sudden, and for the last time, a fit seized him; he cried out with a loud voice. The devil cast

him down, and tore him. While he lay struggling on the planks the signal was made, and at two blows the head was severed from the body.

Thus ends the narrative of honest Giacomo. Whether or not he believed the tale I cannot tell: he certainly wrote it carefully out from end to end in his fair tall hand. For myself, I have little doubt that the story contains a pretty accurate detail of the successive attacks of *delirium tremens* which the drunken excesses of the wretch Spalatro were calculated to induce; for it is but giving the devil his due to admit, that it is not his usual practice to have young men to supper with a view to get off his daughters. I confess, too, that, under all the circumstances, I am strongly inclined to think that "the old man" who figures in the foregoing narrative, (and whom I take to be identical with the *old boy*.) ought to have consummated his persecution of the poor highwayman by an action for breach of promise of marriage, which would certainly lie in such a case. Perhaps, however, the devil showed his good sense in preferring his own fire-side to venturing into our courts of law for a remedy. However, my dear Harry, joke as we may, it is not easy, no nor possible, altogether to extract from the mind its inborn affection for the marvellous. Philosophy does but teach us the extent of our ignorance (I think I saw that somewhere or other before, but no matter). Do the dead return from the grave? Do strange influences reveal to mortal eye the shadowy vistas of futurity? Can demoniac agencies possess the body as of old, and blast the mind? What are these things that we call spectral illusions, dreams, madness? All around us is darkness and uncertainty. To what thing shall we say I understand thee? All is doubt—all is mystery; in short, in the words of our poetic countrymen—"It's all botheration from bottom to top."

Yours faithfully, though far away,

THE TRANSLATOR.

O'CONNELL'S IRELAND AND THE IRISH.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

MR. O'CONNELL assumes to be the representative and organ of the Roman Catholic people in Ireland. If his assumption be warranted—and, to confess a truth, it does not seem very extravagant—the “Memoir on Ireland and the Irish” suggests an explanation and a defence of severities cruel even as those which it most falsely charges upon the English nation. This conclusion is indisputable, if the Roman Catholics of the present day “shame not their sires.”

The argument is simple. To understand its force no more is necessary than to compare the manifesto embodied in Mr. O'Connell's book, with the professions and the habits of Irish Roman Catholics during that period in which the burden of penal laws lay heavy on them. Of the spirit which then prevailed in the Roman Catholic body, we shall be satisfied to adduce the testimony of a single witness—Mr. Curry, author of a Review of the Civil Wars in Ireland. This laborious compiler, who is considered to have rendered valuable services to his party, has it much at heart to prove that under severe trials the Roman Catholics of Ireland were patient, loyal, and obedient; cites acknowledgments in confirmation of his assertions from personages of high distinction—from Lord Chesterfield, Primate Stone, Prime Sergeant Stanyard; but cites, perhaps no testimony more pertinent to the present occasion than a petition to his majesty George III., presented by the Roman Catholics to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, lord lieutenant of Ireland, in, we believe, the year 1777. A few very brief extracts from this petition will suffice for our purpose.

“In this deplorable situation, let it not be considered, we earnestly beseech your majesty, as an instance of *presumption or discontent*, that we thus adventure to lay open to your majesty's mercy a very small part of our uncom-

mon sufferings; what we have concealed under a respectful silence would form a far longer and full as melancholy a recital. We speak with reluctance, though we feel with anguish, *we respect from the bottom of our hearts that legislation under which we suffer,*” &c.

“In all humility we implore that our principles may not be estimated by the inflamed charge of controversial writers, nor our practices measured by the events of those troubled periods, when parties have run high, (though they have been often misrepresented, and always cruelly exaggerated to our prejudice,) but that we may be judged by our own actions, and in our own times; and we humbly offer it to your most equitable and princely consideration, that we do not rest the proof of our sincerity on words, but on things—on our dutiful, peaceable, submissive behaviour *for more than four score years,*” &c.

“Permit us, most gracious sovereign, on this occasion to reiterate the assurances of our unshaken loyalty, which all our sufferings have not been able to abate; of our sincere zeal for your majesty's service, of our attachment to the constitution of our country, and of our warmest gratitude for your majesty's continual indulgence, *and for the late instance of favour we have experienced from parliament, in enabling us, consistent with our religious tenets, to give a legal proof of our sentiments upon these points:* and we hope that the alacrity and eagerness with which we have seized this first, the long-wished opportunity of testifying, in the most solemn and public manner, our inviolable fidelity to your majesty, our real principles, and our good-will and affection towards our fellow-subjects, will extinguish jealousies,” &c. &c.

The petition from which these passages are extracted, was framed while the penal code was yet unrelaxed on the statute-book.

“There never yet,” writes Mr. O'Connell, “was such a horrible code of persecution invented—so cruel, so cold-blooded, calculating, emaciating, uni-

* A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon. By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Vol. I. 1172—1660. 8vo. Dolman, London. 1843.

versal, as this legislation, which the Irish Orange faction—the Shaws, the Lefroys, the Verners of the day—did invent and enact: a code exalted to the utmost height of infamy by the fact, that it was enacted in the basest violation of a solemn engagement and a deliberate treaty.”—*A Memoir*, &c. p. 16.

“There—there never was a people on the face of the earth so cruelly, so basely treated as the Irish.”—*Ibid.* p. 17.

“The persecution I have described—the persecution founded on a breach of national faith and public honour—lasted for *eighty-six long years* of darkness, of shame, and of sorrow.”—*Ibid.* p. 18.

With this last sentence Mr. O'Connell commences his sixth chapter, which extends over the space of time from 1778 to 1800. We are not for the present dealing with the falsehood of his assertions. We are simply noticing the fact, that for a space of eighty-six years the Roman Catholics of Ireland laboured under the severity of that system which Mr. O'Connell has described: a year, or probably two years, before this system was ameliorated, the sufferers under it presented the petition to which we have adverted, declaring their unabated loyalty, their attachment to the constitution, their zeal for his majesty's service, their heartfelt respect for the very “legislature under which they suffered,” &c. &c., and appealing in proof of the sincerity of their professions to their “dutiful, peaceable, submissive behaviour for more than four score years;” or, in other words, for the years in which the penal code had authority. They are thankful for any indulgence that has been extended to them; and if they hope a relaxation of the code by which they are aggrieved, their trust is placed in the wisdom and clemency of the British crown and people. Such, receiving their professions as true, were the Roman Catholics of Ireland under the rule of the iron age between 1692 and 1778.

The interval which has elapsed since then bears a different character. The four score years and more to which the petitioners appealed in the Irish administration of Lord Buckinghamshire were laden with severities and oppression. Sixty-five years have passed since, rendered memorable by an almost uninterrupted succession of

indulgences and benefits. The chains which the petitioners of the former day beheld as they were forging, and painfully felt as each new restraint was imposed, Mr. O'Connell has seen, link by link, break and fall off; he has seen the whole penal code erased from the statute-book; he has seen political disabilities on account of religious belief removed; ecclesiastics whom his ancestors saw proscribed, he has seen not only protected but favoured; he sees a college endowed by the state for teaching the doctrines of his religion—a system of education maintained at the public cost, in which, to render it acceptable to those who think with him, Holy Scripture is disparaged; he has seen ministers of the British crown inflicting heavy blows and sore discouragement on Protestantism; he has seen the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland for many dark years enduring persecution in every form in which it could assail them; he has seen their church dishonoured and enfeebled; he has seen Protestant corporations instituted for the maintenance of British connection, converted into arsenals for amassing and directing the force which is to carry repeal; he has seen all this, and more, much more, of advantage given to his party—of injury visited on what he terms the adverse party, by the British legislature and government. How does he speak of his benefactors, in a passage of which the truth and wisdom bear about the due proportion to the gratitude and good feeling in which it has originated?

“Wellington and Peel—blessed be heaven!—we defeated you. Our peaceable combination, bloodless, unstained, crimeless, was too strong for the military glory—bah! of the one, and for all the little arts, the debasing chicanery, the plausible delusions, of the other. Both at length conceded, but without dignity, without generosity, without candour, without sincerity. Nay, there was a littleness in the concession almost incredible, were it not part of public history. They emancipated a people, and by the same act they proscribed an individual. Peel and Wellington, we defeated and drove you before us into coerced liberality, and you left every remnant of character behind you, as the spoil of the victors.”

* See note appended to this article at page 481.

How does he speak of the disposition of his "constituents" towards the country which conceded the great and healing measure, as it was styled, of emancipation, and of all the "reforms" which followed in its train?

"What the sovereign and the statesmen of England should understand is, that the Irish people feel and know, that there cannot happen a *more heavy misfortune to Ireland than the prosperity and power of Great Britain.*"—*Preface x.*

"It is also of the utmost importance that the sovereign and the statesmen of England should be apprised, that the people of Ireland know and feel that they have a *deep and vital interest in the weakness and adversity of England.*"—*Ibid. xi.*

"At the present day it would be vain to attempt to conceal the satisfaction the people of Ireland feel at the fiscal embarrassments of England. They bitterly and cordially regret the sufferings and privations of the English and Scotch artisans and operatives. But they do not regret the weakness of the English government, which results from fading commerce and fading manufacture. For the woes of each suffering individual they have warm compassion and lively sympathy. From the consequent weakness of the government party, they derive no other feelings than those of satisfaction and hope."—*Ibid.*

And what—after all (and more than all) the demands or prayers of the Roman Catholics in the interval between 1778 and 1829 had been granted—what is now, according to the manifesto of Mr. O'Connell, their fixed and final determination?

"The Irish people are determined to preserve their allegiance to the throne unbroken and intact: but they are equally determined to obtain *justice for themselves*; to insist on the restoration of their native parliament, and to persevere in that demand without violating the law, but also without remitting or relaxing their exertions, until the object is achieved and success attained."—*Ibid. ix.*

Look well upon "that picture and on this." While Roman Catholics suffered privations and oppression—while the law regarded them with suspicion, and excluded them from all power—they loved, or professed to love, the government and the country which severely coerced them, and "to respect, from the bottom of their

hearts, the legislature under which they suffered:"—when the state, in its wisdom or its generosity, had admitted them to the rights of subjects and citizens, on conditions which left them, as religionists, no more to ask or desire—the terms in which they acknowledge so great favours are those of hatred and contempt; the feelings they avow towards England are those of trouble at her prosperity, and malignant triumph at her distress; and the use they declare it their intention to make of the "emancipation," is to employ the privileges and powers with which it has invested them, in the pernicious, and we trust chimerical, project *which is professedly aimed at*, a repeal of the legislative union. Confidence and favour are undeserved where their influence is so deleterious. The creature which licks the rod that smites it, and rends the hand by which it is fed and caressed, is not fit for indulgence; it ought to be held in chains.

But let it not be supposed that we confound the Roman Catholics of Ireland in one common cause with Mr. O'Connell. We do not impute to them the injustice of participating in his sentiments—far less that of acceding to his assumption of being their organ and representative. Circumstances have rendered the assumption *plausible*—but we want to see how the "Memoir on Ireland and the Irish" will be received, before we can agree that it is *just*.

And now to our review. We shall endeavour to expose the character of Mr. O'Connell's work, without being provoked by it into even that degree of intemperance which might seem, under the circumstances, natural and pardonable.

The charges against England, contained in the first chapter of the memoir, "years 1172—1612," and the appended "Proofs and Observations," are substantially these:—

1. That England claimed or usurped the disposal of the whole Irish soil.
2. Refused to receive the Irish as subjects, admitting but few exceptions to the stern rule of general proscription.
3. Behaved towards them as towards enemies.
4. Carried on a war against them in a spirit of injustice, cruelty, and treachery, altogether unparalleled.
5. And governed them on principles of extreme rigour and injustice.

The frame of mind in which he makes these charges, and his purpose in urging them, he very frankly avows:—

"I am very desirous to have it unequivocally understood, that one great object of mine is, to involve the people of England in much—in very much of the guilt of their government. If the English people were not influenced by a bigotry, violent as it is unjust, against the Catholic religion on the one hand, and strong national antipathy against the Irish people on the other, the government could not have so long persevered in its course of injustice and oppression. *The bad passions of the English people*, which gave an evil strength to the English government for the oppression of the Irish, still subsist, little diminished and less mitigated."—p. 46.

By invectives like this against the generation which has so unequivocally manifested good-will towards Ireland, it might not be unreasonable to judge the charges urged against generations past; but our judgment must be formed under other lights; we must have surer evidence.

"The first specimen of the flippancy with which the English disposed of Ireland, after Henry II. had been but a few weeks in Ireland, is thus described."—p. 47.

Having quoted the passage from *Davies' Historical Relations*, in which it is said, that "All Ireland was by Henry cantonized among ten of the English natives," &c. &c., Mr. O'Connell continues:—

"This first act of English domination is quite characteristic. It is an epitome of all subsequent history. With a precarious possession, THROUGH THE GRANT OF AN IRISH CHIEFTAIN, M'Morogh, of less than one-third of Ireland, they at once leave nothing for the natives."

"Through the grant of an Irish chieftain!" On what an extent of ignorance must the writer of such an expression speculate. "I have long felt the inconvenience," observes Mr. O'Connell, with much naïvete, "resulting from the ignorance of the English people generally of the history of Ireland"—p. 49. There is a sense in which this confession is intelligible,

and in which it may be believed by those who believe in Mr. O'Connell's love of truth. He is the agent and representative of a party unfriendly to the English people, and hostile to their religion—a party which holds that an "officious" lie, though it were vile as that of Jacob, may be, as Dr. Murray actually pronounces that offences to have been, "venial,"—and that falsehood or even perjury, where the Church of Rome requires it, may be a duty. The agent of such a party, if sensible to any "compunctious visitings" of honour or conscience, may sometimes loathe the practices by which the obligations of party constrain him to make profit of his position, and may thus be brought to feel the ignorance of adversaries "an inconvenience." Whether Mr. O'Connell's distress has been occasioned by resisting, or by yielding to, the dishonest importunities of those whom he serves, we pause not to inquire; "Ireland and the Irish" will show that duty to his party has prevailed, and that the fabrications by which he proposes to instruct the "ignorance of England" are not composed in a spirit of either truth or charity.

"Through the grant of an Irish chieftain!" Is any reader ignorant of the fact that the grant by which Henry claimed dominion over Ireland was not that of an Irish chieftain, but of an English ecclesiastic who had become pope. The flippancy and injustice which Mr. O'Connell charges on the British sovereign is, as all know who have the slightest acquaintance with the history of our country, primarily chargeable on the Bishop of Rome. Pope Adrian IV. granted the whole island to Henry, on condition that he respected the rights of the church, extended the religion of Rome, and paid a penny from each house to the patrimony of St. Peter. This was the grant of which a historian should complain—of which, indeed, all historians have complained; but Mr. O'Connell is not a historian—his duty, as the advocate of an unscrupulous party, demanded that he should suppress the truth respecting Adrian's audacious injustice, and hide it by the falsehood which imputed the pope's guilt to Henry II. and an "Irish chieftain."

The facts respecting Henry's claim to Ireland, which Mr. O'Connell has carefully concealed, may be briefly

stated. The church in Ireland had fallen from a state of high temporal prosperity, and its ministers had to complain of much wrong and vexation from the disorderly chiefs and adventurers of troubled times. In these difficulties, a considerable party of the ecclesiastics, who had for some time intrigued with the court or see of Rome, eventually *sold their country* for the advancement of their order. Henry agreed to pay Peter's pence as the return for Adrian's grant, and to secure to the papalizing clergy of Ireland, as the price of their co-operation, ecclesiastical rights and immunities. Such were the terms of the compact between the three contending parties. The papacy, whether in Rome or in Ireland, was the directing and commanding power,—England was the secular arm to execute; and if there were crimes in the execution, they are chargeable primarily upon those whom Mr. O'Connell would screen from obloquy. We may have to return to this subject again, but must now proceed to the second charge against England.

"It might be supposed by some, that the Irish were unwilling to receive the English laws, or to be received into the condition of subjects. The attorney-general, Davies, however, tells us the contrary. At p. 87, he puts the question thus :—

"But perhaps the Irish in former times did wilfully refuse to be subject to the laws of England, and would not be partakers of the benefit thereof, though the crown of England did desire it; and therefore they were reputed aliens, outlaws, and enemies. **ASSUREDLY THE CONTRARY DOTH APPEAR.**"

"And in page 101, he expressly declares,

"That for the space of two hundred years at least, after the first arrival of Henry II. in Ireland, the Irish would have gladly embraced the laws of England, and did earnestly desire the benefit and protection thereof; which, being denied them, did of necessity cause a continual bordering war between the English and Irish."

"It does, indeed, appear that the reason why that wise monarch, King Edward III., did not extend the benefit of English protection and English law to the Irish people, was, that the great lords of Ireland, the Wicklows, the Stanleys, and the Rodens of the day, certified to the king,

"That the Irish might not be natu-

ralized, without being of damage or prejudice to them, the said lords, or to the crown."

"This appears by a writ, directed by that monarch to the lord justice of Ireland, commanding him to consult and take the opinion of the great lords of Ireland, with the return thereon, amongst the rolls in the tower of London, quoted at length by Davies, at p. 88."

The reader will distinguish in this extract the statements which are supported by testimony, and that which belongs to Mr. O'Connell. It is proved, we may affirm, that the Irish were desirous of obtaining the benefits of English law, and that their prayer for such justice was denied. So much is matter of testimony. That the guilt of resisting a claim so affecting and so just is to be charged upon the "great lords of Ireland, the Wicklows, the Stanleys, and the Rodens of the day," rests upon no better authority than that of Mr. O'Connell's reputation. It is true that the Irish parliament, or some prevailing party in it, must bear the obloquy of this cruel injustice: of whom did the offending party consist? *It consisted of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics.* The party which had sold a country's independence for a promise of its own aggrandizement, was in power when the cry of the Irish had won grace from the king, and was able to render the monarch's good will abortive. A simple statement of facts will enable the reader to pronounce on the truth of our assertion.

The petition in the reign of Edward III. was not the first which had been laid before the English throne, praying, on the part of the Irish, that they might be received as subjects. A similar prayer was addressed to Edward I. accompanied by an offer of eight thousand marks, as an acknowledgment of the expected grace. In reply, Edward communicated to D'Ufford, lord justice of Ireland, his desire that the prayer should be granted, "provided always that the general consent of our people, or, at least, of our *prelates and nobles* do concur in this behalf." D'Ufford answered, that the time for deliberating on such a proposal was unsuitable, in consequence of the necessary absence of the greater number of the barons on business of the state, or in defence of their lands, and because of the minority of very many. "The

Irish," writes Dr. Phelan, "renewed their affecting appeals, and the king issued a fresh mandate," which was addressed, not as the former, to the lord justice, but to "the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, counts, barons, knights, and other English of his land." In this mandate it was ordered, that, notwithstanding the absence of the barons, a parliament should be held, and the prayer of the Irish taken into consideration. Thus was the prayer of the people and of the king referred to the arbitration of the spiritual peers, and, as the event proved, rejected by them.

The petition to which Mr. O'Connell refers was presented in the year 1328, the second of the reign of Edward III.; it was received with no less favour than the former by the English sovereign,* and experienced a no less unhappy fate at the hands of the Irish prelates.

We have assumed that the spiritual peers constituted a majority in these days, when the prayer for equal law was to be considered. The circumstances stated by D'Ufford would have ensured their majority, had the constitution of parliament, in quieter times, given superior power to the temporal order; but an expedient to which Edward III. was forced to have recourse, furnishes undeniable proof that the ascendancy of the prelates was not transient or accidental. The following extract is taken from Spenser's State of Ireland.

"*Iren.* Marry, that also may be redressed by ensample of that which I have heard was done in the like case by King Edward the Third (as I remember) who being greatly bearded and crossed by the lords of the cleargie, they being there by reason of the lords abbots, and others, too many and too strong for him, so as hee could not for their frowardnesse order and reforme things as he desired, was advised to direct out his writts to certaine gentlemen of the best ability and trust, entitling them therein barons, to serve and sitt as barons in the next parliament. By which meanes hee had so many barons in his parliament, as were able to weigh downe the cleargy and their friends: the which barons they say, were not afterwarde lords, but

onely baronets, as sundry of them doe yet retayne the name."

In denying the prayer of an afflicted people, it does not appear that the prelates were influenced by any love of Irish custom or a disesteem of English law. On the contrary, it is said that in cases where they could temper and tone down the spirit which liberal institutions might foster by an exercise of spiritual jurisdiction, they allowed the law of England to prevail. Thus bishops are found indulging their *vassals* in a privilege which they withhold from all whom they cannot effectually coerce and govern. They are willing, in short, to give as large a range of freedom as may be compatible with the maintenance of their own supremacy. The observations of Dr. Phelan on the defeat of the petition, presented in the time of Edward I., are too instructive to be omitted:—

"Here was offered to the church one of those invaluable opportunities of repentance, by which the benignant wisdom of Providence will sometimes extract blessing from the greatest transgressions. The king had declared, in his first letter, that he would be guided by the opinion of his prelates and nobles; and in his second, that, notwithstanding the inevitable absence of most of the latter, the assembling of the council should by no means be deferred: thus the ecclesiastical members, bishops, abbots, and priors, would have easily commanded a very decisive majority. Ireland was, therefore, once more at the mercy of its prelates: they might now, by a vote, have almost atoned for the original baseness of their predecessors, and arrested the bloody progress of centuries of desolation. But the canon law was the only code which they desired to establish generally; and the law of England was, even then, too favourable to liberty, not to be viewed with alarm, by men who aimed at despotic power. On the one hand, they wished for a continuance of the inequality between the races; because, in fact, it was only a gradation of servitude, and kept the ascendancy of the church upon a higher pedestal. On the other hand, they could not tolerate a measure, which, by diffusing through all classes a spirit of spontaneous attachment to the state, might diminish their own political importance: there was to be no

* See Annals of Ireland by James Grace, from Tracts of the Irish Archaeological Society, p. 119, note.

loyalty, of which they were not the mediators; and, while overt acts of rebellion were occasionally restrained, a spirit was to be kept alive, which would render their constant interference indispensable. It cannot be ascertained, from any authentic record, whether this council ever met: one thing only is certain, that the bishops defeated the good intentions of the king, and closed their ears to the groans of their countrymen."

Mr. O'Connell's third charge is so obviously a form of the second, or at least a corollary from it, as not to demand a separate consideration. It is necessary merely to observe, that the hostility of the Irish was not less eager and inveterate than that of their invaders.

The fourth charge which we propose examining has as its subject the character of that warfare which England waged so long against a people who, according to Mr. O'Connell, neither provoked nor retaliated the outrages inflicted on them. England, he affirms, was treacherous and cruel—Ireland was honourable and clement. Alas! for humanity—even war has not the power to render its honour stainless—to purify its valour from ferocity.

Were we disposed to reply to Mr. O'Connell by recrimination, we grieve to say that we could exhibit proofs in mournful abundance of the existence of a spirit in the Irish of the earlier ages not less foul and abominable than that which has plagued our country in these latter times—a spirit most merciless and treacherous. But we shrink from the harrowing task, and content ourselves with recommending the reader who thinks English severity without precedent or excuse, to learn the base treachery which prevailed against Fitzstephen, and that to which Miles de Cogan fell a victim, and then to ask himself what impression such perfidy produces upon his own mind, and what fiery remembrances it must have burned into the hearts of those who were countrymen and comrades of these murdered soldiers. He may read the account (and let it be remembered we refer to these atrocities without pausing to make a selection) in Mr. Thomas Moore's *History of Ireland*, vol. ii., pages 245 and 311.

But let it not be imagined that our remonstrances are to be regarded as conveying an indirect acknowledg-

ment that Mr. O'Connell's "charges are well founded. Far from it. We cannot expose all his inaccuracies and misrepresentations. To do so would require not an article in a periodical work, but a voluminous history. We must be contented with a partial exposure; and instead of selecting from among the unjust accusations with which the memoir abounds, we shall take that which Mr. O'Connell has set foremost in his array, and make its injustice manifest.

"My first quotation is from Leland's *History of Ireland*, book iv. He tells us, chap. 2, that when in the year 1579 the garrison of Smerwick in Kerry surrendered upon mercy to Lord Deputy Gray, he ordered upwards of seven hundred of them to be put to the sword or hanged.

"That mercy for which they sued, was rigidly denied them; Wingfield was commissioned to disarm them; and when this service was performed, an English company was sent into the fort, and the garrison was butchered in cold blood: nor is it without pain that we find a service so horrid, so detestable, committed to Sir Walter Raleigh."

The reader will observe that the quotation from Leland does not bear out Mr. O'Connell's representation of it. "He tells us," says Mr. O'Connell, "that when the garrison surrendered upon mercy," &c. Then follows the quotation which tells no such thing; nay, which tells a tale directly opposite—namely, that the "garrison sued for mercy which was denied them."

But although it is untrue that the charge of treachery which Mr. O'Connell advances against the conduct of Lord Gray in this instance appears groundless, may not a charge of cruelty be sustained against him? Spenser was well acquainted with all the circumstances of this case. Let us hear his story:—

"But in that sharpe execution of the Spaniards, at the Fort of Smerwicke, I heard it specially noted, and if it were true as some reported, surely it was a great touch to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life; others, at least hee did put them in hope thereof."

"Iren. Both the one and the other is most untrue; for this I can assure you, myselfe being as neare them as any, that hee was so farre either from pro-

raising, or putting them in hope, that when first their secretarie, called (as I remember) Signior Jeffrey an Italian, being sent to treat with the lord depute for grace, was flatly refused; and afterwards their Coronell named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreate that they might part with their armes like souldiers, at least with their lives according to the custome of warre, and law of nations; it was strongly denied him, and tolde him by the lord depute himselfe, that they could not iustly pleade either custome of warre, or law of nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemies, and if they were, hee willed them to shew by what commission they came thither into another prince's dominions to warre, whether from the pope or the king of Spaine, or any other; the which when they said they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seeke fortune abroad, and to serve in warre amongst the Irish, who desired to entertaine them; it was then tolde them, that the Irish themselves, as the earle and Iohn of Desmond, with the rest, were no lawfull enemies; but rebels and traytours; and therefore they that came to succour them, no better than rogues and runnagates, specially coming with no licence, nor commission from their owne king: so as it should bee dishonourable for him in the name of his queene, to conditon or make any termes with such rascalls, but left them to their choyce, to yeeld and submit themselves, or no: whereupon the said colonell did absolutely yeeld himselfe and the fort, with all therein, and craved only mercy, (which it being not thought good to shew them,) for daunger of them, if, being saved, they should afterwarde loyne with the Irish; and also for terror to the Irish, who are much im-

boldened by those forraigne succours, and also put in hope of more ere long; (here was no other way but to make that short end of them as was made.) Therefore most untruely and maliciously doo these evill tongues backbite and slander the sacred ashes of that most iust and honourable personage, whose least virtue of many most excellent that abounded in his heroicke spirit, they were never able to aspire unto."

It appears from a notice quoted by Curry in his History of the Civil Wars, that the garrison thus cut off was composed not of Spaniards, but of Italians. "An Italian fleet belonging to the Pope landed its men," &c. is the expression of the Irish annalists to whom Curry refers. This may explain the inability of the garrison to show any commission which should entitle them to be accounted soldiers. Pope Gregory XIII., it is now well known, on the authority of O'Sullivan Beare,* granted pardon and reconciliation to the *banditti* by whom Italy was infested, on condition of their making a crusade in Ireland. Many reasons may have dissuaded him from granting a commission to an army so composed. His purposes were served when Italy was delivered from such a plague, and Ireland visited by it. As to the wretched instruments of his evil designs, it mattered little what fortune met or overtook them. This was a terrible spirit in which to wage war; and it is the spirit in which all the wars of religion, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present day, have been carried on in Ireland.†

We come to the fifth charge—the

* "Eo tempore nonnulli latronum manipuli Italiam non parum infestabant, dum ex sylvis et montibus, in quibus latebant, erumpentes, nocturnis rapinis, et incursionibus pagos diripiebant, et itinera obsidentes viatores spoliabant. Jaimus Gregorius decimum tertium pontificem exorat, ut ecclesie catholicæ in Iberniam jam pene corruptæ ferat opem a quo demum impetravit impunitatem iis latronibus ea conditione, ut secum in Iberniam proficiscerentur; Quibus summus pontifex duces præfecit Herculem Pisanum.....aliosque Romanos milites."—O'Sullivan, pp. 94, 95, quoted from Palmer's Treatise on the Church, vol. ii. p. 560.

The time of the arrival of the Italian fleet on the Irish coast, as stated by our annalists, corresponds with the idea that the garrison put to the sword by Lord Grey consisted of the *banditti* who were to serve as Desmond's soldiers. They were landed "in the month of September," A.D. 1580; the year in which Gregory XIII. fulminated his well-known bull against Queen Elizabeth.

† The spirit in which the acknowledged agents of the pope, even his chosen legates, exercised the authority confided to them, and breathed a darker horror over the inevitable evils of war, was such as to provoke, if not to justify, terrible reprisals. Of Owen Mac Egan, a vicar apostolic, to whom the pope had given all ecclesiastical patronage in Munster, Sir George Carew writes, that, "as soon as any prisoners were taken, (though of his owne countrey, birth, and religion,) yet if

objectionable manner in which the government of Ireland was carried on and the laws administered.

"It should be kept in mind that during the period of four hundred years and upwards, the usual mode of governors, both English and Irish, within the jurisdiction of the Anglican government, was by martial law, which was treated as if it really formed part of the common law of Ireland."—*Ireland and the Irish*, p. 90.

Some pages follow in which Mr. O'Connell adduces proofs of this charge against the government. We are not disposed to take exceptions to any of them, but we wish to supply one of his omissions, which we think important enough to be noticed. There is one documentary testimony to which our author challenges especial attention. He thus introduces it to his readers—

"There is in the College of Dublin a

they had served the queene, he caused them first (in piety, as he pretended) to bee confessed and absolved, and instantly (*in his owne sight*) would he cause them to be murdered, which religious tyranny in him was held for sanctity."—*Pacata Hibernia*, p. 663.

In the selection of ecclesiastics who were to conduct the war in Ireland, the court of Rome was guided by a rare sagacity. They had generally the qualities which inspire followers with confidence, while they appear to have overcome all such scruples of conscience, or such promptings of natural affections as might embarrass them in the shocking enterprises in which they were embarked. The following passage from Dr. Phelan's History of the Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland, will illustrate these remarks—

"At the battle of Monaster Neva, (Irish annalists must be permitted to call it a battle, since it engaged the whole disposable force of the government,) the Jesuit Allan formally displayed the papal standard, the keys of St. Peter, and the sword of St. Paul. Before the action began, he rode busily through the ranks, distributing his benedictions and assurances of victory; during the vicissitudes of a well-fought day he officiated strenuously, in the three-fold capacity of priest, general, and soldier; and his body was found by the conquerors among a heap of slain. Saunders did not finish his less honourable career, until he had effected the extinction of the Desmonds. The Sir John, mentioned in the second bull, had been, at first, suspected by this artful emissary of a want of cordiality in the cause of the church; and, upon his arrival in the rebel camp, was told that no confidence could be placed in him, until he had given some unequivocal pledge that he never would be reconciled to the heretical government. The savage swallowed the bait, which a more wily fiend had thus thrown out; and resolved to attest his fidelity, by an exploit which it should be impossible for either party to mistake or to forget. Among the civil officers of the government was Henry Davers, a gentleman of Devon, who had long resided in Ireland, and whose discreet and benevolent carriage amidst scenes of atrocious warfare had conciliated the regards of both races. The Desmond family had frequently experienced his good offices; Sir John, in particular, had been relieved in various necessities to which his extravagance had reduced him, and repeatedly released from prison. The acknowledgments of the prodigal were warm and tender; he commonly addressed his benefactor as his *father*, and was greeted in turn with the endearing appellation of *son*. The lord deputy, knowing this intimacy of Davers and the Desmonds, had employed him in a friendly but unsuccessful negotiation with them; and the Englishman, upon his return to Dublin, was to take up his quarters the first night in the town of Tralee. His adopted son, with a band of those followers who were always ready to repay the coarse hospitality of a chieftain, with the unlimited service of their dirks, as well as their battle-axes, secretly pursued him, surrounded the house where he was lodged, and bribed the porter to leave the gate unbarred. In the dead of night the assassins entered the chamber of their victim. Davers, feeling somewhat assured when he saw Desmond, said quietly, 'What, my son, what is the meaning of this brawl?' and received for answer the sword of the miscreant in his body. The other assassins dispersed themselves through the rooms, and massacred indiscriminately; none of the attendants of Davers escaped, except one faithful lackey, an Irishman, who had thrown himself upon his master in the hope of intercepting some of the murderous blows. Sir John was now fully qualified to lead a papal army; he flew to the rebel camp, proclaiming the achievement which had for ever sealed his attachment to orthodoxy, and was joyfully received by Saunders, who complimented him upon the *sweet sacrifice which he had offered to heaven*."

state paper of considerable importance. It is a memorial presented by a Captain Thomas Lee, drawn up with great care and with very singular ability, written about the year 1794, and addressed to Queen Elizabeth, giving her a detailed account of the real state of Ireland. It was a confidential document, for the personal information of the queen. I shall have occasion to extract many passages of it."—p. 72.

Among the passages which might have been profitably extracted from this lauded "state paper," there is one which has been characteristically omitted. It is that in which Captain Thomas Lee indicates his opinion of "martial law," and declares the effects which would follow from its exercise by the "native Irish." Before quoting it, we should, perhaps, observe, that Captain Lee's declaration is not a "state paper" of the English government, but, more properly, of the rule or misrule of O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, then, for his crimes and treasons, outlawed by the state. Captain Lee writes as the confidential friend, adviser, and advocate of this stout rebel, and does not conceal, while complaining of the severity from which his friend suffered, that he himself also had grievances and grudges against the Irish administration. Now for his views respecting martial law and its adaptation to the circumstances of Ireland—

"And where the earl's adversaries have, in time past, incensed your majesty against him, for hanging and cutting off one Hugh Gavelock, a notable traitor, and son to Shane O'Neille, informing your majesty that the said Hugh was your majesty's subject, it shall be well proved" (an admirable phrase!! it shall be *well proved*) "that he was ever a traitor against your majesty, a daily practitioner with foreigners, (as the Scots and others,) for the disturbance of that kingdom, and one who sought by all means to overthrow the earl, who by martial law, which he then had, did cut him off for his offences. For the doing whereof he did incur your highness' displeasure, and the said martial law, which kept that whole country in awe, was taken from him, the want whereof has made his country people grow insolent against him, and careless of observing any humanity or duty, which hath bred the outrages now in practice, so that (in my poor opinion) it were requisite to restore

the same authority unto him, provided it should not extend to the cutting off any such malefactors as shall be (quere 'shall not be') of his own country, his tenants and followers; and I dare say, he may every year hang five hundred false knaves, and yet reserve a great stock to himself: HE CANNOT HANG AMISS THERE SO AS HE HANGS SOMEBODY."

We ask the reader to compare this truculent passage with the worst expression of sentiment which Mr. O'Connell has cited, and say whether Captain Lee does not win the prize in hatred and contempt towards the Irish. But Lee is Mr. O'Connell's witness and authority. If his judgment be worth any thing, the strictures in the memoir against the administration of justice in Ireland by martial law are most unreasonable. Why did Mr. O'Connell omit so important a testimony? We candidly express our belief that he was ignorant of its existence. We do not believe he ever read the admirable "state-paper" to which he has so confidently appealed. It contains other suggestions besides those on martial law which do not seem very pat to our author's purpose; as, for example:—

"When they shall give cause of offence, let them be thoroughly followed by your forces, and *plagued* in such sort as may make them afraid to offend you; FOR THE LESS YOUR MAJESTY SHALLESTEM THEM, THE MORE OBEDIENT YOU SHALL HAVE THEM," &c. &c.

"And likewise it may please your majesty to appoint them such a judge for the circuit as will use them with all clemency and mercy, and not to take such slender advantages against them as many of their own countrymen have done; for I assure myself, if the choice of a justice was left to themselves, they would never choose an Irishman, because none are so corrupt as they."

"Let no protection be granted to any, save only to such as shall come in unto him who shall be appointed to follow that service, and offer themselves to do offices against the chief traitors."

"And this affinity in the manner of the Irish is always to the party they see strongest; and when your majesty (as there is no doubt) shall prevail, they will then seek favour and make offer of much service, but seldom or never perform any, whereof myself have been too often a witness."

A word or two more on this "state-paper," and then we shall gladly dismiss it from our thoughts. It insinuates ground to hope that O'Neil would renounce the church of Rome; and describes him as so liberal as to attend at worship in the Established Church and hear sermons. It represents him as the person most competent to conduct the queen's affairs, and promises that if he were indulged in the privilege of hanging his countrymen "at discretion" to the amount of about "five hundred a year," he would prove an excellent subject and servant of the crown. The crown would not purchase him on the terms, and, as might have been expected, he rushed into rebellion. Such a man would have been traitor and tyrant had his flagitious proposals been accepted. His companion and "bed-fellow," as Lee styles himself, was worthy to be his associate, if we are to judge him by the admirable "state-paper," which could never serve the purposes of Mr. O'Connell so effectually as by lying unregarded in the manuscript room of the University library.

But it is vain to wish for it such venerable seclusion. This admirable state-paper is in print. It was published first, we believe, in the *Desiderata Curiosa*. It appeared then as an appendix to Curry's Civil War, as "from the MSS. of Trinity College, Dublin." Mr. Driscoll, we believe, afterwards published or cited it from the same source, overlooking the two intermediate forms in which it had appeared. Mr. Moore, in *Captain Rock*, followed Mr. Driscoll's example, and Mr. O'Connell closes the file of these contempters of tradition.

—Magno de flumine mallem
Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere.

The last of Mr. O'Connell's authorities, as cited in this section of his work, whom we shall notice, is Peter Lombard, author of a "Commentary on the Affairs of Ireland." Mr. O'Connell cites him as a witness for his severest charge against the English party, and pronounces him "a contemporary historian"—p. 115. This "contemporary historian" was the same Peter Lombard whom Pope Clement VIII. notices as *an agent and ambassador at the papal court*

for the rebel O'Neil. There may be different opinions as to the moral guilt of O'Neil's treason; but assuredly it is not just or reasonable to give to the representations of a rebel, against the government by which treason has been rendered abortive, the name or the authority which belongs to the calm statements of history.

We cannot pass away from Mr. O'Connell's invectives against the government of Ireland, without acknowledging that there was much reason to complain of the manner in which the affairs of the country were administered. We shall avail ourselves for this purpose, of the testimony borne by Spenser, and have little doubt that every observant reader will have seen enough in later times to convince him that that great writer's censures were as wise as they were well-merited.

"*Iren*. I doe not certainly avouch so much, (Eudoxus,) but the sequele of things doth in a manner proove, and plainly speake so much, that the governours usually are envious one of another's greater glory, which if they would seeke to excel by better governing, it should be a most laudible emulation. But they doe quite otherwise. For this (as you may marke) is the common order of them, that who cometh next in place, will not follow that course of government, however good, which his predecessors held, either for disdain of himselfe, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another man's praise, but will straight take a way quite contrary to the former: as if the former thought (by keeping under the Irish) to reforme them; the next, by discountenancing the English, will curry favour with the Irish, and so make his government seeme plausible, as having all the Irish at his command; but he that comes after, will perhappes follow neither the one nor the other, but will dandle thoe one and the other in such sort, as hee will sucke sweets out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poore cuntry; which if he that comes after shall seeke to redresse, he shall perhappes find such crosses, as hee shall hardly bee able to beare, or doe any good that might worke the disgrace of his predecessors. Examples you may see hereof in the governours of late times sufficiently, and in others of former times more manifestly, when the government of that realme was committed sometimes to the Geraldines, as when the house of Yorke had the crowne of England: sometimes to the Butlers, as when the house of

Lancaster got the same. And other whiles, when an English governour was appointed, hee perhappes found enemies of both."

We conclude our observations on the first period of Mr. O'Connell's history. We do not deny that it was a period of much suffering to Ireland; but we have endeavoured, and we hope successfully, to prove, that the guilty authors of much the greater part of this suffering were ecclesiastics favourable to the principles and pretensions of the Roman church. They, in the first instance, conspiring with the pope, sold the independence of their country to the king of England, and they subsequently and repeatedly defeated the good intentions of the king, when he would have extended to their countrymen, earnestly desirous to obtain them, the benefits of English law. It is not wonderful that the intrigues of such a body should have had effects disastrous to their own country, and very injurious to England: nor ought we be surprised to find that English sovereigns, in alliance with the pope, and in apparently good relation with his ecclesiastical subjects, should have made slow way in extending their power over Ireland. Accordingly, we are reminded by Mr. O'Connell, that, before the reign of Henry VIII., "The counties nominally under British dominion, had shrunk into four"—p. 64. From the time when that monarch renounced the usurped dominion of Rome, the agencies through which Ireland was governed ceased to be those by which the policy of the English sovereign had been so long misdirected, crossed, and thwarted; and, in little more than seventy years after papal supremacy had been denied, notwithstanding the wars, conspiracies, and seditions in which the papal clergy, aided by the powers of Spain and Rome, were unremittingly and unscrupulously engaged, *the whole of Ireland had become subject to English jurisdiction.* The lesson derivable from this truth is valuable. We thank Mr. O'Connell for instructing the state, that during the three hundred and fifty years in which Romanism was her ally, England extended her power *over four counties* in Ireland; and that, within seventy years immediately following, with Romanism for her enemy, the

whole island was brought to acknowledge her dominion. We thank him for teaching the Irish people that the benefits of English law which they solicited, which they would have purchased at a high price, were denied them, while Roman Catholic archbishops, bishops, abbots, and priors constituted a majority in the assembly where their prayer was to be heard,—and that when no one of these parties was invested with political power, the graces so long sought were granted, and the statute enacted which "abolished all distinctions of race between English and Irish, *with the intent that, as the statute expresses it, they may grow into one nation, whereby there may be an utter oblivion and extinguishment of all former differences and discord betwixt them*"—p. 2. This was the memorable statute passed in the year 1612, the last year of Mr. O'Connell's first period.

It is not our intention, nor is it, we apprehend, the reader's desire, that each subsequent portion of our author's memoir should be subjected to the same process of examination and exposure which the first has undergone. We are bound, however, to say, and we have no doubt of being able to show, that the character of the work is sustained throughout—such as is the first portion, such are all—*haud facies nna—qualis decet esse sororum*—the likeness is preserved—the spirit of untruth mingling itself through the entire mass, and moving its various members with a singleness of purpose that we have never seen, in any other fiction, equalled or approached.

The vices of Mr. O'Connell's second period he has thus described:—

"The native Irish universally, and the natives of English descent generally, rejected the Reformation. It was embraced but by comparatively few, and thus the sources of '*differences and discord*' were perpetuated. The distinction of race was lost. Irish and English were amalgamated for the purpose of enduring spoil and oppression under the name of Catholics. The party which the English government supported was composed of persons lately arrived in Ireland, men who, of course, took the name of 'Protestants.'

"The intent of the statute of 1612 was thus frustrated, the '*discord*' between the Protestant and the Catholic

parties prevented the Irish from 'growing into one nation,' and still prevents them from being 'one nation.' The fault, however, has been, and still is with the government. Is it not time it were totally corrected?

"The reign of James I. was distinguished by crimes committed on the Irish people under the pretext of Protestantism. The entire of the province of Ulster was unjustly confiscated—the natives were executed on the scaffold, or slaughtered with the sword—a miserable remnant were driven to the fastnesses of remote mountains, or the wilds of almost inaccessible bogs. Their places were filled with Scotch adventurers—'aliens in blood and in religion.' Devastation equal to that committed by King James in Ulster was never before seen in Christendom, save in Ireland. In the Christian world there never was a people so cruelly treated as the Irish."

We have not space to enter into a consideration of the policy by which James I. was governed in his relations with the Church of Rome, else could we show, that seldom, on the throne, or in an humbler station, has there been an individual whose views were more tolerant or more just. The leading principle which guided James in his administration of law as affecting Romanists, was this—to leave their religion free, and to discourage and defeat their seditious politics. His desire was, to distinguish between those members of the Church of Rome whose moral persuasions were compatible with the good of the state, and those whose principles would influence them, when opportunity served, to "turn religion into rebellion, and faith into faction." He would have realized the distinction which is freely professed between the religious tenets of the Church of Rome and the political doctrine of papal supremacy; but the intolerant of the Roman Catholic church knew the advantage of remaining undistinguished in the mass, and set themselves with adroitness and resolution to prevent that division in their body which, but for their resistance, James would have effected. We may have occasion presently to notice his conduct towards the Roman Catholics of England. In Ireland, it is well known, his lenity, although circumstances, to some ex-

tent, counteracted his mild dispositions, was relied on and felt as an encouragement. Indeed it was thought that he "entertained a secret propensity to the Catholic faith;"* but the Irish government, which, offended at the boldness of some recusants, had† "determined to revive the penal statutes," became aroused to suspicion and alarm when the old inhabitants of the pale, remonstrating against the severity of their proceedings, "presented, with an unusual concourse," a petition for freedom of worship "on the very day when intelligence was received of the gunpowder conspiracy."‡ Such a coincidence alarmed the council into an apprehension that there was "some concert between the conspirators in England and the popish party in Ireland. The chief petitioners were confined in the castle of Dublin, and Sir Patrick Barnwall, the great agent, was, by the king's command, sent under custody to England."§ Such severities (and we confidently affirm, that on account of religion the Roman Catholics of Ireland could lay none heavier to the charge of James I. or his government) were surely not matter of marvel or complaint in times of so much difficulty and peril. Indeed, when it was remembered that (as we are informed by a Roman Catholic of high reputation, Mr. Charles Butler) Clement VIII. was engaged in an enterprise to place the Lady Arabella Stewart on the throne of England, which she was to share with Cardinal Farnese, secularised in order to become her husband, the enterprises which disturbed the reign of the unambitious sovereign will be esteemed as the natural results of papal intrigue, and nothing will remain to occasion a feeling of surprise except the lenity by which they were encouraged.

As to the confiscations of which Mr. O'Connell speaks, and the attainders for treason by which they were preceded, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that even in the narrative of our author himself truth may be discovered. A letter dropped in the council-chamber, contained evidence which accused O'Neil and O'Donnell of treasonable designs. The letter and its evidence might have been held of slight account at another time, but at the epoch of

* Modern Universal History, vol. xlii. p. 199.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Ibid.*

the gunpowder plot, no intimation of danger could be lightly disregarded. Whether the parties accused were innocent or guilty, their flight corroborated the suspicions awakened against them. They may have been wise or foolish in escaping from trial, but all men who fly in circumstances like theirs make the election between life and land, if not between life and fair fame also. We are far from pronouncing upon the guilt of these attainted gentlemen, but neither Mr. O'Connell nor any other writer has offered evidence in their favour, which, in our minds, would justify a verdict of acquittal.

There are two pendants to the proofs and observations which illustrate the second chapter of the memoir: the one, a section containing praises of the Irish people, the other strictures on the Reformation. In the former, the author cites various laudatory testimonies which it is by no means our object to disparage or dispute, and ends the climax with his own, declaring it his "duty solemnly to declare, that the people of Ireland, the lovers of impartial justice, stand superior in their national characteristics to the inhabitants of any other country on the face of the globe. I am therefore," he adds, "proud of my father-land." This is very satisfactory and affecting; so much so, indeed, that we shall leave the reader, without molestation, to the pure enjoyment of it. We shall merely select one of the morsels of praise prepared by the author for his readers, and supply an omission in it.

"There has been lately published by the Irish Archæological Society, in the first volume of their tracts relating to Ireland, a small work entitled, 'A Brief Description of Ireland, made in the year 1589 by Robert Payne;' from which I select two extracts that confirm strongly the praises bestowed upon the Irish love of justice:—

"Nothing is more pleasing unto them, than to heare of *good justices* placed amongst them. They have a common saying which I am persuaded they speake unfainedly, which is, *Defend me and spend me*; meaning from the oppression of the worser sorte of our countrymen: they are obedient to the laws; so that you may travel through all the land without any danger or injurie offered of the very worst Irish, and be GREATLY RELIEVED OF THE BEST."—p. 4.

This is the conclusion of a character drawn by Paine of the better sort of Irish. The sentence which immediately follows it should be added for the better understanding of its meaning—

"The second sorte, being least in number, are called Kernes; they are warlike men: *most of that sorte were slayne in the late wars.*"

This last advertisement throws a valuable light over Mr. Paine's whole performance. Most of those whom he calls the "warlike," and whom a less courteous writer would perhaps term the "quarrelsome" or the "turbulent" sort, had been slain; and accordingly the survivors were peaceable and the country quiet. We give full credit to the eulogy thus understood. Neither Mr. Paine nor any other writer would exceed us in the heartiness of our praises, "if Irishmen" delivered from the influence of those who agitate and *use* them, were to be the subject of encomium. It is a curious fact—at least we had good ground to believe it a fact—that at a time when one of the southern counties was convulsed fearfully—when every morning sun rose to show some new horror which the departed night had left—when it would naturally have been believed that the amount of crime perpetrated bore token of an extensive organization of incendiaries and assassins—there were only thirty-seven men in the whole county who gave it its character of blood. All other participants in their crimes were unwilling instruments; and when the central knot of villains was broken and dispersed, the county returned to its rude tranquillity, "the old estate," again.

The section which Mr. O'Connell has devoted to the Reformation opens thus:—

"It will have been observed, that the alteration in religion, commonly, but most improperly, called 'the reformation'—for it cannot seriously be called a reformation at all—occurred in the period included in the first chapter. But I have designedly omitted all mention of it; having reserved it for a separate and distinct consideration.

"When Luther commenced the great schism of the sixteenth century, all Christendom was Catholic. Ireland, of course, was so. It has indeed been

said—for what will not religious bigotry say?—that the Catholic church in Ireland did not recognise the authority of the Pope, and was severed from the Church of Rome. This assertion was gravely brought forward by Archbishop Usher, who was indeed its principal fabricator. But the Right Rev. Dr. Milner has distinctly shown that there is the most conclusive historical evidence in the works of Usher himself, to demonstrate the utter falsehood of his own assertion. And there is a curious incident belonging to this controversy which occurred before Milner wrote; namely, that the credit of Usher's assertion having been much impugned, a grandson of his, a Protestant clergyman, determined to confute the impugnors of his grandfather's statement; and, with that view, carefully examined the authorities upon the subject; when, to his utmost surprise, he discovered the total falsehood of that statement! Being led by this circumstance to examine the other points of difference between the Catholics and the Protestants, he ended by giving up his living, resigning his gown as a Protestant clergyman, and embracing the profession of a Catholic priest."

The little anecdote introduced here, on the truth of which it is not worth while to speculate, will remind the reader of those odd collaterals which are sometimes introduced in the stories or arguments of our Irish peasantry with a preface of "by the same token," or something equally inappropriate. Mrs. Quicley shows that she has the gift of such illustrations in her endeavours to convict Falstaff of his sworn promise on the parcel gilt goblet, when he fancied "a dish of prawns, whereby she told him they were bad for a green wound." There is, however, a material difference between such impertinences and that of Mr. O'Connell. In the former cases they are only the natural ramblings of uneducated minds, in his it seems an artful evasion to escape from the subject, and draw the reader after him. Mr. O'Connell could not have read Usher, could scarcely have heard of his argument, without knowing that the name with which the subject in dispute naturally connected itself was that of the Cardinal Baronius, the Roman Catholic and ultra-montane historian. It was an adroit device, to offer Archbishop Usher's grand-son to the reader, instead of the papal authority on which his

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argument rested; and for the chance of success, it was worth incurring the risk of being termed a gossip rather than a historian.

The authority, or one of the authorities, relied on by Archbishop Usher among his proofs that Ireland had separated at an early period from the Roman see, was that of the Cardinal Baronius. This was an authority above all suspicion, the well-known predilections and principles of the very eminent cardinal conspiring with his acknowledged learning to render his testimony decisive. In the annals of this unimpeachable witness, at the year 553, will be found the passage which Usher had cited:—

"With one consent, (*junctis animis*.) all the bishops in Ireland stood up for the defence of the three chapters. They added also this iniquity, that when they found the Roman church to have equally adopted the condemnation of these chapters, and to have strengthened by its assent the fifth council, *they separated from it*, and joined themselves to the schismatics of Italy, Africa, and other regions, haughtily, in a vain confidence that they stood up for the Catholic faith, while defending the acts of the Council of Chalcedon."

Mr. O'Connell ought not to have written so confident a contradiction of Archbishop Usher without having read the work he censured; nor should he have refrained from stating the grounds on which he dissented from so high an authority in his church as that of Baronius. Ignorance of such an authority in one who writes on Irish ecclesiastical history has ceased to be pardonable since Mr. Monck Mason's learned and popular "Letter to Thomas Moore, Esq., on Primitive Christianity in Ireland." But it is not a novelty to the reader to find Mr. O'Connell repeating an error which had been previously corrected.

As to the fact "that the church of Ireland was independent of the papacy" until the twelfth century, was never until then subject to Rome, and was long separated from communion with it, we should but encumber our pages and fatigue the reader, were we to detail the many proofs. We had hoped that the testimony of an illustrious foreigner would have served to terminate disputes on a subject which le-

so little opportunity for difference of opinion, and little imagined that, after the publication of Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest, a work which so soon attained a high and merited popularity, the original independence of the Church of Ireland could have been flippantly denied even by Mr. O'Connell. We refer the reader to M. Thierry's History, Book 10, and content ourselves with adding, that the bull of Adrian assigned as the first good to be effected by the subjugation of Ireland, "the enlarging the borders of the church," and that when the Irish church was eventually reduced to a union with that of Rome, the reason for union was thus authoritatively pronounced—

"That forasmuch as God hath universally delivered them into the government of the English, they should in all points, rights (query rites), and ceremonies, accord with the Church of England."

Such was the eighth article decreed at the Synod of Cashel, a synod called by the Papal Legate Christian, at the desire of Henry, for, as Campion styles it, "a reformation of the church." "In thus acting," Campion adds, "the king was mindful of his charge enjoined by the Popes Adrian and Alexander." The Church of England had become subject to Rome, that of Ireland was to be reduced to the same subjection; and so little authority had the name of Rome in our independent church, so little hope was there of establishing its claim by argument, that the usurpation was stripped of all disguise, and the change or "reformation," grounded on the naked right of conquest. Such are the obligations of Rome and England (that is, Norman not Saxon England) to each other, and our obligations to both. Rome made over our civil liberties to England, and England in return prostrated our religious freedom under the feet of Rome.

In process of time, England, having made us share in her subjection, would impart to us a share in the blessings of her deliverance. She would have succeeded in her good intents had she been less uncompromising. Had she condescended to *manage the chiefs*, while she liberated the people from

religious oppression, she would not have failed; but she undertook to break the yoke of a two-fold tyranny, and thus arrayed against her enterprise two classes of tyrants, who would otherwise have entered into a conflict with each other. "The principal Irish chieftains," writes the Abbe Mc Geoghegan, "witnessing the deadly blows that were aimed against their religion *and liberty*, determined to make an effort in favour of both." The *liberty* so dear to these Irish chiefs, Mr. O'Connell's favourite witness, Captain Thomas Lee, has taught us how to value—liberty to hang, at discretion, five hundred persons in the year! O'Neal could be induced to renounce the Romish religion—but the privilege to execute summary injustice on his vassals, was a good not to be lightly surrendered. In like manner, as soon as Henry VIII. took the title of king of Ireland, and renounced the usurped jurisdiction of the pope, the Irish chiefs acknowledged him their sovereign, and renounced the papal supremacy. But when their own liberty, that is to say, their tyranny, was found to be in peril, the state of things was altered, and the two-fold despotism, papal and feudal, united to maintain their common cause against the liberalising policy of England. Eventually that policy prevailed against the chiefs, but prevailed in such a manner as to give over the unconstructed people to an ecclesiastical dominion, which has continued, to this day, no mean rival of British power.

Mr. O'Connell is bold enough to speak of the persecutions which Roman Catholics endured for their religion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to contrast it with the moderation which characterized the reign of her predecessor. As to the charge against Elizabeth, we believe a peremptory denial of its truth is the only answer to which it is entitled. Not an individual Roman Catholic suffered in her reign for religion. A few Roman Catholics (a very few in comparison with the number who became liable to punishment) suffered for treason, and were not permitted to screen their political guilt under the cloak of religious profession: in the reign of Mary, many, very many, Catholics of the Church of England suffered death for their faith.

We must, however, reply to Mr. O'Connell's statement respecting the clemency experienced in Ireland by Protestants who sought a refuge there from English severities. The explanation of the mercy experienced by English refugees is simple. They were of *the same party with those who favoured them*. The parties in Ireland, in the reign of Mary, were English and Irish. Until modern Romanism was embodied in the creed of Pius IV., parties in Ireland were not discriminated by religious distinctions; and while the English interest and government was busy in reducing the King's and Queen's County under the power and jurisdiction of the crown, they understood the policy of strengthening their party by giving encouragement to English settlers; and could well be satisfied to bide their time, for a longer period than the reign of Mary, before engaging in a religious persecution.

Mr. O'Connell extends the praise of moderation to two other periods beside this of Mary, namely, the interval between 1641 and 1648, and that of the "brief triumph of James II.," and we must do him the justice to say that he graces his boast with the name of a writer whom we respect.

"Let me give another quotation from a modern Protestant writer of very considerable literary merit and discrimination. When this writer comes to treat of the reign of Queen Mary, he has the following passage—

"1553. 'The restoration of the old religion was effected without violence; no persecution of the Protestants was attempted; and several of the English, who fled from the furious zeal of Mary's inquisitors, found a safe retreat among the Catholics of Ireland. It is but justice to this maligned body to add, that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand, they never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a religion different from their own. They had suffered persecution and learned mercy, as they showed in the reign of Mary, in the wars from 1641 to 1648, and during the brief triumph of James II.'—*Taylor's History of the Civil Wars of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 169.

We will suppose for a moment that

these statements are, in all their parts, correct; to what do they amount?

1. The first instance of clemency has been already explained.

2. The second instance is equally intelligible. The conduct of the Irish Roman Catholics in the time of the great rebellion is to be considered in two points of view: what they designed in the first outbreak of insurrection; what they afterwards proclaimed as the purpose of their war. The original design of the insurrection was certainly irrespective of religious distinction—it was to exterminate all of English birth or blood; the only matter in dispute among the concoctors of the rebellion was, whether their object should be effected by expulsion or by massacre. Such was the spirit of the northern tumults. The object professed in the war of the confederates which succeeded, was "to assert the king's prerogative, and to assert the freedom of their country," civil and religious. By such professions only could they hope to win favour and retain friends. Were they to abandon them, or to render them suspected by encouraging religious persecution, they must abandon all hope of success.

3. The third instance is found during the time of the brief triumph of James II. Supposing Mr. Taylor's statement to be correct, it amounts to this—that James II. who had not renounced his title to reign over Protestant England, whose professed object was to assert religious liberty for all, did not appear as the persecutor of his Protestant subjects in Ireland.

Such are the forbearances of which Mr. O'Connell makes his boast; which he parades with all the emphasis and *clat* which type can give them. Three times Roman Catholics in Ireland were invested with power, once for five years, once for broken intervals of seven, once for about four; in all these periods persecution for religious opinions would be injurious to the party in power—in two it would be ruinous. To vaunt of forbearance under circumstances such as these is far from being creditable to the boaster. While we dismiss the subject with these remarks, we hope not to be misunderstood, as if we assented to the correctness of the statements which

Mr. O'Connell has cited with an air so unadvisedly triumphant.*

Much is said in the memoir of the persecutions experienced by English Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the reign of James I. It is said with little reason. James did, it is true, imprison ecclesiastics, and put some to death for the crime of treason; but the guilty author of their sufferings was the inexorable pope. It need not to be told in how many forms, and by how many flagitious contrivances, successive popes strove to excite war and treason in England. It need scarcely be told, that creditable historians of the Church of Rome (we could refer to Spondanus the continuator of the history of Baronius) have admitted the truth, that the severities endured by the Roman Catholic party were preceded and provoked by these abominable intrigues. After the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, James I. offered pardon to Roman Catholic priests who had been imprisoned, on condition that they would swear allegiance to his throne and person. In the form of the oath they saw nothing to disapprove. They would take it with a sincere conscience, if the pope permitted. The pope had prohibited: he would not relax the prohibition, and they resigned themselves to die.

They wished one comfort in death, namely, that the pope would explain what was objectionable in the oath which he would not permit them to save their lives by swearing. Even this poor consolation was denied. The pope was silent to their prayers. Surely these men might more justly be considered victims to the pride of the sovereign pontiff, than sufferers from the severity of English law.

As to Mr. O'Connell's representations of the excesses committed by Protestants in various countries, we do not think it necessary to expose or examine them. We apprehend his design is to show that the persecutions of Romanists have been counterbalanced by the crimes of their adversaries, and thus to silence all complaints of papal intolerance. We will not abet him in this design, by following him through the untruths or exaggerations of his various details. Let it be granted that Protestants, as well as Romanists, have persecuted. Our charge against the Church of Rome is only strengthened by the concession. We do not accuse her because of the misdeeds of former days—not for the blood she has shed in war, or by unjust judgment—not for her dungeons, her inquisition, her tortures, and her death by fire—not for her

* The reader should remember, that the same authority of Romanism which commands the extermination of heretics, provides also that the faithful shall not engage in their terrible duties unless the times are favourable. The well-known note, in the Rheimish Testament, on St. Matt. xiii. 29, directs when heretics are to be spared, and when to be "executed."

"The good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong that it cannot be redressed without danger and disturbance of the whole church; and commit the matter to God's judgment in the latter day. Otherwise when ill men (*be they heretics or other malefactors*) may be punished or suppressed without disturbance and hazard to the good, they may and ought by public authority, either spiritual or temporal, to be chastised or executed."

The memorable testimony borne by the *Dublin Review*, while Mr. O'Connell was one of its three editors, respecting the design to be served by the publication of the Rheimish Testament, has not attracted the attention it pre-eminently merits. "The notes of the New Testament were undoubtedly intended to prepare the public mind for the invasion meditated by Philip II., when he projected the scheme of his Armada."—*Dublin Review*, No. II. p. 505. How pregnant with instruction is a statement like this for all men who can appreciate, at its proper value, the importance of religious instruction. Romanism is capable, it appears, of inculcating pernicious politics under the sanction, and in the disguise of religion. She has done so, by the confession of her devoted champions, with set purpose to produce political results. Is it wonder that the Protestants of the day when the Rheimish Annotations were published, should look upon the "seminary priests" with alarm? Is it creditable to our times, that a declaration like that of the *Dublin Review* shall not induce Protestants of this day, in which it has been made, to inquire into the religious instruction provided for other seminary priests, and to call for a reform of it if it be found vicious?

massacres, her cruelties, her treasons—not for the *dragonnades* and the perfidy which disgraced the reign of Louis the Great—for the merciless persecutions which welcomed the return of Louis le Désiré to France, and the not less bitter persecution which celebrated the advent of Whig misrule in Ireland;—these may have been results from the sinfulness of the human heart: but the more general tendency which conduces to such evils, the more imperatively does it demand a restraint from moral and religious principle, the more strongly does it prohibit the adoption of any such system of morals as may foster it by encouragement. Our charge against Rome is, not that in times past she perpetrated acts of perfidy, cruelty, and intolerance, but that, at this day, she maintains principles by which such acts are justified and hallowed. This is our charge against the Church of Rome. Every reader who believes that a principle may be more important than a fact, will agree with us in thinking that we ought not to descend to any meaner ground of crimination.

Mr. O'Connell's third period extends from the year 1625 to 1660. The most daring effort of his genius in the history of this epoch, is the assertion that in the civil war "the Irish Catholics," meaning not Catholics of the Church of England, but Romanists, "*adhered with desperate fidelity to the party of the king!*" The crimes with which he charges England as perpetrated in this period are the excesses and cruelties of Cromwell's soldiers, and the injustice wrought by Strafford in carrying out the "Commission of Defective Titles." On this latter accusation, we have already offered some remarks.* On the former we have only to say, that the "desperate fidelity" with which Irish Roman Catholics adhered, not to the king, as Mr. O'Connell raves, but to the papal nuncio Rinuncini, as in his more tranquil moods we have reason to believe he acknowledges, facilitated the successes of Cromwell in England, and brought down his terrible vengeance on Ireland. On this point we shall content ourselves with a reference to two Roman Catholic authorities, the Earl of

Castlehaven, and the Rev. C. O'Connor, D. D., in his address entitled—"Columbanus ad Hibernos," No. ii.

"The nuncio being now at Waterford, at the head of the *national congregation*, and having, by his threats of excommunication, thus broken us, the lord-lieutenant, by advice of the commissioners of trust, (which were men named by the confederates to see the peace observed,) sent me to try if I could persuade the nuncio to let the peace go on. But all I could do was in vain, he declaring his resolution to oppose it to the utmost, with other expressions relating to blood, not becoming a churchman.

"Now all being agreed for the delivery of the places under the marquis's command to the parliament commissioners, of which Mr. Annesley (since made Earl of Annesley) was chief, I took my leave of his excellency, resolving to go to France, though with much grief of heart to leave this noble lord, who had showed so much loyalty, justice, and steadiness in his proceedings during these transactions, even from the meeting in Sunganstown to the conclusion of the peace made with the confederates; and now again, to the giving up of his government to the parliament, for which I doubt not but he shall remain in story, as he deserves, a fixed star, by whose light others may walk in his steps. This was the effect of breaking the *peace of forty-six*; and let the failure of that peace lie at whose door it will, it is no rashness to say, that story hardly mentions any one thing that had so fatal a consequence. For if that peace had gone on, the king had presently been supplied with great forces out of Ireland, both of English and Irish; and probably might have prevented the ensuing mischiefs that shortly after happened, both to him and to all his loyal subjects throughout his dominions. The Irish had a more particular ill fate than the rest, by this breach of faith."

Such is the judgment pronounced by a general officer in command of the Catholic confederates, himself a Roman Catholic. The following is from Dr. O'Connor:—

"Here, then, we have the royal faith solemnly pledged to the Catholics on one side, and the Catholic faith equally and heartily pledged to the king on the

* In our March number.

other; and now a great question forces itself upon us, and I call upon my countrymen not to flinch from it, *but to meet it in their usual way, front to front.*

"By whose intrigues, by whose interference, by what fatality were these auspicious commencements of happiness destroyed, and the *curse of Cromwell* entailed upon the Irish nation?

"Irishmen! fear not the ordeal of inquiry. These are matters, not of religion, but of *history*. The passions have vibrated and gone by. Their angry sounds die upon our ears; and their unhallowed grating can produce no other emotion than that of pity or contempt.

"But the lesson is awful, the example tremendous, and the spirit that sighs amid the ruins of violated sanctuaries, broken arches, and desecrated shrines, warns us to turn that lesson to serious and substantial account!

"Who were they who, in 1644, every where, both at home and abroad, calumniated as *heretical* and *schismatical* the cessation concluded with Ormond in 1643, misrepresenting the nobility, the gentry, and the clergy, who had agreed to that cessation, as betrayers of the religion of their ancestors, and of the interests of their country? Who were they who, in 1646, compelled the whole body of the Catholic confederates so *perfidiously* to violate the peace concluded with Ormond on the 28th of March, 1645, excommunicating the peace-makers and their adherents? Who were they who, under colour of religion, so violently opposed the second peace, concluded in 1648, till it was too late either to retrieve the mischief occasioned by their *holy* interference, or to abide by the conditions to which all the contracting parties had so solemnly agreed? For what purpose was Pope Urban the Eighth's envoy, Scarampi, sent from Rome to Kilkenny in 1643, and Rinuncini afterwards in 1645?"

After this animated and earnest expostulation, Dr. O'Connor proceeds to prove in detail that the clergy, who were acting under foreign influence, and who attached themselves "with desperate fidelity," to use the language of Mr. Grattan and Mr. O'Connell, to the party of the nuncio, were responsible for the evils, including the visitation of Cromwell, which the violation of the peace brought upon the country.

Mr. O'Connell's "proofs" extend no farther than to the end of this pe-

riod. The memoir contains a sketch of Irish history from that time to the present day, but after the exposure we have given of the arguments and authorities on which its author professes to rely, we do not think it necessary to encumber our pages with any notice of his assertions. For the present it is enough to record our denial of their truth, and our disapproval of their tendency.

Before we conclude, it seems not amiss to give the reader a specimen of the artifice with which Mr. O'Connell endeavours to damage testimony adverse to his views, or to represent it as favourable:—

"It may be some relief to give specimens of the kind of evidence adduced to prove the reality of the alleged massacre. The first I shall give is the following extract from Sir John Temple's '*History of the Irish Rebellion*':—

"'Hundreds of the ghosts of Protestants,' says Temple, 'that were drowned by the rebels at Portadown bridge, were seen in the river bolt upright, and were heard to cry out for revenge on these rebels. One of these ghosts was seen with hands lifted up; and standing in that posture from the 29th of December to the latter end of the following Lent.'"

In thus ascribing to Sir John Temple the testimony of which he is only a reporter, Mr. O'Connell merely follows in the wake of many a writer of his party; but he follows discreditably, inasmuch as the disingenuousness which he thinks it worthy of him to imitate, has been of late years forcibly exposed and censured. It may be added, that the fidelity of Temple, in retaining the depositions which offend Mr. O'Connell's incredulity, so far from diminishing his authority, imparts to his collection an internal evidence of truth, without which it might justly be held defective. A philosopher, even of the school of Hobbes, would look for *some such* testimonies in the records of such a time. The imaginations of sufferers or actors in atrocities like those of 1641 must naturally have become distempered, and disordered minds would body forth spectral apparitions like those described in the depositions, or would invest the ghastly realities so often presented to the senses with attributes which made them seem super-

natural. "Nor were the miseries of those less horrible who escaped the utmost fury of the rebels. They languished in a state of distraction, with their imaginations overpowered and disordered by the recollection of tortures and butchery."—*Modern Universal History*, vol. xlii. p. 244.

The recital which immediately follows the above observations, in the impartial history from which it is taken, suggests to us the second instance, which we shall lay before the reader, of Mr. O'Connell's practices on evidence. The historian proceeds thus:—

"The natural effect of these excesses was an enthusiastic hatred of the Irish, which transported the British settlers into the same outrageous cruelty which had excited their abhorrence. The Scottish soldiers in particular, who had reinforced the garrison of Carrickfergus, were possessed with a habitual hatred of popery, and inflamed to an implacable detestation of the Irish by multiplied accounts of their barbarities. In one fatal night they issued from Carrickfergus into an adjacent district called Island Magee, where lived a number of the poorer Irish entirely innocent of the rebellion. These the soldiers are said to have assailed in their beds, and massacred with deliberate cruelty."—*Ibid.*

A different account of this shocking affair has been given, in which the cruelty of the Scottish garrison is represented as the first cause of all the atrocities perpetrated by the northern insurgents. This account, although Dr. O'Connor declares it to have been fabricated in the year 1662, (when, as he says, Roman Catholics "expected to be included in the act of settlement," and to have been published for the first time by an anonymous writer in a "collection of some massacres and murders;" other Roman Catholics less fastidious than Columbanus, have adopted as true. Among these latter are to be found Dr. Curry, who has published the anonymous fabrication as an appendix to his history, and Mr. O'Connell, who adduces it as evidence, and calls the testimony of Leland to its support:—

"We will now go back a little. The first great slaughter that occurred in the civil war after the Irish were driven into insurrection (and never were such

pains taken to compel an unwilling people to rise against a government as were taken by the administration in Ireland to force the Irish to resist their tyranny!) is the incident I am now going to describe. It is taken from the "*Collection*," and requires no preface to excite attention. It was the fruitful source of many a crime. The following is the Irish account:—

"1641. About the beginning of November, the English and Scotch forces at Knockfergus murdered in one night all the inhabitants of the territory of the island of Magee, to the number of about three thousand men, women, and children, all innocent persons, at a time when none of the Catholics of that country were in arms or rebellion. Note, that this was the first massacre committed in Ireland of either side."

"Now, I will place in juxtaposition with the above, the English Protestant account of the same transaction:—

"'In one fatal night they' (the garrison of Carrickfergus) 'issued from Carrickfergus into an adjacent district called Island Magee, where a number of the poorer Irish resided, unoffending, and untainted by the rebellion. If we may believe one of the leaders of this party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty.'—*Leland*, book v. chap. 3.

"There is no substantial difference between these two accounts."

"No substantial difference between these two accounts!!" We pass by the difference in point of number; we regard only one circumstance, that of time. One account fixes the date of the atrocity early in November, describing it as "the first massacre in that part of Ireland." Does the other assign a different date? Not the portion of it which Mr. O'Connell has selected. But how does Leland proceed?—

"As if the incident were not sufficiently hideous, popish writers have represented it with shocking aggravation. They make the numbers of the slaughtered, in a small and thinly-inhabited neck of land, to amount to three thousand, a wildness and absurdity into which other writers of such transactions have been betrayed. They assert that this butchery was committed in the beginning of November, 1641—that it was the first massacre committed in Ulster, and the great provocation to all the outrages of the Irish in this quarter. Mr. Carte seems to favour this assertion:

had he carefully perused the collection of original depositions now in the possession of the University of Dublin, he would have found his doubts cleared most satisfactorily; and that the massacre of Island Magee, as appears from several unsuspecting evidences, *was really committed in the beginning of January*, when the followers of O'Neal had almost exhausted their barbarous malice."

"There!!" (to borrow from our author a monosyllable expressive of admiration,) "there!!" Mr. O'Connell's character may not be harmed by an exposure like this; but we certainly know few other public men in the empire whose reputation it would not damage.*

We must conclude, leaving much in our author's publication, which seems to invite detection, unexposed, and without the space or time to offer comments upon the work, which its temper and spirit seem to challenge. One observation, which we repeat, has found, we believe, acceptance with many an unprejudiced reader, namely, that there is more than the customary discrepancy, in Mr. O'Connell's present argument, between the premises and the conclusion. His premises show that Ireland suffered much from want of union with England; that in proportion as the union became effectual, the condition of Ireland, and especially of the Roman Catholics, improved; and his conclusion is—therefore, let the union be repealed. In this form we have heard Mr. O'Connell's argument described, and believe the description has been thought not inaccurate.

The views we have endeavoured to unfold before the reader, although somewhat more minute than the observation to which we have referred, are similar in character. We have endeavoured to show that not only have the sufferings of the Irish people been ascribable to parties residing in this country, but that among those from whom, or in the cause of whom, they have suffered the gravest wrong, that section of Romanism which has Mr. O'Connell for its organ and representative, has been ever prominently

conspicuous. For their own ends they sold their country's independence to an English king; for their own ends they resisted the English king, when he would extend to their countrymen the benefit of English laws; and thus made themselves answerable for centuries of anarchy and affliction. Such is the outline of Irish history, from Henry II. to Henry VIII. Since then, was not the war of religion conducted in a spirit and through agencies which necessarily provoked rigorous and penal enactments? Dreadful persecution in the time of Mary—treason and most guilty stratagem in the times of her successors—the Bible corrupted with set purpose to make the people traitors—Italy cleared of her banditti that a war of assassination might be introduced into Ireland! We cannot go on with the sickening catalogue of misdeeds, which Mr. O'Connell's work has compelled us to remember. We dismiss it with this one general remark—that for every evil and adversity of which he complains, that party in the Church of Rome which he seems especially to represent, directly or indirectly, is answerable. We have proved this truth in many instances. We shall conclude by applying it to an instance not the least important.

Mr. O'Connell's warmest indignation is poured forth against the penal laws. Let the reader judge whether the two following testimonies ought not to mitigate the abhorrence with which the Whig party should be loaded for having enacted them—

"In the time of my father and uncle, the priests educated in France were Jacobites. *They were enemies* to a certain extent; while they submitted to the laws, their own opinions ran against the succession of the present family to the throne, and they were perhaps dangerous before the French Revolution."

Such was the testimony of Mr. O'Connell before the committee of the House of Commons, March 4, 1825. In the same year, on the 18th of the same month, and before the

* Mr. O'Connell may have taken his extract from *Leland* at second hand. If so, *Curry* would be, in all probability, the medium through whom he would have received it. *It is from Curry's history our extract has been transcribed.*

same committee, the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle was examined—

“Was there any thing in the conduct of the Roman Catholics, in your opinion, during the reign of the Stuarts, that justified the English parliament in passing the penal laws against them?—Yes; I think at that time the connection of the Roman Catholics with the Stuarts was such as justified, and even made it necessary, for the English government to pass some penal laws against the Catholics,” &c. &c.

Dr. Doyle does not think that the penal code, in all its harshness, was justified; but his admission that some penal laws were necessary is important.

Let these remarkable admissions be

remembered. Dr. Doyle affirms that *it was necessary* for England to enact penal laws. He avows also that Roman Catholic bishops for Ireland were appointed by the house of Stuart after its exclusion from the throne. Mr. O'Connell affirms that the Roman Catholic priests, educated in France, were enemies to the British crown. Let it be added, that at the instigation of these ecclesiastics, the Irish Roman Catholics refused to give the sovereign assurance of their loyalty. Let, then, the penal laws of England be compared with those of France, where the Jacobite clergy of Ireland were educated, and let the judgment for or against England be pronounced, after assigning due value to all these extenuating acknowledgments and circumstances.

NOTE TO PAGE 460.

Some of Mr. O'Connell's admirers and panegyrists, who do not altogether approve of his “Memoir,” have intimated a persuasion that were he to write sketches of the events and actors of his own times he would confer a benefit on his country. We do not share in this opinion. Such expressions as that to which this note is appended indispose us to entertain it. The writer who can avail himself of his office as a historian, to calumniate contemporaries to whom he is politically opposed, is not the person from whom we could feel justified in expecting an instructive or an impartial account of the events of his own times.

We doubt even the policy of indulging, as Mr. O'Connell does, in abuse of such personages as those against whom his invectives are directed. To tell his readers that the perpetrators of all the evils which he says have been inflicted on Ireland, were the Shaws, and Lefroys, and Verners, the Wicklows, and Rodens, and Stanleys of the old times, is to hazard in the judgments of all, and to destroy in the minds of most, the effect which his memoir seems intended to produce. To the exertions of some of the noblemen and gentlemen whom he assails, he and his party are mainly indebted for their privileges and power; to the benevolence and generosity of others a grateful people have made frequent acknowledgments. When landlords, like Lord Stanley in the south, like Lord Roden and Colonel Verner in Ulster, are represented as the types of old oppressors, must it not be an inevitable conclusion that the great men of former, as well as of more recent days, have been grossly calumniated.

There was especial bad taste in bringing forward the name of Verner in the manner in which our author has introduced it. Mr. O'Connell was member of a parliamentary committee, from which Colonel Verner was excluded as a party man, although five Roman Catholics were permitted to form part, and the most efficient part, of it. Before that committee the life and habits of Colonel Verner were, it might be said, laid bare, and (although it appeared that a system of espionage had been established round him by stipendiaries of the Whig government) nothing was laid bare prejudicial to his high reputation as a gentleman and a landlord. After having seen him pass through such an ordeal with honour, it comes with a peculiarly bad grace from Mr. O'Connell to introduce his name disrespectfully.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was evening; and a bright moon, riding through a sky whose deep blue was unsullied by a single cloud, shed its flood of clear cold light over the fair city of Florence; brought into strong and bold relief, the outline of the lofty hills by which it is partially surrounded; gave to the villa-studded plain which stretches towards Pisa, the aspect of a sheet of molten silver; made the fairy bridge of the Trinity look like a band of ivory linking together the two shores of the lovely Arno, whose mimic waves were dancing and crisping beneath the splendour of the hour; slept upon the lofty tower of the cathedral; and relieved, by its bright flakes of light, and the long deep shadows with which they were contrasted, the heavy Tuscan architecture of the ducal palace.

In a spacious apartment of that regal habitation, and beside a high-arched casement, which was widely opened to admit the moonlight that poured across the tapestry-covered floor, sat a lady, so beautiful, that although forty summers had already passed over her head, and that the traces of both care and passion were written upon her brow, she seemed to have defied alike time and trial to rob her of her haughty and excelling loveliness. It was the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the wife of Francesco de Medici, the celebrated and worthless Bianca Cappella, of whom it has been said by an accomplished writer of the present day, that "her story was a romance and her death a tragedy." Further within the chamber, and beyond the influence of the cold light which rested upon the person of the lady, reclined a man some four or five years her junior, whose lofty and well-proportioned figure gave a promise of strength and vigour which was negated by the worn and languid although handsome countenance above it. The extraordinary magnificence of his dress, and the majestic grace of his bearing, would at once have distinguished him as the sovereign of the grand-duchy,

and the representative of the princely line of the Medici, without the witness of the elaborately-carved shield, bearing the arms of his house, by which the tall back of the large oaken chair in which he sat was surmounted, and which was fully revealed in the strong light of a silver lamp that was suspended from the ceiling immediately above it. He held a paper in his hand, upon which he occasionally dropped his heavy eyes, though rather, as it seemed, instinctively, than from any inclination to decipher its contents. But there was yet another individual in the chamber, standing a few paces distant from the regal pair, and immediately in front of the Grand Duchess, whose nobility, based upon a genius which was to render him immortal, was, nevertheless, not sufficiently recognised at that moment to entitle him to a seat in so august a presence. The person in question wore a plain dress of black velvet, fitted closely to his tall and elastic figure, which was gracefully rather than powerfully moulded, and was principally conspicuous for the exquisite symmetry of his limbs, and for a certain expression of lofty and powerful intellect, which made him, despite the elevated rank and sumptuous apparel of his companions, by far the most prominent and interesting figure of the group. If, however, this were the first impression produced by the appearance of the individual under mention, a second glance complicated the feeling of the observer, for there was a wild and wandering expression in his large deep eye, and an occasional restlessness in his manner, which told that the flame within burned at times too fiercely for the goody lamp from whence it emanated, and that it had been fed so lavishly as to endanger all within the sphere of its influence.

Such was TORQUATO TASSO, as, in the year 1585, the immortal author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, stood a suppliant before the sovereigns of Tuscany.

The ducal houses of Medici and Ferrara had been long at feud, and Tasso had warmly espoused the party of his friend and patron, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, to whom, in terms of grateful affection, he had dedicated his wondrous epic; whose sister he had loved even to madness; and in whose cause he had put forth several writings, in which he had deeply wounded the pride of the Florentine nobility. The aberration of intellect of which he had been occasionally the victim since the discovery of his ill-fated passion, and the imprisonment by which it was followed, had so thoroughly unsettled his tastes and habits, that, pursued by imaginary evils, he had wandered to Turin, to Rome, and thence to Sorrento; but the magnet around which all the deepest feelings of his nature unceasingly revolved, drew him back once more to Ferrara, where the violence of his passion for the Princess Leonora displayed itself so publicly, that he was carried as a lunatic to the Hospital of St. Anne. The hypochondriacal malady deepened upon him in his compulsory solitude; but conscious that his incarceration, far from originating in vindictiveness on the part of Alfonso, had been designed by that prince rather as a boon than a punishment, he employed his weary leisure in writing letters to the Italian courts, imploring their interference to terminate a captivity which he believed to be rapidly undermining his reason. His entreaties were at length complied with; and on the occasion of the marriage of Donna Virginia de Medici with Don Cesare d'Este, Tasso withdrew to Mantua, and a short time afterwards, when a reconciliation was effected between the houses of Medici and Ferrara, the Grand-Duchess of Tuscany having expressed a wish to see the author of the *Gerusalemme*, he was invited to Florence by the sovereign, who seldom suffered a request of Bianca to remain unsatisfied; while Tasso, on his side, probably feeling that Ferrara was no longer to him the home which it had once been, and still imbued with that love of wandering which had of late years formed so conspicuous a feature of his character, readily yielded himself to the invitation, and was so courteously received by the beautiful Bianca, that, after celebrating her at-

tractions in a score of deathless lyrics, he resolved to offer his services to Francis, and to attach himself to the court of Tuscany.

As the project presented itself, he ascertained that the Della Cruscan Academy, which had constituted itself the supreme court of criticism in Italy—perhaps, partly moved by a desire to ensure its own popularity among the patricians of Florence, whom he had so deeply offended—had resolved to subject to the ordeal of their shallow and verbal analysis, the *Gerusalemme*; and great as was the contempt in which he individually held their decisions, Tasso was, nevertheless, aware that their verdict might operate unfavourably upon the mass of his countrymen, who were either too indolent or too prejudiced to form their own unbiassed judgment upon a work into which he had woven the brightest portion of his genius. Can it be wondered at that this reflection gave strength to his determination? He hesitated no longer. He at once addressed a letter to Francis, in which he implored his protection against the attacks which he had been taught to expect, and which were to involve both his person and his writings; and in return for this condescension, he volunteered to devote all his energies, both of body and mind, to the interests of Tuscany. But the Grand Duke had appropriated the affront which Tasso had offered to the Florentine aristocracy: and not even the entreaties of his consort could shake his resolution for revenge upon the unhappy poet. Vanity, ambition, and the love of power, alike urged Bianca to persevere in her endeavour to procure the reception of Tasso as an accredited member of the court. Every endeavour, both on her part, and on that of the poet himself, had hitherto failed, and it had been with considerable difficulty that the Grand Duke had been induced to grant the interview which we are about to describe, and which had commenced by a presentation of the petition which Francis held in his hand, and over which as he received it from the poet, he had glanced his eye listlessly, and with a stolid expression of countenance which almost rendered words superfluous: "I cannot entertain the prayer with honour to myself," he said coldly, as he slowly

raised his heavy eyelids, and looked from the paper which he held towards the poet; "for not even your skill, sir bard, can blind me to the fact, that we of Florence are indebted to the reconciliation which we have just effected with the house of Ferrara, for the proffer of Torquato Tasso's services."

"I came to Florence by your highness's invitation," was the somewhat haughty reply.

"I admit the fact; but it is not the less certain that in the feud which has so long divided the courts of Ferrara and Tuscany, you have little served my interests either by word or pen; and surely *you*, the friend of princes, and the lyrist of royal dames, would not lean your fortunes upon the *nobili artisti* of Florence,* or *il giogo della nuova tirannide della casa Medici*—I believe that I do not err in thus reporting your own words?"

"We must strive to overlook the intemperance of his language in the brilliancy of his genius," said Bianca, with a gracious smile, intended to blunt the edge of the Grand Duke's sarcasm. "Suffer the graceful compositions which he has lately addressed to myself, my lord, to counteract, in your mind, the hasty expressions wrung from him by party feeling."

"If report wrong him not," pursued Francis, who evidently entertained a great distaste to the poet, "his homage to the sex does not always confine itself to adulatory sonnets; even where the strong barriers of birth and station might compel him to a more guarded worship; and your highness has rather to thank his necessities than his sincerity for the verbal incense which he has offered at your shrine."

As the Grand Duke spoke, Tasso advanced a couple of paces towards him; his eye burnt with light, his lofty figure dilated, and he crushed between his hands the velvet cap which he had withdrawn on his entrance into the apartment. Every nerve quivered, and his beauty was almost fearful as he shook back the dark mass of curling hair which fell low along his cheeks, while a smile, that was half

bitterness and half defiance, played about his lip. The eyes of Francis were fixed upon him at the moment; for he designed that not only the irony with which he spoke, but also the subject to which he had made allusion, should wound the sensitive spirit of his listener; yet, nevertheless, there was something so overpowering in the wild emotion which his words had conjured up, that he suffered himself to be interrupted almost unconsciously, when the poet vehemently exclaimed—

"You do well to reproach me, my lord duke, and to cast back upon my spirit the load which it has long been striving to shake off! It is true that I have loved—deeply and passionately—as those only *can* love who look beyond earth and earthly things for fuel to feed the fire which consumes them. I have loved and suffered—the heart does not study place or pedigree when it gives itself away; for where it is warm and honest, it must in every case ennoble the object of its worship. And yet, men who bow down before an ermine-bordered mantle and a glittering star, called it *madness* in Torquato Tasso to love perfection, because it was so robbed. Out on the sycophants! One throb of such a passion was worth the lip-service of a century."

The enthusiast paused for a moment, and the Grand-Duke was about to speak, when the Lady Bianca, whose flashing eye and burning cheek betrayed how deeply she had been moved by the energy of the poet, made a gesture of silence, as she looked imploringly towards her consort.

"And what though I stand before your highness, proffering fealty to the house of Medici," pursued Tasso proudly, "I am no vulgar plebeian, unworthy of the service that I seek. I am the son of that Bergamo Tasso who, not content with the unsullied nobility of his birth, rendered himself honoured by his virtues, and distinguished by his genius, and upon whose tomb it was held sufficient to inscribe the words, *Ossa Bernardi Tassi*. For myself, my lord, my only crime has been that I have clung too closely to the cause which I espoused; but,

* Tasso, during the courtly controversy in which he supported the party of his patron, had so designated the Florentine nobility.

surely, if your highness hath found it meet to extend the hand of fellowship to the sovereign of Ferrara, it may be also fitly granted to those to whom he has vouchsafed his friendship."

"Tasso pleads well, my lord," said the Grand Duchess, "and, I trust, not vainly. As he has truly stated, he is no common suppliant; his fame is bruited throughout Italy; and if he be but just to his own powers, he will be an ornament to the court of Tuscany."

"The academy judges otherwise," said Francis, drily.

A withering curl of scorn played about the mouth of the poet. "And shall a Medici bow down his judgment to such a fiat," he exclaimed contemptuously. "Shall a Medici consent to test the outpourings of genius by the verdict of a bench of dullards, who suffer the bright spark of thought emitted by the spirit to escape them, while they are struggling amid the sea of words upon which it scintillates? Shall a Medici content himself to deal with those emanations of intellect with which the Creator has permitted his creatures, from time to time, to light up the dull materialism of a sensual and selfish world, as the school-boy cons his daily task? What are love, ambition, fame—save as the spirit robes them with its own brightness, and invests them with its own glory? What is even life itself, save a hideous skeleton, until the glowing draperies of mind have been flung over it, and lent a grandeur and a grace to the crude mass beneath them? Let the Della Cruscan sages cavil at words—'tis their vocation—and the extent of their intellectual power will reach no further than to make them the world's gibe; but the house of Medici and the author of the *Gerusalemme* look for a worthier and a prouder immortality!"

"I am content to share mine with the academy," was the cold reply of the Grand-Duke. "We will detain you no longer, sir. Her highness thanks you for the courtly phrases in which you have done her homage; and I add my own acknowledgments for the proffer you have made of your

talents and services to the court of Tuscany. While you continue in Florence, all honour shall be paid to you as my invited guest, even by the *nobili artisti*, for whom you have expressed so sovereign a contempt; but I cannot interfere with the decisions of the academy."

"I shall not urge you further, my lord duke," said the poet, "nor will I longer intrude upon your hospitality. Futurity will be the judge between me and my critics. Florence has granted a lordly tomb alike to Michael Angelo and to Machiavel, and perchance Rome will not refuse a resting-place to the ashes of Torquato Tasso."

"You speak gloomily, signor," said Bianca Capella, in her softest and most sympathising tone.

"Not so, madam, although perchance somewhat solemnly; for such a grave as I aspire to gain will not be lightly won. Fare you well, lady. This was my last appeal; and tomorrow I depart. I leave my gratitude with your highnesses—it has been nobly earned, and regally compelled."

"At least, sir poet, wear this trinket, to recall sometimes to your memory Bianca of Tuscany," said the Grand Duchess, and while she spoke she withdrew a heavy chain of gold from her neck, which, as Tasso knelt before her, she flung over his head; and then, extending towards him her small and beautiful hand, which he pressed with reverence to his lips, she added graciously—"Whatever may be the decree of the academy, rest assured that you leave behind you warm friends in Florence, who will rejoice in your prosperity."

"Heaven prosper the Grand Duchy!" murmured Tasso, in a low deep voice; and when he had risen from his knee, and made a profound obedience to Francis de Medici, which was courteously but coldly returned, he quitted the apartment, and hurriedly withdrew from the precincts of the palace.

Early on the morrow, Torquato Tasso was on his way to Rome.

THE TAKING OF ARQUES.

A LEGEND OF THE WARS OF THE LEAGUE.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

The Castle of Arques is a ruin now,
 But a beautiful ruin, we must allow,
 With its crumbling wall
 Too solid to fall,
 And its gate, and its moat with no water at all.
 'Twas built on a hill,
 And it stands there still,
 O'erhanging a church of the olden time,
 Which is worth a visit before you climb.
 Besides two inns, where they've nothing but eggs,
 And very thin cider in wooden kegs;
 Some farms, and the villa of Madame Clarke,
 All on the high road to the chateau d'Arques.

 When summer sets in,
 And pic-nics begin,
 When Dieppe is crowded and Paris is thin,
 'Tis the fashion to start
 In carriage or cart,
 Or mounted on *bourriques*, which (joking apart)
 Are nothing but donkeys, or else in a *bus*,
 Where they bear *any* squeezing without *any* fuss:
 Some with dainties, whose flavour would charm e'en a *vâtel*,
 And some with cream cheeses quite fresh from Neufchâtel,
 Rich, poor, old and young, and all ripe for a lark,
 A *dîner sur l'herbe* at the Castle of Arques.

But there was a time when within its walls
 Stood banquet chambers and council halls,
 When the merry laughter of damsels fair,
 And the tramp of warriors echoed there;
 When a banner waved from its turret high,
 And the moat around it was never dry;
 When to hold it long was a task of glory,
Apropos to which I'll tell you a story.

 In the days of the League,
 When strife and intrigue
 Armed each fierce zealot's hand
 With the spear and the brand,
 When Religion was named but to sanctify crime,
 And the death-signal tolled in St. Germain's deep chime:
 When France lay divided, when bigotry, steeling
 The heart to each tender and natural feeling,
 O'er the once happy hearth scattered discord and woe,
 'Twas then, and 'tis sweet to say, long, long ago,
 That one morning alone in his council room sat
 Dieppe's hardy old governor, Emar de Chattes.

 In form he was spare,
 Not o'erburthened with hair,

For his head save one lock at the top was quite bare :
 But though I've allowed you this secret to share,
 Don't imagine that ev'ry one *then* was aware
 Of a fact he concealed with much trouble and care,
 By wearing a smart, at the same time a light cap,
 Which he never took off till he put on his nightcap.

He sat deep in thought, but 'twas easy to see
 That grief had no share in his long reverie ;
 For the smile on his lip, and the flash of his eye,
 As he drained a huge goblet of Burgundy dry,
 To any such fancy at once gave the lie :
 And he muttered at times a few words, as he thought,
 "*Parbleu ! sacrés liqueurs !* we'll trick 'em, rare sport ;"
 Then grew rather impatient, and walked up and down,
 And the smile on his brow was exchanged for a frown :
 And he sent for the guard—" Go, look out at the gate,
 The plan must have failed, or they'd not be so late."
 Then he walked rather quicker, a light *chanson* humming,
 Only pausing to ask—" Is there any one coming?"

We must change the scene to Arques's high towers,
 And put back our clocks a few short hours,
 From sunny noon to the dawn of day,
 An excusable licence, as poets say.
 The sentry yawned as his watch he kept,
 And envied the lucky folks who slept—
 And vowed in secret, if ever he
 By hook or by crook should a captain be,
 He'd sleep all night, and doze all day,
 Whatever the League or the King might say.

An hour flew past, and the sun mounted higher,
 The sentinel's legs were beginning to tire,
 The sleepers awoke, and the Captain came down,
 In a black velvet skull-cap, and gay morning gown :
 Then he crossed the great hall,
 And came out on the wall,
 To visit each post, and the muster to call ;
 Then he saw two poor spies both hung up by the neck fast,
 Had the ears of a third slit, and went into breakfast.

And *such* a breakfast ! veal and ham,
 Pork and poultry, beef and lamb,
Paté, salmi, fricassé,
Venison, kid, and sanglier :
 Capon, pheasant, brawn and chine,
 Flasks of ev'ry kind of wine ;
 Ev'ry choice and dainty dish,
 Ev'ry thing excepting fish !

The Captain frowned,
 As he looked around,
 And he clenched his fist, and his teeth he ground.
 " Again," he cried,
 " Am I defied ?

Is *this* the way my table's supplied ?
 No fish for a week though so near the sea-side !
 Save the tasteless trout in the stream hard by,
 And those we can't catch, for we haven't a fly !

Look out, sir caterer, dost thou see
 Those rascals swinging on yonder tree?
 Thou dost—well then, I've a word for thee,
 That bough's big enough to carry three!
 And beware,
 For I swear
Par le roi Dagobert,
 If I find to-morrow no better fare,
 Thou shalt furnish a meal for the crows up there!

The caterer trembled in mute dismay,
 And 'twas long ere he ventured a word to say,
 Save "*Hélas!*" and "oh my!" and "alack and a day!"
 Till he cried, while his knees in his fright knocked together,
 "Great Captain, I am not to blame, but the weather!
 I've sent boats to sea for fish, ever so many,
 It isn't *my* fault if they haven't caught any;
 Ev'ry vessel and smack
 Was forced to put back,
 For the winds were so rough, and the sky was so black,
Mais j'espère,"—here he paused, for a sound struck his ear,
 A sound which, 'twas clear,
 Gave him pleasure to hear,
 For he broke into something not unlike a cheer:
 E'en the Captain smiled grimly, and ev'ry one present,
 Who before had looked doleful, now tried to look pleasant;
 When in rushed a soldier, strict etiquette scorning,
 "*Such* fish, sir, soles, flounders, and *all* caught this morning!"

At the castle-gate about a score,
 There might have been less and there might have been more,
 Of fishermen stood with an ample store
 In baskets with coarse cloth covered o'er:
 While to tantalize
 The sentries' eyes,
 Ev'ry now and then the cloth would rise,
 And a sole or a flounder its tail would shake,
 As if to say, "we're all wide awake,"
 And to prove what the men by St. Etienne swore,
 They were all in the water an hour before.

The caterer came to the gate in a trice,
 Chose out the best fish, and inquired the price;
 "Ahem!" said the men,
 "If you pick 'em, why then,
 Tho' they're worth fifteen crowns, you shall have 'em for ten."
 "Ten! a fine price to fix!
 Come, I offer you six!"
 "Not enough by two crowns, say nine!" "Seven or nix!
 Don't you see out of seven crowns five at least are gain;
 Money in hand, too, now is it a bargain?"

"Take this for our answer!" the spokesman replied,
 Drawing out a long knife which hung down at his side,
 And which under his clothes he had managed to hide;
 While his comrades showed their knives, and rushed thro' the gate,
 Which the guards did all they could to stop, but too late;
 And one of them drew
 Out a horn, which he blew,
 Till the shrill signal brought a fresh party to view,

From a snug ambushade very near the grand entry,
Where they had been lying unseen by the sentry.

Alas! for poor caterer, quickly brought down
By a most unmistakeable crack on the crown,
While the fish, about which there had been such a pother,
Lay scattered around him one over the other;
The drums beat to arms, but the drummers soon fled,
And tried hard to escape being knocked on the head;
While the valorous Captain frowned fiercer than ever,
And vowed he would never surrender, no never!

But yet, strange to say,
When commanded to lay
Down his sword by the victors, he never said nay,
But made haste with the very best grace to obey;
So they sent him to Dieppe soon after the fray
On his favourite horse (for they hadn't a shay,
As a prisoner out of the common way!

Sir Emar de Chattes on the ramparts stood,
In a rather impatient and angry mood,
And he asked ev'ry soldier who ran to and fro,
"Do you see nothing yet?" and they all answered "No!"
Now a German in his place would then have said "So!"
But being a Frenchman, he merely cried "Oh!"

And, I'm sorry to add,
Used some words very bad,
Such as one might expect from an omnibus cad,
Or a Billingsgate damsel, who has them quite pat,
But not from a knight like Sir Emar de Chattes.

Hark! what means that shout?
Off hurries a scout
Towards the old gate of Dieppe in haste to find out;
And the sentinels strain
Their eyes, but in vain,
To see what is coming below in the lane;
Tho' they hear horses' feet in the distance quite plain,
Yet a turn in the road shuts out all from their view:
Hark! the noise and the shouts are commencing anew,
And the scout, overcome with fatigue and the heat,
Mounts the ramparts, and falls at the governor's feet;
" 'Tis done, sir,
We've won, sir,
As sure as a gun, sir,
The glory is yours, and the castle's King Harry's own!
Parbleu! they've nabbed both the Captain and garrison!

Reader, if ever you happen to stray
Near the old chateau with its ruins grey,
You'll not forget this famous fray,
Though ages since then have passed away;
But if you're polite, (and I don't doubt *that*)
And a loyal subject, you'll take off your hat
In respect to the manes of Emar de Chattes.

PASTORAL ANNALS.*

PURPOSE and performance, design and execution—rarely correspond and bear witness for each other with so much felicity as in this beautiful and unpretending little volume. It was prepared, the author informs us, without originally any thought of publication; and it bears, throughout, traces which prove that it was composed only in favourable moments, when the author was drawn to his task by the attraction of love—not driven to it by the stern compulsion of ungrateful labour.

“The series of ‘Pastoral Annals’ here presented to the public, was commenced at an early period of the author’s professional life—primarily under the impression, that a labour of such a nature might tend to exercise him in habits of composition of a familiar kind, as a prelude to more sustained and serious effort; subsequently, when the number of facts recorded, had increased to a considerable amount, he conceived the idea that at some undefined period they might interest or amuse his own or his friends’ leisure hours—and so he persevered.”

We thank the author for his perseverance, and trust that the extracts we subjoin will satisfy the reader that we have reason to be grateful. Take the following as an example of scenic description—the time near sunset, the evening serene:—

“Far below—for the elevation to which I had attained was about five hundred feet above the level of the champaign country—an extensive plain spread itself almost as far as the eye could reach. Winding through woodlands and downs, and by many a hamlet and village, with church and tower and spire, and lavish of passing graces on the few seats of our thinly-sown gentry along which it flowed, a river white as silver pursued its way, till lost in an immense lake. That again, vast as a sea, was terminated by a range of not very lofty mountains, on whose summits rested the gathering clouds of night. The evening, the silence—for if any, none but

distant sounds reached my ear, and between the effect of distant sounds upon the mind, and perfect stillness, there is an affinity which I have often remarked, without finding a satisfactory solution;—the glorious prospect before me—lovely, soft, and placid also—the undefinable sentiment, that though in my native land, I yet was encompassed by a people as distinct from myself as the inhabitants of China, or Lapland;—the occasion on which I came;—the struggle which my own ancestors had made, and millions likewise of their fellow-men, to burst the bonds of Romish thralldom;—the progress of truth throughout the world—its partial withdrawal, its varied fortunes—now flickering as if unable to maintain a steady flame—now blazing as a meteor, and, alas! as quickly expiring;—and at length prophecy, like some great musical composer ere the piece concludes, drawing together all the scattered melodies, and in one grand harmonious peal uniting each simplest and each loftiest tone. So (thought I) shall that ‘sure word’ vindicate the providence of God, and stamp the impress of his sovereignty, and the triumph of insulted truth, on the closing scene of this earth’s dispensation.”

The following passage of mingled narrative and description possesses a moral interest of no ordinary character. The situation is one of breathless suspense, and all the accessories of nature—the accidents of light and shade, silence, solitude, motion, repose—all things of sight and sound are made subordinate to the effect to be produced; and the whole scene is represented, in language most happily selected, and in which the absence of exaggeration is felt as a distinguishing and positive characteristic. In such language objects are seen by the light, and in the atmosphere, in which they appear to best advantage. The writer is residing in a solitary mansion, in a district where Protestants are few, and at a season of much political disquiet.

“The night was, as I have said, bright moonlight—bright indeed in an

* *Pastoral Annals*. By an Irish Clergyman. London: Seeley & Burside, 1841.

unusual degree;—and well was the lovely scene on which they fell, worthy the placid beams of our softly-shining satellite. Distant about half a mile from the house in which I lived, lay an immense lake, stretching far away to the southward, the extreme limit being lost in a faintly-coloured haze. Its breadth, which may have been about four miles, was distinctly traceable; low mountains of brown heathy pasturage, whose height was considerably magnified by the shadows thrown on the water from a few small islands, bounded it on either side. The shape of the shore or surrounding highlands was not peculiarly striking, and only bold in one or two spots; but there was an expanse of water and of land, and when these are blended in the same view, it cannot be otherwise than pleasing; and besides, at the time I write of it was between one and two in the morning, and a bright moon shone.

“After gazing for some minutes with intense interest upon the enchanting spectacle, I raised the window with the utmost caution, so that I might not occasion any noise, and stood a little retired, to avoid the possibility of being observed. Yet what eyes were likely to behold me, unless those of the glorious planet which shed its silvery rays in mild profusion around? or perhaps, too, the more distant prying of ‘some calmly conscious star?’

“For a while I scanned the objects before me with keen and anxious scrutiny, and listened as if I was all ear. But not a sound reached me—no, not a rustling shrub or blade demonstrated the theory of universal motion, or spoke the voice of nature through any of her countless organs.

“To me it seemed—so perfect was the stillness—as if the sense of hearing were unnecessary to complete the happiness of man. The vigilance of the watchman soon gave place to a species of meditation scarcely to be called contemplative. That in its turn was fast passing into a state of dreamy reverie, to which bed and a closed casement would have offered a fitting and acceptable hospitality, when my musings were disturbed by a half-uttered growl from my four-footed companion. He had indeed disdained to use more feet than his master during the period I have described. With paws resting upon the window-seat, and hind feet firmly set on the floor, the wakeful creature surveyed the scene. Whether he partook of my reflections, or that his mind was occupied by some more original sentiments, I am unable to affirm with the certitude becoming a narrator of facts, and therefore forbear to pledge

my truth to what I cannot maintain. This, however, I declare, that the half-growl above mentioned startled me—as valiant soldiers have assured me the preluding gun has roused them—from, it might be, a profound sleep, to the strife and danger of a bloody battle. Off to the rear, like the women and baggage of the army, went all my romance, accompanied by sundry detachments of the ‘sublime and beautiful,’—who, somewhat like our ‘Braves Belges’ at Waterloo, acted on that wisest of principles, the ‘sauve qui peut,’ before a shot was fired. These all being placed in safety, I bent my manlier energies towards the field. Still, though straining every faculty, I saw nothing, and heard nothing. I almost envied the calm repose of nature. A moment more, and my little dog growled again. The shock to my nerves was less powerful, but more convincing than before. No doubt now remained in my mind, that the whole world was not all asleep. I looked, and listened with palpitating eagerness for about a minute, when I perceived several human figures crossing my lawn, between my house and the lake, at about four hundred yards distance. They carried arms upon their shoulders—whether spades, or pikes, or muskets, I could not determine; but their glancing in the moonbeams proved them to be metal. They marched in order, as well as I could distinguish, two and two, preserving the strictest silence; in number probably about thirty.

“The party, which was now full in view had emerged from the shadow of a hill;—whence they had come, or whither going, I could not tell. Their movement was in a parallel direction to the parsonage, and somewhat inclining towards the lake. It was therefore to be inferred that, if at all, I was not their first or immediate object. But notwithstanding this reprieve, I confess myself totally incapable of describing the feelings with which I surveyed this formidable band. It is needless to dwell on the humility and confidence with which I cast myself on Him who is the strength of our head in the day of battle, or how affecting were the emotions which crowded round my heart, as my distant home with all its loved associations rose fondly in my thoughts. Alone, and without prospect of succour, though not indisposed to use to the very utmost the slender means of defence which I possessed, I still felt painfully, almost despairingly, conscious of their total insufficiency to accomplish that object.

“It might be, and circumstances proved it so, that there was no present danger; but neither was there any self-deception

as to the fact. The body of men I looked on was no phantom of a distempered brain, peopling the wild heath with visionary forms, but a real array of peasants, stark and resolute—men sworn to obey a leader they had never seen, and with whose name or abode they were unacquainted—men who, in blind obedience to a mysterious command, had left house, and fire, and bed, to assemble in arms beneath the glimpses of the midnight moon—who had voluntarily subjected themselves to the severities of military discipline and the perils consequent on violated laws;—men, in fine, who, ere they engaged in these dark enterprises, pledged their souls, by all the horrid rites which ever bound Christian or heathen in hellish confederacy, to wreak the unsated, the unsatiable vengeance of long centuries upon the doomed head of every Protestant they might be directed to destroy."

Our author, although thus sensible of misery and danger occasioned by religious discord, and by the pestilent conspiracy which it nurtures, is capable of discerning the presence of a generous spirit wherever it is to be found, in antagonist no less than in friend. The following incident is strikingly characteristic, and the style in which it is described is worthy of its subject. The priest of whom our author writes had been at fierce feud with him, endeavouring to withdraw Roman Catholic children from scriptural schools, a project in which the boldness and ready wit of the author successfully resisted him. After this defeat, followed incidents thus narrated:—

"We met, after the lapse of a month or two, in the crowded fair of the village; or I should rather say, that he espied me among the multitude, and instantly approached me. He saluted me courteously enough, but with a loudness of tone and an emphatic pronunciation of my name quite unusual and needless. A moment longer brought him 'in medias res.' 'So, sir,' said he, 'you keep my children at your d—d Bible school, contrary to my wish.' We were both on horseback, and therefore conspicuous objects. The voice of the priest had attracted an immense number of the country people to hear our conference, and general appearances left no doubt upon my mind that his design was to intimidate me, if not worse. My spirit providentially rose against such

an endeavour; and I replied—'I am proud of the name you give to my school, and ashamed that you should have attached an impious blasphemy to your description of it. It is a Bible school, and will, I trust, be called the blessed Bible school before long.'—'I can't abide the Bible' was the rejoinder, as before, of this holy teacher—a sentiment of which I might have supposed him somewhat enamoured, for he uttered it in both languages. 'Will you confess that,' said I, 'at the bar of Christ's judgment-seat, you his minister on earth?' I also translating my reply into the best Irish I was master of. This compliance with the national affections gratified the by-standers (nine out of ten of whom were aborigines) beyond all description. My antagonist saw the advantage which I had gained, and in an abrupt manner of triumph exclaimed—'Did you hear the news this morning?' As he spoke, he turned towards the crowd with a singular leer of mutual intelligence.—'No,' said I.—'The people have taken Cashel, and they are coming this way, *tearing* all before them. The multitude waved backwards and forwards at this intelligence, as if rocked by a single hand, and every eye was fixed upon me. While I paused—for pause I did, partly from the manifest intention of my wicked opponent, and partly because the actual state of the county of Tipperary rendered the alleged fact not altogether incredible; and while, in deference to the truth of history, I am compelled to surmise that my pulse may have been slightly accelerated, the priest reiterated—'Ay, they're coming sure enough, *tearing* all before them—what will become of us here?' and looking at me as if he would read my soul, 'What will become of the Bible, too?' Little did that dark man know the magic, or, had I not more properly said, the sacred efficacy of the phrase he had just pronounced. The word Bible dispersed from my mind every feeling but that of courage. 'I don't believe a word of your news, father,' said I, at the topmost pitch of my voice—not a word. If the *rebels* had attacked Cashel, and they dare not do so, the king's troops are as able to beat them now, as they were when they had the French to back them at the battle of Coloonay, and you can tell how that day went, Father——' Now that was indeed a desperate venture on my part, for Father—*aforsaid bore* on his cheek the mark of a sabre cut which a dragoon inflicted upon his sanctified countenance during that memorable engagement. I could scarcely expect that he would rejoice much in being re-

mind of a circumstance of which he was so little proud, that he fled to America till the general amnesty rendered his return to his native Connaught secure. His exploits against the 'Sassenach' were reputed to have been vigorous as well as various during the rebellion, and were only in part repaid by a scar, and a writ of outlawry which lasted for nearly three years. Happily Father — was in the main a kind-hearted man; had he been otherwise, I really believe not all the Gaelic that ever issued from the lips of the truest Milesian would have prolonged my life for two minutes. The crowd murmured loudly, and were clearly disposed to mischief. The father perceived it, and waving his hand, said in Irish, 'There's good blood in that gentleman—long life to him!' This appeased the people; and Father —, addressing me with exceeding cordiality, said, 'I'll never have a quarrel with you, except it be which of us shall be most friendly one to the other;' adding, in an under tone, 'You are too venturesome for this country, and yet it is what will make the people love you; and they *shall* love you.' He then rode slowly away."

The assurance given in this passage, is corroborated by the style and structure of the work. The diction is throughout highly finished, and the epithets frequently so well chosen, that they describe the object to which they are applied with an accuracy scarcely inferior to that of proper names. The author scarcely ever fails to choose the happiest word, or to present his subject, whether it be a thought or an object in external nature, otherwise than under the aspect in which it can be seen to the best advantage. Such it would be natural to expect the style of an accomplished scholar should be, when writing under circumstances so favourable as those in which the *Pastoral Annals* were composed. The preface promises, as it were, a series of Cabinet Pictures, highly and delicately finished, and the reader of the *Annals* will not be disappointed.

But it would be foul wrong to this interesting volume, were we to confine our observations to its style. It is rich in generous sentiments, wise reflections on the condition of Irish society, and all through characterised by a delicate tact of conscience which diffuses over the work a very unusual charm. There are two classes of bold men in the world—one consisting of

those who dare justify what they dare do; the other of those who invert this ordinary maxim, and who will not persist in the doing of any thing but that which they can justify. If an individual of one of these classes be accused, his first thought is, how he may retort on his assailant; there will be time enough he thinks to discover and repair the wrong he may have done, but his first thought is, how to meet the wrong (for so he accounts the accusation) done him. The other class is composed of persons who, if they do not suspect, severely search themselves, the moment that another accuses them. It is of no moment that the charge may be unfairly or indecorously urged, that it may have little support from evidence, that its author may be unworthy. Sufficient for the man of sensitive conscience that a charge has been made; he instantly acts the part of inquisitor upon himself to ascertain if in his feelings or his conduct, he can have afforded grounds for the accusation. The presence of this fine spirit gives a very peculiar interest to the *Pastoral Annals*.

The profession to which the author has originally been dedicated appears to have been that of the law. The reasons which effected a change in his intentions are given in the introduction; where also he gives a picture of the state of the church in the neighbourhood where it came under his observation, by which he was long and seriously troubled.

"Yet the clergy were for the most part well-educated men, and of irreproachable moral conduct; but they were very cold, and dead, and formal. The consequences were as might be expected; on every side conventicles sprang up. Up rose the Methodist, and the Baptist of each degree, and the Unitarian, and Millennarian, and all the 'ists,' and 'ites,' and 'arians,' which religion run mad could 'picture in her darkest mood.' I heard, and knew, many of these edifices were mere commercial speculations; still it was clear, that a 'movement' of some kind or other must have preceded, and suggested them. Subsequent observation has demonstrated the truth of this conclusion in most human matters, and perhaps few better guides of conduct can be had recourse to than it affords. Of the tenets promulgated in many of these tabernacles I preserve a vivid re-

collection, still pausing 'with horrent brow,' as I look on some of the orators, foaming at the mouth, gnashing with their teeth, ranting, canting, swearing, thumping, stamping, and at times roaring so loud that the quivering window panes seemed in their last agonies.

"I remember to have heard a millenarian preacher of considerable eloquence declare, that he then and there, from the pulpit wherein he stood, saw our blessed Redeemer descending from heaven with his angels, as described in the Thessalonians, and that in less than *five minutes* he would be personally among them. He asserted that he *heard* the 'voice of the archangel and the trump of God!' The deep solemnity of this announcement, and the wonderful energy of the speaker, whose eyes at length were fixed in silence upon heaven, produced an effect upon the congregation I have never seen surpassed. Every face was turned towards the spot whither the minister bent his own earnest gaze. Suddenly he called on his audience to make room for their Saviour. Room was accordingly made, each individual narrowing his person into the smallest imaginable compass. Another moment of harrowing suspense, and the inimitable actor terminated the scene, by exclaiming in a softened tone, 'Oh blessed vision!'—and resumed his discourse.

"Strange as these pantomimes were, they took with an ignorant and a neglected population. Multitudes forsook the cold teaching of the established clergy to follow these enthusiasts. But all were not enthusiasts. Among these professors of unimagined creeds were men whose breasts were 'pregnant with celestial fire,' and who preached the truth in love. Love, alas! bore unripe and sorry fruits in the hearts of those to whom they preached. The population were extremely disunited, hating each other with inextinguishable rancour."

We do not recommend this volume as one which gives a representation of Irish society or of the Irish church in general, during the period of time it embraces. It contains the experience of an individual under not ordinary circumstances—of an individual who felt much more acutely deficiencies or evils in his own ministry or that of his church than he felt comfort in the thought of good, which, in spite of all disadvantages, the church and its ministers were effecting. A tone of melancholy sometimes deepening into self-reproach

therefore pervades the volume, but it demands only the discriminating observation of all who can separate good from its often unavoidable accessories to discover, even in the complaints of the annalist, evidences of good, once visible in promise, but now happily and abundantly realized. In short, the Annals describe the condition and efficacy of the church, under circumstances in which perhaps they could be seen to least advantage, and yet even in such circumstances, showing them to be such as conferred much actual good in the country, and as contain the promise of yet greater good to be.

In various instances the practical suggestions of our author are not less valuable than his developments of principle and his pictures of society. On the subject of dilapidations in glebe-houses and churches, his strictures are well worthy of attention, and the remedy he recommends, for evils which all must acknowledge, one which ought to be known and considered. After describing a ruin denominated a parsonage-house, in which he had been plagued by every species of annoyance; a house in which "rats and mice, and such small deer" had a right to reside, secured by long proscription, and which they surrendered under very remarkable circumstances, and in a very singular fashion—"ratting," with the sagacity of creatures more exalted in the scale of being, when the proper season had arrived, he offers the following suggestions:—

"The provincial architects ought to be instructed to visit annually, and after sufficient examination had to report to the bishop on the state of the several glebe-houses in the respective dioceses. By this means the bishop, as head, would be informed of the condition of all the glebe-houses in his diocese, according to a uniform system—an advantage which the present practice, however diligently or faithfully administered, cannot possess. He would have it in his power, even as the law stands at present, to compel the several incumbents to keep their glebe-houses in repair, by sequestration of the profits of the benefices; or if any doubt exist upon the fact that such power be so vested, it would be exceedingly desirable that an act confirming it should be passed. The bishop ought to be empowered to direct the architect to repair

and keep in order all glebe-houses at the expense of the incumbents. There could be little hardship and no injustice in this. Every clergyman ought to enter on his preferment with an avowed acquiescence in such liability, of which he could not at an after period reasonably complain. How much that is indecorous, how much that is injurious to the cause of Christianity, how many bickerings and heartburnings, and unbecoming reflections, a course such as has been suggested above would avert, few persons can overrate. I appeal to the experience of all my brother clergymen, whether any of the secular businesses of our profession produces so lamentable an exhibition of that which it is most desirable to conceal—worldliness of character—as the commissions of dilapidation held upon glebe-houses, on the occasions of the decease or removal of the incumbents."

We would venture to propose one change in the plan which our author has suggested; namely, that the ecclesiastical commissioners should undertake, on certain terms to be agreed on, to assure incumbents against the award

of commissions of dilapidations. An annual charge could be laid on each benefice, adequate to meet the necessary cost of keeping glebe-houses in repair; and it might be left optional with each incumbent to remain subject to his present liabilities or to relieve himself by effecting an insurance.

We take leave of our author, wishing to his engaging volume the favourable reception it merits. Our purpose has been less to review the work than to present the reader with specimens by which he can judge of it; and which, we trust, may cause him to desire an ampler acquaintance with it. We have but one observation more to add. The lighter and the more serious portions of the *Pastoral Annals* have one object—are incorporated in one system. Every scenic description is so associated with some moral truths as to impart and to receive a new interest and attraction; and every narrative becomes, in some sort, an argument, by being offered as the exposition or illustration of a principle.

BIRDS.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Joyous and happy creatures—

Roamers of earth and air—

Free children of the woods—

Bright glancers o'er the floods,

Your homes are every where;

Dear are ye, and familiar to the heart,
Making of nature's loveliest things a part.

Ye are upon the mountains,

With proud and lonely flight;

Ye are upon the heath,

The dear blue heaven beneath,

Singing in wild delight;

The rock doth shelter you, and many a nest,
Amidst the ledges by the lake, doth rest.

Ye skim the restless ocean,

White plumed, like fairy things;

Ye haunt the inland river,

And the sweeping willows quiver

With the rustle of your wings;

Through the dark pines your homeward way ye take,
Or drop to your lone nests in bush or brake.

To you morn bringeth gladness—
 The first red flush of day,
 Breaking your rest, appeals
 Unto your hearts—unseals
 The silent songs, that lay
 Like dreams, within you through the quiet night,
 And now bursts freshly forth to hail the light.

You slumber with the sunset—
 Scarce doth the day wax dim—
 Scarce doth the first star glitter,
 When from your nests you twitter,
 Your happy vesper hymn ;
 Like one, who, to the woods her lone way winging,
 Fills the deep night with her impassioned singing!

Solemn are woods at midnight,
 When through the heavy shade,
 Scarcely a moonbeam finds
 An entrance where the winds
 Stir through each green arcade ;
 But dear to you that safest solitude,
 Where on your rest no mortal may intrude.

And joyful is your waking,
 Amidst the sighing trees,
 In the sweet matin hours,
 When smile the opening flowers—
 What want ye more than these ;
 Ye seek no praise—your songs as sweetly sound,
 As though a crowd of worshippers stood round.

Ye are the poet's emblem,
 So doth his song gush free—
 So winged and glad his spirit,
 Doth his high gift inherit,
 Pouring its melody
 Beneath clear skies, and if they darken, keeping
 Song ever in his heart, though it be sleeping.

Sleeping, but not for ever,
 Still to new life it springs,
 When hope's sweet light doth waken,
 And care and fear are shaken,
 Like dew-drops from his wings ;
 And 'midst the flowers and trees with sunshine glistening
 He hath his own reward, though none be listening.

THE IDEAL. FROM SCHILLER.

1
 And canst thou thus deceive me,
 And wilt thou, wilt thou leave me,
 With all thy fancies dear,
 With ev'ry smile and tear ?
 Can nothing thee persuade,
 Thy flight by nought be stay'd,
 O Golden Time of life ?
 No ! idle is the strife ;
 Thy waves must seek the sea
 Of far eternity.

2
 The glorious lights are gone,
 That beam'd my youth upon ;
 The ideal dream dispelled,
 Which once this fond heart swelled ;
 Gone the sweet faith in beings
 That were but fancy's seeings :
 What was so heavenly fair
 Hath been the spoiler's share,
 All torn away from me
 By rough reality.

3

As once Pygmalion
Embraced his marble one
With passionate longing, till
Sweet sense began to fill
Her cold cheeks: even so,
With such life-giving glow,
Was nature clasped by me,
In youth's embrace, till she,
My poet-breast beneath,
Began to warm and breathe.

4

And, sharing in my flame,
Voice to the dumb one came;
She kissed me again,
Knew all my joy and pain;
Until the rose, the tree,
Became alive for me;
The fountain's silvery fall
For me was singing all;
And my life's overflow
Made soulless things to glow.

5

My mind, with forceful grasp,
As if it all could clasp,
Sought to embrace whate'er
The universe might bear;
All living forms to try,
Of act or imagery.
How great appeared the world,
While yet in bud close furl'd!
When it was open all,
How poor it show'd and small!

6

How did that young heart spring,
With what a fearless wing,
'Mid bliss of its own dream,
Believing what did seem,
By care not yet oppress'd,
To seize what life possess'd!
To ether's palest star
Its pinions fled afar:
Nothing so far, so high,
Those pinions might not try.

7

How easy was the flight!
What, to so blest a wight,
Might seem too hard a strife?
Around the car of life,
How danced, to his fond view,
An airy retinue!
Love, with rewarding eyes;
Fortune, with golden prize;
Fame, with her star-crown won;
Truth shining like the sun.

1838

8

But ah! that retinue
That vanished from the view,
And one by one was gone,
Ere half the journey done.
Light-fluttering and gay,
Had fortune flown away;
Unslaked, as at the first,
Of knowledge was the thirst;
Truth's sunlike form had bow'd
Its head to doubt's dark cloud.

9

I saw fame's sacred crown
On common brows come down;
Too perishing a thing
Alas! was life's young spring;
Love's sweet time was o'er:
And ever lonely more,
And more deserted aye,
Became the roughening way;
Till scarce e'en hope could shine
On that dark path of mine.

10

Of the loud company
Who now remains with me?
What follower so brave
Will soothe me to the grave?
Thou, healer of each wound!
By me long sought and found!
Gentle and tender hand
Of Friendship, which, by band
Of love conjoined, can share
Each ill that life must bear.

11

And, Occupation! thou
Hast link'd thee, by like vow,
With her, and help'st to charm
To peace each inward storm;
Unwearied working ever,
Slow, but destroying never;
Grain after grain dost give
To stores that ever live;
And steal'st day after day
From time's dull load away.

(Added by the Translator.)

And that ideal dream
Was but the distant gleam
Of light that yet shall bless
In nearer loveliness:
It is not gone for ever,
It was not a deceiver;
What life from vision bore,
Shall more than life restore;
To earth awhile 'twas given,
But it abides in heaven.

W. R. H.

THE ADVENT BELLS.

I sat alone, and out upon the night
 Gazed from a window, where the light hoar-frost
 Had crisped the glade, and to the moving moon
 Wove a bright web of smiles; and high, but far,
 A long procession of majestic trees
 Preserved the shadow of their dignity,
 Though skeletons, and scarcely deigned to move
 Before the uncourteous breeze.

Within, my fire
 Had died to embers, and the taper's light
 Upstarted drowsily from time to time,
 And thoughts skimmed silently about my brain,
 Alive, but dim. I deemed all men asleep,
 Fast as the fawns beneath the tangled oak,
 And felt a pleasure to be watching there
 With heaven upon the slumber of the world.
 Unmindful man! I cried,—'tis well for thee
 That there are centinels who stand before
 The everlasting doors, and, spirit-eyed,
 Flash through the darkness into Nature's breast
 The glance of safety! Were it thou alone
 Had charge of her, before to-morrow's dawn
 The moon might turn to blood, and the set sun
 Swerve from th' ecliptic, and the host of heaven
 Burst from their bonds, like chargers from the rein,
 Abroad into immensity! But now
 Behold night's hosts revealed! Across the lawn
 (Mistaken oft for fairies) trip light troops
 Of guardian spirits; and on every star
 Sits a bright charioteer, and steers his orb
 With tranquil speed, flashing a thousand beams
 From the blue causeway of the firmament,
 Which glance to earth, and there lie quivering, o'er
 The frozen plains one instant, ere they die.
 Alas for man! Where all is quick with life,
 Must he obey his destiny—and sleep?

Just then upon a gust there swept a strain,
 So faintly heard, 'twas scarcely more than thought,
 Yet full of sweetness—and then died away,
 Then rose, and took a tone more definite—
 The peal of bells. Yet I could scarce believe,
 In that secluded place, and silent hour,
 Hard upon midnight, there was thought of things
 So much in tune with poetry and heaven.
 Beyond the lawn, and grove, and many a roof,
 The parish church lay far. 'Twas from her tower
 The sound leaped forth—and I was fain to muse
 What it might mean—when like a flash it sprung
 Up to my memory, that the coming stroke
 Of midnight ushered in the ADVENT MORN.
 I closed my shutter, and, ere yet the peal
 Had sobered to the solemn stroke of twelve,
 Low on my knees, and not without some tears,
 Had owned the selfish arrogance of heart,
 Which could not stand within God's temple-dome,
 But I must bar the door upon mankind.

SWAIN'S POEMS.*

CHARLES SWAIN has graduated as a poet. The degree has been conferred on him by one in every way authorized to give it—the laurelled Southey. Our laureate, who has often been the means of making known to the public talents which might have otherwise been lost, but who was never prodigal of praise, has said of Swain, that his poetry was made of the right stuff, and that Manchester had reason to feel, and would yet feel proud of him. Mr. Swain's talents have, we believe, long been acknowledged in England. In Ireland, our more immediate territory, they are not very generally known, and we therefore introduce him with the eulogy of Southey. We shall proceed to confirm his character, by laying before our readers a few extracts, taken nearly at random, and from the shorter poems. This is hardly doing him justice, as his most laboured work is a long poem, entitled, "The Mind," a subject with many points of obvious interest, and yet, we rather fear, too abstract for the taste of the present day. They, however, who have no great aversion to such a title, or can make an effort to overcome it, will find the poem full of interesting topics, and ever intertwined with a tone of thought and manner of expression exhibiting the full power of a true poet. It is with this poem that Mr. Swain's name will be more especially associated. We should say that the characters of his muse are a calm and amiable philosophy, constant purity of sentiment, and much elegance of thought and expression. We might add, and our extracts shall bear us out, very considerable vigour too. The following stanzas are from "The Mind." They refer to a subject which has a deep interest for too many in these climes, the early death from

decline of one whom the author knew—

One I knew

Whose grace—oh, poet's feeling ne'er
express;
Whose semblance painter's pencil never
drew;
Droop! fall!—as from the rose fades
soft the vernal dew.
Dying in tints of beauty—leaf by leaf!
'Twas whispered Love first called the
canker there;
But if she grieved, none ever saw her
grief;
The thought were torture—should a
breath declare
That unkind Love had left her cheek
less fair!
And thus she fed on *Hope*, who said
away
From scenes too dear; that 'neath a
foreign air
No more the worm within her breast
should prey;
No more her spirit faint, her little
strength decay!

Love? I will tell thee what it is to
love!
It is to build with human thoughts a
shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beau-
teous dove;
Where time seems young—and life a
thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires
combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty
shine;
Around, the streams their flowery mar-
gins kiss:
And if there's heaven on earth, that
heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the
true;
The immortal glory which hath never
set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart
e'er knew;

* The Mind, and other poems. By Charles Swain. London: Tilt and Bogue. 1841.

Of all life's sweets the very sweetest
yet!
Oh, who can but recall the eve they
met
To breathe in some green walk their
first young vow,
Whilst summer flowers with moonlight
dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the
mountain's brow.
And all was rapture then, which is but
memory now.

Hers was a form to dream of—slight
and frail;
As though too delicate for earth—too
fair.
To meet the worldly conflicts which
assail
Nature's unhappy footsteps everywhere!
There was a languor in her pensive
air,
A tone of suffering in her accents weak,
The hectic signet, never known to
spare,
Darkened the beauty of her thoughtful
cheek,
And omened fate more sad than even
tears might speak.

The angel-rapt expression of her eye—
The hair descending, like a golden
wing,
Adown her shoulders' faded symmetry;
Her moveless lip, so pined and perish-
ing,—
The shadow of itself;—its rose-like
spring
Blanched ere its time; for morn no
balm might wake;
Nor youth with all its hope, nepenthe
bring!
She looked like one whose heart was
born to break;
A face on which to gaze made every
feeling ache!

The peasant, hastening to the vine-ripe
fields,
Oft turned with pity towards the
stranger maid,
Whose faltering steps approached yon
mount, which yields
A view from shore to farthest see dis-
played;
And there, till setting day, the maiden
strayed;
Watching each sail, if haply she might
find

The distant ship which her dear friends
conveyed;
And still Hope gave her wings to every
wind,
And whispered, "See, they come!" till
ached her wearied mind.

We should be glad to give the verses
entitled "The Ships of England,"
but must be content to substitute a
shorter poem, less characteristic of
the author, less vigorous, but very
graceful—

My own—my own—oh! breathes there
one
To whom that simple word's not
dear?
Beats there a heart so drear and lone,
That holds not *some* loved object
near?
Whose spirit, like the arkless bird,
From all companionship hath flown,
And finds no gladness in that word,
My own!—my own!

Who, dull to every finer tie,
To every soft affection cold,
Lives on in cheerless apathy,
And in his very youth *seems old*!
Though frequent cares my mind enthrall,
Could wealth, mere earthly wealth,
atone
For the sweet beings *lost*!—I call
My own!—my own!

No! Time may still but speed to show
How false is Hope's delicious song,
And many a sorrow I must know;
But oh! sweet Heaven, may it be
long
Ere those I love from me are gone;
And life a wilderness hath grown,
And of earth's millions there is *none*
My own!—my own!

This volume is one which may be
admired before being read. It is one
of the most beautifully "got up"
books we have seen for a considerable
time. The illustrations are exquisite,
most beautiful in design and execution,
doing the highest honour to the artists
of Manchester. One, designed by
Retzsch, and engraved by Stephenson,
we are positively in love with. It is
well worth the price of the volume.

THE PAGE AND THE MARQUIS.

BEING NO. VI. OF THE KISHOOE PAPERS.

The Marquis of Este is haggard and wan,
 The lustre that beamed in his dark eye is gone,
 And vainly his grief do they seek to beguile;
 The Marquis of Este forgets how to smile.
 Yet flashed once that dark eye the wildest in mirth,
 And the jest on his lip had the happiest birth;
 What now, while his youth's in its first summer bloom,
 Has flung o'er its sunlight this mantle of gloom?
 Not love—he but sipped of the cup at its brim,
 And the poison beneath was untasted by him;
 Not envy—in person, in station, in fame,
 To rank with the proudest the Marquis can claim.
 But to say how the page of his life met this blot,
 'Tis a round-about way to tell how it did not;
 Besides, 'tis a method that's grown somewhat stale,
 So instead, if you please, we'll proceed with his tale.

In the Castle of Este there dwelt, it appears,
 While the Marquis was quite in his juvenile years,
 A smart little page,
 Rather merry than sage,
 But still an exceeding sharp lad for his age.
 Indeed he was one of the drollest of bricks,
 And play'd numerous tricks,
 For which he got fewer *baiocchi* than kicks.
 The name which he bore was Antonio Cappello,
 And he was in truth as good-humoured a fellow
 As ever wore doublet of blue slashed with yellow;
 And beyond any question, the Castle of Este
 Never saw a more comical youth in its best day;
 And the Marquis and he
 Play'd full many a spree,
 When the warm blood of youth in their veins bounded free.
 Each seemed to the other
 Almost like a brother;
 And as they grew up even time could not smother
 The strong recollections
 Of boyish affections
 Which, spite of the Marquis's rank and connexions,
 Made him bear from Antonio many a joke
 Which his pride would have punished in most other folk;
 And still, in his intercourse with him, to blend
 With the rank of the master, the tone of the friend,
 While Antonio felt so much regard for his master
 That he'd shield him at risk of his life from disaster.
 And their mutual interest vanished not when
 The master and servant had both become men.

Bright Italy, for ever dear,
 To whoso'er has heart and eyes,
 Whatever be the enchanted guise
 In which thy charms appear!
 Whether we mark thy earlier hour
 Of grandeur, majesty, and power,

Whose trophies still exist sublime
 As whetstones for the scythe of Time ;
 Or view thy softer looks displayed,
 In loveliness alone arrayed.
 Sweet Hebe of the Earth, whose rill
 Of classic lore is bubbling still,
 To cool the parched and burning lip
 Of whosoe'er will turn aside
 From vulgar haunts of wealth and pride,
 Its pure and tranquil wave to sip.
 Shrine of the arts—and where, oh, where
 Does Nature dwell in forms more fair ?
 Where prouder towers the snow-capt hill ?
 Where clearer flows the sparkling rill ?
 Where laughs the landscape more by day ?
 Where reigns the night with softer sway ?
 Where beams an eye of deeper jet
 Than flashes from thy fazziolet ?
 Where sits the heart upon its throne
 So firmly as beneath thy zone ?—
 Alas ! why must the "serpent's trail"
 Amid thy flowrets still prevail ?
 But so it is, we must confess,
 With all that thou canst give to bless ;
 You've got two horrid ills to plague you,
 The tertian and the quartan ague !

So, alas ! beyond doubt
 Has the Marquis found out,
 Until now he had ever been as 'sound as a trout,'
 But he sighs and he groans
 From the pains in his bones,
 His woes might indeed extract pity from stones ;
 He swears at the doctors
 As wicked conceiters
 Of physic more dire by a hundred degrees
 Than the veriest ills which result from disease,
 And vows that if one of them sends him a bottle,
 He'll pour the contents of it down his own throttle ;
 So they all stay away,
 As indeed well they may,
 And gravely enough to each other they say—
 " If we go near the Marquis, he's got so obstreperous,
 " By the bones of old Galen he'll certainly pepper us !"
 Now the medical sages
 In those middle ages
 To say truth were not folk of such very great science ;
 To induce one to place on them wondrous reliance ;
 And any man skilled in the doctrines of Harvey
 Outshines them as much as a state-coach a jarvey.
 Though none could have hoped for a progress so huge
 As Morrison curing the world with gamboge ;
 Whereby no one, 'tis clear,
 Can die after this year—
 A fact which must lead to results rather queer ;
 Unless among wonderful coming inventions
 There be one for increasing our planets' dimensions.
 But this is digressing
 A matter distressing,
 To readers, which won't bring me many a blessing.

The doctors, I said,
 In those days were not bred
 In a manner upon them much lustre to shed ;
 And if one of them now were to rise from the dead,
 I'm certain there's not in Europe a college
 Where he'd get a diploma for medical knowledge,
 Or those ominous titles which people express
 By an L.R.C.P. or an M.R.C.S.!

Yet somehow, whatever their absence of skill,
 They hit now and then upon remedies still ;
 And at least had one cure
 Which was found pretty sure
 In cases of ague to set matters right ;
 Namely, giving the patient a deuce of a fright.
 And that trusty poor fellow,
 Antonio Cappello,
 On hearing it, made up his mind in a minute
 That he'd try very quickly what virtue was in it.
 Blessing fate for detecting so famous a stroke
 As curing his lord by a practical joke !

'Tis a sultry noon
 In the middle of June,
 And the smooth wave glows in the burning light
 Of the hot sun's gaze,
 Whose parch'd lips blaze,
 As he fiercely quaffs of its waters bright.
 'Tis a sultry noon,
 A glorious boon
 To the Marquis who looks an exceeding "gone 'coon."
 As he stands to be done,
 Like a steak in the sun,
 Which all but himself most religiously shun ;
 But spite of his baking,
 He's shivering and shaking,
 As he looks on the tide,
 Upon which there glide
 A barge or two, whose keels divide
 The molten wave, and the folk inside
 'Tis clear must be demons doomed to be fried,
 Floating on for aye on that burning river :
 And the marquis looks, and begins to shiver,
 As he thinks (being baked to the substance of brick)
 How much to be envied is elderly Nick.

Like the lightning's flash,
 With a plunge and a splash,
 Into the river he goes slap dash.
 Souse to the bottom,
 Like a hippopotam-
 Us, ere you'd glance at your fingers and tot 'em :
 Up to the top
 Comes his head, like a mop,
 For of hair he has got an exceeding good crop ;
 And he opens his mouth, and he shouts "*aiuto !*"
 Which brings to his aid these same barges of Pluto,
 (From demons or men he's not likely to spurn it)
 And he's haul'd up exceedingly like a "soused gurnet."

And he looks around,
 Not a trace can be found
 Of the villain by whom he so nearly was drown'd.
 But he's taken home, and he's put into bed,
 And they scrub him and tie up in flannels his head ;
 And he finds, to his joy and surprise, that immersion
 Has banished completely his villainous tertian.

But alas ! there's a sad, a desperate charge
 Made by the people who sailed in the barge,
 'Gainst Antonio Cappello,
 They swear he's the fellow
 Who pitched in the Marquis, and there's a reward
 Offer'd for taking him now by his lord,
 Who vows in his fury,
 (And he's judge and jury)
 That the moment the crime to the monster he tracks,
 Off shall his noddle be chopped by the axe.

Two days go by, and lo ! on the third
 Antonio appears as if nought had occurred ;
 And when he is seized and put under arrest,
 He vows the whole matter was only a jest
 For curing the Marquis ; and on his discovery
 That the plot had effected his perfect recovery,
 He returned as they saw, which he would not have done
 It was clear, if the dip had been other than fun.

To the Marquis they bring him, but somehow his tale
 With his lordship appears but of little avail.
 He listens, and says with un pitying eye—
 " Antonio Cappello, to-morrow, you die ! "

No word Antonio's lip replies,
 They bear him off with downcast eyes,
 Unquivering lip, and placid face,
 Where none may one emotion trace.
 That doubt of *him* could ever cross
 His master's mind is thought so new,
 That with it comes an utter loss
 Of feeling what to speak or do.
 That treachery should be deemed to dwell
 Within that breast whose honest swell
 Told of emotions warm and true
 As ever manhood's bosom knew—
 Those callous words, that stony glance,
 Have bound him in a fearful trance.
 Awake he must, it recks not where—
 A palace or a dungeon-cell—
 That doubt from out his bosom tear,
 And he will meet unshrinking—Hell !

The morrow comes, nor smiles the less,
 That misery's eye must meet its ray ;
 When would it smile if man's distress
 Could scare its glorious light away ?
 The hours glide on—in Este's court,
 The crowds have met to hail the sport,
 Which coldly yields a brother's life,
 Up to the headsman's gory knife ;
 The castle's arching vaults resound,
 To groups of gazers gathering round,

Who listlessly the moments while
 With careless chat, and jest, and smile.
 Though death amongst them soon shall come,
 The thought strikes not one coward dumb—
That death they mark unshrinking—why?
 It threatens only *one* to die.
 If pestilence from out that crowd
 Wrapped but one victim in his shroud;
 If riot, with disordered blow,
 Struck but one bleeding brawler low;
 Within that court-yard's narrow pale
 How many a craven wretch would quail!
 And oh! at that approaching sight,
 How many a spirit brave in fight,
 And fearless in disease's clutch,
 Would sicken from compassion's touch!
 Yet sights like this are still allowed
 As lessons for the gaping crowd!
 The hour is come—unbarred the cell!
 Upon the gloomy scaffold stand,
 One to whose breast these signs foretell
 An hour of deeper calm at hand,
 And one whose arm shall soon release
 A troubled soul and give it peace.
 They pause—across Antonio's eyes
 The headsman now the bandage ties,
 And as to earth his orbs he seals,
 Beside the block the victim kneels,
 With neck outstretched to meet the blow
 That ends his griefs or joys below.
 The signal is made—'tis the axe that descends,
 On the neck of the wretch that was led forth to slaughter.
 Is it thus? No, the headsman but over him bends,
 And pours on his neck a few drops of cold water!
 At the joke
 All the folk
 Who expected the stroke
 For an instant are mute, with the sudden surprise,
 And then give a shout that ascends to the skies;
 And the Marquis himself, who is there in disguise,
 Flings it off and says, "Come, friend Antonio, rise!"
 But how strange—the poor youth neither stirs nor replies!
 The Marquis comes near with a strange sort of dread,
 And shakes him—alas, poor Antonio is dead!

The tale is told: since that sad hour,
 In Este's hall or Este's bower,
 The lord of Este, once so gay,
 In silent sadness droops away;
 Age on his brow has left no trace,
 But youth seems frozen in his face,
 And in his heart life's ruby rill
 Is colder far than age can chill.
 He meant not ill, but cannot shun
 The shade of that which he hath done;
 Nor till he sleeps his final sleep,
 Will time his memory kindly steep
 In sweet forgetfulness of all
 Which must that fatal scene recall.
 But life, however long its span,
 Must mark him still—a wretched man.

EMIGRATION.*

MANY circumstances seem to point it out as a peculiar duty in Great Britain to take active steps to replenish the earth and to subdue it; and perhaps there is no class of measures which the government of the day can adopt with greater ease, and hereafter look back upon with greater pleasure than those which may be recommended with a view to promote emigration to our colonies. The population of Great Britain increases with a rapidity never known before in any fully-peopled nation, that is, in any nation where the want of a sufficient population was not sensibly felt and even made a topic of complaint. It doubles its numbers in about forty-four years, notwithstanding the swarms of emigrants which it annually pours forth to every quarter of the globe. It is increasing at the rate of about five hundred souls a-day; and the increase made to the population since the new tariff passed has been more than sufficient to con-

sume all the cattle that have been imported under it.†

This rapid increase of population, which is a source of alarm to many, and which all must view with awe and apprehension for its ultimate consequences, forms the most pressing argument in favour of an extended system of emigration. To attempt to stop this increase would be vain. To introduce what is called the preventive check among the labouring classes would, we believe, be as inexpedient as impracticable. Provision must be made for the increase, and many circumstances conspire to point out emigration as one and perhaps the most efficient of the sources from which that provision can be obtained. England has the greatest navy and the most extensive colonies in the world; she possesses in the greatest abundance all that a new colony can want, and has an almost unlimited demand for all that a new colony can supply.

* Emigration; New Holland. By Thomas Bartlett, 1 vol. octavo, pp. 312.

† We may observe, that when we speak of an increase of any amount made to the population within a given period, it is not to be supposed that this increase consists entirely of men, or entirely of women, or entirely of children. The increase will compose, as it were, an additional population, containing the same proportions of persons of different ages and sexes as is to be found in the former population of the country. We deem it necessary to observe this, because we know that many intelligent persons fall into the mistake of supposing that the increase of the population in any year is composed entirely of children. The mistake is a natural one; and the proposition which we have just denied appears to be a necessary consequence from two premises of undoubted truth, viz., that the increase of the population is produced by births only, and that of course those births are only of infants. Hence it seems to follow, that the increase of population must be composed entirely of infants. The falsehood of this conclusion will be apparent to any one who extends the reasoning over a series of years. Thus, if the population of the British isles increases at the rate of two hundred thousand a-year, if we infer from this that there are two hundred thousand more infants in the kingdom in January, 1843, than there were in 1842, we must equally conclude that in January, 1842, there were two hundred thousand more infants than there were in January, 1841; and carrying on the argument, we come to the astounding conclusion, that in January, 1843, there are in the kingdom four million more infants than there were in January, 1823!! This sufficiently proves that the argument must be fallacious. Its fallacy, in fact, consists in omitting to take into consideration all the changes produced in the population by the lapse of a year. Not only has a certain number of infants been born, but every man, woman, and child is one year older than he, she, or it was at the commencement of the year. The reader is probably reminded of a similar fallacy which is sure to pervade men's minds after every serious storm. The greatest concern is expressed for the number of aged trees that are blown down, and people say that it will require fifty or one hundred years to repair the damage. They forget that in a year every tree grows a year older, and that each class of trees is replaced, not by new ones to be planted, but by the class which ranked immediately next to it in age.

Those who endeavour to impress upon the public mind their opinions of the advantages which may be derived from a judicious system of colonization, are often met by a reference to the quantity of waste land at home, and an assertion that the expense of sending emigrants to our colonies would be better employed in reclaiming those waste lands, and thus at once finding employment and subsistence for the surplus population. Now we are not disposed to undervalue the effects of an improved agriculture. Let our waste lands be reclaimed, and more capital be applied to the cultivation of the productive land wherever it can be done with profit. The process is going on, and needs no stimulus except that desire of gain which has led to so many great improvements within the present century. Legislation is only required to remove those impediments which the complicated nature of our laws of real property oppose to every great improvement which does not yield an immediate return. But the most extensive emigration is not inconsistent with the improvement and reclaiming of our waste lands. We do not recommend emigration as a panacea for all our ills, nor do we desire it to be adopted in exclusion of any other beneficial measure. The state of the country requires that nothing useful should be neglected; and there are not wanting circumstances which even indicate a superiority in emigration over what is sometimes called home colonization. The effects of the two measures on population are essentially different. If a quantity of land is reclaimed sufficient to support a family at home, it becomes necessary to provide employment and subsistence for that family and its increase through successive generations. But when a station is assigned to it in a thinly-peopled colony, the future increase of the family need cause no apprehension, since the more numerous it becomes, the more assured will be its prosperity.

The field for agricultural improvement is also limited and uncertain. That any such speculation should have been hitherto overlooked by the intelligence and enterprise of the country is at least some argument, although certainly by no means a conclusive one, that it cannot be undertaken to a very great extent with any certain

prospect of success. We believe it is in the nature of agricultural improvements to advance slowly; and it is scarcely desirable that it should be otherwise. If such improvements advanced too rapidly they would lower the price of provisions so as to ruin the farmers who hold their land at a rent nearly equal to its annual value. The improvements in agriculture have been nearly commensurate with the increase of population, so that, notwithstanding the millions added to our numbers within the last twenty years, an increased importation of corn has not been required to supply our wants.

Any improvement in our agriculture, such as extensive drainage, forced on by legislative interference, would be injurious in two respects:—In the first place, it would, like every other forced application of capital, be a diversion of capital from the more productive employments which it naturally seeks, to the less productive one to which it is forced. Let useful information on the subject be extensively disseminated, and private capital will quickly be attracted to the pursuits most profitable to the individuals and to the community. When the contrary occurs, it is only because either the capitalist or the consumer neglects his true interests.

We do not, however, deem this less productive employment of capital to be in itself an evil of very great magnitude. The wealth of England is so great that much may be wasted without mischief, and improvements on land are most frequently effected not by capital, withdrawn from other pursuits, but by the incomes of the proprietors which would otherwise be altogether unprofitably expended.

The second evil we deem to be of more consequence. It is, that the forced application of capital to agricultural improvements, in some respects an anticipation of the future resources of the nation. The improvements in agriculture, and the reclaiming of waste lands are designed evidently to be a resource to provide for an increasing population. As population increases, the demand for food becomes more extensive and intense, and the existing cultivation becomes inadequate to supply the wants of the inhabitants. But at the same time the increase of intelligence and capital, the improve-

ment of roads, and other circumstances favourable to agriculture, connected with an increase of population, introduces such improvements that the increased supply is produced with little, and sometimes without any, advance of price. But if in this generation we anticipate improvements designed for the subsistence of the next, we may lower the price of corn too much, ruin those farmers who by circumstances are prevented from participating in the advantages of those improvements, and be the cause of future distress, by introducing habits favourable to a more rapid increase of population than can find subsistence from the natural progress of agricultural improvements.

We do not wish to be understood as expressing an opinion unfavourable to agricultural societies, or to any exertions of individuals. We believe that they are calculated to do much good, and that they are the natural results of the increased wants and increased intelligence of the people. What we deprecate is, any interference on the part of the state to force capital to agriculture as a means of providing for our wants.

There is no manner in which public charity can be more efficiently directed than in giving assistance to poor emigrants; and it happens that those for whom such assistance is best calculated, are precisely those whose case is most perplexing to the framers or administrators of every system of relief for the poor. The widow, the orphan, the halt, the blind, the infirm aged, their cases can cause no difficulty, there can be but one opinion, their wants ought to be relieved plentifully and cheerfully, and every exertion used to make them as comfortable as their situation will admit. We do not wish to send them to the colonies—they would be unhappy and useless there, and are proper objects of relief at home; and relief given to them cannot, by its example, lead to injurious consequences. But there is in every dense population a class of persons for whom it is more difficult to legislate, and whom it is not very easy to describe. They are the slaves of circumstances, and although they are not always idle, they seem to want energy. They will sometimes work hard, if you place work before them, and if they happen to meet with no inducement to be idle; but employ-

ment must seek them, for they will never seek employment, and unless they can be supported by their father's trade, for they know no other pursuit, they will sink into pauperism. It is in vain to hope to rouse them to activity by a rigorous administration of the poor laws. The workhouse may be made odious to them, and they may be thus kept out of it, but their wants will not be thereby relieved, and they will sink into squalid, demoralizing wretchedness. They have generally large families, and account to themselves and to others for their poverty, by complaints of the difficulty of supporting a large family in such bad times. Their excuse is a true one, as they are incapable of doing any thing requiring energy or exertion. This inactivity of disposition, which most men partake of in different degrees, is frequently the greatest obstacle to their success in life; but it may be fostered or counteracted by the circumstances in which men are placed, and no situation is so favourable to idleness, or affords less temptation to idleness, than that in which a labourer finds himself when once fairly placed in a new colony. Instead of having to look for employment, he is eagerly sought after, and is at once removed from all idle companions, and secured a fair remuneration for his toil. Every thing about him is new, and calculated to stir up a spirit of inquiry. Habits of labour counteract the natural indolence of his disposition, and the man who at home would be an unhappy burthen on society, becomes a useful, contented, industrious colonist. Out of the great number of the labouring classes who betake themselves to the colonies, there are comparatively few whose condition has not been permanently and happily altered by the emigration. With respect to New Holland this appears to be admitted by Mr. Bartlett, an able and determined opponent of emigration to that colony. In his work on New Holland, p. 136, we find the following passage—

“On the other hand, the man whose wealth consists of a pair of brawny arms, and who has lived by the sweat of his brow, one who can complete a hard day's work under a scorching sun, is well fitted for colonization. This man, especially if he be a clever sober artificer, will do well, but not to the

extent which the price of labour will lead him to anticipate, as he will have to pay enormously for every thing he purchases; still if a sober industrious man, unless burthened with a large family of young children, his situation in life will be much improved, and his comfort much increased."

This admission comes with considerable force from a writer who entertains such strong feelings against the colony. He had previously admitted the eligibility of the colony as a site for the operations of the capitalist.

"The man of wealth will find New Holland a rich field for his operations. He will obtain interest on unquestionable security far exceeding any thing he could hope for in an old country. The cause has been already shown. So many persons commence undertakings which they are unable to accomplish in consequence of the high price of labour, that the money in the market is easily caught up at a high rate of interest, and, generally speaking, money is the best merchandize."—p. 186.

Mr. Bartlett has thus admitted that New Holland possesses what may be deemed the most important element of wealth, viz. high interest on capital, high wages of labour, high price of goods. These form the state of affairs to be desired by him who wishes to dispose of his money, his goods, or his labour. The man who has none of these has no business at New Holland, he must remain either a pauper or a mendicant at home. He has no visible means of earning his subsistence any where. The warmest advocates of emigration require no further admissions. They contend that where there is abundance of unoccupied land, there must be an almost unlimited demand for labour; that the great productiveness of labour causes the profits of capital to rate very high; and that high profits and high wages naturally cause high prices of commodities, a circumstance injurious only to the unproductive idler, as high prices are necessarily accompanied by the prosperity of every other class. Mr. Bartlett, however, whose book is written in a very oratorical style, endeavours to make use of those admissions to the purpose of his argument. This he en-

deavours to effect by the artifices of exaggeration and diminution in comparing the advantages and disadvantages of the state of affairs in the colony. In this manner almost any proposition in political economy may be proved or disproved to the perfect conviction of the careless reader.

There is scarcely any condition of affairs favourable to one class, which is not, or may not be, in some respects, or on some occasions, inconvenient to some other class, and *vice versa*. The orator, therefore, makes out his case by exaggerating one set of consequences, and extenuating or neglecting others of perhaps still greater importance. This can be done with particular ease in arguments on commercial matters, since in every contract the parties for the moment have opposite interests, and whatever condition of affairs is desired by the one is deprecated by the other. Thus a high rate of wages, than which there can be no greater cause and symptom of a country's prosperity, is yet an inconvenience to those who have to conduct operations requiring the assistance of numerous labourers; and as anything appears larger by being brought nearer to our view, and exhibited in more detail, this petty inconvenience may be represented as more than compensating for the thousand benefits which the country derives from high wages. It would not, however, be difficult to demonstrate that a high price of labour cannot retard the prosperity of any colony. It may cause it to be impossible for the present to undertake certain speculations with success, but this cannot diminish the field of employment for labour injuriously, since if it did, it would cure itself by lowering the rate. It is also plain that it does not interfere with the prosperity of the capitalist; for although some speculations are thus placed beyond his reach, the reason is, that there are so many profitable fields of employment for the small quantity of capital as yet accumulated in the country, that the owners of capital have, as it were, to bid against each other for the labourers, and in this competition the capital, which is applied in the most profitable manner can outbid the rest. Unless in the rare case where the high price of la-

bour is caused by an excess of capital, it never can lead to any serious depreciation of profits.

The large interest which is permanently and constantly obtained for money in New Holland is a sufficient proof that the profits of capital in every trade are very high. It is almost universally admitted that the general average rate of interest depends upon the general average rate of profit. It is true, indeed, that the casual variations of each may be, and frequently are, in contrary directions. A sudden depression of trade may embarrass the merchant, and make it difficult for him to meet his engagements. He will pay a heavy interest rather than sacrifice his stock by pouring it into a market already suffering from a glut of similar commodities. The intense competition of merchants similarly circumstanced may cause the rate of interest for a time to rise exorbitantly high; but this high rate must be temporary, and it is not often to be obtained on "unquestionable security." The money is borrowed to meet an unexpected loss, not to make an expected profit, and a demand arising from this source, cannot be permanent. The general state of things is, that the merchant carries on his business at a profit, not at a loss, and if he borrows money to carry on or extend his trade, it must be because he expects to make, by means of the borrowed money, a greater profit than the sum which he agrees to pay for interest. Mr. Bartlett, however, seems to suppose that in New Holland money is always borrowed to meet the losses occasioned by overtrading, or unsuccessful speculations. He says, that "so many persons commence undertakings, which they are unable to accomplish, in consequence of the high price of labour, that the money in the market is easily caught up at a high rate of interest." This indeed would be perfectly compatible with the fact that those undertakings, when completed with borrowed money, are generally exceedingly profitable to the undertakers. But it would be unfair to put this construction on the sentence, for he has expressly referred to what he has said before on the subject. The passage to which he refers is evidently the following one, which occurs in page 179, where he describes the annoyances and disap-

pointments which befall a settler in New Holland:—

"After a martyrdom of suspense, the situation is finally agreed on; the settler takes his family and all his effects at a great cost, on to his property, which he finds so overrun with bushes and trees, that he decides with difficulty as to which is the most eligible situation for a temporary residence. This, however, is determined; and after putting up his canvass tent, the poor fellow takes his first night in the bush. If it comes on to blow, accompanied with rain—and when it does blow in this country it is in earnest—his tent will most probably be blown down, and every body *saturated* and chilled with cold. United, however, in one common object, they set to work to clear the land, and to get a little under cultivation. Suppose them to have chosen a good situation, on the banks of a river, for instance, having some good land, they may find that it will not bear the expense of clearing. This conviction most probably only crosses their minds after their substance is expended, and they have not the means left of removing; then they are obliged to remain, eking out a miserable and scanty subsistence, surrounded by savage tribes, each at war with the other, and charged an immense price for every thing they require. A happy thought strikes the father—he will raise money on his property by mortgage; this he accomplishes, after some difficulty, at a very high rate of interest. For a time his prospects are a little brightened; he is enabled to purchase a few of the comforts of life for his family—he clears more land—things go on well, until the time arrives for paying the interest to the mortgagee: he then becomes completely broken in spirit, for he finds it impossible to make both ends meet, encumbered as he is with the payment of a heavy interest."

We have given the above passage in the words of the author to show that it is his belief that the high rate of interest in Australia is caused by the necessities of the unfortunate struggling emigrants; whereas nothing can be capable of more certain demonstration than this proposition, that the high rate of interest in the colonies, is caused by the great productiveness of capital, and the immense field for its employment, presented by the unoccupied lands. The passage is a fair specimen of that exaggeration which is the chief fault in Mr. Bartlett's work. Fortu-

nately that exaggeration is so strong, as to put the reader on his guard against its effects. For that purpose the first expression, "*a martyrdom of suspense*," would probably be sufficient. But after making due allowance for his exaggeration, there is a great deal of good sense and valuable information to be found in the work; and the passage which we have just cited gives a lively picture of the difficulties by which an imprudent settler may be overwhelmed, and unintentionally suggests some of the circumstances which a more prudent one may turn to his advantage. The great imprudence which a new settler is apt to commit, is, to purchase too much land in proportion to his capital. A great part of his estate remains consequently unproductive for several years, during which his capital would have been accumulating if he had not vainly expended it in a fruitless purchase. Emigrants from an old country are peculiarly apt to fall into this error; for their ideas of land and wealth are so associated together, that they are apt to imagine that the owner of an extensive estate must necessarily have every comfort at his command, and that the opportunity of acquiring a large estate for a small sum of money is a lucky accident of which they ought to avail themselves without a moment's delay. Let Mr. Bartlett's warnings against this folly have due weight; and let the emigrant be taught that the land beyond what he has capital to cultivate will be perfectly useless to him, and that to purchase it is to waste his valuable capital. There is nothing surely in the circumstances of Australia to compel any person to buy more land than he can profitably occupy. He buys too much from a miscalculation, against which he may be put on his guard.

With respect to the cause of this error—this disposition to purchase too much land—we differ altogether from Mr. Bartlett. He attributes it in Australia to the high price of land:—

"Instead of the fixed price being forced as high up the scale as possible, it would be better for the government and for the colony to have it placed rather under than over the price for which it could be sold in the market. When a high sum is required for land, it cannot fail to happen that the inex-

perienced—and all emigrants must be, to a certain extent, inexperienced—will expend that money in the purchase of land at a high price, which ought to be held back as a capital for the maintenance of labour. Something like this happened not long since at Sydney: whilst the outcry for labour was heard on all sides, emigrant labourers were plodding all over the country for employment which they could not find. The cause of this is evident, however much it may be mystified. The settlers not only wanted labour, they also wanted the means to pay for labour. If they had reserved some portion of their capital to expend in the support of labour, the money so laid out would, no doubt, have returned a good interest to them."

We, on the contrary, are convinced that the lower the price of land is, the more people will be induced to purchase more than they can turn to account; and whether the price of land be low or high, we trust that Mr. Bartlett's good advice may supply the want of experience, and prevent the emigrant from ruining himself by too large purchases of land. Let him be practically convinced, that in a new colony he never can have any difficulty in procuring land upon reasonable terms. We wish that Mr. Bartlett had given us the benefit of his experience more fully upon this head, and entered into some details to show how much of his capital an emigrant could, in his opinion, safely expend in the purchase of land. We desire to know even how much land was purchased, and how much capital was possessed by the emigrant whose miseries, arising from this cause, he has so vividly painted.

This disposition of emigrants to purchase too much land was not unforeseen by the original founders of the colony of South Australia. In particular, Colonel Torrens, in his able work "*on the Colonization of Southern Australia*," earnestly dissuaded the emigrant from this imprudence, and even entered into some details to show the proportion of his capital which an emigrant might safely expend in the purchase of land:—

"A farmer possessing five hundred pounds, pays fifty for his passage to the colony. When there he purchases not two hundred, but eighty acres, at twelve

shillings (now one pound) per acre, paying for his lot not one hundred and twenty, but forty-eight pounds (or eighty pounds). He clears and crops the first year not twenty-five, but twelve and a-half acres, at a cost not of one hundred and twenty-five pounds, but sixty-two pounds ten shillings. Deducting these several outlays from his original capital of five hundred pounds, the settler will have two hundred and forty pounds for the purchase of stock to be fed on the natural pastures which he might occupy for a nominal rent."

He then enters into some calculations of the profits to be made by an emigrant who follows his directions, into which we do not think it necessary to follow him. The passage we have cited is sufficient to show that the founders of the colony of South Australia were fully aware of the imprudence of the settler who invests too large a proportion of his capital in land. Colonel Torrens recommends that rather less than a tenth part of his capital should be thus invested; and as his work containing this good advice from such high authority was published in 1835, we trust that many did not suffer those calamities which Mr. Bartlett imagines to befall the man who invests so much of his capital in land "in the bush" beyond all civilized habitations, as to leave himself dependent upon borrowed money for the means of purchasing the common necessities of life. On reading the accounts which have since appeared of the colony, we are convinced that the proportion recommended by Colonel Torrens is rather too large for those who purchase land far in the interior, and that a fortune will be made in a shorter time by the man who buys no more land than he can clear within the course of two years. At the end of that period he can buy more land on equally favourable terms, and with adequate knowledge of the country to guide him. In the mean time the settler will have been employing his capital at a profit of probably not less than thirty per cent. He will, all the time, have had the same enjoyment of the vast tracts of unoccupied land around him as if he had become the purchaser of it all. Having the means of bringing his land rapidly into cultivation, he will be a seller not a buyer of the necessities of

life; and he will find his advantage in those high prices by which Mr. Bartlett supposes the emigrant to be oppressed.

It is difficult to find two authors more at variance with each other, both on matters of fact and on theory, than Colonel Torrens and Mr. Bartlett. On the state of affairs in South Australia the former seems as much too sanguine as the latter is too desponding. The latter is entitled to no small weight, inasmuch as he speaks from experience; while Colonel Torrens labours under the disadvantage that the self-supporting system which he extols so much has, even in his own hands, proved to be an utter failure.

As so much has been said and written of the self-supporting principle upon which South Australia was founded, and as the circumstances under which it failed must at some future period occupy the attention of parliament, some of our readers may not be displeased at our giving a brief account of this colony. Every one knew that waste land, while it continued so in a colony, was perfectly useless to the colony as to the mother country. It could become valuable only by becoming private property, and being made productive by a certain expenditure of capital and labour. The state prescribed the terms upon which the unoccupied land should become private property; and it was the duty of the statesman to prescribe such terms, and to make such arrangements as would lead to a sufficiently rapid and productive application of labour and capital to the improvement of the colony. For this purpose various plans were tried, which were generally the result rather of circumstances than of much thought or deliberation. One obvious course was, to give the land to individuals on any terms—sometimes for a political or personal *job*, and sometimes as a reward for merit, and to trust for its cultivation to the private interests of the owners. It was the application of private capital, guided by private interests, and undirected by any public authority, that led to the high cultivation of English soil. Why should not the same effect follow from the same causes in Australia or America, when once the land should become individual property? The difference between the two cases is, that

the old country possessed *men*, which the colonies wanted. In order that land may be cultivated with profit, there must be labourers to produce, and a population to consume, the fruits of the earth. For want of inhabitants the most fertile land in a colony may be valueless. Until a population springs up, the owner of the most fertile land may have neither inducement nor means to cultivate it. He will seldom find it to be his interest to import a population sufficient to add value to his property. Under such circumstances, the advance of population and cultivation must be necessarily slow. The early colonists of the United States were persons who fled to escape the consequences of their own or their countrymen's crimes. Those who possess property in a country so circumstanced, especially when they have been obliged to pay any thing for it, are content to let it remain unoccupied and unproductive until the progress of population has made it valuable. The possession of property thus circumstanced is always felt to be an impediment to colonization.

Another plan has been tried, apparently more likely to be successful if fairly carried into effect: this is, to give grants of lands to individuals on condition of their cultivating at least a certain portion of them within a certain time. The chief objection to this is, the room it makes for favouritism, and the difficulty or impossibility of enforcing the conditions rigorously. Thus the judicious disposal of waste lands in the British colonies has ever been a matter of some difficulty, at the same time that in the United States the land is disposed of in a manner which at once secures its cultivation and produces a revenue to the government. This is effected simply by setting up the land in lots for sale to the highest bidder. It is not likely that any person would buy land at such an auction who was not resolved to turn his purchase to account. This can be readily done in America, where the settler is not obliged to cross the ocean, but merely to go a few miles farther west; but it may be readily supposed, that if land were set up for sale by auction in a British colony, there would be no purchasers found willing to pay more than a merely nominal price for the land. They may,

however, be induced to do so by an engagement that the purchase money shall be employed in conveying labourers to the colony.

"The national property in waste lands acquires value in proportion as capital and labour are applied to it. The governments of England have hitherto squandered the national property thus capable of acquiring value in a manner the most lavish and corrupt. The general and state governments of the American union have dealt with the national property in a different way; they have offered the waste lands for sale at a fixed minimum price, and by this method of disposing of them have realized considerable revenues. The new colony is to be established upon the principles, that waste land acquires value as labour and capital are applied to it; and that by the American mode of disposing of it, a constantly increasing emigration fund may be realized. For the attainment of these objects all the waste land of the province is declared to be public property; it is to be offered for sale at a fixed *minimum* price, to such capitalists as may choose to purchase it; and it is stipulated that the whole of the purchase money which they advance shall be employed in conveying young and able-bodied labourers to the colony. By the adoption of these simple principles, capital and labour will be applied to the lands of the new province, in such proportions as will give them most value, and render them most productive, while the revenue arising from the sale will render the new settlement, what the first British settlements in North America were, a self-supporting colony, entailing no expense upon the mother country."—*Torrens*, p. 9.

The passage above is the account which Colonel Torrens has given of the principles upon which the new colony of South Australia was intended to be founded as a self-supporting colony. There is, however, in it a slight inaccuracy in the use of the word *minimum*, which might lead the reader to suppose that the land was to be sold by auction, a mode of sale which, although it appears to be the fairest, was never in the contemplation of the founders. Experience had shown that it was objectionable. Some labour and expense are frequently necessary to make a selection of a suitable situation; and it is desirable that the earliest settlers should be encouraged to explore the country to enable them to select the

most productive soil. This, however, they will scarcely venture to do, if on their return, and having made their selection, they are liable to be outbid by others, who can bid the more, on account of not having themselves been at the expense of any investigation, but availing themselves of the labours of those whom they are prepared to outbid. It was supposed that the best mode of obviating this inconvenience was by having a uniform fixed price set upon all the land in the province, so that a settler might explore the country, make his selection privately, repair to the land office, and buy his lot before any other purchasers could be aware of the selection he had made. This uniform price was fixed at one pound an acre, with the exception of a few early lots, which were sold for twelve shillings. We see no objection to this system, except that the town lots were sold much too low. These differ essentially from the lots in the interior. They do not require any labour or expense in the selection—they do not derive their value from the fertility of the soil, or from other natural advantages, but from the expense incurred by the government in founding a capital city there: and it was a mere waste of the national property to sell for one pound an acre, land which, at the expense of the nation, was shortly to become worth more than one hundred pounds. In this case, the profit of individuals was the nation's loss, and this profit was generally made not by the colonists, but by those who, remaining at home, possessed most information or most influence upon the subject. If the lots in and about Adelaide, the intended capital of South Australia, had been disposed of more judiciously, it is probable that the profits arising from their gradual sale would have been sufficient, with due economy, to pay all the expenses necessarily incurred in erecting suitable public buildings, and improving the town.

To this system was added an excrescence which Mr. Bartlett properly condemns, and which has been of late discontinued, by which any person about to purchase four thousand acres was permitted, instead of being restricted to the land already surveyed, to select any lot of fifteen thousand acres, to have a special survey made for himself at the public expense, and to select

four thousand out of the fifteen thousand thus surveyed. This special survey system was injurious to the prosperity of the colony. It wasted the public money in expensive surveys, and gave a considerable advantage to the large capitalist, who, in a country where the chief want was that of water, by selecting all the land in the fifteen thousand acres which lay contiguous to streams, left the remainder of little or no value, and the practical effect was, that the capitalist, in effect, obtained the use of the entire fifteen thousand acres for four thousand pounds. The commissioners ought to have followed the course pursued in other colonies, and have insisted that each lot of land exposed for sale should have a certain depth in proportion to its frontage to any stream, river, or public road.

The act of 1834, under which the colony was founded, gave the colonial commissioners authority to borrow the sum of two hundred thousand pounds, on the security of the colony, for the purpose of defraying the early expenses incident to the foundation and government of the new colony. This money was to be raised by bonds of the said commissioners; and the sum, when raised, was declared to be a public debt owing by the province to the holders of the lands. The 24th section of the act contained a further "guarantee or security, that no part of the expense of founding and governing the said intended colony, shall fall upon the mother country." These words show clearly what was intended by the phrase "a self-supporting colony." The theory was not a bad one. A certain number of people were supposed to purchase a certain quantity, say one hundred thousand acres of land, at one pound an acre. This sum was employed in conveying five thousand young labourers of each sex to the colony.

"Thus, to the capitalist who is making inadequate profits, and dreading lest his profit may be converted into loss, the promoters of the new colony offer the option of purchasing waste land, under the arrangements which secure a sufficient supply of labour to reclaim and cultivate it in the most productive manner; to the unemployed labourers or the labourers receiving low wages for excessive toil, they give the option of a

free passage to the colony, under circumstances which insure a demand for labour; because before the emigrating labourer is sent out, an emigrating capitalist, requiring labour to cultivate his land, must have advanced the purchase money by which the labourer's passage to the colony is paid."—*Torrens*, p. 15.

The labourers thus conveyed to the colony, being an addition to the population, increased the value of the land already purchased and created a demand for more. The additional purchases then made, supply the means of conveying additional labourers, and thus the colony increases in numbers and prosperity, and as the price of one hundred acres of land is more than sufficient to pay for the passage of the number of labourers adequate to its due cultivation, there will be a surplus to defray the expenses incident to the government and foundation of the colony, and to pay the interest and principal of the loan originally contracted. We believe that in spite of the theory which we have just announced, it has happened that South Australia has in time of peace been to the mother country the most expensive colony which England has ever planted. This was caused, partly by too great an outlay in public buildings in Adelaide, which, independently of the waste of public money, produced an undue disposition in capitalists to speculate in town lots instead of employing their capital in productive industry in the country; partly by the special survey system already noticed; and partly by an enormous breach of faith and deviation from the system originally proposed. In Australia generally a heavy expense was entailed upon this country by an abuse of "the bounty system." This system originated in the year 1837, when directions were given to the governor to transmit, at the commencement of each financial year, a statement of the balance, if any, of the fund applicable to emigration remaining in hands at the close of the preceding year, together with an estimate of the probable amount of the funds to be derived from the sale of crown lands within the colony, and applicable to the same service during the succeeding year, and permission was at the same time given to the governor to appropriate one-third of this sum to the payment of

bounties on emigrants introduced by private settlers. But from a despatch of Lord Stanley's, dated 14th October, 1841, and conveying a strong censure on the then governor, for his abuse of the bounty system, and his disregard of positive instructions—

"It appears that the estimates required by these instructions, and upon which the whole scheme was founded, have never been furnished, and there have been consequently no fixed data upon which the division of the emigration funds between the two systems could be effected; but in the mean time the bounty system materially altered its character. Upon the recommendation of the committee of legislative council, the scale of bounties was increased, and they were made as nearly as possible equal to the actual passage money. Proprietors and settlers moreover did not nominate and select the emigrants; but the real practice soon became that, the correspondent of some extensive ship-owner in England applied at Sydney for large orders without any particular proprietors requiring the labour."

Acting upon this system, and contrary to the orders issued at home, the governor issued bounty orders to the amount of about eight hundred thousand pounds beyond the sum which an observance of the preceding directions would have placed at his disposal!! The government in England had been in fault by sanctioning the payment of a single bounty order before the required estimates had been furnished. By omitting to enforce an observance of the check which they had themselves proposed, they in effect trusted the disposal of the entire revenue of Great Britain to the moderation of the Australian governors. The result might have been anticipated; the zeal of the governors outran their discretion, and caused the self-supporting colonies to entail an incalculable expense upon the mother country. This was a breach of faith to the labourers who were promised to be sent out "under circumstances which ensure a demand for labour; because before the emigrating labourer is sent, an emigrating capitalist requiring labour to cultivate his land must have advanced the purchase-money by which the labourer's passage to the colony is paid."

It was originally proposed that the

settler should have permission to take from the commissioners a lease of land for pasture, for any term not exceeding three years. The settlers, who were flock masters, generally availed themselves of this privilege, and pastured their sheep upon pasture for which they paid less than one penny an acre rent. The rent really paid was in most cases less than one farthing for every acre of the pasture enjoyed, and of course no emigrant would willingly pay for land while he can get a lease of it for one farthing. The only inducement he has to become a purchaser, is the fear that when his short time expires, he may be unable to obtain a renewal on the same favourable terms, in consequence of its being sold to other purchasers. However, it would always be an unpopular measure to set up for sale the land which was held under depasturing licences, although no injury could be done to the occupier. The land could not be sold unless it were worth one pound an acre, and if it were worth so much, it would be unreasonable in the occupier to insist that public interests should be sacrificed to his, and that he should be permitted to retain, at a nominal rent, land which might be sold for a substantial sum to be employed in promoting the general welfare. The possessor has an intimate acquaintance with the nature of the land, and can purchase the best lots, the value of which is sure to be enhanced by the sale of the surrounding portions. We have no apprehension for the future prosperity of our Australian colonies, if our rulers will learn wisdom by experience, and avoid those evils in which the late commercial failures have had their origin.

Although we are decidedly of opinion that the nation ought not to be called upon to advance money with little hopes of repayment, for the purpose of supplying the colonist with labourers, and that the high price of labour of which the employers there complain, is at once a proof and a cause of the general prosperity, we yet think that the mother country may, and ought to assist the emigrant in many particulars, when the cost bears a very slight proportion to the good actually done. The expense of his passage must be paid either by the emigrant himself or by those who wish to relieve them-

selves of the expense of supporting him at home, or by those who expect to derive a profit from employing him abroad, and the mother country ought not to be called upon to pay any part of it. But the passage money is not the only expense which the emigrant incurs between the period of his leaving home, and that of his being placed in a position to support himself; nor is the difficulty of providing funds the chief impediment which opposes him. The first is the difficulty of procuring trustworthy information respecting the situations best suited to them, and the mode and expense of arriving at their respective destinations. This information cannot be obtained from private sources without much labour and difficulty in each particular instance, and will cost little to the government to communicate to all; but to serve its purpose it should be published in such a manner that no man can fail to know where it is to be had, otherwise it will not compete successfully with the fallacious statements which individuals put forth to serve their own purposes, and which are frequently so contradictory that the intended emigrant is tempted to abandon his purpose in despair of learning what it is essential for him to know. Next, the government can take care that the emigrant on his passage shall have such provision and accommodation as a due regard to health and decency requires. On this head nothing can be more improvident than the conduct of the poorer emigrants has always been. To get a cheap passage is their only concern. Accustomed to little foresight, and to put their trust in casual resources, they do not consider the difference between land and sea, where they can neither stop, nor return, nor beg; the miseries suffered by the slaves during the middle voyage were not greater than those to which the unfortunate emigrants would be exposed by the absence of government interference; not because masters and mates are more inhuman than other people, but because the system of underbidding would gain all the passengers for those who could take them on the lowest terms, or in other words, those who would attend least to their comforts.

This part of their duty has not been neglected by the government. Emigration agents are appointed at every

important port of emigration, whose duty it is to see that the vessels are safe, and fit for the voyage; that no more passengers are taken than can be comfortably and decently accommodated, and that before the vessel sails, there shall be on board a sufficient quantity of water and provisions for the support of the passengers; and that passengers shall not be subjected to those various frauds which it would take a volume to enumerate. The passengers' act provides an effectual preventive to many frauds and extortions respecting which legislative interference was found necessary. We fear, however, that the law is scarcely enforced with sufficient strictness, and that the authorities in the colonies, from an anxiety to secure a supply of emigrant labourers, and an apprehension that the price of the passage might be increased if the law was strictly enforced, have winked at abuses which ought not to have been suffered to remain unpunished. Even the bounty was sometimes given where it was not fairly earned, or where it was forfeited by misconduct or a breach of the conditions on which the governor was entitled to give it. Those conditions were mentioned in an order from the office of colonial land, dated 25th January, 1841:—

“That in order to entitle the claimants to receive bounty, they should obtain certificates from the proper officer, to the effect that the emigrants are fit and proper persons to be removed at the public expense, and that they are about to proceed on their voyage freely, without any undue influence or misrepresentation having been employed to induce them to emigrate; and that all contracts made with the emigrants have been duly carried out; and further, that the vessels in which the emigrants are about to sail, are in every respect sound and sea-worthy, and properly manned, and provided with all things necessary for the sustenance, health, and necessary comfort of the emigrants during the voyage.”

These conditions were not always observed. The mortality on board one ship having attracted attention, led to an investigation respecting the alleged insufficiency and bad quality of the provisions and water put on board for the use of the emigrants during the voyage. The superinten-

dent gave his opinion that the provision made by the agents in Liverpool for the comfort and health of the emigrants was very inadequate, and that the arrangements made were ill calculated to produce content among them; and the agent of emigration after perusing the evidence and documents, made the following report:—

“It cannot be denied that there was an insufficiency of water; and notwithstanding the statements of — and —, I consider it was the duty of the captain and exporters to have ascertained that a sufficiency of so essential an article was put on board. It must be admitted, however, that steps were taken to remedy this inconvenience when ascertained, which was not until they were considerably past the Cape. No explanations can excuse the badness of the bread; and even had they experienced worse weather than is stated by —, it ought to have been of such quality, and sufficiently well packed, to have kept in a state of preservation. The same remarks will also apply to the flour. With reference to the beef and pork, some excuse for their badness may be deemed admissible, inasmuch as it was admitted by all parties that there was both good and bad in each cask. Mr. — asserts that a very high price was paid for these articles by the affreighters to the same house that had previously supplied their ships with provisions: and that they cannot be justly blameable for their dishonesty in putting a mixed quality into each cask, especially when the provisions were examined and approved of by the government emigration agent at the port of Liverpool.”

There is not much room for doubt as to the course to be pursued by the governor on the receipt of this report. Inadequate provision made for the health and comfort of the passengers—arrangements on board ill calculated to produce content—insufficiency of water—a denial on the part of the captain and exporters that it was any part of their duty to ascertain that there was a sufficiency on board—bad bread—bad flour—bad beef and pork—formed a combination of circumstances imperatively calling upon the governor to stop the bounty. The coincidence of so many just causes of complaint against the same vessel raised a presumption that there had been culpable neglect; and the excuse that the affreighters had been cheated by the

merchants who supplied the beef and pork, is open to the observations, that the assertion that a very high price was paid for those articles, was not supported by any proof, and if true, the exporter would have his remedy against the dishonest merchant; and the stoppage of the bounty would fall upon the guilty person. However, the governor's order was—

"The bounties may be paid, but Messrs. — must be informed that the whole duty of this ship appears to me to have been performed in an unsatisfactory manner," &c.

Such an order, even although it was accompanied by reproof and threat, was not well calculated to provide for the security and comfort of future emigrants.

By judicious rules, rigorously enforced, the government can generally ensure to the emigrant that he shall arrive safely, in good health, at his destined port; and that he shall not have set out on his voyage without being able to form a due estimate of the difficulties with which he will have to contend, and his means of overcoming them. Indeed, so important do we deem it to be that the emigrant should not suffer from ignorance of the resources and condition of the country to which he proceeds, that we think each man ought to be provided with a pamphlet giving him all the information and advice which he is likely to require. The circumstances of the emigrant during a tedious voyage will lead to a frequent perusal of his little book, or, if he cannot himself read, he will listen with pleasure and attention to others reading it.

When the emigrant has arrived, he ought to find a government agent ready to supply him with advice and assistance. His position on his arrival is a perplexing one. He finds himself in a strange town, at an interval of nearly half the world from his home. Prices of all things are different from what he has been accustomed to, and probably he does not find so ready a demand for his labour as he was led to expect. The want of labourers must have been very great indeed, if the arrival of several thousand in one port does not diminish wages, and make it difficult to obtain em-

ployment, until they are gradually absorbed by the surrounding country. The disposition of emigrants to remain where they first arrive is apt to lead to too rapid an increase of the town population and to depress the general rate of wages at the port of immigration. The general government may do much to remove this evil, and to disperse the population. It may take into its own hands a few tracts of lands, situated in different directions, from twenty to thirty miles from the port of immigration. On these estates let some small, cheap cottages be built, and let some remunerative improvements be undertaken on these estates, such as drains, fences, cottages, irrigation, &c., not requiring any certain number of men to be employed in their progress. In all those government works the rate of wages ought to be rather low. With such means at his disposal, the government agent may offer to every immigrant the immediate possession of a cottage and farm at a moderate rent, and ensure him the means of paying his rent by giving him constant employment at reasonable wages until he can find some other more profitable occupation. Such arrangements would be most beneficial and agreeable to the agricultural labourer, and his habits and feelings would lead him to avail himself of them with delight. In his cottage on a government estate, he would be in that situation which at home probably formed the summit of his ambition. He would not be involved in any needless expense, as his industry might supply him with all the necessities of life from his own farm, on which he could remain until his knowledge of the country might enable him to obtain higher wages elsewhere. Even those, who having some capital and education, go to the colonies with better prospects than mere agricultural labourers, would feel the advantage of being able to take a house and small farm without delay, and thus avoid the necessity of expending their little capital in supplying their daily expenses, while looking about for the most eligible permanent situation.

This system would not entail much expense upon the government to carry it into full execution. It would be a *self-supporting system*. The rents of the small farms would probably defray

the expense of the buildings and improvements on the estates. Moreover, these estates would rapidly increase in value, not only from the improvements on themselves but from the improvements and increased population of the country round them. Capitalists would prefer to purchase land in the vicinity of a government estate, on account of the facility with which they could obtain labourers from it. The withdrawal of those labourers would not be injurious to the system, but the contrary, by leaving farms and habitations fit for the reception of fresh emigrants, and we mention the increased value and full cultivation of those estates as a necessary consequence, though not the primary object of the system. Rent and wages on the government estates should be fixed at such a rate, as not to afford too much inducement to emigrants to remain permanently settled on them. The object of a residence there should generally be, rather to avoid expense than to accumulate money.

When an emigrant has been some time settled in a colony, and becomes acquainted with the circumstances of the place, he ceases to have any peculiar claim upon the government for advice or assistance, as his means of supporting himself are in no respect worse, and in many respects better than if he had remained at home. But in one point a colony is too frequently immeasurably inferior to the mother country, and from this defect most of their evils take their rise. This one grand defect is, the almost total want of the means of religious advice and instruction in the colonies. In the colony of South Australia the government appears premeditatedly to have neglected its most important duty of making provision for the establishment of a Christian church; in our North American colonies, the best intentions have been frustrated by mismanagement. Large tracts of land, equal to nearly one-seventh of the country were in Canada set apart for the support of the church; but waste lands support nothing, and no provision was made for their cultivation. The church land was permitted to remain waste until it might obtain value from the cultivation of the surrounding country. Meantime, the system was producing a double evil. It made no pre-

sent provision for the wants of the church, and its property was generally felt to be an impediment to cultivation. Wherever there was church land there was a desert waste. No one wished to purchase land in its neighbourhood, knowing that the vicinity of an unreclaimed waste must considerably retard the prosperity of the district. Thus the existence of this kind of property was necessarily unpopular; and some part of this unpopularity not unnaturally fell upon the church itself, which was thus injured by the possession of property from which it derived no support. It is true that the injury done to the colony by these church lands was not as great as it seemed. They did not prevent emigrants from settling in the colony, but merely compelled them to settle in the districts not possessed by the church. This was only so far injurious as those districts must sometimes happen to be less productive, or less favourably situated than the church lands. But the mischief appeared to be much greater; for the inhabitants, observing that the church lands were unreclaimed in consequence of their being church property, would justly conclude, that if the church property was sold it would be reclaimed like the rest of the country, and would not consider that so much as was reclaimed must be by men who would otherwise have been occupied in cultivating some other lands.

The church property in Canada was unable to withstand this unpopularity, and was sentenced to be sold, and the produce applied to the support of the church. This measure met with little resistance. The best friends of the church could not but admit that the church lands were retarding the cultivation of the colony, while the church was deriving no present benefit from them. Many concluded, that in a new colony the possession of land could never be an adequate or a suitable provision for the church. We are of the contrary opinion, and think that it is the only means by which the church can be established in a satisfactory manner in any country. We admit that waste unproductive land is an improper, or rather is no provision for the church; but there is no necessity that church lands should be permitted to remain waste or unproductive. It

is true that they cannot be sold, and remain church lands ; but agents could be readily procured to oversee its cultivation, and there is no manner in which the same sum of money could be invested to make so large a permanent provision for the church as by employing it in the cultivation of waste land. . If a clergyman was sent out to a block of church land, a glebe assigned to him in it, and funds from home provided for building him a residence, and completely clearing and improving his glebe, he would act as a missionary for the surrounding country, and oversee the clearing of the rest of the block ; for which, when cleared, by giving long leases, tenants could readily be procured to pay reasonable rents. A settler from the old country would always find it much more profitable to take a lease of a large farm already cleared than to expend his little capital in purchasing and clearing a small one. Were this done, and the rents of the church property applied in the first instance to supply church accommodation and a church education for the districts in which church property was situated, those districts would shortly be distinguished from the rest of the country, not only by their superior cultivation, but by the superior refinement and happiness of the inhabitants, the property of the church would be felt to be a blessing to the country, and the church would speedily be enabled to provide for the spiritual wants of the community, and spread the blessings of civilization and religion through the land. It is not yet too late. It is true that this, like every other duty, becomes more difficult from past neglect. For several years to come perhaps the state itself will not do much, but never was the liberality of individual piety more strongly

displayed than at present in Great Britain. A chief part of all subscriptions for the promotion of religion and the support of clergymen in the colonies ought to be applied to the foundation of small church colonies within them, which would be like so many lamps from which light would be shed on the rest of the country. At present nothing can be more lamentable than the condition of some of our colonies, whose best gifts are turned to poison by their spiritual destitution. High wages instead of exalting the condition of the servant, give rise to reckless drunken insolence ; and high profits, instead of producing liberality, create a sordid love of gain, and a shameless indifference to the mode of acquiring it, until the word colonial, even in the colonies, when applied to conduct, is synonymous with the total absence of every restraint from shame or honesty.

If Great Britain shall continue to neglect her most serious duty, she will assuredly suffer a deserved punishment, and will find her colonies a painful thorn in her side ; but if she walks in the plain path of duty, her destiny is the most splendid that ever was allotted to any nation, and thousands of millions yet unborn will speak her language, and bless her name in gratitude for her successful efforts in redeeming them from ignorance and sin, and impressing upon them a knowledge of religious truth. Nor will she be unrewarded by that temporal prosperity which statesmen feel it more peculiarly their duty to promote. Her peaceful, contented colonies will be a market for her manufactures, a refuge for her redundant inhabitants ; the wisdom of Solomon's choice will be exemplified by her conduct, and she will be prosperous in peace, and invincible in war.



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LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT VI.—O'KELLY'S TALE (CONTINUED.)

"I LEFT off at that flattering portion of my history where I became a horse-dealer; in this capacity I travelled over a considerable portion of Ireland, now larking it in the West—jollifying in the South—and occasionally suffering a penance for both enjoyments, by a stray trip to Ulster. In these rambles I contrived to make acquaintance with most of the resident gentry, who, by the special freemasonry that attends my calling, scrupled not to treat me on terms of half equality, and even invite me to their houses—a piece of condescension on their part, which they well knew was paid for in more solid advantages.

"In a word, Mr. O'Leary, I became a kind of moral amphibia, with powers to sustain life in two distinct and opposite elements—now brushing my way among frize-coated farmers, trainers, dealers, sharpers, and stablemen; now floating on the surface of a politer world, where the topics of conversation took a different range, and were couched in a very different vocabulary.

"My knowledge of French, and my acquaintance with Parisian life, at least as seen in that class in which I used to mix, added to a kind of natural tact, made me, as far as manners and "usage" were concerned, fully the equal of those with whom I associated; and I managed matters so well, that the circumstance of my being seen in the morning with cords and tops of jockey cut, showing off a "screw," or extolling the symmetry of a spavined hackney, never interfered with the pretensions I put forward at night, when, arranged in a suit of accurate black, I turned over the last new opera, or delivered a very scientific criticism on the new "ballet" in London, or the latest fashion imported from the Continent.

"Were I to trace back this part of my career, I might perhaps amuse you more by the incidents it contained, than by any other portion of my life; nothing indeed is so suggestive of adventure, as that anomaly which the French denominate so significantly—"a false position." The man who—come, come, don't be afraid, though that sounds very like Joseph Surface, I'm not going to moralize—the man, I say, who endeavours to sustain two distinct lines in life is very likely to fail in both, and so I felt it, for while my advantages all inclined to one side, my taste and predilections leaned to the other; I could never adopt

knavery as a profession—as an amateur I gloried in it : roguery without risk was a poor pettifoggery policy that I spurned ; but a practical joke that involved life or limb, a hearty laugh, or a heavy reckoning, was a temptation I never could resist. The more I mixed in society, the greater my intimacy with persons of education and refinement, the stronger became my repugnance to my actual condition, and the line of life I had adopted. While my position in society was apparently more fixed, I became in reality more nervously anxious for its stability. The fascinations which in the better walks of life are thrown around the man of humble condition but high aspirings, are strong and sore temptations, while he measures and finds himself not inferior to others to whom the race is open, and the course is free, and yet feels in his own heart that there is a bar upon his escutcheon which excludes him from the lists. I began now to experience this in all its poignancy. Among the acquaintances I had formed, one of my most intimate was a young baronet, who had just succeeded to a large estate in the county Kilkenny. Sir Harvey Blundell was an Anglo-Irishman in more than one sense : from his English father he had inherited certain staid and quiet notions of propriety, certain conventional ideas regarding the observance of etiquette, which are less valued in Ireland ; while from his mother he succeeded to an appreciation of native fun and drollery, of all the whims and oddities of Irish life, which strange enough are as well understood by the Anglo-Irishman, as by one ‘to the manner born.’

“I met Sir Harvey at a supper party in College. Some song I had sung of my own composing, or some story of my inventing, I forget which, tickled his fancy : he begged to be introduced to me, drew his chair over to my side of the table, and ended by giving me an invitation to his house for the partridge shooting, which was to begin in a few days ; I readily assented—it was a season in which I had nothing to do, my friend Dan had gone over to the Highlands to make a purchase of some ponies ; I was rather flush of cash, and consequently in good spirits. It was arranged then that I should drive him down in my drag, a turn out with four spanking greys, of whose match and colour, shape and action, I was not a little vain.

“We posted to Carlow, to which place I had sent on my horses, and arrived the same evening at Sir Harvey’s house in time for dinner. This was the first acquaintance I had made, independent of my profession. Sir Harvey knew me as a Mr. O’Kelly whom he met at an old friend’s chamber in College ; and he introduced me thus to his company, adding to his intimates in a whisper I could overhear—‘devilish fast fellow, up to every thing—knows life at home and abroad, and has such a team!’ Here were requisites enough in all conscience to win favour among any set of young country gentlemen, and I soon found myself surrounded by a circle who listened to my opinions on every subject, and recorded my judgments with the most implicit faith in their wisdom, no matter on what I talked, women, wine, the drama, play, sporting, debts, duns, or duels, my word was law.

“Two circumstances considerably aided me in my present supremacy : first, Sir Harvey’s friends were all young men from Oxford, who knew little of the world, and less of that part of it called Ireland ; and secondly, they were all strangers to me, and consequently my liberty of speech was untrammelled by any unpleasant reminiscences of dealing in fairs or auctions.

“The establishment was presided over by Sir Harvey’s sister, at least, nominally so—her presence being a reason for having ladies at his parties ; and although she was only nineteen, she gave a tone and character to the

habits of the house, which without her it never could have possessed. Miss Blundell was a very charming person, combining in herself two qualities which, added to beauty, make a very irresistible *ensemble*: she had the greatest flow of spirits, with a retiring and almost timidly bashful disposition: courage for any thing, and a delicacy that shrunk abashed from all that bordered on display, or bore the slightest semblance of effrontery. I shall say no more, than that before I was a week in the house I was over head and ears in love with her; my whole thoughts centred in her; my whole endeavour, to show myself in such a light as might win her favour.

"Every accomplishment I possessed—every art and power of amusing, urged to the utmost by the desire to succeed, I exerted in her service; and at last perceived that she was not indifferent to me. Then, and then for the first time, came the thought—who was I that dared to do this—what had I of station, rank, or wealth, to entitle me to sue—perhaps to gain the affections of one placed like her? The whole duplicity of my conduct started up before me, and I saw, for the first time, how the mere ardour of pursuit had led me on and on—how the daring to surmount a difficulty had stirred my heart, at first to win, and then to worship her—and the bitterness of my self-reproach at that moment became a punishment, which even now I remember with a shudder. It is too true! The great misfortunes of life form more endurable subjects for memory in old age, than the instances, however trivial, where we have acted amiss, and where conscience rebukes us. I have had my share of calamity, one way or other—my life has been more than once in peril—and in such peril as might well shake the nerve of the boldest: but I can think on all these, and do think of them often, without fear or heart-failing; but never can I face the hours, where my own immediate self-love and vanity brought their own penalty on me, without a sense of self-abasement, as vivid as the moment I first experienced it. But I must hasten over this. I had been now about six weeks in Sir Harvey's house, day after day determining on my departure, and invariably yielding when the time came, to some new request to stay for something or other—now, a day's fishing in the Nore—now another morning at the partridge—then there was a boat-race, or a music-party, or a pic-nic—in fact, each day led on to another, and I found myself lingering on, unable to tear myself from where I felt my remaining was ruin.

"At last I made up my mind, and determined, come what would, to take my leave never to return. I mentioned to Sir Harvey in the morning, that some matter of importance required my presence in town, and, by a half promise to spend my Christmas with him, obtained his consent to my departure.

"We were returning from an evening walk—Miss Blundell was leaning on my arm—we were the last of the party who, by some chance or other, had gone forward, leaving us to follow alone. For some time neither of us spoke: what were her thoughts I cannot guess; mine were, I acknowledge, entirely fixed upon the hour I was to see her for the last time, while I balanced whether I should speak of my approaching departure, or leave her without even a good-bye.

"I did not know at the time so well as I now do, how much of the interest I had excited in her heart depended on the mystery of my life. The stray hints I now and then dropped—the stories into which I was occasionally led—the wild scenes and wilder adventures in which I bore my part—had done more than stimulate her curiosity concerning me. This, I repeat, I knew not at the time, and the secret of my career weighed like a crime upon my conscience. I hesitated long whether I should not disclose every circumstance of my life, and, by the avowal of my utter un-

worthiness, repair as far as might be the injury I had done her. Then came that fatal '*amour propre*' that involved me originally in the pursuit, and I was silent. We had not been many minutes thus, when a servant came from the house to inform Miss Blundell that her cousin, Captain Douglas, had arrived. As she nodded her head in reply, I perceived the colour mounted to her cheek, and an expression of agitation passed over her features.

"Who is Captain Douglas?" said I, without, however, venturing to look more fully at her.

"Oh! a cousin, a second or third cousin, I believe; but a great friend of Harvey's."

"And of his sister's too, if I might presume so far?"

"Quite wrong for once," said she, with an effort to seem at ease: "he's not the least a favourite of mine, although—"

"You are of his!" I added quickly. "Well, well, I really beg pardon for this boldness of mine." How I was about to continue I know not, when her brother's voice calling her aloud, broke off all further conversation.

"Come, Fanny," said he, "here's Harry Douglas, just come with all the London gossip—he's been at Windsor too, and has been dining with the Prince. O'Kelly, you must know Douglas, you are just the men to suit each other.—He's got a heavy book on the Derby, and will be delighted to have a chat with you about the turf."

"As I followed Miss Blundell into the drawing-room my heart was heavy and depressed.

"Few of the misfortunes in life come on us without foreboding. The clouds that usher in the storm cast their shadows on the earth before they break; and so it is with our fate. A gloomy sense of coming evil presages the blow about to fall, and he who would not be stunned by the stroke must not neglect the warning.

"The room was full of people—the ordinary buzz and chit-chat of an evening-party was going forward, and an hundred pleasant projects were forming for the next day's amusement, among which I heard my name bandied about on every side.

"O'Kelly will arrange this," cried one—"leave it all to O'Kelly—he must decide it;" and so on, when suddenly Blundell called out—

"O'Kelly, come up here," and then taking me by the arm he led me to the end of the room, where, with his back turned towards us, a tall fashionable-looking man was talking to his sister.

"Harry," cried the host, as he touched his elbow, "let me introduce a very particular friend of mine—Mr. O'Kelly."

"Captain Douglas wheeled sharply round, and, fixing on me a pair of dark eyes, overshadowed with heavy beetling brows, looked at me sternly without speaking. A cold thrill ran through me from head to foot as I met his gaze; the last time we had seen each other was in a square of the Royal Barracks, where he was purchasing a re-mount for his troop, and I was the horse-dealer.

"Your friend, Mr. O'Kelly!" said he, as he fixed his glass in his eye, and a most insulting curl, half smile, half sneer, played about his mouth.

"How very absurd you are, Harry," said Miss Blundell, endeavouring by an allusion to something they were speaking of, to relieve the excessive awkwardness of the moment.

"Yes, to be sure, *my friend*," chimed in Sir Harvey, "and a devilish good fellow too, and the best judge of horse-flesh."

"I haven't a doubt of it," was the dry remark of the captain; "but how did he get here?"

"Sir," said I, in a voice scarce audible with passion, "whatever, or whoever I am, by birth at least I am fully your equal."

"'D——n your pedigree,' said he coolly.

"'Why, Harry?' interrupted Blundell: 'what are you thinking of? Mr. O'Kelly is——'

"'A jockey—a horse-dealer if you will, and the best hand at passing off a screw I've met for some time. I say, sir,' continued he in a louder tone, 'that roan charger hasn't answered his warranting—he stands at Dyer's for you.'

"Had a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of us the consternation could not have been greater—as for me, every thing around bore a look of mockery and scorn; derision and contempt sat on every feature, and a wild uncertainty of purpose like coming insanity flitted through my brain: what I said, or how I quitted the spot, I am unable to say—my last remembrance of that accursed moment was the burst of horrid laughter that filled my ears as I rushed out. I almost think that I hear it still, like the yell of the furies; its very cadence was torture. I ran from the house—I crossed the fields without a thought of whither I was going—escape, concealment, my only object. I sought to hide myself for ever from the eyes of those who had looked upon me with such withering contempt; and I would have been thankful to him who would have given me refuge beneath the dank grass of the church-yard.

"Never did a guilty man fly from the scene of his crime with more precipitate haste, than did I from the spot which had witnessed my shame and degradation. At every step I thought of the cruel speeches, the harsh railings, and the bitter irony of all before whom but one hour ago I stood chief and pre-eminent; and although I vowed to myself never to meet any of them again, I could not pluck from my heart the innate sense of my despicable condition, and how low I must now stand in the estimation of the very lowest I had so late looked down upon. And here let me passingly remark, that while we often hold lightly the praise of those, upon whose powers of judgment and reach of information we place little value, by some strange contrariety we feel most bitterly the censure of these very people, whenever any trivial circumstance, any small or petty observance with which they are acquainted, gives them for the time the power of an opinion. The mere fact of our contempt for them adds a poignancy to their condemnation, and I question much if we do not bear up better against the censure of the wise, than the scoff of the ignorant.

"On I went and on, never even turning my head, for though I had left all the little wealth I possessed in the world, I would gladly have given it ten times told, to have blotted out even a particle of the shame that rested on my character. Scarcely had I reached the high road, when I heard the quick tramp of horses and the rattle of wheels behind me; and so strong were the instincts of my fear that I scarcely dared to look back; at length I did so, and beheld the mail-coach coming towards me at a rapid pace. As it neared I hailed the coachman, and without an inquiry as to where it was going, I sprang up to a place on the roof, thankful that ere long I should leave miles between me and my torturers.

"The same evening we arrived in Cork; during the journey I made acquaintance with a sergeant of a light dragoon regiment who was proceeding in charge of three recruits to the depot at Cove. With the quick eye of his calling, the fellow saw something in my dispirited state that promised success to his wishes; and he immediately began the thousand-times told tale of the happiness of a soldier's life. I stopped him short at once, for my mind was already made up, and before the day broke I had enlisted in his Majesty's twelfth Light Dragoons, at that time serving in America.

"If I have spared you the recital of many passages in my life, whose

painful memory would hurt me to call up, I shall also pass over this portion of my career, which, though not marked by any distinct feature of calamity, was perhaps the most painful I ever knew. He who thinks that in joining the ranks of an army, his only trials will be the severity of an unaccustomed discipline, and the common hardship of a soldier's life, takes but a very shallow view of what is before him. Coarse and vulgar associates—depraved tastes and brutal habits—the ribald jest of the barrack-room—the comrade spirit of a class the very lowest and meanest—these are the trials, the almost insupportable trials, to him who has known better days.

"As hour by hour he finds himself yielding to the gradual pressure of his fate, and feels his mind assuming one by one the prejudices of those about him, his self-esteem falls with his condition, and he sees that the time is not distant when all inequality between him and his fellows shall cease, and every trait of his former self be washed away for ever.

"After four months of such endurance as I dare not even now suffer myself to dwell upon, orders arrived at Cove for the recruits of the different regiments at once to proceed to Chatham, whence they were to be forwarded to their respective corps. I believe in my heart had this order not come, I should have deserted, so unendurable had my life become. The thought of active service, the prospect of advancement, however remote, cheered my spirits, and for the first time since I joined, my heart was light on the morning when the old 'Northumberland' transport anchored in the harbour, and the signal for embarking the troops floated from the mast-head. A motley crew we were—frize-coated, red-coated, and no-coated; some, ruddy-cheeked farmer's boys, sturdy good-humoured fellows with the bloom of country life upon their faces; some, the pale sickly inhabitants of towns, whose sharpened features and quick penetrating eyes betokened how much their wits had contributed to their maintenance. A few there were, like myself, drawn from a better class, but already scarce distinguishable amid the herd. We were nearly five hundred in number, one feature of equality pervading all—none of us had any arms. Some instances of revolt and mutiny that had occurred a short time previous on board troop-ships, had induced the Horse Guards to adopt this resolution, and a general order was issued that the recruits should not receive arms before their arrival at Chatham. At last we weighed anchor, and with a light easy wind stood out to sea; it was the first time I had been afloat for many a long day, and as I leaned over the bulwark, and heard the light rustle of the waves as they broke on the cat-water, and watched the white foam as it rippled past, I thought on the old days of my smuggling life, when I trod the plank of my little craft with a step as light and a heart as free as ever did the proudest admiral on the poop-deck of his three-decker; and as I remembered what I then had been, and thought of what I now was, a growing melancholy settled on me, and I sat apart and spoke to none.

"On the third night after we sailed, the breeze, which had set in at sun-set, increased considerably, and a heavy sea rolled in from the westward. Now, although the weather was not such as to endanger the safety of a good ship with an able crew, yet was it by no means a matter of indifference in an old rotten craft like the 'Northumberland,' condemned half a dozen years before, and barely able to make her voyage in light winds and fine weather. Our skipper knew this well, and I could see by the agitation of his features, and the altered tones of his voice, how little he liked the freshening gale, and the low moaning sound that swept along the sea, and threatened a storm. The pumps had been at work for some hours, and it was clear that the most we could do, was to keep the water

from gaining on us. A chance observation of mine had attracted the skipper's attention, and after a few minutes' conversation he saw that I was a seaman not only better informed, but more habituated to danger than himself; he was, therefore, glad to take counsel from me, and at my suggestion a spare sail was bent, and passed under the ship's bottom, which soon succeeded in arresting the progress of the leak, and at the same time assisted the vessel's sailing. Meanwhile the storm was increasing, and it now blew what the sailors call 'great-guns.'

"We were staggering along under light canvas when the look-out-ahead announced a light on the weather-bow; it was evidently coming towards us and scarce half a mile distant; we had no more than time to hang out a lantern in the tops and put down the helm, when a large ship, whose sides rose several feet above our own, swept by us, and so close that her yard-arms actually touched our rigging as she yaved over in the sea. A muttered thanksgiving for our escape, for such it was, broke from every lip; and hardly was it uttered when again a voice cried out, 'here she comes to leeward,' and sure enough the dark shadow of the large mass moving at a speed far greater than ours passed under our lee, while a harsh summons was shouted out to know who we were, and whither bound. The 'Northumberland,' with troops, was the answer; and before the words were well out a banging noise was heard—the ports of the stranger ship were flung open, a bright flash like a line of flame ran her entire length, and a raking broadside was poured into us. The old transport reeled over and trembled like a thing of life—her shattered sides and torn bulwarks let in the water as she heeled to the shock, and for an instant, as she bent beneath the storm, I thought she was settling to go down by the head. I had little time, however, for thought: one wild cheer broke from the attacking ship—its answer was the faint, sad cry of the wounded and dying on our deck. The next moment the grapples were thrown into us, and the vessel was boarded from stem to stern. The noise of the cannonade, and the voices on deck brought all our men from below, who came tumbling up the hatches, believing we had struck.

"Then began a scene such as all I have ever witnessed of carnage and slaughter cannot equal. The Frenchmen, for such they were, rushed down upon us as we stood defenceless and unarmed: a deadly roll of musketry swept our thick and trembling masses. The cutlass and the boarding-pike made fearful havock among us, and an unresisted slaughter tore along our deck till the heaps of dead and dying made the only barrier for the few remaining.

"A chance word in French, and a sign of masonry, rescued me from the fate of my comrades, and my only injury was a slight sabre wound in the fore-arm, which I received in warding off a cut intended for my head. The carnage lasted scarce fifteen minutes; but in that time, of all the crew that manned our craft—what between those who leaped overboard in wild despair, and those who fell beneath fire and steel—scarce twenty remained, appalled and trembling, the only ones rescued from this horrible slaughter.

"A sudden cry of 'she's sinking!' burst from the strange ship, and in a moment the Frenchmen clambered up their bulwarks, the grapples were cast off, the dark mass darted onwards on her course, and we drifted away to leeward—a moving sepulchre!

"As the clouds flew past, the moon shone out and threw a pale sickly light on the scene of slaughter, where the dead and dying lay in indiscriminate heaps together—so frightful a spectacle never did eye rest upon. The few who, like myself, survived, stood trembling, half stunned by the shock, not daring to assist the wretched men as they writhed in agony before

us. I was the first to recover from this stupor, and turning to the others, I made signs to clear the decks of the dead bodies—speak I could not. It was some time before they could be made to understand me; unhappily, not a single sailor had escaped the carnage; a few raw recruits were the only survivors of that dreadful night.

"After a little they rallied so far as to obey me, and I taking the wheel assumed the command of the vessel, and endeavoured to steer a course for any port in the west coast of England.

"Day broke at length, but a wide waste of waters lay around us: the wind had abated considerably, but still the sea ran high; and although our foresail and trysail remained bent as before the attack, we laboured heavily, and made little way through the water. Our decks were quite covered with the dying, whose heart-rending cries, mingled with the wilder shouts of madness, were too horrible to bear. But I cannot dwell on such a picture. Of the little party who survived, scarcely three were serviceable; some sat cold and speechless from terror, and seemed insensible to every threat or entreaty; some sternly refused to obey my orders, and prowled about between decks in search of spirits, and one, maddened by the horrors he beheld, sprang with a scream into the sea, and never was seen more.

"Towards evening we heard a hail, and on looking out saw a pilot-boat making for us, and in a short time we were boarded by a pilot, who with some of his crew took the vessel into their hands, and before sunset we anchored in Milford.

"Immediately on landing I was sent up to London under a strong escort, to give an account of the whole affair to the admiralty. For eight days my examination was continued during several hours every day, and at last I was dismissed with promotion to the rank of sergeant for my conduct in saving the ship, and appointed to the fortieth foot, then under orders for Quebec.

"Once more at sea and in good spirits, I sailed for Quebec on a fine morning in April, on board the 'Abercrombie.' Nothing could be more delightful than the voyage: the weather was clear, with a fair fresh breeze and a smooth sea; and at the third week we dropped our lead on the green bank of Newfoundland, and brought up again a cod fish every time we heaved it. We now entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and began anxiously to look for land.

"On the third morning after we made the gulf, a heavy snow-storm came on, which prevented our seeing a cable's length a-head of us. It was so cold, too, that few remained on deck; for although the first of May, it was about as severe a day as I remember. Anxious to see something of the country, I remained with the look-out-a-head, straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of the land through the dense snow-drift. All I could distinguish, however, was the dim outline of distant mountains apparently covered with snow; but as the day wore on we came in sight of the long low island of Antecosti, which, though considerably more than a hundred miles in length, is not in any part more than fifteen feet above the level of the water.

"Towards evening the land became much clearer to view; and now I could perceive tall-peaked mountains some thousand feet in height, their bases clad with stunted pine trees—their white summits stretching away into the clouds. As I looked my astonishment was great, to find that the vast gulf which at day-break was some sixty miles in width, seemed now diminished to about eight or ten, and continued to narrow rapidly as we proceeded on our course.

"The skipper who had only made the voyage once before, seemed

himself confused, and endeavoured to explain our apparent vicinity to the land, as some mere optical delusion—now attributing it to something in the refraction of the light; now the snow: but although he spoke with all the assurance of knowledge, it was evident to me that he was by no means satisfied in his own mind of the facts he presented to ours.

“As the snow-storm abated, we could see that the mountains which lay on either side of us, met each other in front, forming a vast amphitheatre without any exit.

“‘This surely is not the Gulf of St. Lawrence?’ said I to an old sailor who sat leisurely chewing tobacco with his back to the capstern.

“‘No, that it ain’t,’ said he coolly; ‘it’s Gaspé Bay, and I shouldn’t wish to be in a worse place.’

“‘What could have brought us here then? the skipper surely doesn’t know where we are?’

“‘I’ll tell you what has brought us here. There’s a current from the Gulf stream sets in to this bay at seven or eight knots the hour, and brings in all the floating ice along with it—there, am I right? do you hear that?’

“As he spoke a tremendous crash almost as loud as thunder was heard at our bow; and as I rushed to the bulwark and looked over, I beheld vast fragments of ice more than a foot thick, encrusted with frozen snow, flying past us in circling eddies; while further on the large flakes were mounting one above the other, clattering and crashing as the waves broke among them. Heaven knows how much farther our mulish Cumberland skipper would have pursued his voyage of discovery, had not the soundings proclaimed but five fathom water. Our sails were now backed; but as the current continued to bear us along a boat was got out, and an anchor put in readiness to warp us astern; but by an unhappy accident the anchor slipped in lowering over the side, stove in the boat, and of the four poor fellows who were in it one was carried under the ice, and never seen again. This was a sad beginning, and matters now appeared each moment more threatening. As we still continued to drift with the current, a bower anchor was dropped where we were, and the vessel afterwards swung round, head to wind, while the ice came crashing upon the cut-water, and on the sides with a noise that made all else inaudible. It was found by this time that the water was shoaling, and this gave new cause for fear; for if the ship were to touch the ground, it was clear all chance of saving her was at an end.

“After a number of different opinions given and canvassed, it was determined that four men should be sent ashore in the yawl to find out some one who knew the pilotage of the bay; for we could descry several log huts along the shore at short distances from each other. With my officer’s permission I obtained leave to make one of this party, and I soon found myself tugging away at the bow-oar through a heavy surf, whose difficulty was ten-fold increased by the fragments of ice that floated past. After rowing about an hour, the twilight began to fall, and we could but faintly perceive the outline of the ship, while the log huts on shore seemed scarcely nearer than at the moment when we quitted the vessel. By this time large fields of ice were about us on every side: rowing was no longer possible, and we groped along with our boat-hooks, finding a channel where we could avoid the floating masses.

“The peril of this proceeding grew with every moment: sometimes our frail boat would be struck with such force as threatened to stave in every plank; sometimes was she driven high upon a piece of ice, which took all our efforts to extricate her from, while as we advanced no passage pre-

sented itself before us, but flake upon flake of frozen matter, among which were fragments of wrecks and branches of trees mixed up together. The sailors who had undertaken the enterprise against their will, now resolved they would venture no further, but make their way back to the ship while it was yet possible. I alone opposed this plan—to return without at least having reached the shore I told them would be a disgrace, the safety of all on board was in a manner committed to our efforts; and I endeavoured by every argument to induce them to proceed. To no purpose did I tell them this; of no use was it that I pointed out the lights on shore which we could now see moving from place to place, as though we had been perceived, and that some preparations were making for our rescue. I was outvoted, however: back they would go; and one of them as he pushed the boat's head round, jeeringly said to me—

“Why, with such good solid foot-way, don't you go yourself? you'll have all the honour you know.”

“The taunt stung me to the quick, the more as it called forth a laugh from the rest. I made no answer, but, seizing a boat-hook, sprang over the side upon a large mass of ice. The action drove the boat from me. I heard them call to me to come back; but come what would my mind was made up. I never turned my head, but with my eyes fixed on the shore-lights, I dashed on, glad to find that with every stroke of the sea the ice was borne onwards towards the land. At length the sound of the breakers ahead made me fearful of venturing farther; for as the darkness fell, I had to trust entirely to my hearing as my guide. I stood then rooted to the spot, and as the wind whistled past, and the snow-drift was borne in eddying currents by me, I drove my boat-hook into the ice, and held on firmly by it. Suddenly through the gloom a bright flash flared out, and then I could see it flitting along, and at last I thought I could mark it directing its course towards the ship; I strained my eyes to their utmost, and in an ecstasy of joy I shouted aloud as I beheld a canoe manned by Indians with a pine torch blazing in the prow. The red light of the burning wood lit up their wild figures as they came along—now carrying their light bark over the fields of ice; now launching it into the boiling surf, and thus alternately walking and sailing they came at a speed almost inconceivable. They soon heard my shouts, and directed their course to where I stood; but the excitement of my danger, the dreadful alternations of hope and fear thus suddenly ceasing, so stunned me that I could not speak as they took me in their arms and placed me in the bottom of the canoe. Of our course back to shore I remember little: the intense cold added to the stupefaction of my mind brought on a state resembling sleep; and even when they lifted me on land the drowsy lethargy clung to me; and only when I found myself beside the blaze of the wood fire did my faculties begin to revive, and like a seal under the rays of the sun did I warm into life once more. The first thing I did when morning broke was, to spring from my resting-place, beside the fire, and rush out to look for the ship. The sun was shining brilliantly—the bay lay calm as a mirror before me, reflecting the tall mountains and the taper pines; but the ship was gone, not a sail appeared in sight, and I now learned that when the tide began to make, and she was enabled to float, a land breeze sprung up which carried her gently out to sea, and that she was in all likelihood by that time some thirty miles in her course up the St. Lawrence. For a moment my joy at the deliverance of my companions was unchecked by any thought of my own desolate condition; the next minute I remembered myself, and sat down upon a stone, and gazed out upon the wide waters with a sad and sinking heart.

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

"He speaks, believes, and acts just as he ought,
 But never, never reached one generous thought.
 Virtue he finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies for ever ;
 So very reasonable, so unmoved,
 As never yet to love, or to be loved."

POPE.

MEN of the world, "more or less," are to be met with in most parts of the world ; but would you find a man of the world thoroughly and utterly, you must go to London. In Paris, or Vienna, or Naples, you will find plenty of men who live only for such pleasures as life may afford, and who never seem even for a moment to think of any thing else ; but they generally have some feeling, or passion, some whim or monomania of their own, which they follow irrespectively of the world's ways, and the world's thoughts. It is only in London that you find the calm, courteous, even-tempered, clever-minded men, who have given up every thing to the world—who have abandoned all passions and feelings, likings and dislikings, and live on from year to year the creatures of mere conformity to the habits of civilized life.

The Honourable Augustus Melvyn lives in handsome lodgings in Jermyn-street. He is a handsome man for his time of life, which is apparently neither that of youth nor age, but of that doubly-privileged middle period, which does not forbid a man to mingle in the vivacities of his younger companions, while it entitles him to claim some of the sageness which is understood to be the property of more advanced years. The Honourable Augustus is a very agreeable man, never out of temper, never morose, something slightly jocular, though never falling into the exaggeration of actual laughter ; reads a good deal, but more of French books than of English, converses well, and is considered rather an acquisition at a dinner party. He is one of the members for the borough of Shovelcorn, has about two thousand a year, clear of all incumbrances, and does

not care three pence for any human being, or any other being upon earth. He has been frequently seen to caress two little dogs which he keeps, because it is the fashion for bachelor gentlemen of a certain age, to keep little dogs ; but no one suspects that these tokens of regard proceed from any thing else than mere habit ; and were both his "favourites" to die of apoplexy any fine morning upon the hearth-rug, from too much indulgence in breakfast, the Honourable Augustus would very quietly ring the bell, order his valet to take away the kettle and the carcasses, and send his footman to M^rPhail, of Regent-street, to order two other little dogs ; and this he would do with no more emotion than if the creatures were toy things of pasteboard.

The Honourable Augustus has come to that time of life at which men are apt to be more sensible of the value of money, than they have been in their early youth. He rather likes to gain and to save ; but he never wishes to do any thing out of the common way, to augment his fortune, nor to omit any becoming expense in order to lessen his outgoings. He subscribes to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge five guineas a year, because most respectable men do so, and he has now and then given aid to the building of churches in the town and the neighbourhood of the town which he represents. He would rather not do this, but he sees that it is expected of him from his position, and he likes to consult propriety. On some occasions he has given money where it could hardly have been expected of him, and many persons in the hope of a repetition of this eccentricity have called him generous. When this is mentioned to him he smiles, not that

he is pleased at being called generous, or in the smallest degree wishes to have that character; but he knows within himself why he smiles. That which has been mistaken for an eccentricity, was the result of some special recommendation, or with a view to gaining something which was considered to be the money's worth. It is not likely to be repeated except under similar circumstances. Men of the world in London, especially bachelors of a certain age, frequently meet with applications for money, of such a character that it is difficult to say whether it is asked by way of charity or mercenary intrigue. In this way it sometimes happens that such men as the Honourable Augustus are entrapped into acts of generosity which they had no idea of committing. Some who have thought they really had claims upon the Honourable Augustus, have murmured at what seemed to them close fixedness. Perhaps they have decided erroneously, as men will do, who attempt to become judges in their own cause. At all events, they can never complain with truth that they were received with anger, or repulsed with rudeness. The Honourable Augustus takes care never to receive any one whom he has reason to think might have disagreeable business. This may be a disappointment to them; but it is possible that a man may not be at home, even though he has not been seen to go out, and there is less harshness to an applicant in making your servant say, *you are not at home*, than in seeing the applicant, and sending him away with some remarks painful for you to utter, and ever more painful for him to hear.

On one occasion the Honourable Augustus gave a thousand pounds (which was more than he could conveniently spare at the time) to build and endow an alms-house for six poor widows in the town of Shovelcorn. It is true, that this is the town he represents in parliament, and that the widows were all widows of burghesses; but it was not on that account he gave his money. The husbands of the women had voted for him; but they were dead, and, therefore, could vote for him no more. Neither was it out of regard to the widows themselves; for had the building fallen

upon them, and crushed them all to death, the Honourable Augustus would have heard the news as one hears of the killing of two or three hundred Chinese—that is to say, without the slightest concern. Nor was it that he thought so liberal an action might tend to insure his future return for Shovelcorn. He knew that that was sure enough through the influence of his elder brother, the Viscount Broadacre, who owned more than half the town. The fact is, that having for many years been the representative of the town at less expense than generally attends such connection, he considered it a becoming thing, and conformable with propriety to do something for the Shovelcornians; and upon consultation with his man of business, the alms-house was determined upon as the most fitting token of that regard which he did not feel, and that respect which it was impossible he should entertain for a set of people whom he looked upon as the dullest and most stupid in the world.

The Honourable Augustus Melvyn is the second son of the late Viscount Broadacre. He was a daring boy, rather fond of mischief, and too apt to escape from his private tutor to the stables. The under grooms liked him, and he became very knowing in horse-flesh. All this being discovered in due time, a more severe tutor was obtained, and some Latin and Greek being actually learned, the Honourable Augustus went to Cambridge, where the greater part of his classic lore was soon forgotten. He got into debt, however, as fast as he forgot his Latin and Greek—and at the end of two years, matters came to a crisis. Lord Broadacre had to come forward with a good round sum, but made it a condition with his son, that for the future he should mind his books. The young man was not deficient in ability, and had spirit enough to desire to keep his promise—he read therefore, recovered his Latin and Greek, and acquired some mathematics, so that he was enabled to take his degree.

At the discreet age of twenty-three (so fixed, to avoid the risks which attend the possession of ample means at twenty-one) the Honourable Augustus came into a handsome fortune by the will of his grandmother. He entered

upon its distribution with much more ardour than circumspection. In short, there was no sort of dissipation into which he did not plunge up to the very neck. He hunted; he kept race-horses; he betted; he rode more than one steeple-chase. These were his occupations in the country. In town, he frequented clubs, where the gaming was very deep—and the private society which he cultivated was not of that description, which it is proper minutely to describe. No fortune, but the very largest, could stand the expenses of this kind of life. Notwithstanding the success of some bold sporting speculations, and one winning of the great Derby stakes, the Honourable Augustus found himself, at the end of four years, completely “cleared out,” as the phrase is, and very much in the hands of Jews and other worse vagabonds, who out-Jew the Jews themselves. His condition was taken into consideration by his family. His father had by this time gone the way of all men that have lived, and his elder brother reigned in his stead. The family solicitor was commissioned to look into the affairs of the Honourable Augustus, and see what could be done. He found that nothing effectual could be done, except by such large advances as it would be imprudent to make, and it was therefore resolved to leave the honourable younger brother to his fate. This resolution a little dashed his spirits, as Othello says, but he bore up as bravely as he could, and went on a visit to a French lady, of Italian name and Italian habits, who, for his sake, had but a year before abandoned the society of a pleasure-loving marquis, and not without the connivance of the said marquis, who, though he had brought the lady from abroad, was willing enough that she should find some new friend to admire her beauty and support her expensive habits. The lady, who was a person of quick discernment and very rapid and determined methods of action, soon found what was the real state of the fortunes of the Honourable Augustus, and being apprehensive that he might think of resuming some of the presents he had lavished upon her, or be in some way troublesome, as poor men are apt to be, she gave him poison. This he found out before it was too late to save his life, but not before the effect of

the dose was sufficient to produce a long and dangerous illness. All these circumstances led to a great deal of reflection on the part of the honourable gentleman—and led, if not to sorrow and repentance, at least to gloom and disgust. As soon as he was sufficiently well to move, he crossed over to France, and lived so retired a life for two years, that the particulars of his history during that period are unknown.

At this time, the Honourable Augustus being nearly thirty years of age, a great change happened in his fortunes. He had an old aunt who was rich, and who it was supposed would leave her riches to his elder brother, for it generally happens that people who have much to leave, perceive the efficacy of leaving it to those who have already a great deal. It so fell out, however, that the Viscount Broadacre having a displeasure at his aunt's dog, (which was, indeed, as hateful a brute of the canine kind as could well be seen,) indulged himself in giving it sundry severe kicks one day, after he thought the old lady had gone out of the room, whereas she had only retired to one of the deep-set windows to read, with more convenience of light, the *Morning Herald* newspaper. She was witness of the harshness with which her dog was treated, and the next day altered her will, leaving the whole of her property to the Honourable Augustus Melvyn.

Hearing this news, he came home a very much altered man, and was fortunate enough at this crisis to meet with a man of business, who gave him prudent advice. The town solicitors of the lady, who had been so amiable as to leave him her property, were Messrs. Dyke, Sheepskin, Dallas and Dyke, of Lincoln's Inn. The senior of the firm, a man of great gravity, exactness, and knowledge of affairs, was of course in communication with the fortunate legatee, as soon as he arrived, and the Honourable Augustus soon saw that he was a wise man, and a man to be trusted. He therefore told him how his affairs had stood when he left England, and begged that he would look into them, and ascertain how they could be settled, and what would remain of the legacy after such a settlement was effected. Mr. Dyke, it may be thought, felt some interest in the Honourable Augustus. The

thought would be erroneous. He did not; he felt no interest in any thing but in his business, in which he had remarkable skill. To arrange with such creditors as those of Augustus Melvyn required consummate prudence, some had to be instructed, some conciliated, some frightened, and some utterly defied. He had a pride in overcoming all these difficulties, and he overcame them. He made no boast, for he had no pleasure in boasting, but he fully settled with all the creditors at about a third of the whole amount of their claims. He told his client that he had done so.

"How much is there left?" said Augustus.

"Of ready money," replied Dyke, "nearly three thousand pounds—and of rents, something like two thousand *per annum*."

"I am glad it is so much," said the Honourable Augustus, "but——" and he looked at the solicitor with an inquiring air—"must I not live abroad with such an income as that?"

Mr. Dyke considered for a moment. He reflected that he had no foreign connection, and it did not occur to him that it was for the benefit of English solicitors that gentlemen of even two thousand a year should live abroad. His reply, therefore, was of the interrogative kind—

"Will you permit me, or do you wish, that I should give you such advice as it seems to me prudent to give upon the course which, under the circumstance of acquiring Lady Jane Melvyn's property, you should take?"

"Most assuredly," said Augustus, "that is what I wish."

"Permit me to say then," returned Mr. Dyke, "that under the circumstances I should not think a residence abroad was dictated either by necessity or prudence. It is true the income you will have will not enable you to keep up an establishment, but independently of this, you may, so far as you are yourself concerned, live comfortably on two thousand a year in London. I have had occasion in some instances to examine into the circumstances of living abroad, and I have come to the conclusion that supposing a competence—I omit the other considerations which belong to an ample fortune—supposing, I say, a competence, such as you now possess; a

quiet, comfortable, enjoyable life, without any parade, is as attainable, I might say more attainable, in London than elsewhere. Had you been left no more than some six or eight hundred a year, I should then have allowed that to live in a cheaper country than this, was necessary; but two thousand a year induces different considerations, especially when your family connections are taken into consideration, and the possibility which is within your reach of becoming politically important."

The last hint had reference to the borough of Shovelcorn, of which up to that time the Honourable Augustus had not thought. Either this hint, or the impressive and persuasive seriousness of the manner of Mr. Dyke, or finally the reasonableness of what he urged, seemed to make a deep impression on the owner of two thousand a year. He expressed a wish to put himself under the guidance of so discreet an adviser, and arrangements were immediately made for a residence in London.

A finishing touch, however, had yet to be given to the circumstances which formed or influenced the permanent character of the Honourable Augustus Melvyn. Some two years before this time there had appeared in the fashionable circles of the metropolis, Miss Octavia Vernon, under the patronizing care of her relative the Dowager Countess of Kendalmerne. Octavia was the daughter of a retired general of slender fortune. The dowager happened to see her in her girlhood, and being struck with her appearance, saw the importance which might attach to herself if she could bring her young relative with suitable accomplishments into the London world. She undertook the superintendence and charges of her education, and her plan met with the most decided success. Words cannot depict a more interesting, fascinating person than was Octavia Vernon during the period of her starhood in the London heaven of beauty and fashion. Her figure was all symmetry, and she had been taught gesture by a French lady, who had devoted all the best energies of her mind, for many years, to that one subject. This careful tuition had given to Octavia the most easy, natural, and graceful use of her hands and arms, in conversation, in walking, in dancing, or in riding. She moved with an art so consummate

that all appearance of art was concealed. Her features were of almost faultless mould, her complexion pale, her teeth like polished ivory, her dark eyes full of fire, and her large pale forehead shaded with dark tresses of the most simple and graceful arrangement. Her expression was rather that of intellectuality, than loveliness—an expression of beautiful originality—of gracefulness and mental power, or as much of that quality as is consistent with a character at once feminine and spirited. She was a noble horsewoman—the Diana Vernon of the parks, though her name was Octavia. It was beautiful to see her when slightly flushed in face and spirits by her equestrian exercise in the open air, she talked her gay and graceful talk, and patted with her delightful little hand the neck of her steed, which seemed to champ its bit in joy and pride for bearing so fair a burden. Of course the dowager protectress of this young lady became the most cultivated of dowagers. When her carriage drove into the park she was never without two or three of the most distinguished of the young members of the equestrian order at either window. At the opera her box was the gayest of the gay, the most crowded of the crowd. Nowhere was the business of the stage more delightfully neglected. At the parties which she honoured, no one was looked for with more impatience—no one's carriage was called with more regret. Nevertheless the fair Octavia had not many offers of marriage, but she had some, which her friend the countess did not allow her to accept, because she had not seen enough to enable her to choose. The dowager did not mean that Octavia should not marry, but she thought that she herself might have the use of her for a season or two first. Besides, she *was* rather fond of her, and really would have been rather sorry than otherwise to lose her. Octavia was a very pleasant companion even for a dowager countess. Her first two seasons had passed away while the Honourable Augustus was abroad; her third just commenced as he became settled in his new position. He felt greater admiration for her than for any other woman he had ever seen in his life, and did every thing in his power to make himself agreeable to her; not, as far as he could judge, without making

some impression, though he could not for his life tell exactly why he thought so. At last one day in a gallop in the park, their horses carried them away from all their companions and attendants. The spirits of the man were at the highest; the beauty of the lady was most bewitching; the opportunity was favourable, and he plunged headlong into a talk of love and marriage. The lady grew grave, requested time before she might venture to reply, and proposed that they should gallop back to their companions. Poor Augustus! His "antecedents," as the French say, were inquired into; his "means," as the English say, were next considered; they did not suit, he was by letter formally rejected; and the next month the lady was wooed and won by his cousin Lord George Carson, a respectable person, with a very good estate, an awkward figure, and an exceedingly common-place understanding. The Honourable Augustus retired to the country upon this affair for two months, and corresponded with Mr. Dyke, of Lincoln's Inn, upon matters of business, with sometimes a postscript relating to the philosophy of life. Then he came back to his lodgings in London, a more even-tempered man than he had ever been before. He has been known to say more than once, to those who knew of his affair with Miss Vernon, that the most fortunate circumstance of his life was her refusal of him. In this he is sincere, for his experience now actually convinces him that he ought to look back upon her rejection of him as an escape. It may be readily supposed that it required the reflection of several years to lead him to this height of philosophy.

Since that time, the Honourable Augustus, though not a man of passion, has been a man of what is called gallantry. When he is in a mood to excuse himself, he says in the calmest way possible, that a man must have some excitement. An affair of this kind brought him into a duel. This was a business of remarkable coolness on both sides. Never were two men more convinced of the folly of what they were doing, or more satisfied that it belonged to their position and the circumstances in which they were placed, to meet as they did. The "injured gentleman," as the phrase is, fired first, and his ball whizzed by

almost grazing the ear of the Honourable Augustus, who, of course, fired in the air, and so the matter ended to the great satisfaction of both parties. Not that there was anger on the one side, or fear on the other, to be satiated or escaped from, but they both disliked the trouble of the matter—the getting up early in the morning, and the seriousness of the proceedings, (for in England duels are not enlivened with jokes as they are in Ireland,) and they were glad the affair was finished.

On another occasion the Honourable Augustus had to fight a duel with a wild Irishman, for no reason at all, but merely that circumstances so fell out. It was one night coming out of the opera, the crowd was very great, and Augustus was endeavouring to conduct a lady of his acquaintance to her carriage. Passing along, he, or somebody else, walked upon Major O'Tyrrell's toes. There were times when in such a crowd the major would have borne this with all the philosophic indifference of a disciple of the porch, or a red Indian, but *that* evening he happened to be disappointed of the loan of a hundred pounds, which would have been extremely convenient to him at the moment, and he was rather savage in consequence. He looked blunderbusses at Augustus.

"I should be glad to know your name, sir, if you please."

"I shall return in two minutes, and have the pleasure of telling you," said Augustus.

He handed the lady to her carriage, and was returning, when he found that the major, whose toes were smarting, and whose blood was up, had kept close to him.

"Well, sir?" said Augustus.

"'Tis not well," said the major.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction."

"For what?"

"For trampling upon me in an insulting manner."

"I am not unconscious," said Augustus, "of having walked upon some promiscuous toes, but I am sorry if they had the honour to belong to you; I meant no insult."

"Sir," returned the major, "that won't do, I must have satisfaction."

No more was said, and the gentlemen exchanged cards. The major sent his friend, and was referred by the Honourable Augustus to one of

his club companions, a Captain Blake of the west of Ireland, for Augustus thought that as his adversary, and his adversary's friend were Irish, the person most likely to understand them was one of their own countrymen. But the captain understood nothing in such cases but fighting, of which he was very fond, and he contrived to have the parties on the ground the next morning. The Honourable Augustus was a good deal ashamed of this affair, feeling it to be absurd to the last degree, but he had got into it, and must allow things to take their course. The first shot went through the collar of his coat, and as he missed Major O'Tyrrell, it was necessary to fire another. The next shot he broke the poor major's leg, and had his own hat wounded. He determined that he would never again choose an Irish second if he could help it, and he showed kindness to the major by helping him unsolicited with twenty pounds to pay the surgeon who attended upon his leg.

The Honourable Augustus frequents the opera, not that he cares for music, nor feels much admiration for the ballet, but because one is expected to be seen there. He has a share in a box, but not the omnibus box, for he dislikes being conspicuous. He does not take a stall, for he likes to move about and talk a kind of flying conventional jocularly with the society of the opera.

He keeps no cabriolet, for he finds his two saddle horses enough of trouble in that way, and it is easy to hire a carriage when he wants one. He sometimes plays whist late, but never hazard, and takes care not to win or lose much at cards.

He now sees the advantage of being in bed before two o'clock in the morning; and although a tolerably good voter in the house, he likes to pair off when the division is expected to be very late. Let him go home when he will, he expects his trusty valet to be in attendance; and he is not disappointed. Maxwell is sure to be ready; he tells all that is necessary to be told of the business of the day in the home department, asks further instructions, and arranges all that is needful for his master's convenience. Maxwell is an honest man and a feeling man; and it would not be easy to explain why or

how he keeps on with a master who has but little respect for honesty, and no sympathy with any thing like feeling: but it often happens in the world that one sees those apparently incongruous connexions subsisting, as if Providence meant it to supply a kind of voluntary check upon evil. Maxwell does good by stealth in providing for his master's wants; and of this the Honourable Augustus has a kind of half suspicion, but never inquires into the matter. He has no objection to people being benevolent and interested about others, if they like it; but he dislikes the disturbance of such things himself. He has an especial aversion for begging letters; and the most touching appeals he looks upon as merely contrived for the purpose of getting money. He says there are persons who make a trade of writing pathetic letters at so much a paragraph, for any one who will employ them; and that the best-written letters, with the most tender touches of simple pathos, is only a species of deceitful manufacture. The events of the London world but too frequently support this theory. Maxwell's countenance, however, often pleads forcibly against his master's decisions; and sometimes he very unwillingly applies to purposes of which he disapproves, the money which he is ordered by his master to disburse. Upon one occasion an acquaintance who was present said, as Maxwell left the room, that he would not keep such a man, who looked as if he were ready to rebel against the orders he had received. "Ay, ay," said Augustus, "I dare say Maxwell thinks I deserve to be hanged, but I am not desirous to argue that point with him. I know he will either do what I have ordered, or tell me he has not done so; and that kind of certainty is very convenient. I hope he may live as long as I do, and keep his temper, though he cannot keep his countenance. I need not take notice of his frowning; but if he said any thing I should have to quarrel with him. As to regard or affection, or any thing of that sort, I have heard of it between masters and servants, but as the world goes, we manage without any such thing. I suppose we are a mutual convenience to each other, and when that ceases on either

side, we shall part. I hope it will *not* cease.

The Honourable Augustus, of course, furnishes his own rooms, and without seeking splendour, save in some few small matters, he has every convenience and elegance that a self-indulgent spirit, guided by good taste, could desire. He has a few good pictures, from the study of which one may always gather some fresh sentiment, though he gathers none; he only looks to the ability of their execution, and their suitability as ornaments. His sofas are pleasant, his tables convenient, his arm-chairs luxuriant. His clocks, his chimney-ornaments, his ink-stands, are all of excellent taste and admirable workmanship. His book-cases are carved in the best manner, and his books are well chosen. He did not take the trouble to select them himself, but bought the whole library of a deceased gentleman whose reputation for literary taste was undeniable.

If the Honourable Augustus has any philosophy, it is that of Horace, whose writings he prizes very highly and often reads. He praises his easy way of life—

"Ad quartam jaceo: post hanc vagor,
aut ego lecto
Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet. . .
Præsum non avidè, quantum interpellet
inani
Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior,
Hæc est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gra-
vique."

When the Honourable Augustus is in the country at his brother's seat, or when he pays a brief visit to Shovelcorn, he goes to church, because in these places, as he says, he is noticed, and it becomes a matter of decorum to attend church, and set a good example to the common people. But in London he never goes to church, maintaining that no one knows or cares whether he does or not, and that he commits no impropriety by staying away. Sunday to him, while in town, is much the same as other days; and it may be questioned whether for the most part he recollects that there are peculiar duties appropriate to that day. No man, however, would be less apt than he to hinder

his servants from going to church, or any one else who deemed it a duty to go. He looks upon it as a good habit, and probably half regrets that he had not made it a habit of his own. But he hates to be absolutely bound to any thing, although his own way of life is tolerably regular. In the morning especially, that is from breakfast till two or three o'clock, "domestic otior" is his way, and he does not like to be put out of it for even one day in the week.

It has been hinted that, at one time, the Honourable Augustus had some views upon political distinction, but these views did not extend beyond his first three months' experience of the House of Commons. He found there were two ways in which a man might get on; one way was by laborious attention to parliamentary papers and public business, and by taking a quiet part in all practical matters which came before the House. This was, however, a degree of toil and trouble for which he did not feel himself suited. The other way was by making a bold and striking speech now and then, upon some topic of public excitement. The Honourable Augustus did not doubt that he could do this, but his taste recoiled from the vulgar ostentation of the display. Had he been a minister, or a leading man, he said, he would have spoken; but to speak for the sake of attracting notice or applause, was, in his estimation, a low thing, such as a gentleman ought not to do. He, therefore, gave up all idea of political advancement, and when he spoke in the House, which was not more than two or three times in a session, it was generally in an easy, half-jocular strain, to point at some absurdity of an opponent, or to sneer at the vehemence of some one who had become enthusiastic in the cause which he thought right. The Honourable Augustus was, by family connection, a member of the Whig party, and inclined, by taste and habit, to *liberalism*, in regard to political institutions. He had, however, but little patience with the rude offensiveness of democracy, and liked what he called a strong and liberal government, meaning thereby a government powerful enough to act upon that kind of philosophy which he considered to be the best. He now votes with the

Conservative government, but maintains that he is as much a Whig as ever. Some persons call him an apostate, but he treats such reproaches with a scornful smile. He is not a seeker of office. When the Whigs were in full power, he was offered a place in the household, but as soon as he found that the duties of the office would compel his attendance at Court, on certain occasions, whether he felt inclined to go or not, he declined the appointment. He thanked the premier very much for having made him the offer, but stated that, as a friend to liberty, he did not think he could, with consistency, impose chains upon himself, even though they were golden ones.

Such is the Honourable Augustus Melvyn; loving no one, beloved by none, polite, lively, well-informed upon many superficial matters; without a profound or earnest feeling of any sort—without any lofty aim—without any hope but that of making life as agreeable as circumstances will allow, so long as it lasts, and without fear, because from his boyhood he has been accustomed to triumph over that passion, and to treat it as unmanly.

Any fine day, from April to July, you may meet him, about three in the afternoon, calling in at one of the clubs of St. James's-street, or, perhaps, chatting with some of his "friends" at the open window, as gaily and good-humouredly as if he had passed the morning in doing virtuous actions. If you recognise him, you will recognise a thorough "man of the world."

The foregoing is a sketch of a true character, which readers of experience may, perhaps, be able to apply to more than one individual. The sketch is given not for an example, but for a warning; for what can be more wretched (in the estimation of virtue and good sense) than such a being? How lamentable that gifts should be so abused to the low and base purposes of self-gratification merely. Yet it is to be feared that the abundance of such characters forms at this very hour one of the most dangerous plague-spots of British society. In this calm, polished self-indulgence men become utterly forgetful of their duties to society. "The poor shall not always be forgotten," but these smooth men of the

world forget the poor. There is no community of feeling between them and the mass of their fellow-creatures, nor any approach to it. They do not, it is true, (like the harsh money-getting men of the factories and the mines,) grind the faces of the poor, but they stand afar off from them, and in maintaining a sickly, artificial dignity, throw away the noblest opportunities of virtuous action, and of joy communicated and received.

The high-born and the wealthy ought to live among the poor, and to be their patrons and their friends—the encouragers of honest industry, and of no less honest recreation and mirthfulness. They might be the means of blessing the people

“With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth;”

but for the most part they prefer living as “men of the world.”

LINES

Written upon seeing Mulvany's Picture of “*First Love*” in the Irish Exhibition of Paintings
June, 1842.

Ay, gaze upon her face, impassion'd boy,
In its sweet bashfulness and timid joy!
Thine is a truthful homage, free from art,
The earnest worship of an untaught heart!

Nought throughout after-life thy sight shall bless
One-thousandth part so rich in loveliness,
As that young peasant girl so simply fair,
With her unsaddled feet and braided hair.

Boyhood will fleet away—the hour will come
When for the haunts of men thou'lt leave thy home;
Yet oft will memory turn so fondly still
To that companion dear and lonely hill.

And years will pass, till dim as some sweet dream
The vision of thy early days will seem,
But never, never *quite* from out thy heart
Will the low echo of her voice depart.

And thou may'st love again—ay, passionately,
And past expression dear thy idol be,
But the *First Love* of Youth's a sacred thing,
A fragrant flower which *knows no second Spring!*

Thus mused I, as I gazed with spell-bound eyes,
And bless'd the “Art that can immortalize!”

ELIZABETH AUCHINLECK.

SYDNEY SMITH'S WORKS.*

THE illustrious Joe Miller of Whiggery, the Rabelais of Lansdowne-house, the Scarron of Brookes' and the Reform Club, has at length taken decisive measures for immortality, by assisting the public to contemplate, within the easy compass of three well-printed volumes, his scattered claims to everlasting remembrance. He has corradiated his diffusive beams, and gathered them to a focus. He has deserted the dim regions of the Anonymous, and exchanged his precarious inheritance therein for a goodly and compact estate within the ken of the public eye, to which no man may henceforth or for ever question the validity of his title.

Whether the omni-rident Humorist has, in doing this, done well, may, at first sight, appear to admit of little controversy. To occupy a definite *status* in the library; to possess an undeniable claim to rank with the mighty family of octavos; to oppress the shelves no longer as a mere fraction of a quarterly journal, but in the full-blown dignity of a genuine literary *integer*—these are things not to be underrated. "A Book's a book, although there's nothing in 't;" how much more is it "a book," when heaped from title-page to colophon with all manner of spicy sayings and laughter-moving *facetie*. A book is something fixed and exclusive; it is a man's own from cover to cover, and known to be so; no pretender to unreal literary achievement may intrude on it, or dare to claim any portion of its annual rent of glory. The periodical contributor is the holder of money in bank; no man but himself very clearly knows where it lies, or how much it is; and at best it often depends for its estimate with the public on the credit of the whole concern: the man of a Book is the owner of landed property; he has a settled name in the country; he is inclosed

by his own park-wall; he can prosecute for trespass, or set man-traps and spring-guns for poaching plagiarists. He has also provided for the entail beyond all casualties. The possible caprices of fame are for ever precluded. She is pledged and sworn to immortalize the candidate, who no longer coquets with the praises of the time, but solemnly registers his rights to an endless futurity of applause. The resistless joker of St. Paul's becomes enduring as the mighty edifice that shelters him; the laughter of to-day is prolonged into everlasting echoes; the Holland-house of unborn ages is charged to reverberate the cackinnations of the nineteenth century. His quips and his cranks, his puns and his politics, are henceforth classical; he has nailed our follies to the pedestal of scorn, and made our blunders monumental. We are henceforth the standing joke of posterity! The long-headed men of other times will blush that they sprung from our loins; and "the folly of our ancestors" will replace the old-fashioned Tory formula. No longer, when a hearty laugh is required, will men turn, as of old, to Gulliver and Garagantua; England in the earlier section of her nineteenth century—England under the fierce sarcasm of her irreverent son—England's Lord Liverpool—her Canning and her Percival—moping in insatiate debility between the assailing lance of Napoleon in front and the sharper pen of Smith in the rear, and by an absurd accident happening, strangely enough, to overwhelm the former without particularly respecting the advice of the latter—these will be the un-failing jests, these the sempiternal gibes of future ages. The exceeding absurdity of restricting Romanists from that pleasant amusement of legislation, of which a Connaught member has been of late furnishing the house with such satisfactory speci-

* The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. Second edition, three vols., 8vo. London: 1840.

† Well-printed as to clearness and beauty of type; but with singular incorrectness. *Scatent mendis*.

mens; the exceeding absurdity of restricting any man, woman, or child from whatsoever he, she, or it, may please to delight in; the extravagancies of methodistic pietism; the ponderous dullness of church orthodoxy,—are stereotyped for eternity: they are destined to shake the sides of our children to the twentieth generation; Peter Plymley is invested with immortal right to make the Sardonian disease an endemic on English ground. The whole man assumes an accession of dignity. How vast—how sudden is the spring from the uncertain glory of fugitive “articles,” occasional merriment, contributorial jocosity, to the solid respectability of “Works”—for so our author is lettered; works that bring with them the thrilling thought of future editions, contending editors, “perpetual” commentaries, and infinitely various readings; works, in monthly issues, in weekly numbers, in people’s editions, in illustrated editions! “The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith;” what more can one say of Cervantes, of Molière, or of Swift?

Notwithstanding all these weighty considerations, the pressing force of which it would be idle to question, there is something too to be said on the other side. And as this practice of collection and republication is becoming popular, (no less than three conspicuous instances of it within a short period—those of Professor Wilson, Mr. Macaulay, and our present Subject,) it may not be uninteresting to glance at some considerations pretty equally applicable to all the three.

It seems very plain, then, that a man runs some risk in bidding for that accumulation of glory which we have just now so glowingly described. There are literary reputations, and these no inconsiderable ones, on which the erepuscular obscurity of the periodical page casts no disadvantageous light. Objects are larger in a fog: and shrouded in the gloom of mystery the man often stalks vaster than the reality. The coryphæus of the Magazine or the Review is not unfrequently mightier in his very invisibility; he is only more profoundly felt because unseen. The wisdom is more oracular that proceeds from these Delphic depths; the lightning is more terrible from this dusky cloud. He who is not

any one in certainty, may be any one, however great, in possibility; attention is thus attracted and secured; and the author when unveiled, has already gained all the fruits of this artificial excitement, in the dissemination and popularity of his productions. And when, as usually happens, he does become generally known or suspected, the uncertainty about the actual extent of his achievements perhaps as often acts in his favour by enlarging, as to his disadvantage by diminishing, the public estimate of their amount. His pervading presence haunts the page; we know not with absolute certainty in what contribution he is locally enshrined; but we have a faith in the excellence of his gifts, and we fancy him possibly before us wherever excellence is observed. He obtains a sort of vague title, as intellectual lord of the soil, to all the waifs and estrays of eloquence and wit; and if the true owner emerges at last, he only comes in for the cold residue of a fame which his luckier collaborator enjoyed in all the freshness of its prime; by the time he is acknowledged, the public are to remember his performance, not to witness and to welcome it.

Probably too there is a potency to influence us to admiration and sympathy in the *indifference* of a distinguished periodical author to that fame which is ordinarily so ardently coveted. He alone seems unaware of the value of productions which he takes no trouble to stamp authentically as his own. He seems to scatter with magnificent prodigality the most brilliant gems of imagination and reason, and to care not who shall gather them. To him the breathing thought and burning word seem natural and irrepressible; it must be that he is scarcely conscious of the function of composition; we cannot believe him to labour hard to produce what he so carelessly abandons to neglect or oblivion. In this apparent indifference to fame there is a charm to compel fame. It becomes a duty to protect a reputation so deserved and so neglected by its owner; to adopt into our favour those literary orphans in which their prolific parent has taken so little pride. And when we consider what he *has* done with so little of apparent effort or solicitude, we are apt to conclude, (though in truth no inference can be more erro-

neous,) that he *might* have done infinitely more had he willed it. We set to his credit all these dormant faculties with their unwritten prodigies—only more prodigious *because* unwritten; their hypothetical epics and tragedies cruelly denied birth; their inventions for ever in the bud, and discoveries vainly waiting a development the author is too indolent to supply: whereas, in these works of intelligence, that a man can reach a certain point with ease is often no proof at all that he could have got much farther even with exertion. Some men have these very gifts of occasional writing, and no other; wings that can soar strongly, but not sustain steadily; faculties that are calculated to work in weekly and monthly cycles; intellectual clock-work that strikes periodically. The finished book betrays this; it openly avows it; it comes as the utmost effort of its author's mind; the last "term" of his intellectual expansion; while the casual article—one among many—passes for the pleasant proflusion of his leisure, the play and wantonness of his powers, the canter before the race.

Nor are we to omit the lustre which in the Magazine or the Review *each contribution bestows upon all*; or how the reader conciliated by the one unconsciously addresses himself with more satisfaction to the other. In this way the combined glories of the whole are concentrated upon its chief ornament; he is invested with a radiance reflected from the entire. Some one has shrewdly remarked the dangerous attractiveness of what Jean Paul calls "daughterful families;" Emma or Matilda is admired not for herself, but as part of a really complex fascination, made up of herself and half a dozen sister beauties. The skilful jeweller knows the power of the same art in disposing his gems. And then, the very *variety* of the feast enables the appetite more keenly to relish any one of its component viands. Now, on the contrary, there is scarcely any great writer but is more or less a mannerist. Peculiarity of thought and temperament will infallibly mould its own permanent vehicle; in its wildest varieties the vigilant ear will still feel it "another and the same." The literature of a nation is a lyre of many strings; and few can claim more than

one for his own. And in the melody of this "one string," we must seldom expect a Paganini variety of musical effect; in spite of every effort to diversify, there will be a characteristic sameness of tone; and sameness even of excellence cannot long retain its exclusive power of attraction. He who delights as one of many, may find his power strangely abridged when alone charged with all the terrible responsibilities of amusement. Wilson is delightful when relieved by the background of his cluster of clever contributors; Macauley's eloquence thrills and fascinates, when glittering as one bright star in a constellation; the drollery of Smith is irresistible when the jaded explorer comes upon it across a wide campaign of political economy and criticism; but perpetual Wilson surfeits us with pathos and landscape-painting; unwatered Macauley intoxicates us with trope and figure; perennial Smith fatigues with indefatigable jocoseness. It is true, the highest order of creative genius is so akin in its wonderful operations to Nature herself, that it contrives like her out of a few elements to maintain an astonishing freshness and variety; but these men (as they would be the first to admit) cannot claim this rarest of gifts; and hence, by unrolling their entire store at once, as in these republications, they unwittingly force on our observation the secret of their art, the trick and marvel of their craft; and inevitably diminish in proportion the amount of our admiration. By constantly watching the draughtsman at his work we seem at last to have caught the very attitude in which he labours; we may not, indeed, be able to imitate him; but his result, however finished and beautiful, has lost its deepest charm; he is no longer an impenetrable mystery above us, but a clever artist on our level, though infinitely more accomplished than ourselves.

And what is very observable, this general sameness of style, and repetition of thoughts, is certain to occur much *more frequently*, and yet to be much *less noticed*, in the works of an able writer, when given to the world in the form of periodical contributions. The happy illustration—the train of imagery—the impressive argumentation—of this month, is reproducible in a twelvemonth to come, with little

abatement of its piquancy, and probably with as little abatement of its justness of application. The tardy progress, alike of taste and truth, unfortunately secures this perpetuity of force to the reasonings of the critic and the moralist. The writer falls almost unconsciously into his own footprints—the chariot-wheels of fancy roll through the same easy tracts; half his readers have never read his former lucubrations, and the other half have forgotten them. If he be—what, to be sure, is a very rare attribute—a writer really and profoundly in earnest, he will even reiterate as a duty; he will feel with the preacher, who, to his congregation, complaining of the repetition of the same unvaried sermon for a dozen successive Sundays, quietly replied that he would give them a new discourse as soon as he had found the old one *practised*. This constant repetition of the same general views is even in detached compositions more maturely conceived and executed—a common mark of earnestness of purpose;* but it is obviously far more likely to operate, because far less likely to be distinctly noticed, when the writer has seldom before him the monitory view of his own previous performances. But when all these reiterations once spread over many years, are brought under our view in the collective volumes, we begin to feel them somewhat oppressive; we are viewing the same landscape under different lights, we are listening to a perpetual Rondo, a Da Capo without end, the author's years are the recurring periods of Platonism—and we seem to have felt our way some half dozen times round the boundary-wall of the writer's mind.

And in *the style itself*, thus reproduced for public judgment, how much is there which the public can seldom be expected maturely to approve! Disguise it as we may (though the confession may seem somewhat impolitic, engaged as we at this moment are), there is apt to be found in

periodical essays a style both of thought and expression which, however effective for temporary purposes, is rarely deserving of a permanent place in literature. The superficial acquaintance with subjects discussed—the affectation of superior knowledge—the tart and petulant rebuke of thoughtful and elaborate inquirers—however amusing to the clubs, or gratifying to partizan prejudice, is a poor gift to posterity. The chances *must* ever be enormous (and yet how often is so simple a fact overlooked) that the writer of a laborious book knows more of his subject than his critic; if then a criticism is to be written—if a judgment is inevitably to be pronounced, the balance must be struck, and the account squared, by skilful assumption. But this, which imposes indifferently enough upon the present generation, and upon few but the irreflective or indolent of that generation, will take its irrevocable place with a calmer age; when men, however exposed to the very same impostures of their own critics and their own prejudices, will at least be thoroughly clear-sighted for the survey of ours.

But the chief of all these disadvantages in republications of this kind remains to be noticed; the total, or almost total, loss of that *temporary interest of subject* which forms half the attraction of periodical commentaries. The fervour of the partizan combatant in the heat of the battle becomes overstrained and wearisome when the battle has been decided. Occasional vaticinations are flat and stale when their prophetic *afflatus* has been vindicated or refuted by events. When Emancipation, or Reform, has become historical, its attendant trains of literary artillery, its cannonades of oratorical thunder, its light musquetry of jokes, are spent shot. We feel this in even the hands of the greatest masters: few read the political tracts of Swift and Bolingbroke, who are not directly engaged in historical investigations; and Burke

* It is very observable in one of the most voluminous of living theological writers. The intellect of the Archbishop of Dublin is too fertile of thought—his pen too facile of expression—for us to be willing to ascribe this frequent return, in distinct publications, of the same general views and arguments, to any cause but the very creditable one noticed in the text.

is preserved in unabated popularity, just because his wonderful treatises, abounding in perpetual truths, depart from the normal type of this kind of writing; that digressiveness which lessened his direct influence then, is exactly what constitutes it now. Junius is indeed a fair and a real exception to this observation; the most remarkable proof of the extraordinary vigour of his style, and rarity of his powers, being the interest he contrives to preserve, though flashing his lightning of sarcasm upon one of the least attractive passages of all English story. Yet, even with him, probably the mystery has done something; the problem of his birth and being gives added zest to every piquant letter; and it may be, that Junius the shadow wins a higher place in fame than his flesh and blood reality would ever have attained. But, of all varieties of sea-stores for the voyage of time, humour seems eminently to suffer. Local and occasional, it flowers in its own season, and its own place; it will not endure transplanting. In Swift's immortal satire, though universal human nature, itself trembling beneath the lash of its merciless censor, admires while it fears him, how few remember—or would much desire to remember—the minor political allusions, so rich with significance in the days of the Harleys and the Walpoles! Dwelling in the region of great principles, we do not require these minute exemplifications. And if the humour be of that kind which is raised almost wholly upon these petty facts, it is hopelessly transient; grafted upon a withering stock, it with it withers.

And this brings us back to our immediate subject. We need scarcely remind any of our readers, who have been readers of English literature for the last thirty or forty years, that Mr. Sydney Smith has, during that period, enriched the public with his opinions on a manifold variety of topics, in what has been, on the whole, the most remarkable periodical of the age. These opinions are all of a very consistent uniformity of hue; importing in general the propriety of qualifying the

disqualified—exalting the low—bringing down the high-minded—and laughing at all men. The style in which these practical maxims have been embodied is scarcely less uniform than their matter; sometimes, perhaps, a little monotonously so. It usually attains its purpose by assuming a grave and decorous solemnity of irrision—something more vivacious than Gibbon—more stately than Voltaire: not but it can adopt, at times, another key, in which it works its will more fiercely, directly, and earnestly; and in which we think the author appears rather more to advantage. The particular subjects of Mr. Smith's republished articles are various;—Romanists and Universal Toleration; Methodism and its alleged inanities; the horrors of Game Laws, and their machinery of trap and gun; the grievances of Prisoners, both tried and untried; and sundry others; interspersed with practical reflections on the invariable bigotry of bishops and other church dignitaries, and the singular coincidence between the possession of every human virtue and the profession of the principles of the Whigs. The articles are arranged upon no scheme, either chronological or *raisonnée*, that we can discover: not chronological, some of the earliest of the series being inserted in the second and third volumes; not *realis*—productions on the same subject being separated by heaps of interjacent matter. In addition to his Reviews, Mr. Smith has reprinted his amusing Letters to Archdeacon Singleton; his Plymley Epistles; some rather indifferent Speeches; and some very indifferent Sermons. In one of the last, (that on the Duties of the Queen,) the absurd blunder of attributing to "the psalmist" the words of Simeon in St. Luke, is perpetuated; notwithstanding the laughter to which, some time ago, it exposed the Reverend instructor of her Majesty:—nor, indeed, do the theological studies appear to be very accurate of the divine, who, in another performance on which we have just lighted, speaks of a hired slanderer "receiving his *aceldama*."*

* Vol. ii. p. 227. An article on the Romish claims. The same ridiculous mistake occurs again, p. 467. It is amusing too to read, in an elaborate paragraph on English ecclesiastical history, of "*Laud's* Lambeth Articles." That the antagonist of Robert Abbot, the vindicator of Montague, should re-appear in the brotherhood of Ames and Perkins, is an interesting revelation for future biographers.

In a preface to his volumes Mr. Smith talks of his reviewing period as a time of terrible probation; a day of clouds and thick darkness, when the hearts of outcast Whigs oft melted within them, and every nerve of the man and the parson was tried; and he not obscurely insinuates the praises of his own courage in enduring such tribulation unterrified.

"From the beginning of the century (about which time the *Review* began) to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the érmine of the judge, or the lawn of the prelate—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops made over your head—reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla; these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and in addition he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life. Not a murmur against any abuse was permitted; to say a word against the suitoricide delays of the court of Chancery, or the cruel punishments of the game laws, or against any abuses which a rich man inflicted, or a poor man suffered, was treason against the *Plousiocracy*, and was bitterly and steadily resented. Lord Grey had not then taken off the bearing-rein from the English people, as Sir Francis Head has now done from horses."

But, however he suffered in these fearful days from triumphant Toryism in purse and promotion, it assuredly made his reputation as a writer. Such wit as his, stinging and virulent, is

formed for opposition alone; it flames fiercer in a storm. So truly is this the case as regards his peculiar powers, that even under the Whig dynasty he could not be witty and not warlike; he was forced to assail his own patrons or cease to write at all. The "occupation's gone" of a literary Momus of this kind, when he has not a public iniquity, real or imaginary, to wrestle with; his vocation and ministry is to abuse abuses. In a state of perfection, he would be a cypher; lord in waiting or "gold stick," in the court of a Queen Gloriana; with nothing at all to infuriate, he must needs die of a gentle melancholy; all his vinegar evaporate, all his champagne grow flat; obesely jocular, and pleasingly dull.

No one, of course, dreams of going to the sparkling diatribes of Mr. Sydney Smith for purposes of profound instruction; nor shall we be so very inconsiderate as to cite him in any such capacity. On his master topic, the Romish claims, though his principles were ultimately successful, his sole argument was a failure; the terrors with which he menaced the British throne, and sought to "fright the isle from its propriety," were confuted by the event; and the reader laughs as heartily at Plymley's arguments as at his jokes. His exhortations to political cowardice found no response in England. Comparing the prophecy with the fulfilment, we constantly desiderate in the histories of Scott and Alison, a more detailed and satisfactory account of that awful descent upon Ireland by one of Buonaparte's most distinguished marshals, in which, after routing the scattered forces of loyalism from Bantry to Donaghadee, the gallant Gaul heading "the royal ragged race," planted his victorious standard on the castle of Dublin, and solemnly inaugurated the new republic. We suspect imperfect copies, and accuse our Curries and Millikens of false measure. When we remember how each revolving year the same prediction is found to be reiterated by our indefatigable Jeremiah—each positively the last time of predicting—we shudder at the terrific days we must have past, and wonder we are indeed alive.

From nearly every other aspect of the same question the vaticinations of our political seer have been about

equally successful. Even he himself but feebly denies that the consequences anticipated by the adversaries of the enfranchising Bill have as yet been accurately verified in *Ireland*; in Ireland where at this hour in nearly every town of any consequence, no longer the mere mob but the *municipal body* is organized into an association for the severance of British connexion; where the first legislative act of the new constitution is publicly and undisguisedly announced to be the destruction of the Irish church, and the re-construction of the laws of landed property; and where a revenue now rapidly approaching six hundred pounds a week, and nearly thirty thousand pounds per annum, is collected without a murmur for those purposes from the poorest people on the face of the earth. To facts so glaring, so unanswerable—facts commencing not now, but almost before the ink of the royal signature was dry upon the act, our pleasant author puts in the consoling rejoinder of “time and patience;” an easy answer truly, and the more valuable that it is impartially applicable to every human evil, and with useful universality justifies every possible political blunder. While as regards *England*, every one but himself, and those who, like him, look upon the ecclesiastical element of the polity of England in a low and degrading light, see, more and more clearly emerging, the stupendous difficulty of maintaining the definite religious constitution of Britain, under the sway of a parliament which henceforth may be, to an unlimited extent, modified by the numbers and influence of members conscientiously bound to detest it as the most conspicuous and the most dangerous organized heresy in the world. What “lapse of time” can alleviate this difficulty, whose very essence it is to grow with time? What progress of knowledge or virtue which does not destroy Romanism itself (a preposterous chimera to expect before centuries), can lighten a perplexity which must increase in direct proportion to the single-mindedness and sincerity of our Romish legislators?

When we read the effusions of an author like the present upon such questions as these, our patience, we

confess it, is sorely tried; not that he should oppose our own views—never happier hour dawned on us than that which should see them satisfactorily refuted,—but that such a man should meddle with such matters *at all*, and that, doing so, he should be invested by public indolence and the unfailing attraction of malice to the malignant, with such inevitable capacities of doing mischief. In good truth, questions like these, that prove to the utmost the faculties of the deepest and the honestest investigator, are no fit materials for the jesting artisan of quib and sneer. He who comes upon the territory of these tremendous political problems with the sole capacity of culling such scattered similes as he may cook into a piquant “article;” who performs a mournful harlequinade in the very sanctuary of that most awful of human sciences—the practical philosophy of legislation; sneering away scruples of conscience as a good joke, and ready to burst at the fun of religion in a parliament-man;—such a commentator on our times and our trials may perhaps find his worth appreciated at a late hour after dinner; we cannot answer for its acceptance with men of ordinary good feeling at any other.

But it is the part of wisdom to be content with mankind as we find them. It is not given to all men to be Burkes and Clarendons; and Mr. Smith, though very sophistical and very declamatory, is yet a very amusing sophist, and even at times a brilliant declaimer. Thanks to the many infirmities of human nature, his sarcasm is too often not left without at least as much foundation as a professed jester ever desires, or as his readers perhaps have much right to expect. And when there is a *real* absurdity to be exposed, a tough, inveterate abuse to be hunted down, we certainly know very few who can urge the chase with more spirit and vigour. If never a discoverer, he is sometimes a good expositor, of truth; if he cannot do much to elucidate the dark, he has an excellent faculty of illustrating the plain. As instances we might cite the discussion of the extravagant system of exclusive classical education, in the first volume

of the collection, and of the Hamiltonian method of teaching languages, in the second ; some of the criticisms on exaggerated lenity in prison discipline ; some parts of his papers on the Game Laws ; the exposure of the sentimental viciousness of such novels as *De Stael's Delphine* ; the conclusive tract on the Ballot scheme ; the arguments—two or three times repeated—on the right of counsel to prisoners ; and many passages in the letters on the Church commission, offensive to all pure taste as these letters are on the whole. What is good in these articles is somewhat spoiled indeed by a perpetual air of assumption, a certain pert and priggish superiority, and a too constant recurrence to the easy humour of pompous phraseology ; but they are nevertheless performances of undeniable animation, vigour, and clearness. When wrong, he is at least very comical in his errors ; and when he happens to be right, one might indeed desire a more dignified, but seldom, for the world as it goes, a more amusing, advocate of truth.*

But the defence of truth is in better hands. The world is not likely to retain very long the remembrance of a writer so essentially local and temporary in subject and style ; and if remembered at all, it is of course mainly as a humorist that Mr. Smith is to take his place in our libraries. We shall select for the amusement of our readers one or two pleasant specimens of this talent.

The opening paragraph of the collection is a fair bit of pleasantry—

"Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's† wig, must have observed, that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz, the *puys* *Saxons* of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig, the doctor has constructed his sermon, giving us a discourse of no common length, and subjoining an immeasurable mass of notes, which appear to concern

every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man since the beginning of the world." Vol. i. p. 1.

And again—on the lengthy periods of the same personage, whose mock Johnsonianism, alike with pen and tongue, was ever the feeblest of failures, and the choicest object of legitimate satire. Parr's whole life was an experimental proof, indeed, how utterly impossible it ever must be from the very nature of the case, to constitute a Whig Johnson. His heart was good, his talents admirable, his classical attainments immense, and his other acquirements probably not much inferior to those of the oracle of the Mitre ; apparently he might have fairly undertaken to repeat him on a smaller scale ; and yet Parr was not only no Johnson in little, he was no Johnson at all ; the species was different ; there was no common measure for the quantities. And the more one considers the case the more he will see, that the difference lay in the habitual spirit of the men ; that an *ethos* was wanting, which we really suspect must remain for ever deficient in the liberalist organization.

"There are occasionally, in Philopatris, a great vigour of style, and felicity of expression. His display of classical learning is quite unrivalled—his reading various and good ; and we may observe, at intervals, a talent for wit, of which he might have availed himself to excellent purpose, had it been compatible with the dignified style in which he generally conveys his sentiments. With all these excellent qualities of head and heart, we have seldom met with a writer more full of faults than Philopatris. There is an event recorded in the Bible, which men who write books should keep constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth, that many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears also, that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of

* Like most humorists, Mr. Smith invariably loses his powers with his temper. We can scarcely recognise him in the dull and indecent virulence of the attack on the Bishop of Gloucester, in the third of his Singleton Letters.

† "A great scholar, as rude and violent as most Greek scholars are, unless they happen to be bishops. He has left nothing behind him worth leaving : he was rather fitted for the law than the church, and would have been a more considerable man, if he had been more knocked about among his equals. He lived with country gentlemen and clergymen, who flattered and feared him."

mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and the post-diluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labour. Now, to forget this event—to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author of this book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colours for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass.”—Vol. ii. p. 445.

The following little notice of a sermon for the Humane Society was one of those reviews which from their novelty of ridicule, so utterly unprecedented among the proxy periodicals of the time, must have fearfully appalled the scribbling tribe in the earlier days of the *Edinburgh Review* :—

“An accident, which happened to the gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon, proves, in the most striking manner, the importance of this charity for restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered, with Dr. Langford's discourse lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep; from which he could not, by any means, be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers.

“The only account he could give of himself was, that he remembers reading on regularly till he came to the following pathetic description of a drowned tradesman; beyond which he recollects nothing.”—Vol. i. p. 25.

Of a worthless French traveller in England—

“But we are wasting our time in giving a theory of the faults of travellers, when we have such ample means of exemplifying them all from the publication now before us, in which Mr. Jacob Fievée, with the most surprising talents for doing wrong, has contrived to condense and agglomerate every species of absurdity that has hitherto been made known, and even to launch out occasionally into new regions of nonsense, with a boldness which well entitles him to the merit of originality in folly, and discovery in impertinence. We consider Mr. Fievée's book as extremely valuable in one point of view. It affords a sort of limit or mind-mark, beyond which we conceive it to be impossible in future that pertness and petulance should pass. It is well to be acquainted with the boundaries of our nature on both sides; and to Mr. Fievée we are indebted for this valuable approach to *pessimism*. The height of knowledge no man has yet scanned; but we have now pretty well fathomed the gulf of ignorance.

“We must, however, do justice to Mr. Fievée when he deserves it. He evinces, in his preface, a lurking uneasiness at the apprehension of exciting war between the two countries, from the anger to which his letters will give birth in England. He pretends to deny that they will occasion a war; but it is very easy to see he is not convinced by his own arguments; and we confess ourselves extremely pleased by this amiable solicitude at the probable effusion of human blood. We hope Mr. Fievée is deceived by his philanthropy, and that no such unhappy consequences will ensue, as he really believes, though he affects to deny them. We dare to say the dignity of this country will be satisfied, if the publication in question is disowned by the French government, or, at most, if the author is given up. At all events, we have no scruple to say, that to sacrifice twenty thousand lives, and a hundred millions of money, to resent Mr. Fievée's book, would be an unjustifiable waste of blood and treasure; and that to take him off privately by assassination would be an undertaking hardly compatible with the dignity of a great empire.” Vol. i. p. 55.

Mr. Smith thus treats his Methodist opponent :—

“We are a good deal amused, indeed, with the extreme diabolical which Mr. John Styles exhibits to the humour and pleasantry with which he admits the Methodists to have been attacked; but Mr. John Styles should remember, that it is not the practice with destroyers of

vermin to allow the little victims a *veto* upon the weapons used against them. If this were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small-tooth combs; another protesting against mouse-traps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must all be caught, killed and cracked, in the manner, and by the instruments which are found most efficacious to their destruction; and the more they cry out, the greater plainly is the skill used against them. We are convinced a little laughter will do them more harm than all the arguments in the world. Such men as the author before us cannot understand when they are out-argued; but he has given us a specimen, from his irritability, that he fully comprehends when he has become the object of universal contempt and derision. We agree with him, that ridicule is not exactly the weapon to be used in matters of religion; but the use of it is excusable, when there is no other which can make fools tremble. Besides, he should remember the particular sort of ridicule we have used, which is nothing more than accurate quotation from the Methodists themselves. It is true, that this is the most severe and cutting ridicule to which we could have had recourse; but, whose fault is that?"—Vol. i. p. 162.

The terrors of English taxation are thus vividly pictured:—

"We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory—Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the cause which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pours his medicine, which has paid

seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent.—flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent.—and expires in the arms of his apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."—Vol. i. p. 372.

The following, on the partialities of the Vice Suppression Society, is not more humorous than just:—

"Nothing has disgusted us so much in the proceedings of this society, as the control which they exercise over the amusements of the poor. One of the specious titles under which this legal meanness is gratified is, *Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*.

"Of cruelty to animals, let the reader take the following specimens:—

"Running an iron hook in the intestines of an animal; presenting this first animal to another as his food; and then pulling this second creature up, and suspending him by the barb in his stomach.

"Riding a horse till he drops, in order to see an innocent animal torn to pieces by dogs.

"Keeping a poor animal upright for many weeks, to communicate a peculiar hardness to his flesh.

"Making deep incisions into the flesh of another animal, while living, in order to make the muscles more firm.

"Immersing another animal, while living, in hot water.

"Now we do fairly admit, that such abominable cruelties as these are worthy of the interference of the law: and that the society should have punished them, cannot be matter of surprise to any feeling mind. But stop, gentle reader! these cruelties are the cruelties of the Suppressing Committee, not of the poor. You must not think of punishing these. The first of these cruelties passes under the pretty name of *angling*; and therefore there can be no harm in it—the more particularly, as the president himself has one of the best preserved trout streams in England. The next is *hunting*;—and as many of the vice-presidents and of the committee hunt, it is not possible there can be any cruelty in hunting. The next is, a process for making *brawn*—a dish never tasted by the poor, are therefore not to be disturbed by indictment. The fourth is the mode of

cramping cod; and the ~~fish~~ of boiling lobsters; all high-life cruelties, with which a justice of the peace has no business to meddle. The real thing which calls forth the sympathies, and harrows up the soul, is to see a number of boisterous artizans baiting a bull, or a bear; not a savage hare, or a carnivorous stag—but a poor, innocent, timid bear; not pursued by magistrates, and deputy-lieutenants, and men of education—but by those who must necessarily seek their relaxation in noise and tumultuous merriment—by men whose feelings are blunted, and whose understanding is wholly devoid of refinement. The society detail, with symptoms of great complacency, their detection of a bear-beating in Blackboy Alley, Chick Lane, and the prosecution of the offenders before a magistrate. It appears to us that nothing can be more partial and unjust than this kind of proceedings. A man of ten thousand a year may worry a fox as much as he pleases—may encourage the breed of a mischievous animal, on purpose to worry it; and a poor labourer is carried before a magistrate for paying sixpence to see an exhibition of courage between a dog and a bear! Any cruelty may be practised to gorge the stomachs of the rich—none to enliven the holidays of the poor. We venerate those feelings which really protect creatures susceptible of pain, and incapable of complaint. But heaven-born pity, now-a-days, calls for the income tax, and the court guide; and ascertains the rank and fortune of the tormentor before she weeps for the pain of the sufferer. It is astonishing how the natural feelings of mankind are distorted by false theories. Nothing can be more mischievous than to say, that the pain inflicted by the dog of a man of quality is not (when the strength of the two animals is the same) equal to that produced by the cur of a butcher. Haller, in his Pathology, expressly says, *that the animal bitten knows no difference in the quality of the biting animal's master*; and it is now the universal opinion among all enlightened men, that the misery of the brawler would be very little diminished, if he could be made sensible that he was to be eaten up only by persons of the first fashion. The contrary supposition seems to us to be absolute nonsense; it is the desertion of the true Baconian philosophy, and the substitution of mere unsupported conjecture in its place. The trespass, however, which calls forth all the energies of a suppresser, is the sound of a fiddle. That the common people are really enjoying themselves, is now beyond all doubt: and away rush Secretary, President, and Committee,

to clap the cotillon into the Compter and to bring back the life of the poor to its regular standard of decorous gloom. The gambling-houses of St. James's remain untouched. The peer ruins himself and his family with impunity; while the Irish labourer is privately whipped for not making a better use of the excellent moral and religious education which he has received in the days of his youth!" —Vol. ii. p. 335-7.

If Mr. Smith's exertions as an alarmist were not very successful, they were at least exceedingly amusing. After he had answered "without the slightest degree of hesitation, that if Buonaparte lives, and a great deal is not immediately done for the conciliation of the Catholics, it does seem to me absolutely impossible but that we must perish," he proceeds in a subsequent letter to refute the idle pleas with which the infatuated opponents of so indisputable a certainty were wont to console themselves.

"You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned, in their time, the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave; so were all these nations. You might get together an hundred thousand men individually brave; but without generals capable of commanding such a machine; it would be as useless as a first-rate man of war manned by Oxford clergymen, or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers: they have had no means of acquiring experience; but I do say it to create alarm; for we do not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gallant defence behind hedge-rows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three

centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the conubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocleus; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall, while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the mean time I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence. — *Plymley's Letters*, p. 408-10.

The dutiful variation of Mr. Smith's political views in proportion as he felt himself securely niched—or began to dread that he was but insecurely so—among the pillars of that sacred Edifice which it had been his favourite amusement to invest with an atmosphere of ridicule, as long as it admitted him only among the inferior ornaments of its architecture—is not the least remarkable topic which these volumes suggest. Of course we cannot imagine this to be more than an accidental synchronism; but the newspapers are always wont to record "singular coincidences," and it can be no great harm to follow the example of those organs of public opinion on which Mr. Smith has in these volumes lavished such unbounded praise. Perhaps, too, there may be more in it. Has the case been physiologically examined? It becomes us to speak cautiously on questions so obscure; the influences of the material on the mental are almost as little understood now as in the days of Thales and Pythagoras; but is it very inadmissible to suggest, that there may be some influence peculiarly clarifying to the intellect in the exalted atmosphere of Ludgate Hill? that some efficacy beyond ordinary nature may still hover

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round the hallowed precincts of Amen Corner? We say no more. But we would seriously recommend the subject to the enlightened superintendents of Bethlem and of Swift's. The age is sceptical indeed; but surely scepticism itself would yield to experiment and observation.

As usually happens in these great revolutions of opinion, the long established formulas of his rejected sentiments still now and then re-appear; the force of habit cannot be instantaneously overcome; but in the substance of his views the change is complete. The special subjects of his alarm are dictated by a noble tenderness for the church's welfare in his own; he feels that self-interest becomes a virtue when the comforts of a life so valuable are in question. The rapid convert becomes patriotically affrighted at the violence of that popular fury which, in threatening other venerable institutions, may possibly disregard the dignity of canonries residentiary. He now roundly declares for government corruption, and the prerogative of the crown.

"One of the most foolish circumstances attending this destruction of cathedral property is the great sacrifice of the *patronage of the crown*; the crown gives up eight prebends of Westminster, two at Worcester, 1,500*l.* per annum at St. Paul's, two prebends at Bristol, and a great deal of other preferment all over the kingdom; and this at a moment when such extraordinary power has been suddenly conferred upon the people, and when every atom of power and patronage ought to be *husbanded for the crown*. A prebend of Westminster for my second son would soften the Catos of Cornhill, and lull the Gracchi of the Metropolitan Boroughs. Lives there a man so absurd, as to suppose THAT GOVERNMENT CAN BE CARRIED ON without those gentle allurements? You may as well attempt to poultice off the humps of a camel's back, as to cure mankind of these little corruptions."—*Second Letter*, &c.

He sees little wisdom and less justice in sudden invasions of vested rights.

"For two hundred years pluralities within certain distances have been allowed; acting under the faith of these laws, livings have been bought and ba-

queathed to clergymen, tenable with other preferments in their possession—upon faith in these laws, men and women have married—educated their children—laid down a certain plan of life, and adopted a certain rate of expense, and ruin comes upon them in a moment, from this thoughtless inattention to existing interests. I know a man whose father dedicated all he had saved in a long life of retail trade, to purchase the next presentation to a living of 800*l.* per annum, tenable under the old law, with another of 500*l.* given to the son by his college. The whole of this clergyman's life and prospects (and he has an immense family of children) are cut to pieces by your bill. It is a wrong thing, you will say, to hold two livings; I think it is, but why did not you, the legislature, find this out fifty years ago? Why did you entice this man into the purchase of pluralities, by a venerable laxity of two hundred years, and then clap him into gaol from the new virtue of yesterday? Such reforms as these make wisdom and carefulness useless, and turn human life into a mere scramble.”—*Letter to Lord J. Russell.*

He is appalled with the criminality of violating oaths to preserve church rights and property.

“I cannot let my old school-fellow, the Archbishop of Canterbury, off, without harping a little upon his oath which he has taken to preserve the rights and property of the church of Canterbury: I am quite sure so truly good a man, as from the bottom of my heart I believe him to be, has some line of argument by which he defends himself; but till I know it, I cannot of course say I am convinced by it. The common defence for breaking oaths is, that they are contracts made with another party, which the Creator is called to witness, and from which the swearer is absolved if those for whom the oath is taken choose to release him from his obligation. With whom, then, is the contract made by the Archbishop? Is it with the community at large? If so, nothing but an act of parliament (as the community at large have no other organ) could absolve him from his oath; but

three years before any act is passed, he puts his name to a plan for taking away two-thirds of the property of the church of Canterbury. If the contract is not made with the community at large, but with the church of Canterbury, every member of it is in decided hostility to his scheme.”—*Second Letter to Lord J. Russell.*

He discovers infinite value in the church as a security for conservative principles in the country.

“The Church means many other things than Thirty-nine Articles, and a discourse of five and twenty minutes’ duration on the Sabbath. It means a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adhesion to old moral land-marks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change.”—*Ibid.*

He awakes to the impostures and chicanery of his own patrons, one of whom he had before characterized as a politician of “exemplary activity,”* and the other as a kind of legislative prodigy.

“But if the truth must be told, our Viscount (Melbourne) is somewhat of an impostor. Every thing about him seems to betoken careless desolation; any one would suppose from his manner that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness; that he was always on the heel of pastime; that he would giggle away the Great Charter, and decide by the method of tee-totum whether my fords the bishops should or should not retain their seats in the House of Lords.”

“He (Lord John Russell) alarms the wise liberals; and it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch.

“Do not say, my dear Lord John, that I am too severe upon you. A thousand years have scarce sufficed to make our blessed England what it is; an hour may lay it in the dust; and can you with all your talents renovate its shattered splendour—can you recall

* A “Speech” printed, vol. iii., p. 126; time and place of delivery not specified. Perhaps it was a Sermon. In this address the Rev. Mr. Smith exhorts his hearers to consider that “if a man does not vote for the bill he is unclean—the plague-spot is upon him;” that they are “to purify the air before they approach him, to bathe their hands in chloride of lime if they have been contaminated by his touch.” Of course this is all figurative; but the populace are apt to be strangely literal in their interpretation of such harangues. We have known similar addresses from Irish priests, and generally observed a riot to follow.

back its virtues—can you vanquish time and fate? But, alas! you want to shake the world, and be the thunderer of the scene!"—*Ibid.* p. 216, 233.

He detects the scandalous, glaring, and incessant jobbery of the whole Whig dynasty.

"The Whig government, they will be vexed to hear, would find a great deal of patronage forced upon them by this measure. Their favourite human animal, the barrister of six years' standing, would be called into action. The whole earth is, in fact, in commission, and the human race saved from the flood are delivered over to barristers of six years' standing. The *onus probandi* now lies upon any man who says he is not a commissioner; the only doubt on seeing a new man among the Whigs is, not whether he is a commissioner or not, but whether it is tithes, poor laws, boundaries of borough, church leases, charities, or any of the thousand human concerns which are now worked by commissioners, to the infinite comfort and satisfaction of mankind, who seem in these days to have found out the real secret of life—the one thing wanting to sublunary happiness—the great principle of commission, and six years' barristration."—*Ibid.* p. 229.

It is certainly pleasing to observe this autumnal Spring of sense, this sober dawn of reason at a period of life when experience would rather anticipate the first sad indications of intellectual decay. It is not less gratifying to the serene spectator to observe it so chastened by equity as not to emerge *until after* the parties assailed had enjoyed the advantage of demonstrating their good taste by the judicious promotion of their assailant. He thus puts them on a vantage-ground with the public. With feelings of the Just so keen, who can say but such sentiments might never have appeared, had they manifested any purpose of a yet more conscientious reward of merit?

Nevertheless we have some doubts how far we shall accept the venerable neophyte. He has brought with him some sad tricks from the enemy's camp; and we much fear he will betray the bad company he lived in, to the end of the chapter. Not to speak of some incapacities which really appear to be inherent and incurable,

and which are less perhaps to be censured than pitied.

For instance, on the subject upon which as matter of professional consideration the public have most right to expect instruction from Mr. Smith, he seems absolutely incapacitated for one noble or elevated thought. When he assumes the language of his office, it is quite impossible not to see it to be assumption; a tax of occasional common-places necessary to be paid to public prejudice and the omnipotence of stupidity. With him the Church—the awful Church—is a mighty structure of materialities; it is a huge cluster of palaces, deaneries, provisions for younger sons, reasonable expectations, "great prizes," and devices for keeping the people in order. His writings do worse than attack the institution—they degrade it. The vulgar and earthly is ever uppermost in his estimate; if he allows higher motives, he allows them with frigidity and suspicion, and in every calculation practically supposes them non-existent. Disputes about religion are "sacred squabbles," in which only one thing is certain, that the orthodox are never wholly right. A bishop, not tyrannical, arrogant, and dull, is an extremely happy accident. Dissenters have some claim to sincerity; but then their religion is troublesomely earnest, and they cherish a fanatical notion of converting Heathens. Thus religion is tolerable, as long as it leaves more substantial interests undisturbed; and the Church permissible as long as it forgets its office and prerogative.

Who can wonder that ordinary readers, in an age of tremendous commotion, when the very pillars of the moral world seemed reeling, were unable to separate between such views and the school of Voltaire; and that the religious tenets of the *Edinburgh Review*, at the earlier period of its history, became objects of universal suspicion—and, remembering the ability of the journal, of universal alarm—among right-minded men? Mr. Smith complains that, in these days of his protracted Whig martyrdom, Deist and Atheist were the gentlest titles applied to him and his fellows. We are fully assured such bad names were quite unmerited; but if critics, at a time when every honest man is summoned to take a decided part, will treat such subjects

in such a spirit, how can they be surprised at being classed with those whose style of expression they notoriously assume, and of whose doctrines they are not pleased to make any very distinct disclaimer?

Nor is this in any degree mended in his later productions. The effusions of the dignitary, the *canonical* books, are in this point of view the more disagreeable of the two. The assailant bitterness of the mere parson was far better than the defensive chuckle of the witty and well-paid residentiary. It is painful to accept such a vindicator, even were his vindication successful; instead of doing—as all such degrading caricatures must do—temporary service by permanent injury. From such lips it were better have the church told that she is not what she ought to be, than have it argued that she ought to be no better than she is; there is an uneasiness in feeling that, after all, ours is a church with which Mr. Sydney Smith is content.

It is vain for this writer to reply—as he sometimes does insinuate, when he begins to dread the public impatience of these licenses—that not he, but human nature and the reality of things, are answerable for such portraits. We do not say that discussions of clerical finance and the other purely temporal concerns of the church are not necessary at times, and peculiarly so in the times of his patrons. What we do affirm to be most offensive and pernicious, is the treatment of such subjects in such a tone and manner as to involve the entire theme in ridicule and ribaldry. It is one thing resolutely to set to work to repair or defend a cathedral; it is quite another thing to play the mountebank in the chancel.

On the whole—for we must conclude—Mr. Sydney Smith is a writer who, helping to rid the world around him of one or two abuses, and performing that office with a good deal of spirit and humour, is little worth as a public instructor. The moral effect of his writings can hardly be other than mischievous. Clever and worldly,

he is the apostle of the narrow and material to an age that little requires any additional guidance on that way of thought *Nil sapit magnificum*. It is wonderful how many noble themes he can approach without being for an instant ennobled by the proximity; how vigorously his constitution resists the infection of great thoughts. The only topic upon which he can even affect dignity is that of general political freedom; a vague unpractical ideal, on which he rather mouths discontent, than suggests or embodies the reality of reformation. He is often ingenious, almost always shrewd, never, but by effort, lofty or noble; for the mere comments of the reviewer on the sublimity of others, or the mere expression of natural compassion for human infirmity and misfortune, can scarcely constitute an exception. For this, considered in itself, we would have little right to reprehend him; the providence which has for ever separated the Monkey and the Man, has combined with external resemblances, intellectual and moral differences as unalterable within the human family. But unhappily, with the customary intolerance of his tribe, he pronounces all to be unreal which transcends his own grasp; beyond his sphere the universe is a vacuum. In politics, in religion, in criticism, every thing which surpasses his sense is “non-sense.” He is, we believe, a kind man—he is certainly a keen man; but though he may be surprised to hear it, he is also a very narrow man. And thus upon every subject where men are wont to acknowledge the presence and supremacy of the Mysterious and the Holy, it seems his sole pleasure to degrade by the association of the paltriest earthly incidents. Place him suddenly beneath the dome of St. Peter's, and his first speculation would be the probable emoluments of the cardinal, or the grand penitentiary; show him the Venus, or the Apollo Belvidere, and he will ask you what chances has an artist of “getting on” in Italy or England.

B.

THREE THOUSAND POUND NOTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON."

THE proverbial hospitality of Cork was a theory to me when I marched down the Barrack Hill, for the first time, in the discharge of my duty as caterer of our depot mess—(I belonged to the Fifth Foot, Goslin Greens, or Northumbrian Fusiliers)—and stepped into the shop, or *emporium*, as he chose rather to call it, of Mr. Denis Macarthy, of Patrick-street, grocer, wine merchant, provision and tobacco *ditto*, with I know not how many other occupations in *commendam*. I had a great many things to buy, and, for the better aiding and assisting a rather short memory, carried with me a catalogue of required combustibles, comedibles, combibables, and what not. Handing this document to a mealy-faced youth, in a canvas bib, behind the counter, not without remarking that a court-martial would have convicted him, *prima facie*, of sucking the sugar candy, I desired him to prepare the several articles in the quantities ordered, and to send them to the barracks with the least possible delay. Having thus acquitted myself satisfactorily of the onerous duties attached to my responsible situation, (others would have bothered about tasting samples, asking prices, and so on—for my part, I always, and ever hated trouble,) I was betaking myself out of the shop of Mr. Denis Macarthy, in full cry after two stylish girls, then and there passing the door, when a gentleman in black, with a white hat, whom I had observed to occupy an arm-chair in the *emporium*, came forward, and having requested to be allowed the pleasure of speaking a word to me, gave me the trouble of retracing my steps into the shop, through the back shop, then into a well-fitted counting house, and last of all, into a capitably-furnished parlour. Here lunch, consisting of a cold roast turkey, a famous ham, and a round of spiced beef was already laid out, not without a decanter of port, another of sherry, and a foaming jug of ale. In a few moments the door opened, and a neatly dressed maid-ser-

vant brought in a dish of the national potato. Mine host, who had announced himself as Denis Macarthy, proprietor of the emporium, and so forth, pressed me to partake, himself doing the honours. Imagining that all this civility would appear in the invoice of my order, I did not relish the thing at first—but reflecting that, if so, the mess would have the pleasure of paying for it, I tackled to, and in an incredibly short space of time appropriated half the turkey, a couple of pounds of ham, and a quart of stunning ale. Cigars were then introduced, and the sherry circulated freely. I became rather prepossessed in favour of mine host, from his contradicting me once or twice, in an easy gentlemanlike manner, and from the total absence of that abominable *blarney*, which sticks in a stranger's throat like the smack of Cape wine. I could not help reflecting how many hundreds of pounds I had circulated in country quarters in England, without having been once invited to ham and cold turkey, and resolved, if Macarthy did not cheat us in the way of business, to report him to the mess as a devilish honest fellow.

"Beg pardon, sir, but thought I saw two young ladies attract your notice in the front shop, just now?"

"Do you know who they are?"

"Odd if I didn't, captain, living in the beautiful city these five-and-twenty years—father's a pig butcher in Blarney-lane."

"Ah! I thought they looked vulgar-ians, rather."

"Then, I can tell you, captain, you were never more mistaken in your life: no expense spared on their education; French governess, and all that; fortune not a farthing under thirty thousand each."

"Eh! did you say *thirty* thousand? Yes, you're right, Macarthy, there is something stylish about them, certainly, after all—another glass of wine?"

"With pleasure, captain; try that cigar. Melinda, I assure you, is the reigning toast of town; such a pipe-

sings like a nightingale: and as for Erlina, the younger, if ever swan had such a neck, I'll be bound to eat him, feathers and all: put a few of these in your pocket, captain."

"Thirty thousand—damn me, that's a good round—what are these weeds a pound?"

"Can't afford to sell them; keep them for my particular customers and friends; but, as for those girls, captain—I assure you, 'pon honour, Cork does not contain sweeter creatures: the father——"

"Bad style of person, no doubt: pig butcher does not go down—excellent sherry this."

"Duff and Gordon's, I assure you: as you say, captain, the father is *not* the thing, though I say it."

"Pig butcher. Eh? Ah! Bah!"

"Oh, as for that, we call him a provision merchant, and that goes down here very well: the pig line is first, and first in this city. You have heard of the Callaghans, but no matter: Regan is a *boy*, beyond all doubt."

"Regan! swinish cognomen: trouble you for a light, Macarthy. But how, pray, did this provision butcher, or whatever you call him, get up in the world? Thirty thousand—twice three, six—as times go, pretty comfortable. Eh, how did the fellow amass the *tin*?"

"By failing, sir; by becoming bankrupt, let me see how many times: gad, I've forgotten how often, but it is certain he has broke twice for every other man's once, and always gets up stronger than ever."

"Like Anteus, rising from his mother earth?"

"I do not know the gentleman you speak of, captain—but I dare say the trick is common enough on the other side of the water: sure enough, Regan falls like a drunken man, without hurting himself; and somehow or other, when he gets up again, finds every man readier than ever to take him by the hand."

"Have you had any dealings with him, then?"

"Once, captain, only once;" here Mr. Denis Macarthy interjected a parenthetical suspiration, adding with great apparent emotion, "*once too often!*"

"Cheated you, I suppose, in the profession—pig butchers," you know, Macarthy,

preying, like other heroes, on the swinish multitude: the good old rule holds with him, dare say,

'They may pay who cannot help it;
'They may cheat, who can.'

"Why, as to cheating, captain, I don't accuse Regan of that; others may, and do, but I cannot say he ever cheated me exactly, because I never had any dealings with him, except once; and after all, I cannot bring the matter home to him; I suspect, in short, that he eased me of three thousand pounds."

"Three thousand—good haul—as he would say himself, a pretty bit of fat—how did the old fellow contrive to lift you so far off the ground?"

"Why, 'tis a long story, sir, and I have no great appetite for telling it; but if you would do me the honour to taste my old Madeira any evening you may be disengaged, I shall be happy to give you the particulars, and introduce you to my wife, who, poor thing, although she is a daughter of Jerry Regan, is as good a woman, though I say it, as ever broke bread. Hope to have the pleasure of seeing you often, captain, under my humble mahogany; but, beg pardon, how will you have your little order addressed, 'President of the Mess, 5th depot,' or simply 'Captain'—what shall I say?"

Now, before I go farther, I must inform the, as yet, ignorant reader, that I am the only man of my name in, or as far as I know, out of the army list—imagination could not invent a more extraordinary, outlandish, or ridiculous cognomen: how my worthy governor, who was a colonel in the army, came by it, I never could ascertain: it is needless for me to put myself to the blush by penning it down here, as nobody who takes the trouble to look over the army list can fail to recognize my extraordinary patronymic. The most curious part of the business is, that the name is written one way, and pronounced another, so that from seeing my name in the army list, you will have just as much notion how your tongue should get about it, as if you had been born deaf and dumb. I mention this peculiarity of my name to account for a singular train of events hereafter to be detailed; for the present I must content myself with stating that, on my informing the high

table Macarthy that he was to direct, not to Captain, but to Lieutenant ———, of the 5th depot, the man's face grew suddenly pale, then red as fire, then pale again: seizing pen and paper, he laid them before me, but without speaking, or seeming, from some internal agitation, able to utter a word. I certainly felt rather queer in the room, alone, with this original, who might be a lunatic, for all I knew to the contrary, and kept a sharp eye upon him, lest in his paroxysm he might have taken it in his head to throttle me. Recovering himself, at length, however, he found speech so far as to desire me to write the name, which I immediately did. The grocer took up the paper, made several attempts, futile, of course, to pronounce my patronymic correctly, then, with an expression of visible chagrin, laid it down again.

"Rather peculiar name, Mr. Macarthy," said I; "pray, have you ever happened to fall in with it before?"

"I thought I had, sir," replied the grocer—"but five-and-twenty years is a long time back; would you do me the favour to pronounce it once more, sir."

I did so.

"No, sir, that is not the name—and yet I think I dare swear that the name was written somewhat as yours is, unless I am very much mistaken—but the pronunciation certainly does not strike my ear as I wished and expected."

"Have you any interest, Mr. Macarthy, in recollecting a peculiar name, such as this of mine is universally acknowledged to be?"

"I have, certainly, a very deep interest: would you have the goodness to inform me, sir, whether your name is never pronounced otherwise than you are yourself in the habit of doing?"

"Oh! certainly; for example, my servant invariably pronounces, or rather mis-pronounces the name thus ———."

"By ———, I have it at last," said the grocer, starting up, seizing the paper whereon I had written a name capable of producing, as it appeared, a paroxysm of insanity, and rushing out of the apartment with the speed of light. I took my cap and stick, following as quickly as possible, in utter astonishment what share my name

could have in the fortunes of a Munster tea-dealer, and anxious to see what might be the end of all this. Nothing could I see, however, save the hatless figure of Macarthy rushing distractedly across the street, with the scrap of paper fluttering in his hand. Coming to the conclusion, not unreasonable under the circumstances, that the man was a lunatic, I dismissed him from my recollection—and after taking a few turns up and down the parade, with two or three of our fellows, who were not overburdened with garrison duties, we turned in to play billiards until the hour of mess.

Often as I had occasion to drop in at Macarthy's, to order pickles, preserves, anchovies, wine, and all those little *et ceteras* a military mess knows how well to get rid of, I never troubled myself about mad Macarthy, nor did I happen to see him, either in his shop, or about town; it was, therefore, with no ordinary surprise that I received, in about a fortnight after the eccentric affair of the back parlour, a polite note, in a neat female hand, gilt-edged paper, and everything *en regle*, as if from the delicate fingers of Miss Melinda Regan herself. The contents unfolded themselves in words and sentences following, that is to say:

"Mr. Denis Macarthy presents his respectful compliments to Lieutenant ———, of the fifth regiment, and requests the particular favour of his company to dinner on Monday next, at five o'clock.

"Mr. D. M. hopes Lieutenant ——— will not deny him the favour requested, as Mr. D. M. has every reason to thank his lucky stars for having thrown Lieutenant ——— in his way.

"P.S.—A hop in the evening. Any of Lieutenant ———'s brother officers will be heartily welcome."

What can be the meaning of this, thought I, on perusing the above transcribed hospitable provoke? What does the fellow mean by saying he has every reason to thank his lucky stars for having thrown me in his way? However, I made up my mind at once to accept the invitation, without letting any of our fellows into the secret, and dispatched my servant forthwith, with a note expressive of my satisfaction in accepting Mr. D. Macarthy's polite invitation. Now my military readers,

those of *crack* corps especially, will think me guilty of a decided breach of military etiquette in having accepted an invitation to dinner at a grocer's. But the truth is, Mr. Macarthy was in addition a respectable merchant—and in country quarters, in Ireland especially, it is not considered an impertinence in a person of this description sending an invitation to an officer, nor, in the dearth of other entertainment, is the acceptance of such an invitation held of sufficient enormity to justify putting a man into Coventry. If this excuse will not serve, however, I am free to confess, as the parliamentary people say, that thoughts of the adorable Melinda and Erlina Regan flashed now and then athwart my imagination, not unmingled with quick-coming fancies of thirty thousand pounds, if indeed I can be said to be enabled to form, even in imagination, a correct idea of so magnificent an abstraction. Accordingly, the appointed day saw me elegantly attired in *mufti* [regimentals, of course, were expected, but *that* I could not afford, in justice to the regiment] rat-tat-tatting at Mr. Denis Macarthy's private entrance on the Grand Parade, as one of the principal streets of the "beautiful city" has the honour to be denominated. The door was opened by a servant in genteel livery, who, after carefully laying aside my hat and cane, as hostages for the shilling he expected on my leaving the house, ushered me with much ceremony to a handsomely furnished drawing-room, where my friend and host, Mr. Denis Macarthy aforesaid, received me with great warmth of hospitality, introducing me to his wife, a remarkably genteel woman, and to a gentleman of the name of Murphy, a pretty good-humoured personage, one of a clan of Murphys who luxuriate in Cork.

We chatted for some time on the weather, vainly endeavouring to solve the important problem in meteorology, why it should rain in the south and other parts of Ireland from one end of the year to the other; we then changed the topic to politics, with a view to determine the grievance *par excellence* of Ireland. Discovering, however, that we were each morally certain that the grievance of the other was no grievance at all, and being also unchangeably convinced that no re-

medy for the evils of the country was worth trying save our own, we came to no very satisfactory conclusion upon that difficult question. We then shifted our talk to religion. Here we contrived to get upon neutral ground, being, one and all, of opinion that a little less zeal and a good deal more charity, on the part of the different sects of religionists, would be of immense service to the country at large. Upon further discussion, however, we found out that each of us laid claim to every possible excellence for his own particular sect, throwing all the blame upon those who had the misfortune to differ with him; so that our unanimity upon religion was not more likely to produce good results in practice than our difference upon politics. Dinner was announced in the nick of time, just as the ordinary topics of Hibernian conversation, that is to say, the weather, politics, and religion had been exhausted. After many refusals on my part, the honour of handing the lady of the house to the dining parlour was conferred on the representative of the Murphys, the grocer and myself bringing up the rear. The dinner, as usual in Cork, was excellent: a turbot and lobster sauce, removed by barn-door fowls and tongee, with a rib of roast beef, together with the usual *etceteras* of a second-course, formed a very sufficient commissariat for our moderate *partié quarré*.

With the dessert appeared a bottle of old Madeira, a wine which, from long service in the east, I am particularly addicted to. Nor can I imagine the affectation that makes claret now a days so much more a fashionable wine: however that may be, the grocer at Cork spared us thin potations, and we were not behind hand in showing that we fully appreciated the excellence of his London particular.

I wish some philosophic *bon vivant* would explain how it comes to pass that the flow of soul and of the decanter always run together. Although grave and melancholy at times, the tinkling of glasses upon the mirror-like mahogany, and the soft gurgling of the generous wine in its transit from the bottle to the decanter, never fail to put me in a bland and complacent humour, ever ready to applaud a good thing, or even to attempt, towards th

second or third bottle, an indifferent good thing myself.

There's Gumbleton of ours, a fellow from whom you can extract nothing before dinner, save a nod or a grunt, yet, no sooner is the dessert upon the table, and the wine once round, than he opens upon you a battery of fun and good humour that shatters your sides with laughter. They say wine draws out the natural qualities of men: if so, Gumbleton, to do nature justice, should be always as drunk as a lord, as in his state of sober sadness there is not a sulkier fellow in ours or any other regiment. But to return to my narrative.

When the lady, soon after the removal of the cloth, retired, and we had done justice to our loyal feeling, in a bumper to the king, another to the army and navy, proposed in a highly complimentary manner by our entertainer, and a third to the prosperity of Ireland, given by Mr. Murphy, our hearts were abundantly open, and we began to get jolly and familiar.

"Captain ———," observed our host, "I have to apologise to you for a most unusual breach of the common rule of hospitality at our last meeting."

"Don't mention it: I presume your business required your immediate attendance, and business, I know, must be, of all things, attended to."

"Why, true: the fact is, a pressing engagement was the cause of my leaving you so abruptly; but I assure you your coming into my shop on the day you did was to me one of the luckiest accidents of my life."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and thereby hangs a tale."

"If I might not be considered impertinently inquisitive —"

"By no means, captain: you have a very good right to hear the particulars, and you should this moment, if I were not afraid of fatiguing my friend here, who has already had more than enough trouble in the business."

"Never mind me," interposed the good-humoured Murphy, "I have got to look in on my clerk at the counting-house, and will return to make one at a quiet rubber; so good bye, gentlemen, for the present."

"To tell you the truth, captain —"

"Lieutenant, if you please —"

"I beg your pardon; but faith, all

military men are captains, who come to our net, so if you don't wish to put me out, you must take it as it comes."

"Or, as it *will* come, let us hope —"

"And the sooner the better. We'll drink, if you please, to your speedy promotion. Well, sir, now that you have lit your cigar and settled yourself comfortably, I will let you know that the very moment you entered my shop the two young ladies, the Regans, you recollect, passed my door, and that brought to my recollection that on the very same day, five and twenty years before, I led to the hymeneal altar, as the saying is, the elder sister of Melinda and Erlina Regan. The father, at that time in less splendid circumstances than he is now generally reported to enjoy, was still considered the warmest man in Blarney-lane; his enterprising rivals in the provision business did not fail to attribute to him the devil's luck and his own in all his business transactions: certain it was that, as I told you once before, even his failures were lucky. The old gentleman, I should premise, was, and continues to be, a regular *knife*, or I should rather say razor, sharp back and front, so that without cutting your fingers you can touch him nowhere. Stingy and penurious in all that related to his own personal expenditure, sticking to business like a leech, thinking only of money, talking only of money, and giving every body to understand that he had money, it is not wonderful that he had credit at his fingers' ends, and got along swimmingly.

"Regan, although no more a philosopher than I am, was fully convinced that the bulk of mankind is wonderfully taken with the appearances of wealth. Acting on this principle, the old gentleman would give a cheque on his banker for his baker's bill; his butcher must draw upon him for his little account at two months after date, and he would discount the acceptance himself at banker's prices. He scorned to be supposed capable of perusing any thing in the newspapers, save the price of stocks and the fluctuations of the money market, with all the mysteries whereof he affected to be quite familiar. He knew all the 'warm' men in Blarney-lane and other parts of our southern metropolitan city, and

had shrewd notions of such as were 'shaky.' He never directly owned to the possession of ready money himself, but could always direct a customer to those who had it. In this way my excellent father-in-law incurred a general suspicion of sharing the profits without incurring the odium of usury.

"No man on earth was more punctual in his payments in his early day than Regan; he never was known to 'fly a kite,' and his 'paper' was as good as the Bank of England. He had at his tongue's end full particulars of all the gentry round Cork whose estates were embarrassed, and what was a much easier charge upon his memory, particulars also of such as were *not*. The very aspect of my worthy father-in-law's establishment indicated a moneyed man: no show, no flam, no gilding upon his gingerbread; all was solid and substantial as his credit, from the huge iron crane wherewith his tierces of beef and pork were transferred from his store to the wag-gons, down to the massive iron knocker on the hall door of his dwelling-house hard by. Such was the ostensible position of Regan five-and-twenty years ago, when I became acquainted with his only daughter Kathleen (for Melinda and Erlina were not thought of at that time) in the following manner:—Regan, who was strongly suspected of posting his books on Sundays, was in the habit of sending Miss Kathleen to early mass by herself, for he had at this time lost his first wife, and had not as yet married his second. It so happened that I always went to early-mass myself, because I was then glad to take the best opportunity of getting a seat, which it is difficult to do at last mass, for you see, captain, there's a fashion in masses as in other things.

"At this time common report had laid it down as a settled thing that Miss Kathleen Regan's fortune was ten thousand pounds; ten thousand to a half-penny, so accurately had a discerning public ferretted out the amount, that you would have thought her father had no more to do than just to pay the money. I don't know how it is, captain, that ladies' fortunes are always given out in round numbers."

"*Ore rotundo*," I suppose, "sounds full and mellow in the mouth, like your Madeira."

"I dare say, captain, you military men ought to know. However that may be, neither you nor I ever heard of a lady who had a fortune of three thousand five hundred and sixty-six pounds sixteen and seven-pence three farthings, or any other broken sum: it must be either five thousand, ten thousand, or twenty thousand, nett cash.

"As I was saying my prayers, I could not help thinking, God forgive me, whether there was so much money in the world. Ten thousand pounds represented in the person of one modest, pretty little girl, (she was younger then, captain, than she is now by a quarter of a century,) saying her prayers with as much devotion as if she had not a cross to bless herself. Eyeing her from time to time over the edge of my prayer-book, I thought she must be made of money, and by the time the priest had got to the '*De Profundis*,' I assure you solemnly I was over head and ears in love with her. However, what was that to her? I was an humble youth then on a salary of twenty pounds a year as shopman to Timothy Driscoll, the wholesale grocer and tobacconist in Cook-street, and had no more chance of an introduction to Miss Kathleen Regan than I had of being asked to dinner by the Lord Lieutenant; for you must know, captain, that the old pig butcher had given it out that his daughter was to marry a real gentleman from Kerry—one of that class that would swallow a good estate in whiskey punch, and marry the devil's daughter to bring it up again. While the sermon was preaching I was turning over in my mind what a pity it was so fine a girl—the money, of course, was nothing—should become the prey of a drunken Kerry dragoon. If I had the ten thousand—I mean the girl—thought I, what's to prevent me from setting up a thriving wholesale grocery, adding in time the tobacco and spirit line; becoming common councilman, alderman of the ward, and in due rotation, mayor of the city;* let me see then whether Jerry Regan would venture to turn up his ill-looking nose at my worship.

* Mr. Macarthy seems to have had a prophetic vision of the New Corporation Bill.

While I was thus amusing my innocent mind building castles in the air, the sermon had ended, and the entire congregation plumped down on their marrow-bones to receive the *beuedicite* before I knew where I was; nor would I have awakened from my ambitious 'reverie' even then, had not a brattle of thunder over head, followed on the instant by a terrible storm of rain, restored me to my recollection, and made me bless my lucky stars that my Sunday clothes were safe, as I had taken the precaution, though the morning was treacherously fine, to bring with me my cotton umbrella. As I went down the gallery stairs to go out, what should I see at the chapel-door but a pretty tiny foot popping out from under a petticoat, and popping in again, and whose foot should this be, do you think, but pretty Kathleen Regan's. There she stood, awaiting the cessation of the thunder-storm, looking as if she would move the very heavens themselves to pity. What could I do, captain, unless I had been a horse? Stepping up to the sweet creature, I offered her my cotton umbrella, and added, that as I feared it would be too heavy for her to carry, I must request the favour of being allowed to hold it over her precious head; and this being granted, with a smile that would have melted a hoga-head of sugar, off we went in the direction of that select locality, Blarney-lane.

"Quite a change in the weather, Miss Regan," said I, in as tender a tone as one could throw into such a trite remark.

"Quite," said the lady dryly in reply.

"And so unexpected too, Miss Regan, at this time of the year."

"Certainly, very unexpected," echoed the fair one with a frigidity that almost quenched my ardour. However I had not risked my neck hanging over the battlements of Blarney Castle to kiss the memorable stone for nothing, so I returned to the charge with renewed vigour.

"Quite as unexpected, Miss Regan," continued I, 'as my having the happiness of holding my cotton—my umbrella, I should say, over your precious head!'

"I am sure I am greatly obliged to you, sir; I fear I am taking you out of your way, and giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Trophy, Miss Kathleen. If you'll believe me, Miss Regan, upon my sacred affidavit I would lay down my life for you, much less hold up an umbrella, Miss —."

"Oh! sir —."

"Believe me I would; and what is more, on my oath of honour, I might as well be blind or deaf for all I see or hear in chapel when your sweet face is in it, Miss Kathleen; but indeed that is no ways wonderful, for such a face for beauty I never did see."

"Fie for shame, sir; you ought to go to chapel to say your prayers, and not sin your soul by thinking of any thing else."

"No more I do, Miss Regan; on my oath I am always praying that I was good enough, and handsome enough, and rich enough, to ask you to think of me now and then, when you have nothing else to do."

"Think of you, sir—think of a young man—I should not think of such things at my time of life, I am sure. I think the rain is lighter now, sir."

"By no manner of means, Miss Kathleen; it rains cats, dogs, and dairy maids; but it will rain twice harder before it quenches my love for you, if you'll believe me."

"Your love for me!—don't talk nonsense."

"Nonsense! I wish it was, Miss Kathleen, I would be able to eat my allowance, and sleep like a top, and not be sighing all day like a smith's bellows. You never were in love, Miss Kathleen Regan."

"I am too young, sir."

"Never too young to learn, miss; you may be taken by surprise if you haven't a little experience in love matters, and maybe married before you know where you are, to a man you don't like."

"Married to a man I don't like!—Never!"

"Miss Kathleen had hardly got out the last words, which she uttered with more emphasis and decision than I expected from her mildness of manner, when, raising my umbrella, so as to get a peep at the length of the street, who should meet my astonished optics but old Regan, in his broad-brim and leathern gaiters, hurrying along, bending under the weight of cloaks and umbrellas, in full speed

towards the chapel, no doubt, to bring his treasure home with a dry skin. There wasn't a moment to be lost; so, telling my fair charge that there was a puddle knee-deep right in our way, I gave her a short turn down Bachelor's-quay, round Mallow-lane, cutting out the old buck completely, and making the best of my happy opportunity—the only one, as I well knew, I was likely to have for some time to come, which made me the more desperate in making the most of it. But why should I trouble you, captain, with the way we humble people make love. I knew very well that if I missed my chance that blessed Sunday morning, I might wait till the fifth Sunday in the month for another; and as my rule of life always was to complete my business on the grand hop, you will not suppose that I quitted Miss Regan without a squeeze of the hand, a snatch of a kiss, and a promise to send her a love letter. I don't deny that I was devilish impudent—nay, I am sure, now that I look back upon it, that I must have been positively rude; however, my humble opinion has been throughout life, in love matters and in money matters, that every man gets his opportunity; that the successful man is he who makes a good use of it; and the unlucky devil is he that lets it slip. Fortune favours the bold, they say, and so it was in my instance; for at the very time I chanced to fall in with Miss Kathleen, her father, as I afterwards discovered, was pressing her, through thick and thin, to marry that same Kerry dragoon that I spoke of, whose sole recommendation was that he was nominal owner of some half hundred acres of mountain, that he could drink half a score tumblers of whiskey punch at a sitting, drive tandem when he could get it, and had the honour and glory of, once upon a time, killing a man in a duel. Now, it so happened that not one of these accomplishments of Mr. Mac Gillicuddy recommended itself to the tender heart of Miss Kathleen Regan; she disliked the habits of Mac Gillicuddy, she disliked the name Mac Gillicuddy, and she disliked the man Mac Gillicuddy. In short, Kathleen was found by me in that happy condition when, to avoid falling into the clutches of a man she really hated, she was ready to

think favourably of a man that in the indifference of her heart she would not have allowed herself to think of for a moment; so that, vanity apart, her favourable prepossessions towards me arose from the fact, not that she loved me much, but that she hated Mac Gillicuddy more. This is only one instance of the many I have observed through life, where fortune throws chances when they least expect it in the way of those who chance for themselves. Well, sir, Sunday after Sunday I threw myself in the dear girl's way, and although speaking openly was out of the question, it seldom happened that I did not get an opportunity of informing her of the progress of my passion in a bit of writing, stuffed in her muff sideways in the squeeze as we came down the gallery stairs. In short, when old Regan—he was not so old then, you may suppose, as he is now—found out from the indisposition of his daughter to throw herself away upon the *gentleman* of his choice, and from the hints of certain good-natured friends, who are always to be found active in such cases, that there was something in the wind between Miss Kathleen and your humble servant, his rage and indignation knew no bounds, and the parental vagaries customary in such cases, of threatening to throw her out of the window, of giving her his curse—which would have been, I take it, no more evil to any body than his blessing—and of cutting her off with a shilling, were all in due course inflicted upon poor Kathleen, with the inevitable natural result of confirming her in the attachment she had by this time formed for myself. To save the poor girl further annoyance, and also to prevent old Regan making a fool of himself by any exposure, I thought the wisest way was to put matters into that condition when it becomes prudential to put the best face upon them, and so took my sweetheart in the cool of the evening over the old fellow's garden-wall, and off to Sunday's-well, where we got a temporary splice from a well-known couple-beggar, (as the venerable man is irreverently called,) who keeps an unlicensed temple of Hymen in that holiday neighbourhood. Of this little escapade I took care to inform Regan in a very penitential, poor-mouth style.

tle, which produced no answer for a considerable time, until the urgency of our circumstances became so great that we were in danger of having no place whereon to lay our heads, when shame coerced my father-in-law into doing that which could never have been expected from his humanity, namely, expressing his determination to make some provision for his daughter and her husband. Accordingly, with a very ill grace, and after a deal of family negotiation, a sort of hollow truce was patched up between the old fellow and me. A day was appointed for an interview, and my wife and I, with the seven penitential psalms legibly imprinted on our countenances, entered the counting-house of the venerable gentleman—she in expectation of his blessing, and I of touching the ten thousand *shiners* which a generous public had long determined to be the handsome portion of the handsome Miss Regan. The counting-house was a dirty dog-hole, filled with a piggyish smell and darkness visible: here, for Regan could not condescend to admit two such reprobates into his dwelling-house, we found the pig butcher in his den; and, although no coward, I will honestly confess to you, captain, I had rather at that moment have been any where else. After rolling his glaring eye-balls half out of their sockets, and gnashing his teeth with rage, he opened a battery of Billingsgate upon us, and especially upon me, that might have served a regiment of fishwomen for a twelvemonth.

“He swore ten thousand sacred oaths that he would never give us a farthing; then, that he would pay our passage to Botany Bay, with his hearty curse to help us along; that he would rather have seen his daughter dead at his feet; that as she had made her bed so she might lie; that he had reared her, he thought, to be meat for my master, but that she had made dog’s meat of herself: but there is no occasion to repeat all the old savage swore or said. The most important part of the interview was, when he had done raging and crying alternately over the hard fate of his daughter in escaping a gentleman rascal and marrying an honest plebeian, turning to a huge iron safe built in the wall, and which my youthful imagination pictured as containing all the treasures

of Ophir and Peru to boot, he inserted into the proper orifice an immense key, and swinging the ponderous doors of the iron treasury with much difficulty apart, unlocked an inner door, also of iron, but less massive than the last. Then, opening a little drawer built, as it appeared, in the very entrails of the wall, drew forth a sheaf of paper, which I could easily discern, not by sight but by the peculiar rustling, to be promises to pay of the governor and company of the Bank of Ireland. Taking from the roll three notes, the old fellow handed them to me, accompanied with a tissue of abusive language, such as was beyond the patience of Job himself to have submitted to in silence. My poor wife, weeping bitterly all the time, put me almost beside myself, and I seriously meditated forcing the bank notes down his throat—rather an eccentric method, I must admit, of putting paper money into circulation.

“‘I’ll tell you what, old spare rib,’ said I, flirting the notes carelessly between my finger and thumb, ‘I think it would do you no manner of harm to keep a civil tongue in your head. Recollect you were a poor boy once yourself, and remember that I belong to the Macarthy’s of the west, who mounted their horses while the Mac Gillicuddy’s held the stirrup.’ You may laugh, captain, at the family pride of a grocer’s shopman, and I hope I know too much of the world to be guilty of such ridiculous folly at this time of day; but I can assure you, two cinder sifers in this part of the country cannot get to fisty cuffs unless their family pedigrees have been previously sputtered in the faces of each other. I can’t tell, I am sure, why this should be so, unless that people *must* have something to brag on, and that where there is no money they must take up with blood, and I hear ‘tis the same way in all poor countries. However, that’s neither here nor there: my wife, who had some sense, notwithstanding her grief at the unkind reception given us by her father, interposed and prevented further hostilities. But I was determined not to quit the field without an exhibition of my foolish pride. Laying down the notes, which I had glanced at sufficiently only to ascertain that they appeared to be bank post bills for a

thousand each, (not bank notes, you will recollect,) I told my father-in-law that I despised him and his money, that I was as good a man as himself, and would one day prove it to the world, with much more nonsense of the same description. The old fellow appeared ready enough to take me at my word, and was about to elutch the money, when my discreet spouse, to whose good sense and discretion in worldly matters, as well as to her affection and duty towards me, I am indebted for every thing I have, stepped forward, quietly folded up the notes, and put them in her reticule. When the old gentleman observed this, he stormed and raged more furiously than ever—called us beggars who had come for no other purpose than to rob him, and so on. Getting tired of the transaction, my wife, who had repeatedly asked him for his blessing, which he brutally refused, took my arm, and we left the place, not by any means satisfied with our reception, but consoling ourselves with the reflection that three thousand pounds would take the sharp edge off our misfortunes, and enable me to start, with reasonable prospects of success, in some respectable line of business. We returned, therefore, to our temporary home, where, while my wife made arrangements for entertaining a few humble friends who were expected that evening, I went out to complete a negotiation I had formed with a respectable man in my line of business for a partnership on advantageous terms, which I had brought, in anticipation of the prospects I had from my father-in-law, almost to a conclusion. As I was anxious to settle and get to work at once, I signed an agreement with my future partner on the instant, binding myself to put two thousand pounds into the concern, in return for which and my personal exertions, I was to have one-third of the nett profits, to be increased to one-half on the payment, within ten years, of another like sum. Delighted at having thus secured a prospect of respectably maintaining my family, and of justifying the good opinion I had obtained from those that knew me, I returned home with that light-hearted satisfaction a man feels when he knows he means to do well, and sees a prospect of doing well. In

the course of the evening our friends, or rather, I should say, *my* friends—for none of the Regan connexion would condescend to have any thing to do with us—dropped in to tea. We were very merry and comfortable, when a knock at the hall-door announced some unexpected guest, whom I went out to receive and welcome. Judge my surprise when, on opening the door, I encountered full bust the lean, half-starved, skinny visage of a maiden sister of my father-in-law, who, since the death of Kathleen's mother, had kept house for him, and was currently believed to be as great an old *knife* and miser as himself. God knows I would rather have seen any body else, but my heart was open, and receiving the old woman as a sort of flag of truce, opening a prospect of reconciliation with the old *boy*, I called my wife, who led her to our apartment, made her lay aside her bonnet and cloak, and join our friends in the drawing-room; which she accordingly did, much to the gratification of Kathleen, who felt bitterly the way in which her relatives had treated her, for no other reason than because she practically asserted a preference for the man of her choice. The presence, unexpected though it was, of her aunt, was an indication to my friends that her friends had not altogether disowned her, and as such she gladly received it. We passed the evening very pleasantly—my wife and myself losing a rubber or two to old Miss Regan, who, all we could do, would take her departure before supper, promising her best interest with my wife's father for a complete and perfect reconciliation. At long and at last, our friends retired, while we sat chatting, as new married couples will, upon various matters trifling in themselves, but to us of great importance. When we had determined to retire for the night, Kathleen brought her of her reticule and the money it contained, and went to bring it me for the purpose of depositing it in some place of greater security: returning with a pallid face, flushed eye, and quivering lip, I asked what could be the matter; she replied by turning the reticule inside out before my eyes. There it was, but the precious lining, THE MONEY, WAS GONE.

"We searched, as you may suppose, up and down, high and low—the money

as nowhere to be found. There was no reason for supposing that it had been lost on the way from my father-in-law's to our own home, nor had any one gained entrance into the bedroom before or after our friends, who had that evening favoured us with their company.

"One only means of accounting for its disappearance remained, namely, that some of our guests had eased us of all our little store; neither dare hint the suspicion to the other. Kathleen in her heart surmised that some of my relations, who were not over-incumbered with worldly wealth, had taken the liberty of making their fortune by a short cut, and I returned the compliment by letting the whole weight of my suspicion fall, I know not how truly, upon that old withered hag, Miss Regan. However, you may judge our surprise and despair; but you may not do any such thing: nobody that has not gained a wife and lost her fortune in an hour can form the slightest notion of our pitiable condition. Bound no later than that very day in an engagement which I could not fulfil, having relinquished the situation upon which I depended for present bread, and utterly bereft of means wherewith to encounter the dreaded future, it is impossible for you or any man to imagine the despair which filled our hearts—despair in my case the more poignant, because mingled with unavailing rage. I stormed, I swore, I was on the point of rushing, in a paroxysm of fury, to the house of old Regan, and tearing him, on bare suspicion, to pieces; in an instant after I determined to fly with my wife that very night from the town, sooner than encounter the disgrace and misery that awaited me at every turn. In short, while my poor wife wept, and consoled, or endeavoured to console me, I formed a thousand reckless schemes, and abandoned them as soon as formed; for it is the peculiar attribute of great misfortunes to deprive the sufferer of the means of escaping their consequences, as a stunning blow deprives the wayfarer of consciousness, rendering him an easy prey to those who lay in wait to take his money or his life. However, after a night of agony, the morning came, and if with it came not cool reflection, at least my better nature triumphed so far over

my passion as to induce me to outface ill fortune, and make the best of a bad bargain. But here new and unforeseen troubles awaited me. When I stated my unfortunate case to the party with whom I had the day before entered into a written agreement of co-partnership, his only reply was the intimation of his intention to take immediate proceedings to compel me to the fulfilment of my agreement. My wife went to her father with a recital of her misfortune, was laughed at and almost insulted. The story soon got wind, and while the magnanimity of old Regan giving his undutiful daughter, who had refused to marry a Mac Gillicuddy, the liberal fortune of three thousand pounds, was every where applauded, the fact of the money having been stolen was altogether disbelieved; the general impression being that I had trumped up this plausible tale for the purpose of extorting more money from the benevolent old gentleman. When this prejudice became general, as it speedily did, I found that my former employer refused to receive me again into his establishment, and as I met with equal difficulty in every other quarter, the prospect of starvation stared me in the face, and probably that would have been my lot, if I had not luckily been arrested for debt, and thrown into the city jail, where I had the good fortune to meet in that excellent man, and member of an excellent family, who dined with us to-day, and who was a member of the jail committee, a sympathizing and active friend. To him I related my melancholy case, and he implicitly believed it. He gave me his best advice as to my future conduct, and what was of no less importance, released me from prison, and gave me temporary employment. All attempts to recover the money proved fruitless. Even if we could have thrown strong suspicion upon any of the party at my house on the evening of the theft, we could have done nothing, my wife and I being equally ignorant of the numbers of the bank post bills, and of the name of the person to whose order they were made payable. Still I had that strong conviction impressed upon my mind that the robbery was contrived by my worthy father-in-law, and executed by his sister. My own relatives, who were the only other persons present

on that memorable night, I knew though they were poor to be honest. But what was the use of conviction in my mind, if I could not procure conviction in a court of justice; and even that, had I the proof requisite to obtain it, would be such a disgrace to my wife that it is more than probable I should not have had the courage to bring the matter to trial. Thus I was fain to pocket the injury, and since the world in general refused to believe that I had sustained the loss, regretted that I had ever mentioned it. The whole scope and end of my existence since then has been to repair it, with what success you may partly judge from the appearance of my place of business. In fact after the first burst of passion for my loss was past, my energies were nerved to an exertion that without it I probably should never have attempted. I was determined to justify to an unbelieving world not only my character but my talent, and instead of sinking under my misfortune, I determined to succeed in spite of it. You may suppose my wife and I lived very humbly for some years, but our poverty never was embittered by any vain altercations or contentions; she always behaved to me in the most dutiful and affectionate manner, and I discovered at once that though I had lost my wife's fortune, I had gained a fortune in my wife. A few years saw my character so far re-established that I had sufficient credit to establish myself in business in a small way. What with industry and good fortune I had a very fair connexion, and finally, joining with my friend Murphy in some speculation, I made a little money, which enabled me to remove to this more commodious situation. I need not say that my worthy father-in-law and I had no further intercourse: he married a second time soon after my affair, and the young ladies you saw on the parade are his daughters by this second marriage. He has grown in wealth abundantly since then, but bears a rather suspected character. If indeed he plays off such tricks on others, as I suspect he did on me, it is not to be wondered at that he is better known than trusted. You may suppose that although I was now above want, and had every prospect of decently maintaining and bringing up my family,

the mysterious disappearance of the three thousand pounds ever and anon recurred to my memory. Often and often did I *dream* that I had discovered the numbers, and the name of the person to whom the bills were payable. I thought of every odd name and odd number, but I never could make any approach towards satisfying myself upon the subject. I dare say, captain, if you are fond of music, you may sometime or other have heard a tune without recollecting when or where, which you are anxious to recall, but in vain. In this way exactly was I often attempting to recover the particulars of the Bank bills *which I had certainly looked upon*, as I thought with sufficient attention, so far as eyes were concerned, but which failed of impression upon my memory, because of the agitation in which my mind was kept during our short interview, by the *slang whanging* of my worthy father-in-law. When I was musing in this way one afternoon, the thought suddenly struck me that the books of the bank of Ireland might afford me some information, if I could gain access to them. The number of thousand pound bank notes and bills issued I knew must be comparatively small, and as these must necessarily, in the ordinary course of circulation, reappear at the Bank in a greater or less time, I concluded that by ascertaining the career of the particular notes in question, one might track the thief. But here again I knew I would be met in the first instance with a demand of the *particulars* of my missing notes; these I was utterly unprepared to furnish, and here again I was at fault.

"However, my trusty friend and benefactor going to Dublin on business, I took that opportunity of accompanying a man so justly respected, in the hope that the Bank might afford me some advice to guide my investigations for the future, if they could afford no satisfactory answer to my inquiries for the present. Arrived in Dublin, I was introduced to the Directors by my worthy friend, who answered for my respectability, stating my case with a benevolent earnestness that won upon the hearts of those who heard him, so far that orders were immediately issued to the Secretary to give every facility to my inquiry. On examination of the bank books for a series of

years, an operation which I need not tell you occasioned a good deal of trouble and fatigue, we discovered that all the bank-notes and post bills of the amount of one thousand pounds had repeatedly passed through the hands of the company, *save and except three*; these were post bills, but to whose order payable I was not allowed to be informed.

"The decision of the directors upon the case was, that if these bills did not re-appear in circulation, and that I *could ascertain the name of the person to whom they were made payable*, without which the Directors did not feel justified in going further, they would again take my case into their favourable consideration; and with this answer I returned to my business. The truth of the matter, when I found that those bills were not in circulation like all others, flashed upon me at once. I concluded, how far right or wrong you may be able to judge, that old Regan, in the agitation of the moment, and the darkness of his counting-house, had given me post bills instead of bank-notes, and on finding them once more in his possession, through the light-fingered dexterity of his sister, knew that to put them in circulation would inevitably, sooner or later, bring home to his own door the robbery and its consequences. Although I was no richer than before, it was a great satisfaction to me to know that the old rogue had not been able to reap the reward of his infamy, but was obliged to destroy the bills, as doubtless he had done, to avoid detection and punishment.

"To your fortunate arrival I am indebted for being three thousand pounds richer this day than I was this day three weeks. Your extraordinary name,

for you will forgive me if I say it is an extraordinary name, struck me on the instant with a force that left me no doubt of my being in the right, as that of the *payee* of the unlucky bills; on the instant, as you may have observed, I left you, and in an hour afterwards was on my way to Dublin, where the directors, satisfied by the last proof in my power of the correctness of my statement, handsomely paid me three thousand pounds in cash, subject only to the contingency of the bills ever being presented to them for payment, of which I need hardly say, I have not the least apprehension.

"You will agree, captain, that I was not saying too much when I declared that my fortunate meeting with you was one of the luckiest days of my life; and I hope the case of Madeira, and the few boxes of cigars, which I have to apologise for sending without orders to your quarters, will not taste worse when you reflect that you have, although unconsciously, been the means of enabling me to recover my long-lost and long unhopd-for THREE THOUSAND POUND NOTES.

"And now, if you will take another glass of wine, captain, we will join the ladies."

We did so—a pleasant party, which was not my last under that hospitable roof, enabled me to know that my friend the grocer had not said a word of his wife that was not the fact, as well as to be able to recommend M'Carthy, now an eminent merchant, to all my military friends in Cork, as a devilish honest fellow. By the way, I have but one bottle of his famous Madeira left, and as I think I never before wrote so much at a stretch, with your permission, good-natured reader, we will finish it.

GISQUET'S MEMOIRS.*

DISCLOSURES, we confess, we have no great fancy for—"revelations" are to us not only offensive, but dull; and with if possible a more decided distaste we repudiate the prolix apologies of a perfunct official, who seeks, by throwing open the ledgers of his iniquitous craft, to beget an interest in deceit, chicanery, and *espionage*, because of its ingenuity. All this we not only dislike, but unhesitatingly condemn; and it is only where, in the course of the tedious "shewing up," the author comes involuntarily to subjects having an interest in themselves distinct from his interference with them, that we are glad to accept the information, though with the drawback of a muddy medium, and in availing ourselves of it shut our eyes to the way we have come at it.

While we thus strongly and unhesitatingly give this opinion, we do not mean to deny that to certain persons and parties the statistics of crime and infamy may be both profitable and interesting. Truth, under any circumstances, is worth gathering up; and if the object of the search be fair and proper, we have no right to object to the opening of the sewers of society, though every right to remove ourselves as far as possible from beholding the disgusting investigation. It is the interference of mere curiosity on such occasions we denounce—just as we disapprove of the taste for revolting studies, where it only evinces a natural, or perhaps we should say, diseased appetite for the horrible. Anatomy, for instance, in the pursuit of surgical investigation, is a noble and important study. We are ready to admit the frequenter of the dissecting-room not only to toleration but approval, when the loathsome apartment forms the porch, if we may so call it, to the sick chamber—the school in which the practitioner makes himself acquainted with the means of relieving human suffering. But an

amateur turn for the dead subject we confess we shudder at, on the score of the natural antipathies and natural predilections of mankind; and are always glad to see it a struggle, even in the most charitable and philanthropic person, to come in contact with what is wisely left by the great Manager behind the scenes of nature and ordinary observation.

There is a peculiar taste in the French nation for the morbid scrutiny we have been describing, extending not only to politics and the social system, but to romance, poetry—we had almost said religion. This craving for unnatural stimulus leads them to love the monstrosities of nature, and the evisceration of the human economy; and they are ever on the gape, like a shark under a ship, to swallow whatever is loathingly rejected by the above-board appetites of the healthy portion of mankind. The existence of this diseased propensity has, of course, the tendency to draw forth what will feed it, and accordingly in France, and in France alone, are to be found a class of works which have attained a certain degree of popularity, while they pander to such a taste. The book before us, we venture to say, would never have been tolerated in England, on this and on many other accounts. It humiliates the people it comes amongst, by exhibiting how they have been the objects of surveillance, like the lunatic at half liberty, whose keeper dodges him through the streets; it half reveals the diamond-cut-diamond system on which politics and parties, ministers and governments, placemen and *particuliers*, have existed from the last revolution; and it displays a degree of overwhelming egotism, which even in the fatherland of vanity we scarcely understand being endured by the public for a moment. Three-fourths of the prolix memoirs are a refutation, on the part of their author, of various attacks, principally news-

* Mémoires de M. Gisquet, ancien préfet de police Ecrits par lui-même. Bruxelles, 1841.

paper ones, upon him and his administration; entering into tedious details of transactions, the greater portion of which can be of no interest but to the parties concerned, and exhibiting at length folios of newspaper scurrility, of which we know not which the style or the matter are the more contemptible. Let us, however, fulfil our promise, and cull from this wilderness the few grains that chance, not cultivation, has scattered over it.

M. Gisquet informs us that he was born at Vezin, in the department of the Moselle, on the 14th of July, 1792, of an obscure and indigent family. His father was a custom-house officer; and although he tells us that his education was at first confined to the inculcation of patriotism, and a love of honour and probity, we may well suppose that he imbibed, along with these, some small share of the shrewdness and cunning which are generally engendered by such an employment as his father's. At an early age he was removed to Paris to fill the situation of copying clerk in the great banking house of MM. Périer Frères, at the head of which was the famous Casimir Périer.

One Sunday morning the future minister, finding the young clerk in his *bureau*, thought he would ask him a question or two relative to the books of the establishment and the accounts entered in them. The following conversation ensued:—

“ ‘ M. Gisquet,’ said Périer, ‘ how do we stand with M. A.?’ Reply— ‘ He owes us 35,000 francs, of which 15,000 are payable the 28th instant, 10,000 the 29th, and 10,000 on the 16th of next month.’— ‘ And M. B. what is the state of his account?’— ‘ He has made use of the full amount of his credit; he owes us 150,000 francs, of which 50,000 will be payable on the 10th November, 50,000 the 25th of the same month, and 50,000 the 20th of December.’— ‘ And M. C.?’— ‘ His debt amounts to 90,000 francs; but he has placed such and such goods in our hands as so much value, which reduces our balance to 58,000 francs. The remaining 90,000 are composed of our acceptances divided thus:—24,000 francs on the 5th of November, 16,000 on the 18th, 20,000 on the 14th of December, 15,000 on the 23d, and 15,000 on the 5th of January.’ ”

The result of this and other such

interviews was, that the banker became sensible of the extent of the clerk's abilities, and the value of his services, and took him by degrees into more intimate connexion, which ended in a partnership that was only dissolved when Gisquet was sufficiently advanced to set up for himself. This occurred in 1825. Meantime Gisquet had proved himself too shrewd a man of business not to be had recourse to in more important matters; and his continued intimacy with Casimir Périer led him naturally to a participation in the continued political plotting which, in the ten years preceding 1830, prepared France for the event which then apparently so unexpectedly revolutionized her. We find him, at the close of that period, one of the most confidential of the conspirators. At his house took place most of the conclave assemblies which during the “ three days ” usurped the functions, if not the name, of the governing council of the nation; and during that momentous period were displayed those peculiar talents which, with a questionable distinction, pointed him out for the post afterwards assigned to him, that of prefect of police. There was, indeed, we must admit, considerable tact displayed in the choice of public men at that time, as affairs subsided into order again—a reference in making appointments to the characters and capabilities of the appointed, as they had been tested in the furnace of revolution, or rather a permission to men to remain where they were found deposited on the subsiding of the popular flood, so that they might embank, as it were, the stream, by the turbulence of which they had been cast up from the bottom of society. Such is, certainly, one of the advantages of revolution, an advantage which must be relinquished in quiet times, when so little opportunity occurs of forming a judgment of the qualifications of individuals before trying the often fatal experiment by practice.

While charges of cavalry were sweeping back and forwards in alternate rush and repulse before the door, and amidst the din of musketry, the twelve *commissaires* appointed to organize the rebellion, or “ resistance,” as it was cleverly termed, through the different *arrondissements* of the city,

were assembled at the house of M. Gassicourt. Of these M. Gisquet was one of the most active. His part in the business is thus described by the author of *Deux Ans de Règne* :—

“ La nuit du 27 au 28 (Juillet, 1830) et la journée du 28 furent consacrées à faire des barricades, à rassembler des armes, à organiser des points de résistance—M. Audry de Puyraveau et M. Gisquet secondèrent le mouvement de tout leur pouvoir. M. Gisquet rassembla dans sa maison, rue Bleu, de la poudre et des armes, et sa maison fut, pendant les journées du 28 et 29, le centre de réunion de tous les patriotes, qui, déjà dès le 28, avaient élevés les barricades de la rue Cadet.”—p. 66.

Our author contrives, in spite of a constantly-repeated disavowal of such an object, to involve in his disclosures the names of many who, it is plain, must be startled at this late publicity given to transactions then performed, if not under the veil of night, in the smoke of national convulsion; and no doubt an additional relish is given to the narrative amongst a people who see where the relation rips up old sores, or opens new ones. He is very ready with names; he “withholds nothing,” and under the plea of candour, dexterously hits here and there, as perhaps private pique or official disappointment may urge the blow. We repeat our abhorrence of “revelations,” and oh, what cannot a *prefect of police* reveal!

Gisquet soon became charged with a mission to England to procure firearms for the national guard, the French manufacturers having been unable to attempt a supply in sufficient quantity to meet the immediate demand of the government. The execution of this mission has been ever since the watch-word of attack against Gisquet. *Fusils-Gisquet* is the name for all that is execrable in artillery, and all that is flagrant in state-jobbing; and accordingly our biographer sets himself vigorously to repel the twofold accusation. We are not sure how much of the *English* part of his relation is to be credited: if it be true, we might perhaps find cause to use a harsh expression or two relative to some of our own officials of the time; but we have no right to commit ourselves by censure on the apocryphal

testimony of the ex-prefect, and prefer enjoying the benefit of doubting until we shall hear some more respectable evidence on the one side or the other.

He enters into an elaborate defence, with all the cunning of an experienced pleader, upon the *weak* points of his adversaries' charge, and passes over, with a few expressions of supreme indignation and scorn, what forms the gist of the accusation; namely, that the whole business was made the means of private money-jobbing. Not a syllable of argument or proof does he adduce on this all-important point, but contents himself with getting into a rage, and passing it by. He seeks, indeed, to cover himself under the high names of MM. Soult and Pénier, and takes a sentence pronounced against a newspaper for libel, in which these two personages were the prosecutors, as an *à fortiori* argument in favour of his own innocence, as if the clearance of the principals exonerated the less scrupulous agents from suspicion. Why, we ask, did not the prefect of police, equally libelled with the ministers, become a party to this prosecution? Why has he delayed, for nearly ten years, his vindication?—for five years after he quitted office? We think we have no right to take his own book now as evidence in his favour. When we read the book, and judge of the man from the matter it contains, we might, indeed, rather be justified in admitting it as tolerably satisfactory testimony the other way. The *fusil Gisquet*, we cannot help thinking, has turned out to be of true Birmingham manufacture, and, discharged for the purpose of wounding others, has burst in the worthy prefect's hands, to the serious injury of his own reputation.

But it is not our design to follow our author through the catalogue of apologies which form the subject of three-fourths of his four volumes. Deferred refutations of obsolete newspaper attacks can never be interesting, except to editors and the parties implicated. It is sufficient to say, that as the statements are *ex-parte* ones, they are made sufficiently plausible to suit the purpose; and we may suppose, for the nonce, the police-prefect the best abused man in the kingdom of France. (We cannot help seeing, *par parenthèse*, that Gisquet has furnished Mr. James

with a character of considerable interest in his romance of the *Ancien Régime*, Pierre Morin;—even if there were no other points of resemblance, the mode in which Morin originally proved his talents for the office he afterwards filled, resembles too closely the first *épreuve* of Gisquet's abilities not to have been suggested by it; and all the abuses of *espionage* which formed the burthen of public complaint, under the odious tyranny of Louis XV., thus appear to have found their counterpart in the still more oppressive police system of twice-liberated-and-regenerated France. So much, as far as the safety and ease of the individual subject is concerned, for the benefit of the torrents of blood, foreign and kindred, shed from 1793 to 1831; and so much for the results of sanguinary struggles for an Utopian freedom and happiness, which can only be realized by the moral and constitutional movement of legitimate reform.)

Amongst the parties and sects which agitated France about this time, there was one which, in a strange degree, united consistency of purpose and completeness of internal economy with absurdity and folly as regarded the general system of society and the ordinary nature of mankind. We allude to the St. Simonians, a body which, had they been as capable of extension from their essential requirements as they were vigorous by their union and intelligence, would have proved formidable to a firmer form of government than that under which they rose and fell.

Here is Gisquet's description of the sect—

"A supreme father, more infallible than the pope, whom his apostles must respect and venerate as the image of the Divinity—assuming the exclusive right to determine, by himself or his delegates, the nature and extent of human capacities—constitutes himself arbiter of the re-distribution of earthly possessions and enjoyments. It may be believed that the worthy father, in proportion to his immeasurable intellectual superiority, helps himself to a tolerable share of both."

It is a community of rights, personal and proprietary, which constitutes, as in Owen's system, the soul of St. Simonianism; and marriage is as

much excluded as individual wealth from their society. That they were politically inoffensive, is perhaps not an argument against the politically dangerous tendency of the sect; for their numbers never exceeded 6,000, and it is only when some considerable proportion of a population is absorbed into a system, that its true tendency, or indeed its true object, begins to develop itself.

"It is all very well," says Gisquet, fairly enough, "that a small number of individuals should unite and profess, as a rule of equity, to proportion their property, social rank, and pleasures, to individual merit, and hope to see things established on such a system. It may be a good thesis to support theoretically in a book; but, after all, Providence is a better judge, even than the 'supreme head,' of human capacities, and portions things out with a better view to the qualities of men than *Father Enfantin* himself."—v. i. p. 407.

The disciples of the sect, not content with privately advancing their pernicious and immoral doctrines, delivered public lectures in Paris, in the presence of thousands whom their eloquence was but too likely to corrupt.

"It was impossible," says Gisquet, "that the authorities could tolerate these proceedings—to be inactive would be to become an accomplice."

"On the 21st January, 1832, the *procureur du Roi*, accompanied by the commissioners of police, the *serjens de ville*, and a formidable armed force, caused the St. Simonian temple in the *Rue Taibout* to be shut, and seized the register books, papers, &c. of the association."

The consequence of this measure was, that the remnant of the sect, deserting their magnificent institution, temple, and all, took refuge, to the number of sixty, in the house of the *Père Enfantin*, at *Ménilmontant*; and there effected a general retrenchment in their habits and mode of life, suited to their changed condition.

The following extract from the *Journal de Paris* gives, amusingly enough, the details connected with their manner of living:—

"The apostles (for so they sty themselves) have no servants; the help themselves, and their duties a

certainly fairly distributed to each according to his capacity, and performed, as well as we can judge, with great cheerfulness and regularity.

"Doctor Leon Simon, who was so long professor of St. Simonianism at the *Salle de l'Athénée*, and was known to the world as the translator of an English medical work, as well as author of some other literary productions, now girt with an apron, cooks for the establishment; he is assisted by M. Paul Rochette, formerly professor of rhetoric. We have not been able to discover whether these gentlemen adopt the white shirt and cotton night-cap, the correct costume of their craft (*de rigueur*).

"The washing of the dinner service was originally organized with the nicest precision by M. Leon Talabot, formerly deputy *Procureur du Roi*; he filled this (the former) important office with distinguished credit to himself during the first days of the retirement of the sect: it has passed successively to M. Gustave d'Eichtal, jun., and to M. Lambert, formerly a pupil of the polytechnic school, who worked at it with devotion for a few weeks, and resigned it at last to M. le Baron Charles Duverrier. At present M. Moïse Retouret, a young man of fashion, and a distinguished preacher among the St. Simonians, fulfils the duties of the office with infinite grace.

"The principle of a division of labour is recognized among the St. Simonians. M. Emile Barrault, formerly professor at the school of Torréze, the author of a tolerable comedy in verse, and a preacher among them, cleans the boots, assisted by M. Auguste Chevallier, once professor of physics, and M. Duguet, formerly an advocate of the *cour royale*.

"M. Bruneau, formerly pupil of the polytechnic and a captain in the army, has the care of the linen, the clothes, the enforcement of internal order, the superintendence of the house, and the keeping matters clean.

"The apartments are scoured by M. Rigaud, M.D., M. Holstein, the son of an eminent merchant, Baron Charles Duveyrier, Pouijat and Broct, both students; Charles Penuckère, as under-scrub, (formerly a librarian,) and Michel Chevallier, once a pupil of the polytechnic school, a mining engineer and (appropriately) a director of the *Globe*. This last person is charged with the general management of the house; he also waits at table along with Messieurs Rigaud and Holstein, and he, in particular, helps M. Enfantin to whatever he wants at his meals.

"It is a comical sight to see masters waiting upon those who had been their servants. M. Desforges, formerly a

butcher's boy, enters into the family as a jack-of-all-trades, and so being given the management of the landry, has under his command M. Franconi, the son of a rich American colonist, and M. Bestrand, once a student. At the table he has his food presented to him by the hands of M. Holstein, in whose service he had previously been.

"M. Henry Tournel, who had been a pupil of the polytechnic school, and director of the forges and foundries of Creusot, has the special charge of the garden, assisted by M. Raymond Bonheure, formerly professor of drawing and painting, M. Roger, one of the orchestra of the *Opéra Comique*, M. Justus, a painter, and M. Maschereau, a drawing-artist.

"The sweeping of the courts and street is done by M. Gustave d'Eichtal, assisted by M. Maschereau. M. Jean Terson, formerly a Catholic priest and preacher, is set to cut the vegetables, to arrange the plates and dishes, to lay the cloth, and, in fact, to do all the menial business of the house.

"M. Alexis Petit, the son of a gentleman of large landed property, is put to clean all the candlesticks, which amount to forty, and to see to the carrying off of the manure, &c.

"M. Enfantin, the 'supreme father,' as they call him, sometimes works in the garden himself; and handles the rake, spade, and hoe, with great vigour.

"Their life is perfectly regular; the sound of a horn awakens them at five o'clock in the morning: it summons them to their meals and their various duties: at appointed hours they sing in concert: during the day they exercise themselves in gymnastics; and all their movements, when they are together, have something of the precision of military exercise.

"With regard to their appearance, their beard, which they suffer to grow long, gives them certainly a peculiar air; but in other respects there is nothing unpleasant to the eye. Their dress is composed of a little blue frock, very short and tightly fitted, without a collar—of a waistcoat fastened behind, and white trowsers. Round their waist they wear a black leather belt, fastened by a copper buckle."

In a very short time the sect, as might be expected, became involved in questions about property; and as soon as their doctrines and practices were exposed to the test of legal inquiries, the absurdity, incoherence, and folly exhibited by their leaders, rendered them the laughing-stocks of the public; while the "supreme fa-

ther," with two others, were once more forced to "*retreat*" and realize their Utopia within the walls of a prison. Their mode of life in S. Pelagie is thus described :—

"The *Pere Enfantin* wears a cloak of black velvet, ornamented with a rich white and green border, a *toque* of red velvet, black pantaloons and yellow sandals; on his white waistcoat is written, *LE PERE*; he has a long and thick beard.

"Michel Chevallier, another of the party, has also a red cap and an enormous beard; his cloak is purple and ornamented with ermine; he has bright red pantaloons, such as our troops of the line wear."

"The 'supreme father' lives retired in his room; the 'apostle' Michel Chevallier, on the contrary, shews himself frequently in the prison, and receives, as he passes, the salutations of the political offenders.

"When the 'father' makes his appearance, the red caps of the republicans are seen to doff themselves respectfully before him.

"We are assured that the prison of the St. Simonians is sumptuously furnished. They entertain every evening those imprisoned for political offences, without any distinction of party, and supply *punch* for drinking to divine right and the sovereignty of the people, according to the 'capacity' of each of their company."

The principal dignitaries amongst this strange sect, when the time of their imprisonment (reduced to six months) had expired, sobered, no doubt, by the salutary lesson they had received, entered once more into the world, and became, strange to say, not only rational beings, but rose in more than one instance to high political preferment. Our friend Gisquet, it seems, has been the theme of attack as their inveterate persecutor; he defends himself by a *single* statement of one of their number, one who, be it noted, became soon after *editor of a government paper*, and a *privy councillor*. Gisquet understood how to pay witnesses of this kind.

We are able to detect suspicious circumstances, indeed, in most of his justifications. He had been attacked by the *Tribune* newspaper for a piece of bad taste, to say the least of it. He gave, it seems, some splendid *balls* within the walls of the prefecture, which is, be it remembered, the *crimi-*

nal prison of the metropolis. The *Tribune* said—"the sumptuous apartments of the prefecture are placed immediately over the dungeons into which are cast the wretches whom the *shirri* in general have not secured without disabling them first with their staves, if not with their swords. The cells of these dungeons re-echoed, at the same moment, the shout of revelry and the cries of despair! 'Tis fearful to think upon! Oh, what an insolent triumph over misery!" This, no doubt, is rather high-flown—but does it excuse the defence of M. Gisquet, who, determining to take it literally, triumphantly asserts that the prisons are *not* immediately under the saloons, but a *little at one side!* and even here, one unacquainted with the locality might be deceived by his statement—for he says "the *Conciergerie* (the prison) is situated on the *quai de l'horloge*, whereas the apartments of the Prefecture are on the *quai des Orfèvres*." Now, it so happens, that the single building containing these two contiguous portions is placed on the projecting point of an *island* in the Seine, of which the north shore is bounded by a quay, having, no doubt, a different name from the southern one, but so closely *dos-à-dos* to it, as barely to leave room for the walls of the prefecture between them. The gist of the article in the *Tribune* appears evidently to be, the want of delicacy displayed in collecting the votaries of pleasure around the central point of punishment, an act partaking in kind, though not in degree, of the perverse recklessness which prompts the savage to defer his feasting until he has the captive in his power and beside him, to give it zest by the contrast with his sufferings.

Some of our readers may perhaps remember that, in an early volume of this magazine, we commented upon an account of that expedition of the Duchess de Berri to La Vendée, which, were it not history, would be considered almost too romantic for romance itself. The bluff general, the reputed (though it was said, not the real) author of the narrative, exposed, as he was bound to do, though himself the open opponent of the adventurous dame, the secret and diabolical villany of the emissary, Deutz, who wound himself into her confidence for the purpose of betraying her. He

then laid the treason at the door of MM. Mentalivet and Thiers—we think we have at last got at the real contriver of it—our author himself; and we form the conjecture from the mode in which he endeavours not only to palliate the crime, but to throw an interest around the character of the double renegade, Deutz, who first abjured his faith, and then betrayed his benefactress. It were indeed amusing, if it were not so revolting, to see the dexterity Gisquet ever exhibits in colouring acts and opinions of the hue best calculated to suit his purposes—and we cheerfully allow him credit for all the items which, subtracted from his honesty, we are bound to place to the account of his ingenuity. Dermoncourt himself, of course, knew only a permitted portion of the secret machinations of the police, and the scene of mingled treachery, romance, and absurdity enacted in the *mansarde* of the house of the Demoiselles Duguigny at Nantes, is now, after a ten years' interval, traced to the bureau of the ex-prefect—a worthy disciple, indeed, of Fouché, and a fit organ for despotism on the one hand, or the tyranny of republicanism on the other!

But not only did a real and legitimate claimant to the throne disturb the tranquillity of remodelled France, but pretenders, less unequivocally authorized, occasionally sprang up. All these assumed the guise of the unfortunate Louis XVII. The Baron de Riche-mont was soon disposed of; and soon after, an obscure individual, named Naundorf, likewise tried his hand, and by Gisquet's means was speedily banished the country. The introduction of this subject gives occasion to our author to publish a letter, interesting more from the details it gives, than because it confirms an incontestible fact. It is dated 11th November, 1834, and addressed by M. Graud, Deputy Procureur du Roi at Charleville, to the editor of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. We extract a part:—

“‘Every body knows that, as the friend and legal adviser of the ex-director, Barras, I was in a position to receive from this old minister interesting information on many of the transactions which occurred about the era of the Revolution. At that period, the death of Louis XVII. was one of the themes which he has often broached to me.

What he said in conversation, and the paragraphs which he dictated to me on the subject, are in perfect accordance with the deposition of the *Sieur Lasnes*, who had the custody of the Dauphin in the Temple, and in whose arms that youth breathed his last sigh.

“‘Equally with M. Lasnes, who made his deposition before the assize court of the *Seine*, the 30th of October last, was Barras convinced that the true Louis XVII. had died in the Temple, and that pretenders alone could usurp his name. I give the circumstances on which the ex-director's opinion was grounded.

“‘In the year 3, Barras, then member of the Convention, received instructions from the government to visit Louis XVII., who was confined in the Temple, and to see that he was treated with humanity. As soon as Barras saw him, he recognised him at once for the young Dauphin, whom he had seen formerly at the Tuilleries.

“‘No one need wonder that Barras, who belonged to so old and noble a family, that the saying in the south used to be, that the Barras' were as ancient as the rocks of Provence—no one, I say, need wonder that Barras had often seen the Dauphin before the great events which happened then. Barras asked the child with the greatest kindness concerning his health. He complained of feeling the most acute pain in his knee, so as to be unable to bend it. Barras, in fact, found that a swelling there had made fearful progress, and that the state of the child was in reality desperate. Nor was he deceived; for, in spite of the most careful attention, the young Dauphin died soon after.

“‘M. Lasnes, therefore, as this short recital shews, is not the only person who can establish the identity of the child who died in the Temple with the Dauphin Louis XVII.

“‘I was struck with the perfect agreement which exists between the circumstantial deposition of the guardian of the young Louis XVII. and the historic recollections of Barras; and it is because I would have every body understand the matter, that I request of you to publish this letter in your interesting journal.”

Good God! only fancy the scene—Barras, the sensual and sanguinary Barras, set to watch over the comforts of the young monarch of a kingdom, given to him and ravished from him by the same stroke—that which murdered his royal father, and which might be said to have been actually inflicted by his hand! Picture for a moment the malignant interest of the father's mur-

derer, as he observed the fatal poison, administered probably by the multiplied hands of petty cruelties, eating into the fainting soul of the son! Observe all this, transformed into a sentimental and romantic narrative by the lawyer and confidential scribe of the villain, and put forward as a proof that it *was* the very dauphin who died! Why, the very tone of the narrative takes away all credit from the narrator, and therefore, even as evidence of the fact it seeks to establish, it is utterly valueless. He who could colour acts and feelings as he has palpably done, would, with less criminality, distort facts. We verily believe that the unfortunate prince *did* die in the temple; but the document in question does not go an inch towards proving it—all it shows is, the school of villany and deception of which our author admitted himself to be a disciple.

There is one portion of these volumes which, but that it has been in a measure forestalled to the English reader by the review in the *Quarterly* of M. Frégier's book, we should have drawn briefly upon—we mean the statistics of the classes of Paris, according to their moral divisions. Those who are epicures in such things, will surely get a sufficient meal in the *Review*; for ourselves, a very slight morsel would have satisfied us, and we not unwillingly pass them by. No doubt, some of the prefect's regulations were salutary; those respecting the *Morgue*, or receptacle for bodies found drowned in the Seine, and unclaimed, particularly. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with him for having suppressed that powerful but revolting play of Victor Hugo's, *Le Roi Samuse*: nay, we even agree with him in his opinions respecting the ridiculous over-appreciation of the public interest in such matters indulged in by the dramatist; but nevertheless, we scarcely see why all this need be introduced into a book professing to be *memoirs*: all that could justify the detail we conceive would be its forming a basis or argument of a work of science or political economy; and we observe the same propensities in the author as characterized the retired soap-boiler, who stipulated to be permitted to attend weekly on *boiling day* for his proper amusement. No doubt, he means to make the credit of

salutary regulations stand as a set-off against the delinquencies of his administration; but they are too much extended for this, and must be considered as exhibiting the *tastes* of the man.

He is occasionally amusing in his descriptions of character.

"I have seen," says he, "persons who acted for the police, and gave me important information, who wished, they said, in this way to pay some debt of gratitude for benefits received, either from the royal family, or from some member of the government.

"I must also add, as a remarkable and very rare variety, a class of persons who became agents of the police from motives of pure patriotism! These are romantic spirits, who thirst for excitement, but for whom common life is too dull and prosaic.

"When such men are not in a position to satisfy their craving for distinction—when their imagination cannot devise any means of giving celebrity to their names by deeds of renown—forced to lower their pretensions, they are determined at least to do something odd.

"One of the best of my agents was an individual of this class. A train of very ordinary circumstances had placed him in a society which initiated him into the secrets of the correspondence of the legitimists with the Duchess of Berry. This man, unable to extricate himself without danger from the position he stood in, and not wishing to co-operate with a party from whom he differed in opinion, demanded an audience of me. He showed me the peculiarity of his situation, and explained all the advantages which I might derive from it.

"I certainly looked for very lofty expectations on his part—judge of my surprise when my new agent informed me, that he proposed serving his country *gratuitously*, in order to preserve France from the horrors of a civil war! Struck by reading a novel of Cooper's, called *The Spy*, he aspired to the kind of celebrity attached to the hero of that work, and wished to perform in France the part which Cooper has made his Harvey Birch enact during the American war. All he stipulated for was a promise that I would not take any harsh measures against certain persons whom he named to me, and whom he was attached to.

"The conduct of Harvey Birch—for he adopted that name in all his communications—was faithful throughout. He performed some pieces of service which certainly deserved a tolerably large remuneration, yet when the time came

at which his particular agency was brought to a close, he contented himself with asking me for some trifling employment, such as might barely meet his indispensable wants.

"But besides the common informers and spies employed by the police, the ministers of the crown must sometimes have creatures who will frequent the drawing-room of fashion, and be admitted into those brilliant assemblies, where the most distinguished and illustrious personages of the land meet together. This class of auxiliaries constitutes what may be called the *aristocracy of the police*.

"But what rare and opposite qualities must in such be united! With how many valuable talents must he be endowed who would fill this delicate post! Those privileged persons, whose wit, taste, and rank would naturally be supposed to secure for them this enviable position, are not, after all, the persons who fill it. In short, I should despair to trace, in a satisfactory manner, the portrait of these secret agents of the first class, were it not that I have in my eye a unique specimen—a type, such as in all probability will never be met with again.

"The individual I allude to was of noble birth, and bore a title which enhanced the natural charms of his deportment; for nature had refused him no external advantage, and, not less prodigal to him in other points, had given him a rich and fertile imagination, and a remarkable power of observation. *Finesse*, tact, repartee, originality of thought, all caused him to be distinguished even amongst the most successful lances in the lists of wit.

"But he is greatly mistaken who thinks that the Marquis of P—— allowed himself to descend to common manœuvres; who supposes, for example, that he would provoke a confidence with more or less cunning, or would set about leading the conversation to a subject in which he might take advantage of an unsuspecting candour. All this would be to be a common agent, or rather it would have involved duplicity and a want of faith, quite foreign from his character. No; the Marquis of P—— was determined to have all the credit of perfect fairness and honesty.

"But some of my readers, perhaps, disappointed by my last remarks, may here ask whether I am not reading them a riddle. I beg of them to follow me to the end.

"All men in Parisian society knew that M. de P——, well bred as he was, did not possess a *sous* in the world, and yet he had a handsome house, horses, a carriage, and all those other appliances of

comfort and luxury, indispensable to a man who lives *comme il faut*.

"No one understood better than he the *minutiae* of fashion, the arcana of refinement, the *manière d'être* of high life; none could order an entertainment better, give a more *recherché* dinner, or prove, by his gastronomic skill, his qualifications for the society he lived in. And when on the green cloth, the billiard-ball, or *écarté*, he set gold circulating freely, no one ever saw a player gain with less apparent satisfaction, or lose with greater indifference.

"As besides all this the Marquis of P—— always appeared kind, useful, a pleasant story-teller, harmless in his wit, though unrivalled in his skill at epigram and rillery, he was the constant object of attentions, and was sought for, feasted, and admired by his numerous amphitryons. Now, incredible as it may seem, not only his friends, but the whole circle of his acquaintance (and no one had a more extended one) knew perfectly well *what he was*. This is *what* would have overwhelmed any one of ordinary talent—here was the transcendent merit, the climax of genius. To put no questions, and to learn much; to invite no expression of opinion for the purpose of revealing it, and yet to ascertain the opinion of every body; to urge no one to disclosure, and yet to penetrate into the most secret thoughts, to know every thing, in fact, without appearing to observe any thing, and to retain the confidence even of those who were perfectly well acquainted with the part he played, surely this was to do the business of police agent in an accomplished way, enough almost to make it agreeable to the public!"

But even the police may be taken in. Here is the other side of the picture—

"A certain baroness, whose husband had been in the service of the old royal family, affected the sincerest devotion for the new dynasty. She sent me periodically relations which generally did not turn out to have much in them, beyond the singular grace of the style in which they were conveyed; and she received for this a moderate sum out of the secret service money. The insignificance of these communications at last decided me to give her her *congé*, but the baroness was immovable—she was determined not to give up the advantages of the position she held.

"It was towards the end of October, 1832, at a time when the government knew that the Duchess of Berry was hid in the environs of Nantes, that our baroness affirmed to me, by word and by letter, that she knew Madame's re-

treat, but that she could not bring herself to divulge so important a secret without being promised a large reward, and a moderate sum of one thousand francs, paid *in hand on account*.

"Although I confess I was not very confident of her veracity, the baroness's affirmations were made with so much assurance, the names of some of the *legitimist* party, from whom she affected to have learned the secret, were chosen so cleverly, and besides her former position gave her in reality so many facilities for penetrating the secrets of that party, that I durst not reject such a chance of eventually rendering an important service to government.

"The required sum was, therefore, remitted to the baroness, and the next day she announced to me that the Duchess of Berry was hid, under the name of Bertin—in a chateau near Arpajon.

"I knew perfectly well that the mother of Henri the Fifth was hid at Nantes, or within a circuit of a few leagues around that town; and consequently the intelligence given by the baroness was simply a story fabricated for the purpose of swindling the government out of a thousand francs.

"One more story I will give of a proceeding of the same kind, chosen out of a thousand others of which I have the particulars in my memory:

"This time it was Madame la Comtesse de B—— who had all the honour and profit of the trick. This lady was perfectly well aware of our wish to discover the retreat of those republicans who escaped in July, 1835, from the prison of St. Pelagie, and accordingly she wrote to me to say, that extreme want of money obliged her to commit a dreadful act; she demanded a few thousand francs for revealing the secret of which she was the depositary, offering to tell where a number of the runaways had gone, and only asking the trifling advance of one thousand francs. The minister of the interior authorised the payment of the money, and the Countess de B—— announced to us that she had herself undertaken to accompany two of the principal offenders to the frontier, who were to pass, one for her husband, the other for her servant; she stated what diligence they were to go by, the day of their intended departure, and the real and assumed names of the fugitives. She actually set off in the coach named; six of my agents took places in it with her, and, as may be supposed, every precaution was taken to secure her imaginary fellow-travellers; but if the amiable countess had any delinquents in her company, their crimes were not of a nature to call for the high jurisdiction of the Court of Peers, and accordingly our good lady made

at the public expense a journey, of which she reserved all the advantages and pleasures for herself."

The readers will not, perhaps, at once observe that the parties held up to ridicule or reprobation by the excerpt in these extracts, are probably sufficiently pointed at for a *Paris* reader to identify by his descriptions, and thus the discarded police official in all probability pays his debts of spite by these details, which may or may not be true, but which must be fatal to the reputation of the parties, thus gratuitously, on such authority, branded with infamy in the eyes of the public.

But all parties began at last to be disgusted with him—popular hatred rose to fury—and he was obliged, in self-defence, to retire not only from office, but from the capital; yet nevertheless he makes his moan, at the close of his volumes, because his persecutions, as he calls them, extended even to those friends and relatives whom he had thrust into office! One would think him the most wronged of men. He fancies, too, after his retirement, with a delusion amusingly analogous to a case he ridicules in an early part of these volumes, that he was subjected to *espionage*, and seeing of course his own former agents around his house, as they were every where, he believes that his very motions were watched, and complains, like another Rousseau, that all men were in a plot against him! It is with exquisite effrontery that, wearied, as it should seem, with virtuous efforts to justify himself, he exclaims at last—" *Je ne veux pas céder à l'irritation de mes souvenirs; je m'en rapporte à la sagacité de tous les hommes impartiaux!*"

It is said that the mode Gisquet took to interrogate a man from whom he expected to elicit a fact of importance was to seize him by the hand, talk for some time on other matters, and then, putting the query vehemently and abruptly, squeeze his hand violently at the same moment—a mode of *question* which, it is stated, in many instances extracted the desired reply, when nothing else could have accomplished it.

There is little, we repeat, to induce the reader to peruse this work—it will certainly not instruct him, and will, we think, scarcely amuse, beyond the passages we have extracted.

A QUEEN FOR A DAY.

On a cold and rainy day in the month of April, 1791, a post chaise with four horse, was seen to travel the road between Lons-le-Saulnier and Besançon. Two persons occupied the carriage—one of them, a tall, handsome, and elegant-looking figure, reclined alone in the back, while in the front was seated a young woman whose dress and manner at once bespoke the waiting-maid.

"What o'clock is it?" asked the mistress of the maid.

"Four o'clock," madame.

"We shall never arrive—the positions are frightfully slow."

"The road is very bad," madame.

"What a horrible delay—I was sure my nerves would play me some disagreeable trick; detained three days at Lons-le-Saulnier, ill and unfit to continue my route, with such serious reasons to wish it ended; and to add to my misery, to go so slowly; I believe at each change of horses they have given me the most miserable beasts possible to procure."

"But, madame, unfortunately we are galloping the whole way, for the jolts are enough to dislocate our joints; it is your uneasiness and impatience prevents your feeling it. This country is pretty, but the day is so wet,—I am sure that young man who follows us finds we go too fast."

"How! is he there still?"

"Yes, madame, but a few paces from the carriage; he has not lost an inch of ground. He is a very good horseman."

"He must be a most determined idler to make a journey of seven or eight leagues, in weather like this."

"Say rather, madame, that he must be very much in love."

"He must be mad to follow a person whom he scarcely has seen, and never spoken to."

"It only proves that they have still a remnant of chivalry in the provinces. I should like to see our fashionables of Versailles or Paris gallop in that way in weather like this, and a road bad enough to break one's neck; trust me they do not give themselves much trouble, they are expert at talking nonsense, or in following up

an easy intrigue, but most assuredly they would not do as this honest provincial."

"And they are perfectly right, for what can this young man gain but a broken back or a pleurisy."

"Poor fellow!"

"You pity him, Suzanne; has he bought you over?"

"You know me too well, madame, to suspect such a thing, the chevalier——"

"Ah! it is a chevalier?"

"Did I not tell you so, and, moreover, before you tore his letters, you read them, and they were signed, his name is De Maillettes, and of a good family."

"Why, this is a conquest really flattering."

"He saw you enter the inn at Lons-le-Saulnier, he saw you again when you went to the window, and he fell in love with you. You must know, madame, there are hearts in the world capable of love at first sight, and you should neither be offended nor surprised at having inspired a sudden passion."

"But I hope you have been discreet. You have not told him who I am? You know that I have good reasons for preserving the *incognito* in this journey; it is for that reason I did not permit the Duc de L——, the Marquis de C——, nor any of my faithful 'vassals' to attend me."

"Be assured he knows no more than any one else; and it is not his fault, for he did not spare questions. I answered him as I did every one else, that you were called Madame de Pryne, and that you travelled for pleasure. But this did not satisfy him, his curiosity was strong enough to make him shake a purse of gold, hoping the sound of it would make me more communicative. When he saw that his offers wounded my delicacy, that my discretion was incorruptible, he tried conjectures; no doubt, said he, it is a person of consequence whom the troubles and misfortunes of France have obliged to seek safety in flight, but I shall follow her to the end of the world."

"You see that this foolish fellow will end by compromising me."

They stopped to change horses, and after a moment's silence Suzanne recommenced the conversation—

"See," said she, "this poor chevalier, who still pursues us, and bears his wetting with a patience quite praiseworthy."

"Does it still continue to rain?" replied Madame Pryné. Then drawing the glove off her white and beautifully-formed hand, covered with diamonds, she ran her fingers through the curls of her fair hair, arranged the lace of her cap, and, notwithstanding the rain, leaned her head a little out of the window of the carriage, so true is it that zeal, devotion, and obstinacy, are always rewarded in the end.

"Where are we?" asked the handsome traveller of the postilion.

"At Vaux."

"And the next stage?"

"Jougne."

"Is it a good place to stop?"

"Certainly, a town of seven thousand souls, and at the hotel of the *Lion d'Argent*, you are as well treated as in a palace."

"That will do very well."

In this little dialogue the words were for the postilion, and the look for the chevalier, for Madame de Pryné was not a woman without pity, and after this act of charity she closed the carriage window.

"Does madame intend to pass the night at Jougne?" asked Suzanne.

"No, no, we shall continue our journey to-night; you know that I ought to be at Besançon by to-morrow morning; we shall only stop for supper at the *Lion d'Argent*, where you are as well treated as in a palace, and then we shall continue our route.

Scarcely were the two travellers seated at a table in the famous inn of the *Lion d'Argent*, when a functionary wearing a tri-coloured scarf entered the dining-room and fixed upon Madame de Pryné a scrutinizing look, and seemed to compare her features with something written on a paper which he held in his hand. After this examination, by which he seemed profoundly occupied, the functionary, who was no less than the mayor of Jougne, desired the travellers to show him their passports.

Madame de Pryné seemed embarrassed—

"Could you not spare us, sir," said she, "this formality; all our papers are shut up in one of our portmanteaus."

"I am very sorry," drily replied the officer, "but no one can avoid submitting to a procedure so important at present in this country. Your trunks must be opened." And notwithstanding the ill humour shown by the ladies, the trunks were taken from the carriage, and brought into the great room of the *Lion d'Argent*. The largest was first opened, and what was the astonishment of the mayor on finding a tolerably large bag full of gold.

"What is this?" cried the officer, astounded.

"You see very well, sir," replied Madame de Pryné, smiling; "they are louis and double louis. Is it not allowable to carry such, travelling?"

"That's as it may be, madame—there appears to me to be a large amount."

"Oh! but thirty thousand francs at most."

"Thirty thousand francs looks very like emigration."

"Indeed, do you think so?"

"Oh! you are quite right to affect indifference: but I am not so easily deceived."

"I see that there is no necessity for my interference, for you seem to manage very well for yourself."

"A truce to raillery, if you please, madame: my character and the insignia of my office must be respected."

"Believe me, sir, they have my most profound respect."

"Very well, madame; but with your permission I must continue my examination."

"Just as you please, sir."

The mayor of Jougne was going to reply, when, in lifting a linen cloth, he saw a quantity of rich embroidery, and drew from the portmanteau two dresses covered with gold, and a velvet cloak, trimmed with ermine, and fastened with a clasp of diamonds.

"Ha!" said he, "these coincide exactly with my suspicions."

"Will you be good enough to tell me what these same suspicions may be?"

"Confess first that the name of Pryné, which you have written in the book of the inn is a feigned one."

"I acknowledge it."

"That is enough—you need not tell me any more."

"Where is the harm in travelling under a feigned name, when the *incognito* conceals nothing wrong?"

"We shall see that, madame."

"Let us end this scene, sir; I will show you my passport."

"'Tis not worth while; your passport signifies nothing to me now, and I will dispense with your showing it. Doubtless, it is easy enough to procure false papers—but stay, here we have enough to confound all dissimulation, and destroy the mystery with which you try to surround yourself."

And as he spoke he lifted his arms triumphantly in the air, holding in one hand a crown, and in the other a sceptre of gold.

"There is no doubt now; I know who you are."

"You will perhaps tell me, then?"

"Marie Antoinette of Austria!"

"The Queen?"

"Yes, madame; and you wish to emigrate to Switzerland. I was prepared for you."

"Really, you knew that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, intended to make her escape, and pass through here?"

"Certainly; they suspected your intentions at Paris, and sent me word, and you see that my vigilance did not sleep. And now in the name of the law I arrest you."

"Without further proofs?"

"I need no other."

"And if I again beg of you to examine my passport?"

"'Tis useless; what signifies a passport?"

"Then, nothing will shake your conviction?"

"Nothing, madame."

"In that case, sir, I must submit."

Suzanne had several times attempted to interrupt the conversation, but with an imperious gesture her mistress commanded her silence.

The Queen and her maid were now lodged in the best apartment of the *Lion d'Argent*, with two sentinels placed at their door; the tattoo was beat; all the influential persons of the place were summoned; the national guard were under arms, and the local authorities established themselves in the large room of the inn. When all the notabilities of Jougne were united, they deliberated upon what they should do in a case of such political consequence. A furious dema-

gogue, the chief of their party, commenced speaking in these terms:—

"Citizens—We have just made a great capture; but as a famous general once said, it is not enough to conquer, you must profit by the victory. In a few days the eyes of all France will be upon us; for proud Jougne is one in the number of illustrious cities which belong to history. Let us raise ourselves to the grandeur of our new position, and let us merit the approbation of the nation which shall soon behold us, may the wisdom of Cato and the patriotism of Brutus inspire us, may our decision be thought worthy to be placed side by side with the sublime sentences of the Greek Areopagus and the Roman senate. 'Tis thus I propose:—the patriots of Jougne shall form themselves into a battalion, place Marie Antoinette of Austria in the middle of the ranks, and conduct her to the bar of the national assembly; each of us to carry one of the insignia of the royalty that we have arrested in flight—this sceptre, this crown, this royal mantle, and all this golden frippery which wound our republican eyes; we shall place our spoils upon the altar of our country, and we shall return gloriously to our firesides, after having received the felicitations of our brothers and the thanks of liberty. And that it should cost nothing to the nation, I demand that the thirty thousand francs seized upon the fugitive should be employed in paying the expenses of our journey."

This speech caused a great sensation; but the more moderate, who always spoiled the finest flights, proposed and carried, by a majority of voices, that they should await the orders of the national assembly.

At this moment, the Chevalier de Maillettes, who had been delayed by a fall, arrived in the hotel of the *Lion d'Argent*, wet, splashed, and wearied. The first thing he asked on entering was, had they seen two ladies pass in a yellow carriage? At this question the landlord seized him by the collar, and dragged him before the committee.

"Who are you?" said the president. "What is your name?"

"Isidore de Maillettes."

"What appointment do you hold under those persons, for whom you asked on your arrival here?"

"I don't know them."

"You don't know them, and you pursue them in this fashion! You don't know them, and yet you seek them! An unhappy attempt to conceal the truth!"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Undoubtedly," said the chief of the Jacobins of Jougne, "this man conceals his real name and rank; he is some noble of Versailles—the Prince of Lamballe or Polignac, perhaps the Count d'Artois himself, secretly returned to France—search him."

They found upon the chevalier four louis, a watch, and a love-letter folded, sealed but without address; this letter was the object of profound examination.

They sought to find a mysterious and political meaning in the phrases of gallantry which it contained, but it was time lost; for the government of Jougne did not understand the science of interpretation.

"We shall send this letter to the national assembly," said the president, "who will, perhaps, be more fortunate than we are, and find a key to those tender hieroglyphics."

"Can you deny, sir, that this letter was for the Queen?"

"What Queen?"

"Deceit is useless; we came here to arrest Marie Antoinette of Austria."

"Arrest! here! The Queen, Marie Antoinette?"

"Yes, you see concealment is out of the question, and 'twould be better for your own sake to hide nothing from us. What can you tell us of our prisoner?"

"Me? I have never seen her."

"You still persist in your absurd system, and declare that you do not know the persons, whom you asked after, on coming into the inn?"

"What! the lady in the yellow carriage whom I have followed all the way from Lons-le-Saulnier, the Queen of France?"

"Citizen," replied the president, in a stern voice, "I suspect you wish to mock us; but if so, know that we shall make you repent of it."

As the chevalier did not reply, they thought it useless to question him further, and determined on keeping him a prisoner.

When they had decided the fate of

the chevalier, they sought the Queen, to inform her of their determination with regard to her.

"Our secretary," said the orator, "indites, at this moment, a letter to the national assembly. You must remain prisoner here until the return of the messenger, who will depart in an hour."

"I also have written to the national assembly," replied the Queen; "will you have the goodness to forward my letter with yours?"

"Willingly; and until we receive a reply from Paris, thirty-six francs a day shall be allowed for your expenses, taken from the money found in your possession, and twenty-four for the lady who accompanied you, and for the young man who has just arrived."

"A young man, did you say? It must be the unhappy Chevalier de Maillettes."

"Tis such he calls himself; but we have no doubt it is only assumed to conceal a name of more importance. There is nothing to prevent your seeing this person; if you wish he shall come to your room."

"I wish it much," replied the Queen; and then added, in a dignified manner, "you may retire, gentlemen."

The moment after De Maillettes entered the room pale and trembling. The Queen received him with a gracious dignity: while he knelt to her, and taking her hand which she held out to him, touched it respectfully with his lips.

"Will your majesty deign to pardon the temerity of my pursuit?" said he, humbly. "My ignorance must be my excuse."

"I pardon you, sir; and see nothing in your conduct but an exalted devotion to our royal person."

"Put it to the proof, madame, and I shall brave the greatest danger to show myself worthy your clemency."

"Well, chevalier, you have not long to wait an opportunity to show your zeal; the town is in an uproar, the people surround the inn: get rid of them, for they worry me with their noise."

The chevalier went out and returned in a quarter of an hour saying—

"Your majesty's orders are obeyed. The crowd is dispersed."

"I shall not forget this service," said the Queen; "and I hope one day

to be able to repay it, and give you a place at my court when I regain my proper rank ; in the meantime I make you my chamberlain ; and now I beg of you to order my supper, for I am—shall I confess it—uncommonly hungry."

"What! at such a moment, and after such cruel emotions! your majesty can feel hungry? What grandeur of soul!!"

"The soul has very little to do in this affair. Order three covers, one for me, one for my faithful Suzanne, and one for yourself. We shall all sup together ; all difference of rank shall be forgotten in our misfortunes. We will not hold to the etiquette of Versailles at the hotel of the *Lion d'Argent*. Above all things take care and let the champagne be well iced."

The repast was delightful—the Queen put her companions at their ease by telling them that she wished to banish all ceremony, and pass the time as pleasantly as possible. Suzanne begged the chevalier to relate his history, which the young man did with much simplicity.

"I belong to this country," said the chevalier, "and was twenty years old last Easter Monday. My father died in the king's service, and my mother intended me for the church ; for I had an elder brother—Achilles—who was destined to maintain the family honours ; unfortunately the poor fellow was rather quarrelsome, and was killed in a duel. I was then taken from my studies, launched into the world, where I quickly forgot all I had learned, and entered eagerly into the folly and dissipation usual with young men. I got into debt and difficulty, was obliged to leave my property and live at Lons-le-Saulnier, of which I was well weary. I had just resolved to go to Paris. When you appeared, then my former projects vanished ; I thought of but one person, of whose rank I was ignorant—I need not add how I followed you on horseback, and became prisoner with yourselves"

The next morning, when the Queen awoke, Suzanne told her that the anteroom was full of visitors who had been there from day-light, and wished to pay their homage.

"Really, Suzanne! but are they of sufficient rank for that?"

"Here is a list of their names."

The names were those of the highest nobility, who courageously came to render homage to persecuted royalty.

The Queen received them with a touching kindness of manner, and reproached them mildly for the imprudent step they had taken. "I thank you," she said, "and feel deeply the generous expression of your loyalty ; but I must insist upon your not exposing yourselves further by remaining with me."

The Queen's remonstrances were useless. Such was the zeal and enthusiasm of those who surrounded her, that they insisted on forming a court in the *Lion d'Argent*, and it was only by choosing four of the number that she could prevail on the rest to leave her.

Those four persons, Suzanne, and the Chevalier De Maillettes formed the society of the Queen, who excited their admiration by her grace, her constant serenity and gaiety, so remarkable under the circumstances in which she was placed.

Meanwhile the mayor and committee of public safety of Jougue sent each day to the national assembly of Jougue a bulletin with a detailed account of the manner in which the prisoner occupied her time.

"To-day," said the bulletin, "the Queen rose at ten o'clock ; at twelve she dined, with a very good appetite, with the persons who composed her suite ; after dinner her majesty wished to be alone ; she paced her chamber in a state of agitation, pronouncing words which we could not catch the exact meaning of. Bourthold, who is a man of information, pronounces them blank verse. At three o'clock the Queen demanded her attendants, and played a game of 'reversis' with the Abbe de Blanz, the president Du Ribois, and Madle. Casterville — ; at five o'clock her majesty stopped playing, and conversed in an under tone with the *roi disant* Chevalier de Maillettes, when the conversation became general, and they talked gaily on frivolous subjects—at eight o'clock the citizen de Moiret read a lecture in a loud voice—at nine o'clock supper was served, which lasted 'till midnight—at twelve the Queen retired to her apartment."

This state of things lasted five days, when the Baron de Moiret, who passed

a portion of his time out of the hotel, took the Queen aside, and said to her, "All is ready for your escape. Our friends have re-united secretly, and a hundred thousand crowns are at my disposal. I have bribed the sentinels, and at midnight a post-chaise will wait for you at the end of the street. My measures are taken, so that we can pass out of the city and across the frontier without danger—to-morrow your majesty can dine at Fribourg."

"No," replied the Queen. "To-morrow I shall set out for Besançon or for Paris; for 'tis to-morrow the reply of the national assembly will arrive, and my fate will then be decided. I have confidence in the result, and I do not wish to fly: it would but serve to expose my friends to new dangers, and you have already done enough for me."

The messenger having arrived from Paris with despatches for the authorities of Jougue, the committee assembled and requested her majesty might be present at the opening of the letter. This letter, addressed to the mayor of Jougue, ran thus:—

"Citizen—We would have you to know that Marie Antoinette of Austria has not quitted Paris; and we would recommend your setting your prisoner at liberty, Mademoiselle Sainval, actress of the Théâtre Français, who is expected at Besançon, where she is to give several representations."

"Mademoiselle Sainval," cried the worthies of Jougue. "So, madame, you have been mystifying us all this time!"

"Gentlemen," replied Mademoiselle Sainval, "I am Queen, Queen of Pont, of Palmyra, of Babylon, of Carthage, of Tyre, and of twenty other kingdoms

of tragedy. Is it my fault if the mayor of Jougue has taken the diadem of Melpomene for the crown of France? You mystified yourselves; nothing could dispel your absurd error, and I submitted. You wished to raise yourself in history, and you have only made yourselves ridiculous; I recommend you to be more circumspect in future, and, with the permission of the national assembly, I will now order post horses, resigning a part which I have played in spite of myself; to-morrow I shall resume my own, only be assured the play-bill of Besançon shall explain the cause of my delay. Good morning, gentlemen."

After having given vent to this lively sally, Mademoiselle Sainval turned towards her courtiers—

"I owe you," said she, "some justification of my conduct in assuming a title which I in vain refused, and by which I hoped to render service to the august person who alone has a right to it. If the Queen were to escape, and pass through here as it is supposed, I think they will be in no hurry to seek, or detain her. Finally, ladies, you have not lowered yourselves by being in my company; though I belong to the theatre, I have noble blood in my veins, my name is Alziari de Roquefort, and my family one of the most influential in the province." Then addressing Monsieur de Maillettes, she added—"As to you, chevalier, this affair may perhaps teach you, not to run foolishly after adventures on the high way; I promised you a place at my court when I regained my throne; I shall keep my word, my court is the *comédie Française*; and when you come to Paris, the best box in it shall be at your service!"

PEEL AND GUIZOT.*

WE remember that when, on a late occasion, we had an opportunity of inspecting Captain Siborne's beautiful model of the battle of Waterloo, after the first emotions had subsided which the aspect of conflicting myriads in deadly strife had suggested, the issue of whose mighty struggle was big with the fate of Europe, the thought occurred to us, how small is, compared with the whole field of review, the space which was occupied by the little figures representing the great leaders of the opposing armies; and how still smaller the little specks containing the thinking principle, by which the mighty masses were set in motion, and all the movements forecast or ordered, which contributed to the issue of that well-fought day. Never before did we feel in so lively a manner the ascendancy of mind over matter, the influence of thought over action, the vast, the unspeakable importance of one vigorous and well-trained intellect in influencing the destiny of his species, and determining the aspect of the world. Had Wellington been but a little less firm, or a little more rash—had his confidence in his own troops been less, or his distrust of his allies greater—had his caution exceeded his valour, or his valour overbalanced his caution—the result might have been as disastrous as it was glorious, and the subjugated nations might again have felt the yoke of the Gallic oppressor, from which he, the deliverer, by a combination of powers, both moral and intellectual, such as rarely falls to the lot of mortal man, had set them free.

Now, what is true of a particular battle, is also, and upon a more extended scale, true of the conduct of governments and empires at large; and we do not believe that history presents a crisis in the affairs of nations, in which two remarkable men were placed in positions of more weighty

and perilous responsibility, and in which their individual minds must exercise a mightier sway over the councils of their respective countries, than those which are at present occupied by the prime ministers of France and England. Upon the course of policy which they pursue, depends mainly the peace of Europe. Upon the measures which they adopt, much of the prosperity and much of the tranquillity of the countries which they govern must be contingent. By the wisdom and discretion of the one, the fevered spirit of a restless population, keenly sensitive of national humiliation, impatient of long-continued repose, and passionately desirous of military glory, can alone be kept within due bounds, or prevented from issuing in a crusade which would again light up the flames of war throughout the whole of Europe. And by the prudence, the financial skill, and the moral determination of the other, can those difficulties be alone overcome, by which, during ten years of Whig misrule, the confusion in our national affairs had been "worse confounded," and which brought to the very verge of ruin an empire upon which the sun never sets, and unsurpassed for its power and opulence amongst the nations of the world. Must it not, therefore, be an interesting inquiry to trace the progress of these extraordinary men, whom it has pleased Divine Providence to call to such lofty stations, and to note the training by which their intellects have been fashioned for the discharge of their arduous duties, together with the absence or the presence of those moral elements which distinguish the mere politician from the statesman, and without which, in the affairs of government, nothing permanently good or great was ever yet accomplished? It is with such a view we have selected the publications, the titles of which

* Sir Robert Peel and his Era: being a Synoptical View of the chief Events and Measures of his Life and Time. London: N. H. Cotes. 1843.

Discours prononcés à la Chambre des Pairs et à la Chambre des Députés, par M. Guizot, Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, sur le Droit de Visite. Paris: De E. Briere.

will be found below, and which will materially assist us in our examination of the characters of Sir Robert Peel and of Guizot, who will, undoubtedly, be regarded by posterity, as in this generation the foremost of "articulately-speaking men;" and to whom, as we trust the event will prove, England and France will be indebted for security and happiness, and the world for tranquillity and improvement.

It has been observed by more than one of our philosophical historians, that there was a remarkable coincidence between the rise of our modern manufacturing system and the exigency in the late war, which required of England so vast an expenditure, both for her own and the continental armies, who must have been paralyzed by any inability or want of promptitude on her part to furnish them with the sinews of war. The German princes could not have been subsidized, and Wellington could not have fought, if Watt and Arkwright had not invented. But these great benefactors of their species were raised up to put into the hands of England a talisman of commercial wealth, at the very crisis of her existence, when it was most required; and when, without it, there was but little hope that the designs of our formidable enemy could have been defeated. The father of the present premier was a product, as it were, of this manufacturing system. He was a devoted admirer and supporter of William Pitt; and when his son exhibited in his boyish days those early prognostics of future senatorial eminence which have since been so abundantly realized, he entertained the confident belief that his fondest anticipations were about to be accomplished, and that his country would yet recognise him as a benefactor, for having given a statesman to the empire.

Wellington had already commenced that career of conquest which ended in the humiliation of France, when the present premier was introduced into parliament. He was elected for the borough of Cashel, which was at that time in the hands of the Pennefather family, and was, we believe, after the approved plan in all such cases, duly disposed of to the highest bidder; the difference between then and now being that whereas, under

the old system, the purchase-money found its way into the pocket of an individual proprietor, under the new act, as things are now-a-days managed, the bribery is distributed with tolerable impartiality throughout the constituency at large, the representative, in either instance, being the representative of his own money; but, as, in the former, he might be supposed to be influenced by the conservative or aristocratical views or opinions of him to whom he owed his seat, so, in the latter, he must respond to democratical predilections. With respect to corruption, the only difference is that that which *was* partial *has become* general—what might have been the exception has become the rule; and with respect to the influences of the change which has taken place upon the working of the government and the institutions of the country, it may be said, in a general way, that all that power which has been taken from the monarchical and aristocratical, has been added to the purely popular department of the constitution. We stop not now to enquire whether this is a good or an evil; but it is very important that it should be held in mind in any endeavour to form a just estimate of the statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel, during by far the more arduous period of his public life, when he was called upon to conduct the affairs of government, under circumstances of unexampled peril, and construct the materials or the machinery which, at former periods, rendered such a task comparatively easy.

His first office was that of under colonial secretary, to which he was appointed by Spencer Percival, one of the most upright prime ministers that England ever saw. In the then aristocratical composition of the House of Commons, his position and his disadvantages are thus described—

"Mr. Peel had some disadvantages to overcome on entering the House of Commons. The clever men already in it occupied public attention, and Canning, with his sparkling rhetoric and graceful manner, made public speaking a high art, while Mr. Peel's speech and appearance indicated rather an elaborate mannerism than original power. Besides he entered the House not as a professional but simply as an educated gentleman, claiming a share in public life."

due to his ability and his position. A lawyer in the House of Commons has his profession to back him, if he have ability to back his profession; and an Eldon, an Erskine, a Brougham, a Lyndhurst, a Sugden, or a Campbell, are ever ready instances to be adduced, amongst a thousand, of the highest honours of the state reached from the lowest ranks of the bar. The House of Lords swarms with successful lawyers, or their descendants; there being dukes, marquises, and earls, with barons in abundance, whose honours are the fruit of legal success. Pitt, with all the *prestige* of his great father's great name, tried the law, before he became a precious prime minister.

"Different is the position of the man who enters the House of Commons simply as an educated gentleman, and demanding a share in public life as due to his abilities. His claims are narrowly scrutinized; his connections are rigidly examined. Burke and Canning are examples of how hard it is for high genius and commanding power to maintain a place in public life without the aid of 'connections'; and though the strength of this aristocratic feeling has considerably abated, it prevails effectively still.

"Of course, there are exceptions to the generality of this, even in earlier times. Mr. Addington, better known as Lord Sidmouth, was the son of a country physician of note: he filled the chair of the House of Commons; and from that situation, as Speaker, he was raised by George the Third to the post of First Lord of the Treasury, on the retirement of Mr. Pitt, in 1801, on account of the king's refusal to concede the Roman Catholic claims. The Addington administration was assailed by sarcasm, especially from Canning, who sneered at 'The Doctor' in poetry and prose. On being driven from office, Mr. Addington was created Viscount Sidmouth; was Home Secretary in the Liverpool administration; and in 1822, on his resignation of that office, was succeeded by Mr. Peel.

"Mr. Peel was the son of a member of parliament who had raised himself from comparative poverty by his own exertions in the path of honourable industry; and the father did not disguise the fond dream of a parent, that the son was destined to glorify the family. From an early period, therefore, the youthful aspirant was eyed askance; contrasted with Canning; and set down as clever mediocrity ("the sublime of mediocrity") which would never rise above the level of official routine. Frederick Robinson, the present Earl of Ripon,

was far more showy in his ability; and it was prognosticated that he would rapidly outstrip Peel. He commenced his public career as Vice-President of the Board of Trade; and, though he fluttered up, until he hovered for a short space as premier, he is now President of the Board of Trade, in an administration of which Sir Robert Peel is the head, if not the master."

The assassination of Mr. Perceval caused a change in the composition although not in the principle of the government. The Earl of Liverpool was placed at the helm of affairs, and Mr. Peel came as chief secretary to Ireland. Here he was distinguished by habits of business, frankness, and affability, which conciliated the respect and the confidence of all the friends of government, that almost, in the same proportion, alienated the regards, or rather confirmed the hostility, of that large and increasing class both of Protestants and Roman Catholics, who became clamorous for the removal of the then existing religious disabilities; a removal which he was understood to deprecate with more than common zeal, but which was represented, with great powers of eloquence and reasoning, by the most eminent public men both in England and Ireland, as not only just and safe in itself, but as indispensable for the security and the well-being of the empire.

For seven years, from 1812 to 1819, Mr. Peel continued to fill this important office, and every day gave evidence of his ability to confront the difficulties of his position by meeting and counteracting the designs of the traitors and agitators by whom the country was disturbed. O'Connell was then at the commencement of a career which undoubtedly did not promise all that it has since performed, and the young chief secretary was thought to have considerably reduced his influence, when, for some personal affront, he summoned him to the field of mortal combat, and the agitator became the agitated, and with great make-retreat valour made it clearly manifest that he "would not come;" not that he declined to meet his challenger, upon the plea that he had a vow in heaven, but by so parading his preparations to obey the summons as to render it impossible that they could be carried into effect; so that while Mr. Peel and his friend

were impatiently awaiting his arrival upon the Continent, he was snugly in the hands of the authorities at home, and compelled to give securities by which a hostile meeting must be prevented. In all this we do not wish to convey either praise to the one, or blame to the other. The courage of the former would have been unquestioned had he not thus chosen to transgress the laws of God, and to countenance by his example the superior reverence which is paid by but too many nominal Christians to the falsely so called laws of honour. But we believe that in no country but Ireland, and only in Ireland as it was then circumstanced, could such an exposure of poltroonery have failed to prove fatal to a demagogue, in whom physical valour at least has always been thought indispensable for conciliating popular favour. Here, however, and in this instance it has proved otherwise. And Mr. O'Connell was found to be so apt a representative of religious and political hate, that his deficiency, or supposed deficiency, of spirit as a man, was no drawback to the estimation with which he was regarded by his followers who were content to take his unsparring malignity, by which England, and her religion, and her institutions, were so scurrilously and so scandalously defamed, with perfect personal safety to the foul offender, as a sufficient equivalent for their confidence and their admiration. The state of parties in Ireland had given rise to a sort of moral bank restriction act in his favour. His *assignats* of calumny passed current, and were only the more largely issued, when it was impossible to bring him to any personal account; and what would, in the case of any other man, have ended in a bankruptcy of character from which he could never have recovered, only in his case augmented the influence by which he has, from that day to the present, lorded it at will over the prostrate millions who acknowledge him as their leader.

In 1819, Mr. Peel was succeeded in Ireland by Mr. Charles Grant, (the present Lord Glenelg,) and then may be said to have commenced the change of policy which led eventually to the measure of twenty-nine. This became more fully developed, when, after the King's visit in 1821, a partial change in the government took place, and Lord

Wellesley came to Ireland as chief governor, while Mr. Saurin was removed from the office of Attorney-General, to make way for Mr. (the present Lord) Plunket, by far the most able of the then advocates of emancipation.

Meanwhile, in the senate, Mr. Peel was occupied in forwarding and bringing to a conclusion, one of the most important measures in which he ever engaged.

In 1797, the drain upon the country for gold was such as to alarm the prime minister, whose mighty continental arrangements at that period made him dependant upon the monied interest, not the least important portion of which consisted of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. For their security, and at their suggestion, a restriction was imposed upon the issue of the precious metals, and their notes became, by force of law, a legal tender for all debts and contracts, for the satisfaction of which, previously, a metallic currency was indispensable. Thus, credit became a substitute for solvency, and during by far the most critical and disastrous period of the war, the English nation may be said to have lived by faith. It was a curious and unexampled state of things, and presents a subject of contemplation to the *political* philosopher truly interesting and extraordinary. In France, the assignat system, to which the bank restriction act has been compared, was simply an expedient for administering a stimulant to an exhausted government, and transferring to one class of men the property which belonged to another, and which was thus made to act as an instrument of the most flagitious spoliation. As far as the mere incorruptibility of paper money is concerned, the bank restriction act was identical with the system which wrought so much wholesale evil; and, had England been pervaded with revolutionary phrenzy, would, doubtless, have been as dangerous to us, as its counterpart proved pernicious to our Gallic neighbours. But herein consisted the difference—England was possessed by a holy horror of all revolutionary change, whilst France was running the mad career of revolution; and, accordingly, the acts which, in the respective countries, based the whole monetary system upon public

credit, while they gave a new impulse to the grasping Jacobinical motives of the one, served to combine and to consolidate in the other that conservative energy by which the baleful propagandism with which we were threatened might be most effectually resisted.

Let those who complain of the bank restriction act, imagine what the consequence would be, of insolvency upon the part of that great national establishment, which was regarded, and justly regarded, as the representative of public credit, not only by the people of England, but by the nations of Europe—and that, during a crisis of unexampled aggression, when we were contending, not so much with the sword as with the purse, against the most formidable enemy we had ever encountered. And if that great calamity was then arrested, have we not reason to rejoice in a temporary departure from sound principle, by which so great a deliverance has been achieved.

But if we have reason to rejoice that credit was then, for a season, made a substitute for substantial wealth, and that the exemption from cash payments was not *insidiously* made the pretext for enlarging the issues of bank paper beyond what the exigencies of the country required, we have no reason whatever to be surprised that that preventive caution should not have continued always, and that over trading upon fictitious capital should have been practised, from which serious national embarrassments must arise.

"Under the Bank Restriction Act new life and activity were given to country banks of issue, who availed themselves of the circumstance that Bank of England notes were 'a legal tender,' and redeemed their paper with paper. Even private individuals issued their 'notes of hand' for sums as low as a few shillings; on the principle, we presume, of the player, who, finding the paper-snow-storm, under which he was to fall exhausted, was failing before the time, called up to his Jupiter, 'If you can't snow white, snow brown!'

"From time to time, however, something seemed to be wrong. It appeared clear on the face of a twenty-shilling note, that its value was twenty shillings; and therefore a note and a shilling were equal to a golden guinea. And yet, occasionally, even a 'light' guinea, one so worn that it was under the legal de-

nomination of twenty-one shillings, would find an eager purchaser at twenty-two shillings. Bank-notes, too, did not seem to be treated with the respect which was due to them; but hardly anybody could tell the reason. So it was, however; and it was also very remarkable, that when guineas became more valuable than bank notes, guineas became scarcer and scarcer. Simple-minded people in the country took alarm; and though they put perfect confidence in an act of parliament, and would have been sorry to have doubted the Bank of England, still they thought that it would not be a bad thing to have a reserve fund of guineas in an old stocking or a secret drawer, to be ready for a time of trouble; and thus the practice of *hoarding* became a common one. The man who contrived to get a guinea for his labour was better paid than the man with a twenty-shilling note and a shilling. Agents went about, offering from twenty-two to twenty-seven shillings for each guinea they could get; even the government, in order to send gold to the Peninsula, had to employ people who violated what was then the law, in gathering their golden stores. Curran, the eloquent and witty Curran, writing a letter from London in 1811, said, "Wellington has been obliged to give up Rodrigo, and retire westward; I suppose, to eat his Christmas pies at his old quarters in Torres Vedras, to which every hundred pounds that is sent him costs only one hundred and forty pounds here." Commerce was deranged; people were discontented; some made large profits, but a great number were literally defrauded by the constant fluctuation between the value of gold, and the value of paper: but how to account for this state of things was the puzzle."

Things were in this state when the bullion committee made its celebrated report, on the 8th of May, 1811. In this report, the sound principle was affirmed, that a gradual return to a metallic currency was indispensable for the maintenance of the public credit, "and that it is expedient to amend the act which suspends the cash payments of the bank, by altering the time till which such suspension shall continue, from six months after the ratification of a definitive treaty of peace, to that of two years from the present time."

Against the reception of this report, so sound in the principle upon which it was founded, the whole strength of government was arrayed, and the Peels, both father and son, were found

n the large majority by which it was rejected. The bank restriction act had been found so *compatible* with national prosperity, that it was conceived by many to be *indispensable* thereto, and no sufficiently large experience had at that time been had to compel the conviction, that a hectic flush of artificial wealth *may* be one of the surest premonitory symptoms of national decay. But although amongst the most strenuous of those by whom Mr. Horner's resolutions were resisted, the mind of Mr. Peel was not obstinately closed against the light which was every day making it more and more clearly manifest, that a return to cash payments was imperiously required. Not so his respected father. He remained wedded to the doctrine, that any departure from the principle of the suspension act, which he regarded as the crowning measure of his idol Mr. Pitt, would be fatal to England's greatness; and we can readily understand the pain with which his distinguished son, whose filial reverence for the good old man was quite unbounded, announced in 1819, the bill by which the resolutions of the report of 1811 were substantially carried into effect, and a gold standard adopted as the regulator of the currency, by which, as far as the legislature could effect such an object, our monetary transactions with the world at large must be put upon a sound basis, and all over trading be prevented.

By this act an immediate stop was put to the rapid depreciation which was taking place in the pre-existing currency. But while a very important benefit was thus secured, the measure was not unattended with inconvenience both to individuals, and to the nation by which much loss and suffering has been produced. The debts, both public and private, which were contracted in a depreciated, must, of necessity, be paid in a standard currency; that is, an additional load of debt has been saddled upon all those whose obligations were contracted during the period when cash payments were suspended. But while this in itself proves the mischief of such suspension, and the fallacy of those who contended that there could be no such thing as an over issue of irresponsible bank paper, it does not appear how such inconvenience could be avoided.

And if those who complained of Mr. Peel's bill had contented themselves with taxing their ingenuity for some plan, by which, compatibly with its provisions, compensating clauses might be introduced which would have the effect of obviating or mitigating the admitted practical injustice which must be the result of its rigid operation, they would have entitled themselves, as good patriots, to the thanks of the community, even although their benevolent efforts might be unattended with any advantage. For our parts, we see not how such a happy adjustment could have been brought about; and, until we do, we must forbear to visit with any heavy blame the statesman by whom it appears to have been neglected. In all great measures, general considerations of public policy must be paramount above all those of private convenience. When a great artery is to be taken up, the process must necessarily involve the lesion and obstruction of the lesser vessels with which it is connected. It would, no doubt, be so much the better if this partial injury could be avoided; and he will always be reputed the most skilful operator by whom the least amount of suffering is produced. But to make such suffering an objection to an operation indispensable for the preservation of life, would much more resemble a weakness amounting to insanity, than a benevolence founded upon reason. Nor are we sure that the feeling which prompted much of the hostility which Mr. Peel was doomed to encounter in his strenuous efforts to rectify the currency, is one which can ever be safely trusted with the conduct of difficult and critical affairs. By far the most dangerous coachman with whom it was ever our misfortune to travel was one who was perpetually anxious lest he should drive over the cocks and hens.

Of all the opponents of Mr. Peel upon the currency question, the late William Cobbett was the most envenomed and persevering. In 1833, when the reform bill gave him a seat in the House of Commons, one of his first efforts was to induce that assembly to address the crown to have Sir Robert, as the author of the cash payment act, dismissed from the privy council. But his malice only recoiled upon himself. The following passage

from Sir Robert's reply found an echo not only in the House, but throughout the country, and is one of his happiest efforts of senatorial recrimination:—

"God forbid that the honourable member's speculations on the subject of 'public confusion' should be realized! He laboured under no apprehension that they would. He felt confident, whatever might be the political differences that divided public men, that all who were interested in the upholding of law and property would unite in their defence and put down such attempts. Not only would it be the greatest calamity, but a calamity embittered by the greatest disgrace, to live under such an ignoble tyranny as this:

* Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea;
Come rather pestilence and reap us down;
Come God's sword rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane.
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We grieved, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before."

But blush indeed we shall, if we submit to this base and vulgar domination; and I, for one, when I read these comments of the honourable member, and consider his present motion, that I have been selected as an object of attack for the purpose of discouraging resistance to the insidious efforts which the honourable gentleman is daily making to weaken the foundations of property, and the authority of the law, I will at least preserve myself from the reproach of having furthered the object he has in view by any symptom of intimidation or submission."

But there was another subject upon which the present premier was about to abandon his professed opinions, and in so doing to give a shock to the moral feeling of the people of England, such as we do not know whether at any previous or subsequent period it sustained. We allude, our readers will anticipate, to the then *vezata questio* of "Catholic Emancipation."

Sir Robert observed the growing majorities by which that question had been virtually carried by the House of Commons, and as a practical statesman he did not feel that it could any longer be wisely resisted. We do not at present enter upon any consideration of the soundness or the unsoundness of this conclusion. We will not, indeed, disguise, that then and now

our view of the matter both was and is very different. But we do not feel the slightest hesitation in affirming, that the conviction under which Sir Robert Peel acted, when he cast party, friends, connections to the winds, and aided in carrying a measure which he had so long opposed, was that of an honest man.

The consequences were tremendous. Roman Catholics, in large numbers, found their way into parliament, and straightway, in defiance of all their professions and declarations, made an attack upon the church. The Conservative party, having lost the confidence of their most strenuous adherents, were driven from office. The reform ministry succeeded to power, and their accession was immediately followed by what has been denominated a bloodless revolution. England was agitated to her centre; all her institutions were shaken; a new order of things arose; anarchy was, for a season, the order of the day; the populace were let loose against the people. In this dire convulsion, great was the apprehension of many wise and moderate men that the days of our prosperity as an empire mere numbered, and that vain would be any efforts which could now be made to retrace our steps, and attain a position of security, upon the revolutionary precipice down which we had been plunged. This feeling, we believe, kept some of our ablest men from again seeking or accepting admission into parliament; but not so Sir Robert Peel. He did not, in this darkest hour of her history as a nation, forget what he owed to his country. He saw clearly, that a state of fevered excitement was uncongenial to the minds of the people of England, and must, sooner or later, burn itself out. He knew that the great experiment which was made must end in falsifying the predictions of its projectors. He was satisfied, therefore, to abide his time; to watch the progress of events; to evince on every occasion an honest desire to accept the new order of things as a final settlement which should not now be disturbed; and to take advantage of the rapid secessions from the revolutionary faction which were sure to take place, for the purpose of augmenting the numbers of whom he was acknowledged as the head, and who have gradually increased under his able

management, until they have become the great Conservative party at present predominant in the empire.

It was, we believe, mainly by a reliance on the good sense of the nation that Sir Robert Peel was influenced in the course which he has pursued. We know not whether, or how far, he looked to the religious feeling of his countrymen, as furnishing any ground of hope, that by its means impending calamities would be arrested. And yet, our conviction is very strong, that without this last resource, the condition of the empire would have been hopeless. There is no doubt whatever that Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham were not singular in the opinion which they had begun to form, that the tide of revolution was setting in, and that they must part company from those with whom they had so long co-operated, and who would make no vigorous stand against it. But it is no less certain that similar feelings had begun to prevail amongst the people at large, and that the action and influence of the Established Church was mainly instrumental in bringing men to, and keeping them in, their right minds. Had not this been so, vain would be the efforts of the most enlightened and honest mind to achieve the public safety, by rescuing the vessel of state from the hands of the profligate desperadoes by whom it was held, and who, rather than part with the prize, were prepared to drive it upon rocks and quicksands, where it must be wrecked and lost for ever. We say, circumstances have not yet sufficiently developed Sir Robert Peel's policy to teach us whether, or how far, he relied upon the last resource; but no doubt remains upon our minds, that without it all others would have been unavailing—that without a cautious reference to it, all his present measures must be hollow and unsound, and that by strengthening and extending the religious institutions of England, and that without any latitudinarian deference to the malignant prejudices of dissent, can he alone hope to accomplish that political salvation of his country which he has been permitted to commence, and which never can be safely severed, in the mind of British statesman, from her moral and religious improvement.

There is no doubt whatever that he might, had he chosen to do so, have precipitated the fall of the Melbourne administration. The nation had become impatient of their continuance in office long before they themselves were content to relinquish their convulsive grasp of power. The bed-chamber conspiracy had settled their claims to public consideration in the minds of all honourable and reasonable men; and the dissolution, on the eve of that retirement, and after a vote of want of confidence had sealed their doom, was such an outrageous violation of constitutional precedent, and such a wicked and desperate attempt to embroil an empire in confusion for their own advantage; it was such a plain proclamation of the satanic resolve, that it would be "better to reign in hell than live in heaven," that there were few men of any class out of the circle who hoped to profit by their continuance in office, who did not regard them as culprits of the first magnitude, against whom the strongest measures should be taken, when an opportunity was afforded, of calling them to an account for their misdeeds. Most undoubtedly the public feeling would have gone along with Sir Robert Peel, had he proposed, at the opening of parliament, some strong resolution condemnatory of a proceeding so unprincipled and reckless. But the right honourable baronet was satisfied with feeling practically that he was their master, and deemed it the more prudent policy to suffer them to fall to pieces of themselves. Indeed, perhaps, it may be wisest, in all such cases, to leave the punishment of such delinquents to the future historian.

At length the finale came, and the tottering ministry fell to the ground without bringing an empire along with them; they left office, however, not without the malignant hope that the difficulties of the new premier would be such that he would not be able to continue long at the head of an administration.

And truly, they were such as must have daunted or baffled almost any other minister than he, who would seem to have been providentially raised up to meet this most alarming crisis. What did Sir Robert Peel find upon his entrance into office? He found an empty exchequer, a nation bur-

dened with an overwhelming debt, an expenditure which had for years been enormously overrunning the revenue, and this under circumstances which required a still larger outlay of the public money to meet the expenses of the military operations in Afghanistan, and in China! What was to be done? All ordinary sources of taxation had been exhausted! We say, advisedly, that not only did the ejected from office look upon the difficulties of their successors with delight, but many of their fastest friends had begun to contemplate with dismay the embarrassments with which they were beset, and to feel that we were involved in perils from which there could be no extrication.

Nor could the premier himself have been insensible to the magnitude of the task which had been imposed upon him. The evils by which the country was menaced were truly formidable; but for all of them he was persuaded a remedy was to be found, only such a remedy however as a man of consummate prudence, extensive knowledge, large experience in political affairs, untiring application, ready eloquence, exhaustless patience, could discover and apply, when circumstances had thoroughly opened the minds of the nation to the perils of our position, and made it manifest to every man, who was able or willing to form an honest judgment, that no further hope for us, as an empire, remained, if the last chance of deliverance was rejected.

Sir Robert Peel clearly saw that the boldest and most decisive measures were required. He saw that it would no longer do to govern by party, and if he did not stand *above* party, he could accomplish nothing for the salvation of his country. He, therefore, did not hesitate one moment to trench upon the almost prescriptive privileges of the landed interest, by remodelling the corn laws. His revision of the tariff was one of the most extended and best considered efforts ever made to reduce the necessities of life to the people at large; and his adoption of the income tax to cover the deficiencies in the revenue—both those which he found upon his entrance into office, and those that must be caused by the measures of relief which he proposed—was at once a

magnanimous appeal to the patriotism of the nation, and a clear manifestation of his own conviction of the appalling condition to which we were reduced, when his only hope of accomplishing the redemption of his country was founded upon a measure which must compromise the prosperity, if it did not endanger the existence of his administration.

But, we say it proudly, this wise and magnanimous policy was just as magnanimously responded to by the nation at large. All the efforts of his adversaries were insufficient to cause any extensive manifestation of popular feeling against the imposition of a war tax in time of peace; and after a parliamentary session of unexampled labour, during which he was repeatedly called upon, both by his friends and his enemies, to exhibit every one of the faculties with which he is endowed—his tact, his skill, his firmness, his forbearance, his various knowledge, his powerful eloquence, an assiduity, which extended to all the details of measures, the most various, the most complicated, and the most minute, and a grasp of mind which contemplated results, the most general, the most permanent, and the most important, Sir Robert Peel is now enabled to look upon some of the fruits of his policy, and may be permitted to feel a high gratification in having had the wisdom to conceive, and the fortitude to carry into effect, a system both of internal and external administration, by which England has been rescued from the jaws of ruin, and may still become, instead of the laughing-stock, the envy and the admiration of the world.

Cotemporaneously with Sir Robert in England, has Guizot been called to the head of administration in France. In both countries, and about the same time, a Conservative influence was raised to the ascendant. It is a matter of fact that the revolution which expelled Charles the Tenth from the French throne, was the precursor of the reform mania which almost wrecked the monarchy of England. So great a convulsion could not have taken place in a country so near to us without producing a mighty effect upon our own. And the discontented Tories who sought to revenge the passing of the emancipation

act by turning Sir Robert Peel out of office, saw the constitution taken to pieces, and lying in disjointed fragments before and around them, before their insane hostility to an individual yielded to their fears, and they felt the necessity of an united effort for our common safety. In France no such salutary feeling prevailed, nor did there exist a party worthy of the name by whom the impulse which had been given to the revolutionary spirit could be resisted. *There was, however, ONE MAN who was instead of such a party.* Louis Philippe, the king of the French, has indeed proved himself a sovereign worthy of the name, by tempering and managing the unruly elements with which he has had to deal, so that they balanced or counteracted each other, until those who contemplated his advance to the regal dignity as a mere stage in the progress of democratic change were compelled to admit a sovereign will by which they were themselves coerced, and to yield to the combinations of a sagacious policy, by which their violence was counteracted, and their stratagems defeated.

All this was the more difficult while England was in the hands of the Whig-radical administration. Violent councils in the one country furnished a sort of *point d'appui* to violent councils in the other. Those who were for dismantling the church and pulling down the monarchy in England must needs be regarded with great complacency by "the friends of liberty" in France; and nothing but the personal character of the French king, and that rare and most peculiar combination of powers which he possesses, and which constitutes him the Ulysses amongst the sovereigns of Europe, could have interposed any effectual obstacle to the violence of the faction by whom he was assailed; and whose frantic folly would have driven any other man from the throne, while he involved his country in hostilities with all the surrounding nations.

We have neither space nor time to pursue in detail the conspiracies, the *émeutes*, all the various changes of administration which have marked the history of France during the last twelve years; a country in which it may be truly said, that nothing has remained unchanged but the king. He

has, in his own person, sustained the edifice of sovereignty, the single bulwark of social order. Faction after faction has been baffled, minister after minister has been out-manœuvred and displaced, until he has at length found an associate in the cares of government, in the person of Guizot, whose principles are a pledge to France for the security of property acquired during and since the revolution; and to Europe of those moderate councils which are the best guarantee of peace, while his genius and character are such as to commend him to the admiration and the confidence of that lettered class, whose influence has been, of late years, so powerfully felt in the affairs of nations.

In comparing, therefore, the prime minister of England with the prime minister of France, we must consider that Sir Robert Peel stands alone. He came to the support of the monarchy in the hour of greatest peril; and we owe our deliverance, under Providence, to the exercise of his great powers, in relieving our financial difficulties, and enlarging and developing the natural resources, under circumstances which almost forbid the hope that the one could be obviated, or the other improved; and this, with no assistance beyond a passive countenance from the sovereign, and with much of opposition, and notwithstanding much of alarm on the part of by far the most valuable portion of his supporters. In the case of Guizot, he has been, in the strictest sense of the word, the minister of the king. Whatever he has done, he has done as the representative of Louis Philippe. The mind of that extraordinary man has shaped his policy and been embodied in his measures. Without him, in the political tornadoes which have agitated his country, he would be as a reed shaken by the wind. It is undoubtedly true that ten years of Whig misrule have taught the British people what they have to expect if a profligate camarilla, such as that from which we have been delivered, should again obtain possession of power; and this connection does silence the misgivings of many ardent Conservatives by whom the measures of the premier would otherwise be opposed. The same effect has, in a degree, been produced in France by

the convulsive struggles through which that country has passed, and the sovereign of the barricades already begins to feel the rapid subsidence of the troubled waters. But not the less does it require the head serene above the storms, by which the unruly elements may be quelled; and we can imagine scarcely any event more portentous of general calamity than his sudden removal. Under such a man a minister such as Guizot is an inestimable benefit, not only to France but to the world. He resembles the lesser Ajax under the shield of his Telamonian brother, who enacted the "warrior passing well" as long as he was thus protected. But the shelter of the "*clypei septemplicis orbem*" was indispensable to give him either the position or the security by which he would be rendered useful. This position and this security the prime minister of England is indebted for, not to his sovereign or to his party, but to circumstances and to himself; circumstances which left the country without any resources but in his abilities, and in his vastness of knowledge, combined with a practical acquaintance with public affairs, together with a temper, a tact, a moderation and a firmness which have operated almost with the power of magic in re-assuring the confidence, and retrieving the condition of an apparently exhausted empire. England was lying like a dismantled trunk upon the waters when he assumed the helm of affairs. She is now with masts erect and spreading sails, floating in grandeur over the briny deep, and ready to catch the first favouring breeze by which she may make it manifest to the nations of the world that she has lost nothing of the vigour or the enterprise by which she was characterized, while she was regarded as the envy and admiration of the world.

Only let Sir Robert Peel bestow upon the moral condition of England the same enlarged consideration, which he has given to her social wants and her commercial interests, and no minister since the foundation of the monarchy will equal him in the benefits which he may confer upon his country. But this is a part of our subject which we touch upon with pain. Enough, indeed, has not transpired to give us

any certain grounds for apprehending such a departure from principles, as should shake our confidence in the general soundness of the views of the premier respecting the religious wants of the empire, and the best mode in which they may be provided for. But we grieve to perceive a leaning, as far, at least, as this country is concerned, to Whig-Radical projects and councils, which cannot be too strongly condemned. Let him be assured that no political object will be gained by making himself the mere mouth-piece of Anthony Blake, in proclaiming himself the adherent of a system of national education, which can never answer any other purpose than that for which it was destined—namely, the exaltation of popery, and the abasement of the Established Church in Ireland.

We could, if we pleased, or rather, if we deemed it at present expedient, turn every one of the positions which the premier assumed in his late advocacy of the national scheme; but we forbear. We could not do so without damaging him as a minister, and at present we feel that to do so would be injurious. He must be at the head of any Conservative ministry that could be formed, and any ministry of a different character might prove our ruin. Let this truth be firmly fixed in the minds of those who would be touchy and restive with the premier. We recommend it to the special consideration of the Irish members, who are bent upon forming what they call a party for Ireland. At present the Conservative members are in a minority for Ireland. Without the Whig-Radicals they must appear to a minister comparatively of but little moment. With them, they must lose their name and character for consistency, and do little damage to any one but themselves. We see no good in those petty and waspish displays of an impotent and irritated hostility by which Irish Conservatives have recently sought to distinguish themselves in the debate upon the education grant, in the House of Commons, and which have had no other effect than that of exhibiting them as impracticable bigots, who continued dark in the midst of surrounding illumination. Let them betake themselves to courses by which sound convictions may be

impressed upon the public mind. Let them multiply the means by which the machinery and the influences of the Established Church may be brought to bear upon the constituencies of the empire. Let the true character of the system which they advocate be thus fully and fairly shown, and a growing opinion in its favour must be the result, which would speedily increase the number of its advocates in parliament, and to which the minister himself could not be insensible, no matter what might be his predilections.

If, as we believe, the national system be, in many places, but the convenient cover for so many ribbon lodges, and if, no matter what the professed course of education in these schools, the pupils are trained in the principles of masters who are possessed by an unconquerable antipathy to the British name, these are evils which must, sooner or later, be felt to be such; and whenever the conviction becomes general that they are thus perverted, the remedy will be at hand. Let, therefore, the advocates of a better system address themselves to the exposure of such iniquities wherever they may be found; and we promise them that such exertions will tend more to the accomplishment of the object which they have at heart, than any other course which they could pursue. Meanwhile, we take the liberty to tell the premier, whose great abilities, and great services, we have not been slow to acknowledge, that it is our deep conviction that the power, by whom he has been raised up to meet this critical emergency of his country, will not suffer him to proceed in courses, by which the moral well-being of this great empire would be so injuriously affected, as it must be, if the countenance of government should continue to be given to the principle of this pernicious education scheme. We tell him, if Ireland is to be separated from the rest of the empire, upon such a subject, *the union is already repealed*. That great measure guaranteed the identity of the Church Establishment in Great Britain and Ireland; and if a course be taken, in respect of the latter, which marks its separation in the mind of the minister, it will not be long before it is followed by

courses which will lead to its separation on the part of the people.

Contrasted with the policy pursued towards Ireland, and the colonial establishments of the British empire, we cannot regard without admiration the following observations of the prime minister of France. He is defending his government from the charge of neglecting the religious interests of French subjects in Syria :—

“ Je passe à la Syrie, encore un des théâtres de nos grandes querelles de ces dernières années. Quand le cabinet est arrivé aux affaires, la situation de la France en Syrie était, j'en conviens, affaiblie. La préférence qui avait été donnée aux intérêts du pacha d'Egypte, aux dépens des populations chrétiennes de la Syrie, soulevées ou disposées à se soulever contre lui, cette préférence avait notablement compromis l'influence et le nom de la France; nous nous sommes appliqués à relever ce nom, à ressaisir cette influence; nous nous y sommes appliqués par les moyens de détail comme par la politique générale, par les services rendus tous les jours aux populations comme par l'influence indirecte exercée à leur profit. Nous y avons réussi. Que l'honorable M. de Brézé me permette de lui donner encore quelques détails et de lui apprendre des faits qu'il ignore.

“ Non-seulement la France a repris en Syrie les habitudes de protection constante et secourable qu'elle avait depuis des siècles; non-seulement elle les a reprises à tous les égards et sur tous les points, elle les a étendues. Tous les établissemens religieux de la Syrie ont reçu de nouveaux secours. Dans le seul collège où les enfans des chrétiens de Syrie viennent se faire élever, à Antourah, des bourses ont été fondées par le Gouvernement du Roi. A Jérusalem, un consulat a été établi.

“ Des craintes avaient été manifestées sur l'apparition d'un évêque anglican à Jérusalem; j'ai voulu savoir ce que ces craintes avaient de fondé; j'ai recherché l'opinion des évêques catholiques, des chefs des chrétiens de Syrie et d'Orient; ils ont répondu que cet établissement ne leur inspirait aucune alarme, que tout ce qu'ils avaient à demander à la Porte, c'était la liberté de conscience; qu'ils la demandaient pour les protestans comme pour les catholiques; que la présence d'un évêque protestant à Jérusalem, bien loin de les alarmer, serait peut-être un lien qui rapprocherait les catholiques, qui les rapprocherait entre eux et autour de la France.”

Now, in France there has been a

formal separation between church and state. There is in that country, properly speaking, no established church; and yet a minister of state deems it an imperative duty to make extraordinary exertions for the purpose of securing the moral and religious interests of French subjects, in a country which does not acknowledge French rule. Have we been similarly careful for the moral well-being of British subjects, in these extensive territories which have passed under the dominion of the British empire.

In the following we have an apt exposition of what may be called the moral destiny of Guizot, which was, and is, to assist in reducing France from its meteoric state to the condition of a fixed star, for which a place has been found in the commonwealth of nations.

"D'ailleurs, Messieurs, on oublie, on méconnaît, les conditions aux quelles, l'influence, la dignité, la grandeur s'acquiescent aujourd'hui pour les Etats. On se laisse diriger par des habitudes, des maximes aujourd'hui hors de saison. La France a vécu longtemps en Europe à l'état de météore, de météore enflammé, cherchant sa place dans le système général des Etats Européens. Je le comprends, c'était naturel, elle y était obligée. La France avait à faire triompher un état social nouveau, un état politique nouveau; elle ne trouvait pas de place faite; il fallait bien qu'elle se la fit. On la lui contestait souvent avec injustice et inhabileté. Elle a faite sa place, elle a conquis son ordre social, son ordre politique. L'Europe les a acceptés l'un et l'autre."

In this great and good work, it cannot be denied that the French statesman is powerfully aided by the fact, that the British government is now in Conservative hands, and that Sir Robert Peel's cordial good wishes are with him in the arduous and delicate duties which he has to perform, and in which so many perplexing interests are to be reconciled. Guizot must endeavour to satisfy the few, while he does not offend the million. He must endeavour to conciliate the princes of Europe, while yet he takes especial care not to offend the prejudices of the French people. There is a fierce anti-Anglican spirit which he must either curb or divert; but he must do so in such a way as not to

expose his government to shocks by which it might be subverted. Above all things, we would counsel him, (if, indeed, our poor words might reach his ears,) to be especially careful of the life of the great man by whom alone he can be sustained in power. Without Louis Philippe, France would be, this moment, pursuing a course which must end either in her dismemberment or the subjugation of Europe. That he lives, after the frequent and desperate attacks which have been made upon him, is one of those marvels which lead almost irresistibly to the conclusion of a specially superintending Providence. Already even the Atheism of France has been startled by the conviction that he "bears a charmed life." But no such idea should, for a moment, lull the minister into a forgetfulness of the dangers to which he is exposed, or his own responsibility for his preservation. Without doubt, the taking off of Louis Philippe would precede, by but a very little time, the fall of the minister, whose noble efforts for the establishment of a wise and a righteous policy, by which the interests and the glory of France might be reconciled with the maintenance of peaceful relations with the rest of Europe, must, in such an event, give place to the desperate propagandism which would lead to universal war. Let the following passages from the speech of this eminent man, spoken on the 23rd of January, 1843, be attentively perused, and then let the reader say whether, in the present position of affairs, we over-estimate, either his personal ability or his political importance.

"Lord Aberdeen m'a fait prier hier soir de passer au Foreign Office, et, dans un assez long entretien, il m'a fait connaître les résolutions prises par le cabinet, relativement aux réserves et modifications que je lui avais annoncées au traité du 20 Décembre.

"Après avoir protesté que le conseil était unanime dans son désir de n'apporter aucun obstacle à la marche du Gouvernement du Roi, qu'il mettait au contraire un fort grand prix à la faciliter par tous les moyens en son pouvoir, Lord Aberdeen a ajouté qu'il avait été malheureusement jugé impossible d'entrer dans le système proposé par nous, moins encore à cause de la valeur de nos réserves, qui cependant sont de nature à résoudre des difficultés

considérables, que parce que l'esprit de ces réserves a été expliqué par l'expression de la plus injuste méfiance ; aucun ministre anglais ne peut accepter devant le parlement et devant son pays des propositions faites sous de tels auspices.

“ On répondra peut-être par l'argument que je rappelais tout à l'heure ; on dira que j'essaie de suggérer à l'Angleterre ses réponses, que j'essaie de faire agir sur mon pays le ressort de la peur. Je repousse de nouveau avec indignation cette odieuse accusation. Ce que je désire, c'est que la Chambre, que mon pays sachent bien la vérité ; je désire qu'ils sachent bien quelles difficultés peuvent être suscitées et devenir insolubles, c'est mon premier devoir de les en avertir.

“ Pour nous, Messieurs, nous n'avons entamé, quant à la révocation des traités de 1831 et 1833, aucune négociation. Nous ne pensons pas qu'il soit sage, opportun, d'en entamer aucune à présent. Nous ne le pensons pas, parce que nous croyons qu'elle ne réussirait pas, parce que nous croyons qu'elle aboutirait à une faiblesse ou à une folie. (Mouvement.)

“ Pour mon compte, je ne me prêterai ni à l'une ni à l'autre. Il m'est arrivé dans une occasion analogue, bien que sur un sujet fort différent, de dire à lord Palmerston : ‘ Milord, vous sacrifiez la grande politique à la petite ; les bons rapports avec la France valent mieux que la Syrie. ’ Ce que je disais alors à lord Palmerston, je le dirai aujourd'hui à mon pays : Ne sacrifions pas la grande politique à la petite ; les bons rapports avec la Grande-Bretagne valent mieux, politiquement et moralement, que la modification des traités sur le droit de visite.”

The following is from his address in the Chamber of Deputies, in which the vast importance of a conservative government in England, in producing a happy re-adjustment of our relations with France, is put beyond all doubt, by the language of the minister, who hesitates not to declare that he was and is prepared to receive from them propositions, which, from their predecessors, were sternly rejected.

“ Certainement, si j'avais cru que ma propre considération, que l'intérêt du pays eussent le moindre tort à souffrir de ma persistance au pouvoir, pour refuser la ratification du traité de 1841, j'en serais sorti à l'instant. J'estime le pouvoir quand j'y puis honorer mon nom et servir mon pays. (Très-bien ! très-bien !) Hors de ces deux conditions, tenir au pouvoir est une bassesse. Ceux

qui me connaissent savent bien que je n'en ai pas le goût, et quant à ceux qui ne me connaissent pas, je n'ai pas la prétention de le leur persuader. (Très-bien ! très-bien !)

“ Oui, Messieurs, j'ai conseillé à la Couronne la conclusion du traité du 20 Décembre, 1841, et je lui ai conseillé le refus de la ratification ; voici pourquoi,

“ Avant que la Chambre et le public en fussent si vivement émus, j'avais senti, non pas au degré où cela est arrivé, mais enfin j'avais pressenti l'effet du traité du 15 Juillet 1840, sur les esprits. J'ai refusé au ministre qui avait préparé et signé le traité du 15 Juillet 1840 de signer avec lui le traité de 1841 pour la répression de la traite. Ce traité, proposé par d'autres que par moi, et tout près de sa conclusion, j'en ai refusé à lord Palmerston la signature. Je trouvais que cela ne convenait pas à la dignité du pays ni à la mienne. Lord Palmerston est tombé ; un autre cabinet est arrivé aux affaires. La situation anormale, violente, qui avait été faite en Europe à la France a cessé. Le nouveau cabinet anglais a proposé au Gouvernement du Roi de signer les deux traités qu'il trouvait préparés, le traité sur la répression de la traite, et un traité de commerce préparé aussi avec la Grande-Bretagne. J'ai ajourné la signature du traité de commerce ; j'ai répondu qu'il y avait là des questions graves, difficiles, qui ne me paraissaient pas résolues pour moi-même, que je ne pouvais conclure. Quant à l'autre traité, je l'avais trouvé, je le répète, tout préparé et prêt à être conclu ; j'ai cru qu'il importait de faire envers un cabinet nouveau, qui tenait un très-bon langage et faisait acte de bon vouloir envers la France, j'ai cru, dis-je, qu'il importait de faire aussi acte de bon vouloir envers lui.

“ Je tenais beaucoup, et c'était une des causes pour lesquelles le cabinet dont j'ai l'honneur de faire partie s'était formé je tenais beaucoup à rétablir les bons rapports, la bonne intelligence de la France avec l'Angleterre. C'est dans ce dessein, c'est sur la demande formelle du nouveau cabinet, c'est après le refus adressé au cabinet précédent que j'ai conclu le traité du 20 Décembre 1842.

“ Il est de mon devoir de rendre ici au cabinet qui gouverne aujourd'hui l'Angleterre une complète justice ; il a apporté dans ces négociations un sentiment de modération, de bon vouloir, d'équité, qui les a beaucoup facilitées.”

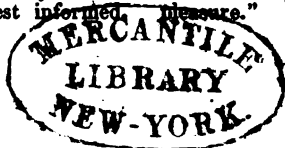
Are our readers now prepared to admit that, upon the continuance of this great man in power, depends much that concerns humanity and civiliza-

tion—much which is calculated to avert the horrors of war, and contribute to the harmony of the world? This can scarcely be denied; and as little can it be doubted that the existence of Sir Robert Peel's ministry is indispensable for the production of those happy results, and that his own personal safety ought to be an object of especial care to those who regard him as placed by Providence in the lofty position in which he at present stands. We believe him to be a man, whose personal courage is as great as his political ability is undoubted; and that he regards with perfect scorn the attempts or the machinations of incendiaries or fanatics which may be directed against his life. But we cannot shut our eyes to the increase of danger to which he is exposed, from the late judicial decision, which may be said to have invested the most indefinite of all mental conditions with the privilege of taking away life with impunity. The monomaniac, it seems, cannot be reputed as a murderer; and perfect sanity, upon every subject but one, may be established to the conviction of a jury, while yet, a doubt upon that one will be deemed sufficient for sparing the life of the offender. Such is the declared law. Such is the law as it was acted upon in the case of the late Mr. Drummond. For its complete consistency, it is only necessary that the onus should be thrown upon the parties prosecuting, of proving that every murderer is *not* mad; as, in every case of murder, the presumption is infinitely reasonable of some species of monomania on the part of the perpetrator, which would be held to excuse the deed; for it might be plausibly argued that he must have been mad not to get a monomaniac to perpetrate it, or get up a plea of monomania to excuse it, when he could do so with so much ease.

In proportion, therefore, as encouragement has been given by this late decision, to attacks upon the life of Sir Robert Peel, should be the vigilance of the authorities, to protect him against them. How this may best be done, they must be best informed.

All we would say is, that it is most important it should be known that some such vigilance is used for his preservation. In the memoirs recently published of Gisquet, the distinguished superintendent of the French police, during the most troublesome period of the present reign, and by whom most of the conspiracies, both of the Carlists and the republicans, were detected and defeated, it is distinctly set forth that much of the personal safety of this active officer was owing to the persuasion that prevailed, that he never appeared in public without being adequately protected; and that the only thing which his enemies could calculate upon with perfect certainty in any attempt upon his life was, that they themselves would be sacrificed if they made it. Most gladly would we have the persuasion propagated, that Sir Robert Peel never appeared in public without being surrounded by a body guard, of whose presence even he himself might be unconscious, while yet its known exertions might operate with a salutary alarm upon the profligate incendiaries, whether of chartism, or the anti-corn-law league, or any other denomination of public disturbers who deem his existence a stumbling-block to the accomplishment of their designs, and who would regard, with a fiendish joy, his removal, by any means, from the world.

But our trust is in an overruling Providence. We cannot contemplate the progress of events without feeling impressed upon us the persuasion that they have been hitherto graciously ordered. May our statesmen feel their salutary truths as they ought. May their measures be shaped with a view to an accordance with those high designs for the accomplishment of which England has been raised up to the grand position which she at present maintains amongst the nations of the world. If this be so the divine blessing will descend upon them; if it be not so the loss and the crime will be their own. The designs of God will not miscarry, but others will be raised up who will "do all his measure."



A DIVINE COMEDY,
ENTITLED
THE LEVEE OF LOVE:

BEING
A HYDROPATHIC SOMNAMBULATION
HUMBLY DEDICATED TO

“ One of the greatest benefactors of Mankind, and most astounding geniuses
of this or any other age, that ‘retiring and modest man,’ ”*

Herr Vincenz Priessnitz,

OF GRAFFENBERG, IN SILESIA.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

“ *l'non so ben ridir com io v'entral*
“ *l'ant 'era pien di sonno lu su quel punto*
“ *Che la verace via abbandonai.*”

La Divina Commedia di Dante.

PROLEGOMENON.

J. F. Slingsbeus Lectori Credulo S.

HAVING been for some time afflicted with a touch of liver complaint, and a slight tremor of the hand, acquired heaven knows how, I was moved by the fame of that mighty male “WATER WITCH” Priessnitz, and his marvellous “cold water cures,” to attempt the treatment of my own disease by the application of similar remedies. The issue of my experiments I shall anon relate, but I am bound first to state, that though the results were not altogether such as are most *veritably* related as attending the great hydropathist’s practice, still were they so wonderful as to lead me to the belief that the failure was entirely owing to my own ignorance (for, as Mr. Claridge judiciously observes, no cure can be effected “without the assistance of some one who understands M. Priessnitz’s mode of treatment,”) and also to the firm conviction that this universal panacea is based on great and everlasting principles, and that it will yet swallow up, and, as I may say, *drown* all other remedies, pharmaceutical and chirurgical, so that from the restoring the suspended animation of a stranded *pinkeen*, up to the extinguishing the flames of the Royal Exchange, “WATER, COLD WATER, AND NOTHING BUT WATER,” shall thenceforward be administered. But to proceed—my first essay in the new treatment *came off* on the eve of the new year, a short way out of town, and in the presence of many good friends, most faith-worthy and estimable gentlemen; and I do declare that the sensations I then experienced were of so pleasurable and exciting a character, that I shall ever look on that evening as one of the happiest of my life. Emboldened thereby, I made my next attempt a few nights after, when I put the whole artillery of the water-war in requisition, and battered away at my liver with ‘*sitz bath*,’ ‘*foot bath*,’ *wet blankets and bandages*, &c., &c. all the time drinking *cold water* ‘*bountifully*,’ as Mr. Claridge phrases it, besides gargling with it, and sniffing it up in the nose. The consequence was, that after I had drunk half a dozen quarts or so of cold water, I gradually passed into a state of mental hallucination or somnambulism, wherein I experienced a sensation of great buoyancy or levity, and beheld phantasmagoria of so novel a sort, that on my transition to my lucid or natural state next morning, I was induced, like Coleridge in respect to his “Christabel,” to commit the whole to paper, and I now offer it to the consideration of all persons who are curious in psychological, pathological, and physiological phenomena.

* Apud Claridgeum in laudem Priessnitzii.

TIME—Midnight and Midwinter—Slingsby in his cubiculum, wrapt up in wet blankets and sitting in a sitz bath—A huge water-vase and drinking glass beside him—He drinketh "bountifully" of the aqueous element, and after the twelfth tumbler soliloquisseth as follows—

Hail to thee, primal Nectar! Earth's pure blood,
 Drawn from her healthy veins, limpid and fresh:
 Bev'rage of our first parents and their sons,
 Who told their lusty years by centuries,
 Ere Noah planted vines and drank their juice,
 And then—'Tis a sad tale. Diminished years,
 Dwindled at last into three score and ten;
 Disease, and crime, and death, are still the fruit
 Of the curst plant. But thou, pure limpid draught,
 Dost help us to regain lost health and vigour—
 As the babe seeks the mother's breast, so I
 Quaff thee with joy— (Drinks).

And wrap thee round my frame,—

(Draws the blankets tighter,)

And yield me to thy cold and chaste embrace,
 As Clarence revelled in his malmsey butt,
 Yet far more blest—I life, he death acquired.
 Mysterious renovator of all things
 Through Nature's limits! thee the sickly soil
 Drinks up in dews, and rains, and mighty streams,
 Then blooms refreshed with herbs, and fruits, and flowers.
 Η γῆ μελαίνη πίνου—The black Earth
 Hath ta'en the pledge—the first tee-total toper,—
 And Sun and Moon, and all the Stars of heaven
 Luxurious ever roll in aqueous space,
 A VAST ETHEREAL SITZ-BATH—
 And hail to thee, great Wizard PRIESSNITZ, hail!
 Diamond of the first water! born beneath
 Some fav'ring constellation or good star,
 The watery Pleiades, or it may be
 Aquarius or the Fishes—Oh! may Fate
 Spread wide and soon thine empire thro' all lands
 In one vast DELUGE o'er the rescued world!

A long, long pull: then cometh a sensation of freezing, and Slingsby lapseth into the Hydropathic

TRANCE THE FIRST—

Wherein he likeneth himself to an Ostrich in his power of flight—He Aeronavigates—
 Goeth to heaven on a string, after the manner of lawyers, and seeth strange sights therein.

"Da parte olà, da parte, alzarmi a volo io voglio!"
 Said a long-legged ostrich as fat as a folio,
 Who once on a time, like a silly old goose,
 Took it into his head, if his wings were but loose,
 He could fly through the sky like a lark on the wing—
 But he found to his cost
 Tho' 'twas easy to boast,
 To accomplish is not quite so easy a thing—
 He spreads out each bare stump,
 Takes a hop, step, and jump,
 Springs up, then—flops down with a scream and a bump;
 While still more to confound him,
 All the little birds sing round him,
 And pronounce him a booby pieno d'orgoglio.

Now 'tis just so with me, I've a very strong notion
 My head feels so lightly,
 My limbs buoyant and sprightly,
 I could soar like a kite if but once set in motion.
 So good, people, I pray, right and left clear the way,
 I've a wonderful feat to accomplish to-day,
 I am going to fly
 Right a-head thro' the sky,
 And consort with the gods in the regions on high !
 Heaven grant that I meet not a similar fate
 To the poor booby bird's, and come down on my pate,
 The laughter of poets both little and great.

Now then—all right—
 Lo, I mount in my flight,
 Like a cork or a feather so airy and light,
 And bid all terrestrial objects good night,
 Up, up, up, I fly as if in a balloon,
 What's that mass I've shot by ? By the mass, 'tis the moon—
 Up, up, still I sail, by the belt of Orion,
 Touch the lips of the Virgin—pull the beard of the Lion,
 Land a-head ! where's the grapple ? make fast in that cove—
 I swing round and am moored in the kingdom of Jove.

Now be steady, my muse—we're on dangerous ground,
 We must sing of *high* matters in language *profound* ;
 And as Maro observes in that eclogue so famous,
 Called Pollio,—“ *Paullo majora canamus.*”

Oh ! how glorious the light that now bursts on my sight !
 So pure and so lustrous it dazzles me quite,
 And sets my eyes winking
 Like an owl by day blinking ;
 So I guess that the very best thing I can do
 Is to shut them, at once, for a moment or two,
 And that will afford (what I want) some short time
 For reflection and thinking—
 How to settle my tropes and my figures in rhyme,
 With suitable words for this subject sublime.

Let me see—something splendid—ay, I think this is good—
 Bathed in a flood
 Of splendour more intensely bright
 Than the best forty-solar-power light
 Of Mr. Bude—
 Pshaw !—'tis vain thus to strain
 Mortal words to contain
 The glories celestial of Jove's blest domain.
 There's a little canzone of Politziano
 That flows on so trippingly, sweet and piano,
 T'will give you a notion as good as you can know,
 “ *Monti, valli, antri e colli*
 “ *Pien di fior' frondi e d'erba*
 “ *Verdi campagne ombrose e folti boschi,*
 “ *Paggi ch' ognor piu molli.*”
 Yes ! all that I saw in those regions celestial
 Was like, but superior, to matters terrestrial ;
 The air was more pure, and the breeze was more light,
 The springs gushed more sparkling, the sun shone more bright ;

The meads were more fragrant, the pastures more green,
And the city—the grandest that ever was seen.

Bless my heart! what a throng—
How the folks rush along
Towards a temple that rises yon green trees among—
What coaches, barouches, with chaise and landau,
In stately procession the great horses draw,
Caparisoned richly, and on the “grand pas?”
And Brougham and whiskey, and *shanderadan*,
And buggy and noddy of each fashion and plan
Go rumbling and tumbling as well as they can,
To bring up the rear of the vast caravan!

“Worthy sir, for the love
“Of the powers above
“What makes this *cortege* move along to that grove?”
‘Twas thus I addressed—as the plan I thought best—
An orderly person I chose from the rest,
With a blue body coat
Tightly hooked at the throat,
And buttoned all down o’er his full pigeon breast:
His hand held a wand, and I’m led, I confess,
To suspect very strongly—but still ‘tis a guess—
He was one of the city celestial police.
Slow he turns his head round, and when a full minute he
Scans me sharply, he cries, “Well, upon my divinity,
“My good lad, at your ignorance I vow I’m amazed—
“In Jupiter’s name, where the deuce were you *raised*?
“Oh! I see, you’re a bumpkin—
“Some raw Tony Lumpkin,
“Come to town to see Jove, or Queen Juno, or some king—
“Well, then, you must know, all this splendour and show
“Is caused by the courtiers whose carriages go
“In a numerous bevy
“To Prince Cupid’s levee;
“There’s not one of the gods that can do things so *heavy*.
“I’ll be bound there’s no dearth to-day—
“Of pleasure or mirth, to-day,
“For the prince keeps the *fête* of his queen-mother’s birth to-day;
“Presentations will last until four, I opine,
“And the drawing-room, then, will commence about nine.”

“Dear me!
“Now I see,
“The whole thing perfectly;
“And the temple beyond——” “Bah! we call these things *palaces*;
“Your noddle seems crammed with most comical fallacies;
“But I can’t waste my time here, because I must troop it
“Away to my post,
“Or my day’s pay is lost:—
“Well, I see you’re a stranger in town, tho’ not stupid;
“Come along, then, with me to the palace of Cupid.
“If you keep very quiet and don’t make a riot,
“I’ll smuggle you into a corner—hard by it
“The courtiers pass by: if you’ve got a sharp eye
“All that’s done in the ante-room you may descry.
“Shove along, then—keep moving, quick!—handle your feet,
“Or, by Saturn and Ops, I’ll be late on my beat.”

"Do mind where you walk, and don't get in a flutter—
 "Oh! Neptune, you're up to your knees in that gutter!"

(A splash in the bath and Slingsby rouseth into a state of semi-consciousness. He drinketh again. Hears the bells chiming the hour of one, as he passes into

TRANCE THE SECOND,

Wherein Slingsby listens to sweet music that recalleth the memory of youth and love. The Palace of Cupid and the glories thereof—celestial courtiers—private presentations, and public levee—A hunting scene—the "soho," the "view hollo," the "run," and the "earthing!"

Slowly, to the measured sound
 Of the softest music falling,
 From the Empyrean heights around,
 (Like dew upon the thirsting ground)
 Into memory's caves profound;
 And fresh and holy thoughts recalling—
 Thoughts of hours the brightest, fleetest!
 Thoughts of scenes the tenderest, sweetest!
 When the young heart first is waking
 To the strange mysterious sense
 Of a power unknown, intense,
 Treasured in its deepest cell,
 Till at length the gushing well,
 With resistless force outbreking,
 Pours its hot fierce waters o'er
 Every verdant spot, that smiled
 In the budding heart before,
 And leaves it there a sterile wild,
 To bloom no more.
 Its flowers decayed, its verdure fled,
 Scalded, and desolate, and dead.

Slowly, to such measured sound,
 On their noiseless hinges move,
 As though by unseen hands rolled round,
 The jewel-studded golden gates,
 Before whose leaves the crowd awaits
 An entrance to the fane of Love.
 High, within that ample hall
 Countless columns proudly rise,
 Jasper each shaft and capital,—
 While beaming soft, like mimic skies,
 With fleecy clouds and roseate dyes,
 The azure dome spreads over all.
 No noon-day glare finds entrance there,
 To flout the languid eye's repose;
 In mellowed beams the rich light streams,
 Just like the sun-shine, when it flows
 Some abbey's painted window through,
 Or curtains of an amber hue;—
 And fragrant odours load the air,
 That mortal senses scarce could bear,
 Without the wish to sink, opprest,
 Upon yon silken couch to rest.

Tramp, tramp—clank, clank!
 Ye gods! what a wonderful bevy!
 Now mounting the staircase, now entering the door,
 Each one crushing and pushing the other before,

And elbowing each neighbouring god in the flank
 To be first at Prince Cupid's levee.
 Now a martial god's spur rends a civic god's stocking ;
 Here a sharp *chapeau bras* is thrust into the face ;
 There a sword-point reefs up half a yard of *point lace* :
 With a thousand such *gaucheries*, really shocking,
 That made me exclaim, as I viewed the *melec*,
 "*Such a getting up stairs I never did see.*"
 There were gods of all sorts, and of every gradation,
 Of birth, and of rank, and of age, and of station ;
 Gods aristocratic,
 And gods democratic—
 Gods thorough-bred, half-caste, and mongrel, and demi-gods,
 Stiff *old* gods in bob-wigs, and *young* dashing jemmy gods—
 Gods come up from the country, and gay courtier beau-gods ;
 Those moral and sober—these rakish, *so-so* gods ;
 And, strangest of all to our notions terrestrial,
 The ladies appeared at the levee celestial,
 A rule, I must say, of their court etiquette
 That I greatly admire, and I hope to see yet
 Introduced upon earth to the fullest extent,
 In courts royal, courts legal, and courts parliament :
 To give *le beau seze* equal rights in all cases,
 At each corn-law meeting, and chartist debate,
 With a seat in the senate and council of state,
 And their share of the patronage, jobbing and places—
 To compel, in a word, *le tyran redangcote*
 To yield half his sway to the fair petticoat,
 And present each *bas bleu* with the *bas de culotte*.
Mais tretés de digression—mixed in the throng
 That flirted, and chatted, and strutted along,
 Were feathers and lappets, tiaras and crowns,
 Long robes, sweeping trains, and some *very short gowns*,
 Some stiff, starch old goddesses,
 With broad hoops and long boddices—
 Some wild nymphs with loose hair,
 And their arms and necks bare,
 Who managed their dress with so awkward an air,
 You could plainly descry,
 With one glance of the eye,
 They were quite unaccustomed such burdens to bear.

What's this hubbub about
 At that little gold door ?
 Ushers run in and out,
 In bewilderment sore,
 Looking anxiously down thro' the long ante-room,
 As if searching for some one that has not yet come.
 'Tis all in vain ; they only see
 Scattered all around,
 Groups of gods in two or three,
 Some with looks profound,
 Talking celestial politics—
 Others playing courtly tricks,
 Making love to each young beauty,
 (In such a place the thing's a duty,)
 Laughing, ogling, lounging, prating,
 All alike in expectation,
 When that little door should open,
 Of the which I just have spoken ;
 And stepping forth, the god-in-waiting

Should summon in their due rotation,
 According to their rank and station,
 Within the private audience room,
 (Before the general presentation,)
 Such of the courtiers as had come,
 Some grace to beg, some suit to move,
 Before the private Ear of Love.

"But where, all this time, is his godship-in-waiting?"——
 Ay, that's just the question that causes the flurry,
 And hubbub, and hurry,
 And anxious inquiry, and whispering, and prating,
 'Mongst the ushers before
 The audience room-door.

(I opine when he's found there is something in store
 For his godship or gad-ship, at least a sound rating.)
 How they look everywhere, behind sofa and chair,
 And exclaim, "*mille tonnerres* !
 "He's not here—he's not there—
 "Mon Dieu ! where the devil's his godship-in-waiting?"
 Now it happened, that near this identical door,
 That I've mentioned before,
 A rakish young godling was pacing the floor ;
 Now restlessly moving—now stopping to chat—
 Now humming a *chanson*—now twirling his hat.
 His blue eye was bright,
 But a wild, changeful light,
 With something so strange and unsteady within it
 Each moment shone out,
 As his glance roved about,
 That showed he was changing his mind every minute.
 His attire was of every fashion and hue :
 In part 'twas '*rococo*,' in part '*décousu*,'
 From his ruffles and hat to his buckle and shoe ;
 And 'twas plain to perceive, at the very first view,
 This young godling was just
 What is known upon town as "*an exquisite dust*."
 Now it chanced, as I say, that while roving about,
 His ear was assailed with the clamor and rout,
 Of the tipstiffs and *flunkies*, who sought to find out
 The absent young god,
 Of the black or white rod ;
 And learning the cause of their panic, he said,
 With a quissical nod,
 "Pray don't puzzle your head
 "About such a trifle: I'll act in his stead."
 So taking his stand
 With a wave of his hand,
 Monseignore Capriccio assumed for the nonce,
 The office of "first lord in waiting" at once.

And now all's arranged ; he's got under the hand
 Of Cupid, his patent—"By Royal Command,"
 And Milor Capriccio begins *sans delat*,
 To marshal the gods to the private *entrée*.

Then first shuffles forward "a very great gun,"
 With one leg rather short, that he limped much upon,
 And a smokified face, most *furouche* and *fier*,
 And a sledge-hammer swing of his arm thro' the air,
 Deep-chested and square, and half-covered with hair,
 And a manner decidedly "devil-may-care ;"

And thrusting his card in Capriccio's eyes,
 He most clownishly twitches
 Up the waist of his breeches,
 And then putting foremost his best leg, he cries,
 In a voice like a bellow,
 "Show the way, my good fellow—
 "My business won't brook any loitering, I tell you."

With the tips of his fingers,
 And a glance most supremely disdainful and grand,
 Capriccio received from the limping god's hand
 The card, on whose side was a thumb-mark in soot ;

Then with much *sang froid* put
 His glass to his eye, and then languidly scanned
 His queer *vis-a-vis* from the head to the foot,
 Where his gaze for a moment admiringly lingers :
 "Lord Vulcan, of Lipari—haw. 'Pon my soul,

"*Je suis fâché extrêmement,*

"*Je suis desolé—vraiment*

"'Tis distressing—but still *il faut jouer le rôle.*

"Your lordship must pardon me if I entreat

"That you'll just stand aside for the present, and wait

"Till those are despatched whose affairs are more pressing.

"You'll excuse me, my lord, faith 'tis very distressing."—

In a transport of wrath, and of frenzy and wonder,

Vulcan speechlessly gasped, with his jaws wide asunder ;

At last with a roar he broke out : "By Jove's thunder !

"Things have come, I perceive, to a comical pass,

"When each upstart young ass

"Interferes with the *ancien regime*, by the mass !

"Set a beggar on horse-back.—How dare you disgrace, sir,

"A god of my rank ? Know yourself and your place, sir."

"Know myself!—come that's pleasant," Capriccio replies,

"Self-knowledge, my lord, long ago left the skies.

"Full two thousand years since (that's as I apprehend it),

"'Twas said, *tristis exaruit a celo descendit,*"

Then turning away with an ill-concealed sneer,

He beckoned up near

Two folks from the courtiers, "Hah, Monsieur Le Rire,

"And you, Signor Gioco, pray step forward here.

"I see you've got somewhat for Love's private ear,

"Tho' he'll give you but very few minutes, I fear."

Next a young god advanced with a light joyous bound
 And a foot so elastic it scarce touched the ground ;
 Health flushed in his cheek, and mirth laughed in his eye,
 And his brown locks fell back from his brow clear and high.—
 Capriccio looked pleased as the young god drew nigh,

And he bid him pass by,

While he smilingly said, you may enter in truth,

Love ever is ready to listen to YOUTH.

See yon beauteous form afar,
 Shining like the evening star,
 In whose dark and lustrous eyes
 A spell the deadliest, sweetest lies,
 And whose glowing lips disclose
 As they part and pout, two rows
 Of teeth more white than Alpine snows,

Her dimpling cheek and forehead shining,
 All hues of loveliness combining ;
 While near her there,
 Three maidens fair,
 The graces—stand with arms entwining,
 Oh ! well I ween whoe'er has seen
 That all-entrancing form and mien,
 Will know at once tis BEAUTY'S QUEEN.

Now casting askance a half-passionate glance
 At Beauty, Capriccio entreats she'll advance,
 As he said with a sigh,
 And soft look from his eye,
 " Fair goddess, Love *waits* you, so enter I pray"—
 And then just as Beauty had made her *entree*,
 He hastily beckons a thin haggard shade,
 Whose keen anguished eye and pale features betrayed
 Some heart-gnawing torture—while shaking his head,
 He impressively said,
 Don Otello Geloso,
 Though I like you but *so, so*,
 I am bound to admit you ; I know 'tis your duty
 To keep a sharp eye upon Cupid and Beauty.

With look perturbed, and gloomy brow,
 Anger hurried forward now,
 And dashing past, he gained the door,
 And reached the audience room before
 The God guessed what he was about ;
 Who fearing then to make a rout,
 If he should seek to turn him out,
 Let him pass—then grinning slyly,
 Said somewhat dryly—
 " Although he's got a very wicked face,
 " Yet, after all, he's not much out of place.
 " As Don Geloso's gone before, I guess,
 " Between the two they'll make a pretty mess."

At last
 When half a dozen more had passed,
 (And some of them assorted, I must say,
 By Sir Capriccio in his happiest way—
 Thus *Perfily* and *Innoeence* appear,
 And side by side are *Constancy* and *Fear*,
 While linked with *Faith*, *Hypocrisy* draws near,)
 The god perceives the time approaching fast,
 To end the private presentations ;
 So looking round the room, he caught the eye
 Of one who, all the while, was standing nigh,
 And watching gravely his strange operations :
 A goddess with a sober-looking face,
 That seemed but little fit for such a place,
 Who, stepping forward at a solemn pace,
 Said, in a cold and somewhat haughty tone,
 " My lord, 'tis rather strange that I alone
 " Have happened to escape your observation.
 " I've got a matter for Love's private ear
 " Of some importance, which has brought me here ;
 " And though for *me* 'tis rather late, I fear,
 " Yet still I must request a presentation."

With an air most profound, the young god turned round,
 And bowing most formally down to the ground,
 Replied, "Madame Reason, 'twere scarce short of treason,
 With more private audiences Cupid to tease on :
 Besides, your request appears quite out of season,
 For since ANGER's gone in he'll not listen to REASON."

There's a wondrous sensation, a whispering and humming,
 "Make way there! make way there! Prince Cupid is coming."

The words are scarce spoken,
 When the door is thrown open—
 And forth moves along
 A magnificent throng

Of chamberlains, esquires, and heralds and pages,
 And folks of that sort, that have formed in all ages
 The staple material of royal *cortèges*,

With one in the midst of the *train de la cour*'
 Whom I judged to be Love, nay, indeed I am sure
 From the band striking up—as a hint "*C'est lamour.*"

Now he smiles upon one, now he nods to another,
 Now kisses a daughter, now bows to a mother ;

What jostling and pushing—
 What scrambling and rushing—

What bridling and blushing, eyes beaming, cheeks flushing,
 How the ancient gods frisk, how the young ones grow brisk,
 And the old and young goddesses,

Smooth their frocks and their boddices,

And whisper each other "he's the charmingest god as is."—

Thus traversing round the magnificent hall,
 Not caring for any, yet noticing all,

('Tis the way of your courtiers, the great and the small,)

He chanced to come up to where Reason was standing,

Then stopping a moment and taking her hand in

His own,

In a style *tout à fait à la mode Grandison*,

Bowed on it, and said with a most gracious smile,

"Fair goddess, we deem it an honour to-day,

"To see *you* at our court—but how happens it, pray,

"That you did not come in at the private *entree*?"

Now Signior Capriccio who stood very near

To Cupid, of course was enabled to hear

This question, and looked rather foolish and queer ;

I wish you had seen what a comical leer

Spread over his features,—'twas partly a sneer,

And partly a look of most ludicrous fear.

Love glanced at the culprit, and guessing the truth,

Passed the thing gaily over, and said, "In good sooth

"'Tis too late *now* to mend it—we've lost the fit season,

"But *some other time* LOVE will listen to REASON."

"*Fee! fatu!! fum!!!*

"I smell the blood of an earthly man !

"Ay, an earthly smell,

"I know it full well,

"For I pass through earth on my way to hell ;

"Be he alive or be he dead,

"I'll not sleep in my bed

To-night, till I clutch the knave by the head."—

Howled out all of a sudden a marvellous *rum*

And grisly old fellow as dusky as soot,

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,—

Then straightway inclining his nose towards the ground,
 Old Pluto went sniffing and scenting around,
 Thro' each cranny and nook like a rabid blood-hound,
 Till he made a dead set
 Near a small cabinet,
 And stretching straight out his fuliginous paw,
 With a horrid guffaw,
 Exclaimed, "Haw, haw, haw !"
 "There you are, my fine fellow, as certain as fate,
 " Don't I see your vile pate,
 " Behind constable Z 708."

Hark away! hark away!
 Like a stag from the hounds,
 Swift dashing and slashing,
 With desperate bounds,
 Here an old god's shins smashing,
 There a Nectar vase crashing,
 Amid cheers and view-hollo's, a Babel of sounds,
 I fly right a-head,
 Half bewildered with dread,
 My body bent forward, my long arms outspread,
 While fast on my heels press the whole of the bevy—
 The grave and the gay, the light-footed and heavy,
 And leading the chase,
 At thundering pace,
 Flinging off his cocked hat, and bag wig, and point lace,
 Capriccio comes on with a hop, step and leap,
 Shouting "*Go it, ye cripples, for crutches are cheap !*"

Over hill, over dale—
 Over plain, over vale—
 Thro' brier and brake—
 Thro' streamlet and lake—
 Fast and faster I fly
 With flushed cheek and strained eye,
 And my breath coming thick and my heart beating high.

On, on!—one plunge more,
 And I'm safe on the shore ;
 Here goes, then—one spring, and I'm over. Alack!
 There's a hand on my back,
 And I'm seized with a gripe by the neck in a crack ;
 Then, quick as a flash, comes a terrible whack
 On the top of my pate,
 From the great loaded bat-
 on of constable Z 708.

Down—down—whirling and wheeling ;
 Down—down—rolling and reeling—
 My brain's spinning round till I've nigh lost all feeling.
 Down, down, with a plash,
 And a shudder and shiver ;—
 My senses return as I splash
 Mid the icy-cold waves of a river !—

(Slingsby waketh from his trance, sobbing hysterically, having slipt bodily into the sitz-bath. He gropeth out, casteth off his blankets, and getteth into bed with all celerity. THE GREAT POST-OFFICE CLOCK STRIKES THREE.)

THE ZANTEOTE BRIDE.

BY ELIZABETH AUCHINCLOSS.

"And will my father have me wed
This haughty lord," Zurelli said—
"And mother, must I leave thy side,
To be this English stranger's bride?
Ah! can my once fond Father part
For gold the darling of his heart,
And make me break the true-love plight
That I but pledg'd on yesternight,—
Can paltry gain work all this woe,
Ah! speak my mother—is it so?"

"It is. Thy hand is pledg'd, my girl,
To England's noblest, brightest earl,
He wandering to our lonely isle,
Heard praises of thy beauty's smile;
And yestereve, upon yon green,
Enchanted by that beauty's sheen,
Vow'd to disdain both birth and pride,
And seek and win thee for his bride.
—Nay, cling not to me thus, my child,
Thy father on De Courcy smiled,
And I—oh gaze not on me now,
With that sad eye and earnest brow;
They wring my soul to agony,
Yet I have sworn—and it must be!
Mark'd you no noble in the dance
With lofty mien and eagle glance,
Did one not breathe fond words to thee,
Needless I ween re-told by me,
And did not my Zurelli's eye,
With joy to the long gaze reply,
That dwelt on her admiring?"

"Yes, mother, there indeed was one
Peerless amid that village throng,
Guiseppe's was that matchless face,
Guiseppe's was that form of grace.
I marked his eye, so gently blue,
Seek mine, and his alone I knew.
Yes, breathings fond my bosom stirred,
It was Guiseppe's voice I heard;
And his the plight, and his the vow,
That binds my willing spirit now.
Mother, forgive thine own poor girl,
I cannot wed this stranger earl;
What though they say his form and face
Are bright with manly beauty's grace,
And broad and rich his fair lands be,
In yon cold isle beyond the sea,
I cannot leave my childhood's home,
From kindred and from friends to roam,
I cannot from thy dear side part,
I cannot wring Guiseppe's heart.
Alas! for my poor beauty's smile,
That won the stranger to our isle!
Surely within his native land
Full many a dame with jewell'd hand,
And noble form and brow of bride,
Would gladly be De Courcy's bride;
How can a lowly maid like me
Be fitting choice for such as he."

"By Heaven, (her father sternly cried,)
Zurelli thou shalt be his bride,
Ay, even before the setting sun
His course in yon red sky has run;
Before he stoops his brow to lave
Beneath the dark blue western wave,
As surely as yon heaving tide
By evening's setting sun is dyed,
Thou shalt be Lord de Courcy's bride."

"Alas! my father—is it so,
And must thy poor Zurelli go?
And canst thou cast me from thy heart,
And wilt thou from thy darling part?
Ah! can thy once so gentle eye
Look tearless on mine agony!
And must I leave fair Zante's shore,
Nor look upon its beauties more,
And bid a long, a last farewell
To every shady Linden dell?
And to the purple vineyard's shade
Where with Guiseppe I have strayed,
And that lone fragrant citron grove,
Where first I heard his tale of love?
Ah! who will tend my favourite flowers
Within my pleasant garden bowers,
Or gently lend to greenest dell,
Each morn my beautiful gazelle,
Or watch while o'er the flowery slope
Bounds lightly my swift antelope.
Ah! doubly dear, since mine no more,
Seem all I little prized before!
Yet hear me, father, hear me on,
Who, when thy own Zurelli's gone,
Will climb with thee the pasture-steep,
To help thee tend our gentle sheep;
Or train the truant vine with thee,
Or pluck the pod from cotton tree,
Cull the ripe currant clusters dark,
And fill with fragrant fruit thy bark;
And when thy spirit seeks repose
At peaceful evening's welcome close
Ah! who will cheer thy wearied soul
With gay guitar and barcarole,
Or keeping time to merry song,
Bound with the castanet along
The happiest of the laughing throng?"

"No more, no more," her father cried—
"That thou shalt be De Courcy's bride
I've sworn before our Lady's shrine,
And shall I break this oath of mine!
Go, wayward girl—in haste begone,
Thy bridal robe and wreath to don."

Before her mirror sat the bride,
And fond ones decked with eager pride,
The tresses of the weeping girl
With costly gem and orient pearl,
De Courcy's gifts, each pearl and gem,
Worthy a prince's diadem;

While each fair maid extolled the grace
Of Lord De Courcy's form and face,
And kissed Zurelli's tears away,
And bid her hail her bridal day.

She turned with sickening soul away
From flashing gem, and rich array,
And, "deck with this pale rose," she
said,

"Your wretched victim's blighted head:
Would it adorned me for my grave!
The last, last gift Guiseppe gave,
Just as we parted yesternight,
Beneath the softened moonbeam's light.
—Yet no—I must not cherish now

A gift of his—look on my brow:
The purchase of my faith is there,
The band that links me to despair.
Ah! fatal pride that bids my sire
Such honours for his child desire!
Guiseppe! thou whose name has been
The music of Love's passing dream,
Be thou forgotten—all is past,
So bright—so sweet—how could it last?
And yet how shall I teach my heart—
From all its cherished love to part,
From that one passion which could fling
Beauty o'er every earthly thing!
For not a leaf or flower or tree
But told of happiness to me;
A bliss pervaded earth and sky,
If his beloved form was nigh,
Joy, Light, and Hope were where he
moved—

So has this trusting bosom loved!
And say—oh say, when all is past,
That still I loved him to the last!"

The dark lengths of her glossy hair
Are braided now with nicest care;
The wreath of orange-blossoms now
Is placed upon her death-cold brow,
On her fair neck the gems are hung,
The snowy veil around her flung,
The maidens gaze with tearful pride—
Their work is done—lead forth the
bride!

She gazed upon the waning sun,
His shining course was nearly run,
And varied tints stole o'er the sky
Of rosy light, and purple dye,
And lo! the western waters glow,
Burned where he dipt his radiant brow!

"Father—oh hear me still—once more
Ere yet all hope is wholly o'er!
Remember that my maiden vow
Is not my own to offer now.
This is no time for bashful pride;
The maid forsworn, the perjured bride,
Must nerve her faltering tongue to
speak,

Ay, though her bursting heart should
break.

Father, I love him—love him well,
More than these trembling lips can tell.
He is the first thought day-light brings,
His name the first sound memory sings—
At night arrayed in Fancy's beams,
This is the form that haunts my dreams,

The very life-spring of my heart,
I have no thought from him apart.
And I had sworn, through future years
To share his griefs, his hopes, his fears:
Surely a record is above
Of holy vows and truthful love,—
Pure was our love, and fond our vow,
In mercy, father, hear me now!"

Why does Zurelli wildly start?
Guiseppe folds her to his heart!
'Tis he, her bosom's best adored,
'Tis England's noblest, proudest lord!
White was the plume that waved on
high,

Borne on his cap of Tyrian dye,
Rich was his mantle's graceful fold,
His crimson doublet slashed with gold;
The arm that round the maid was
thrown

With glittering badge of honour shone,
While brodered on his ermined vest
Blazed gorgeously the noble crest
Won on a blood-red field of fame,
The sign of proud De Courcy's name.

"And canst thou then forgive," he cried,
"My fond deceit—my own loved bride?
Wandering by chance to this lone isle,
I heard of fair Zurelli's smile;
I sought thee in thy native bower,
And found that never lovelier flower
'Neath English domes, or southern skies,
That charmed my heart, or blest mine
eyes.

I long'd to try if what is told
Of woman's love for rank and gold
Were false or true—as peasant low
I sought thy heart—the rest you know.
The simple secret well has proved,
'Tis for myself alone I'm loved;
Oh, blissful thought; and wilt not thou,
Zurelli, keep thy late-pledged vow,
And at yon altar's sacred shrine,
Blest by thy parents now be mine?
Ay, weep the dear ones whom you part,
I could not prize a loveless heart,
And thou art fairer in thy tears,
Than when the smiles of gladness break
In beauty on thy blushing cheek.
You mourn the land you leave behind,
In mine a lovely home thou'lt find,
Where every lip and heart of pride,
Shall own thee fairest, my sweet bride!"

In truth it was a princely home,
Those marble halls—that lofty dome,
The passing richness of each room,
Gorgeous with work of Persia's loom,
All made that noble dwelling seem
The fabric of some lovely dream.
Below lay terraced garden bowers
(A very wilderness of flowers,)
And round the castle's towering pride,
The cultured lands spread far and wide,
How lovely each sequestered vale
That smiled around—each wooded dale
And breezy upland, where the deer
Went bounding by the river clear

That wound its silvery course away
By velvet lawn and mountain gray.

Yet that fair scene its charms displays
In vain to its sad mistress' gaze,
As leaning near the lattice high,
She looks upon the evening sky,
With aching heart and vacant eye.
Never were braids of raven hair
Parted o'er brow more purely fair ;
So clear in its transparent hue,
You saw each blue vein wander through.
And beautiful the pensive grace,
The dearest charm of that sweet face,
Where the pale lip and paler cheek
A tale of silent sorrow speak.
And gushing tears unbidden rise
In the pure depths of those dark eyes.
Ah ! 'tis most sad to shed such tears,
While yet the weeper's young in years,
Still young—yet what an age is told
Since first the heart in grief grew old !

What may that lady's musings be ?
Of sunny eyes—the murmuring sea—
Of whisperings which the soft wind
 made
Amid the fragrant myrtle shade,
And the fresh fall of dowy showers
On beds of springtime's earliest flowers.

" Alas ! " she sighed, " my biessed isle,
Dost thou still wear as bright a smile
As when Zurelli's light foot prest
With bounding step thy verdant breast ?
And are thy cool delicious bowers
As gay with thousand-tinted flowers
As when amid the grateful shade,
A happy child I blithely played ?
Yes—and the richly-plumaged bird
Still in the acacia-grove is heard,
And still my diamond-eyed gazelle
As wildly treads its native dell,
As gladly snuffs the mountain-breeze,
And browses on the almond trees
That ope their silver buds as fair
As ever on the whispering air.
And still my little caique's sail
Flaunts idly in the fragrant gale,
The while the sparkling waves below,
As brightly in the sunbeams glow,
And gem with glittering spray the
 oar,
Zurelli's hand shall guide no more.
At jocund evening's peaceful hour
Sounds the low lute from glen and bower,
And still with darkly-braided hair
Throng to the dance the maidens fair ;
But what is *she*—once happiest there ?
A lonely and a loveless thing,
Round whose sad heart these memories
 cling
With blighting clasp and deadly sting !
Mine is the dark despairing heart
From light and hope for aye apart,
Mine is the wild and wasting pain
That cannot be at rest again,
For I have loved and found it vain !

And yet, how could I deem his pride
Would brook that I, his peasant bride
Should be the gaze of scornful eyes
The theme of insolent surprise—
The mocked, perchance, of every voice,
Nor blush to own his hasty choice.

But he *did* love me—it may be
This wasting change began in me—
Mayhap when my De Courcy came
From tourney or from field of fame
To tarry by my side a while,
Less bright he found Zurelli's smile—
It may be that my tear-dimmed eye
Met his, with cold unkind reply ;
And thus, perchance, each saddened
 look

Seemed to my lord a mute rebuke.
Of late within the banquet-hall,
'Mid sounds of mirth and festival,
Where pealed the laugh from pleasure's
 through,

And flowed the wine-cup and the song,
Methought at times his gentle gaze
Turned towards me as in happier days
I felt his eye upon me dwell,
I felt my heart with triumph swell,
For many a noble dame was there
With coronet and jewelled hair ;
And many a high-born graceful girl,
With ermined robe and clasp of pearl,
And diadem and princely plume
Moved lightly round the glittering room,
While eyes that made the lamps seem
 dim,

Were showering all their beams on *him*.
And yet, 'mid all that beauty's blaze
Mine was the form could win his gaze !
Then o'er his soul some change would
 come

To shade his brow with sudden gloom ;
Anon he'd join the dance and song,
And speed the light-winged jest along,
And smile with every lady fair
As though he was the happiest there.

Mine be the anguish now to bear
The bitterness of deep despair ;
Still must I love him—still alone
Weep the bright hours for ever gone—
Still must his name for ever be
A treasure dear to memory,
'Mid all this wreck of happiness
I could not bear to love him less !

Yet there is one, who even now
Would fondly kiss my faded brow,
And lay this aching head to rest
With soothing kindness on her breast—
Does not each hour, each moment prove
That change will mark *all other love* ?
Passion with youth and charms de-
 parts,
Time steals the truth from other hearts.
All else is mutable below
A *mother's* love no change can know !
Oh for one echo of her voice
To bid my drooping soul rejoice—

Oh for my father's fervent kiss,
Earth's purest holiest caress,
That fell upon my brow at even
Like to a blessing sent from Heaven."

She paused—there was no living sound
To break the utter silence round,
Save the cool cascade's tinkling flow
That played amid the flowers below,
And twilight darkened calm and still,
O'er voiceless glen and lonely hill.

For many a day unstrung and mute
Had lain that fair girl's favourite lute,
But now her snowy hand she flings
Idly across those glittering strings.
'Twas memory's music! How that
tone
Brought thoughts of hours for ever
gone—

Ah! wherefore can she only raise
The well-known song of other days?
Tears gush anew at that sweet lay,
She turns, and casts the lute away.
Alas, she sighed, how heavily
The long, long day has wearied by!
Its lonely hours at last are gone,
And night with solemn step comes on,
But not to me the morning light
Brings joy, or calm repose the night!
My aching eyes gaze sadly round
On gilded roof, and marble ground,
While shuddering at the deepening
gloom

I wander through each stately room,
And start as on the mirrored walls
My shadowy image dimly falls.
Still faster fades the evening light
Oh will De Courcy come to-night!"

But hark to the impatient fall
Of footsteps through the echoing hall,
"My first, best loved," a low voice cried,
Her lord kneels by Zurelli's side!
He parted back her clustering hair,
Gazed on that face so passing fair,
And wildly kissed her dewy cheek,
"Zurelli, dearest, loveliest, speak!
If I was ever loved by thee,
Oh, listen now, and pardon me—
Let not De Courcy sue in vain,
To see Zurelli smile again!"

An idle task I ween 'twould be
To trace that truant's history:
Too often has the tale been told,
Of broken vows and hearts grown cold.

Sadly he spoke. Zurelli heard,
And woman's pride within her stirred.
She turned away her tear-dimmed face,
And sought to shun his warm embrace,
Then as the idol of past days
Rose to her faithful memory's gaze,
And as upon her softened soul
Those pleading accents sweetly stole,

She hid her brow upon his breast,
And felt that she again was blest!

'Twas eve—the parting sunbeams dyed
With crimson glow the waveless tide,
And gently kissed with blushing smiles
The shores of Grecia's gem-like isles,
While all around on earth and sky
Was spread the glorious radiance.
Impelled by many a rapid oar,
A light barque neared the lovely shore,
With throbbing heart upon the prow
Zurelli stood—her cheek's deep glow
Burned brighter as she turned her eye
Upon the "blue delicious sky,"
And saw the evening's sunbeams rest
Upon her native Zante's breast,
And listened as the tinkling bells
Chimed blithely from the pasture dells.
While from the Ilex-grove was heard
The song of many a bright-winged bird.
Sadly De Courcy leaned apart—
Remorse was busy at his heart!
He thought of that fair bridal hour
When from her lowly cottage bower
With all a lover's rapturous pride
He bore his newly-plighted bride—
Ah, ill had he her trust repaid,
By blighted hopes and faith betrayed!

He did not move, he dared not speak—
He watched her burning lip and cheek;
He saw how wildly her dark eye
Flashed as she fixed it on the sky,
He shuddered at its brilliancy,
As looked she on the evening ray,
And gazed her very soul away.

"My own Ionia! I have seen
Once more thy hills of grateful green,
Have seen thy sky's unrivalled hue
Of golden glow, and cloudless blue;
How have I pined to look again
On each loved path, and mossy glen;
Ply, boatmen, ply the rapid oar,
Oh, let me touch my blessed shore—
Yet, 'tis too late—Life's silver cord
Is loosed, and now my heart's adored!"
(Gently she turned towards her lord,
And whispered with a seraph's smile,
"Lay me at rest in mine own isle.")

He clasped her in his wild embrace,
He gazed upon her changing face,
And kissed in agony her brow—
Oh, never seemed she dear as now!
While closer to his breast she clung
And blest him in her native tongue;
Once, and but once, her waning eye
Turned to her loved Ionian sky,
Then fixed upon the face of him
Who o'er her bent—that gaze grew dim,
A smile upon her pale lips shone,
"De Courcy—Mother," was she gone?
They bent to catch another breath,
And started—for they looked on *Death*!

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.*

MR. MARKLAND's name is well known to English churchmen as an indefatigable labourer in the working of the societies for the propagation of the Gospel and the promotion of Christian knowledge. It is one of the most hopeful circumstances of the present eventful times, that amongst the laity the church has such *genuine* sons as Mr. Markland and Mr. Joshua Watson, and others whom we might name—sons whose devotion is evinced not by empty declamation, but by intelligent zeal—untiring, but noiseless activity—consecrating to her service time, talents, money, which last, after all, is the surest criterion of sincerity! Another, and no small benefaction has been conferred by Mr. Markland in the elegant and most instructive volume whose title stands below.

At a period when the doctrine and discipline of the ancient church occupy so much of attention, it is but natural that the long lost interest respecting ecclesiastical architecture should contemporaneously revive. Here, at least, was a point in which no one could pretend to deny that we might profitably learn from our forefathers. Architectural societies have accordingly been instituted at Oxford and Cambridge, (why does not Dublin follow the example of her sisters?) which we trust will be the means of diffusing throughout the country a juster feeling and a correcter taste respecting our ecclesiastical buildings. We may trust that *for the future*, at least, no such odious barbarisms will be tolerated, as offend the eye in so many of our modern and *modernized*

churches. We shall have no battlemented roofs of stone and lead, replaced, *as more ornamental*, by slates and tiles. We shall have no whitewashing of ancient oak—no plastering of stone pillars—no pulpits erected in the east window behind the communion table. We shall never see one more specimen of the half-barn half-church which Lord Morpeth desired as the model of our future parish churches, and whose cost his lordship estimated at £100 per church.†

There is scarcely any thing good that cannot be perverted. It is vain, therefore, to expect that this revival of architectural taste may not, in some cases, lead individuals to form exaggerated and erroneous opinions. An enthusiastic and poetic admirer of church architecture will feel some difficulty in enduring a gigantic room with white-washed walls, and square windows, and a couple of deal boxes perched on either side of the communion table. If, however, he be a man of common sense, he will feel thankful that such structures should be raised where thousands and tens of thousands of our population are without the means of spiritual instruction, and where funds could not, by any possibility, be raised on a more extensive scale. We heartily concur with the Bishop of Chester in reprobating such mawkish architectural sentimentality as would mourn over such edifices, without any feeling of allowance for the circumstances which had rendered them necessary. It is, indeed, melancholy that any individual should be found absurd enough to sneer at the

* Remarks on English Churches, and on the Expediency of Rendering Sepulchral Memorials Subservient to Pious and Christian Uses. By J. H. Markland, F.R.S. and S.A. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1842.

† We would take the liberty of suggesting to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland, that the subject of architecture is one which does not lie without their province. We could point to more than one church built under their sanction which would very nearly come up to Lord Morpeth's *beau ideal* of a church. Really if the *name* of the Established Church is to be kept up, it is wretched policy to build churches which, to the passer by on the high road, show more like sentry-boxes. A decent school-room, licensed for divine service, would surely be much better, for a variety of reasons.

exertions of those who are providing church accommodation, even of the rudest sort, for the masses of Manchester or Birmingham, because, forsooth, they are unable to build cathedral-like edifices with

"Turrets, spires,
And windows climbing high, from base
to roof,
In wide and radiant rows."

Little danger need, however, be apprehended from such an extreme of architectural romance. It is too extravagant ever to become popular. When no other churches *can be* erected, no sensible man will ever object to the very plainest and most unornamented that can be composed of wood and stone. But while we freely admit, and thankfully admit, "that pure and holy thoughts may arise, and fervent prayers may be uttered alike under rafted roofs as in vaulted aisles," yet we are equally convinced, that devotion would be heightened, nay, oftentimes be produced, if greater attention were paid to holy places and holy things. "Manifest it is," says the profound Hooker, "that the very majesty and holiness of the place where God is worshipped hath, *in regard of us*, great virtue, force, and efficacy, for that it serveth as a sensible help to stir up devotion, and *in that respect*, no doubt, bettereth even our holiest and best actions in this kind. As, therefore, we every where exhort all men to worship God, even so for performance of this service by the people of God assembled we think not any place so good as the church, neither any exhortation so fit as that of David—'O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!'"

The churches of the Church of England ought to be emblems of herself—equally removed from the scenic pomp of Romanism, as from the unengaging rudeness of the Conventicle. The standard to be aimed at in church building was well expressed by Bishop Jebb—"Let the building be answerable to the service of the church, which, above any service in the world, is at once *cheerful, simple, and majestic*."

While man's nature remains what it is, it is preposterous to suppose that

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our religious feelings will not be powerfully affected by external circumstances. Our senses are part of that compound being which was formed in the image of God; and they were created to be consecrated to his service. It is as much an error to abstract our religion altogether from every thing sensible, as to place it altogether in external things. The Christian philosopher, as was said of the most practical of Grecian dramatists, addresses himself to man as he is in fact. Music, architecture, sculpture, should be employed not so as to absorb the mind, but just sufficiently to raise and sublimiate devotion. Nor would it be easy to form a conjecture how deeply, perhaps irretrievably, the Church of England has suffered from the modern disregard of these adjustments of religion. Sir Samuel Romilly describes the French chapel which he frequented when young, as a "large uncouth room, presenting to the view only irregular unpainted pews, and dusty plastered walls." The manner in which the service was performed was equally unattractive. "Nothing," he adds, "was ever worse calculated to inspire the mind of a child with respect for religion than such a kind of religious worship." It is in childhood that our most lasting as well as our most vivid impressions are formed. And what must be the effect on the susceptible minds of those children, who first become acquainted with our public services in such cold, damp, dreary, miserable edifices, as constitute too large a proportion of our country churches. How hard for them to experience that cheerfulness and joy which social worship is so calculated to enkindle, when the spirit of our noble liturgy is fitly imaged in the beauty and the dignity of the outward temple. "While man is man," remarks the elegant Bishop Horne, "religion, like man, must have a body and soul; it must be external as well as internal; and the two parts, in both cases, will ever have a mutual influence upon each other. The senses and the imagination must have a considerable share in public worship; and devotion will accordingly be depressed or heightened by the mean, sordid, and dispiriting, or the fair, splendid, and cheerful appearance of the objects around us."

Nor is this merely the language of theory. Its truth is abundantly attested by experience. The great day alone can reveal *how many* holy thoughts have been kindled—*how many* high affections raised by the magnificent architecture and choral anthems of our much calumniated cathedrals! But not a few saints of God *have* recorded their feelings for our learning. Many of our readers, probably, are familiar with that exquisite passage where Bishop Horne offers his thanksgivings to the great Head of the church, for having so disposed his life, that from childhood to old age he was enabled to enjoy the privilege of daily service in a cathedral. "We have recent experience," says Mr. Markland, "that the reverence for sacred things, exhibited by the members of the Cambridge Camden Society, in forwarding some restorations in churches, has communicated itself to the inhabitants of the places where these churches are situated, to many of whom it seemed to be the first occasion of such reverential reflections. Surely, it will not be denied that the hearts of these persons may thus be seriously touched, and that the good seed may henceforth be sown in ground better prepared to receive it. The solemn services of the sanctuary, 'the pealing anthem, and the pausing choir' have solaced and gilded the closing days of many an aged worshipper, over whose grave the choral harmony may be wafted, when his body lies in the temple which he daily frequented. The author remembers with feelings of gratitude, that from his tenth to his fifteenth year he had almost daily opportunities of treading the aisles of a cathedral; and to this circumstance he, in a great measure, attributes many of the tastes and pursuits of after life." We hope better of our readers, than to fear fatiguing them by borrowing from Mr. Markland the following splendid passage from one* lost, alas! too early to his church and country:—

"Let us reverence the spirit of self-sacrifice, in which the men of those days (the mediæval ages) devoted all—money, time, thought, hope, life itself—

to raising for God and man shrines as worthy of God as human hands could raise, and fit and able to lift man's thought and hope beyond earth, and lead it on heavenward. They did not sit down to sum up the exact cost of glorifying God; they did not calculate exactly how many the holy roof would cover; they knew with their hearts, if their tongues never uttered the truth, that

'High heaven dida'ns the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.'

And in the spirit of that higher philosophy they gave all they could, knowing they gave not in vain. And vain it has not been. No; as year by year the pealing anthem has fallen on the charmed ear, and nave, and choir, and aisle, have unfolded their awful perspective to the astonished eye, if a human, as well as a heavenly register could have been kept to tell what transports of love, of devotion, of heartfelt penitence, of rapture, and of tears the holy walls have witnessed, and sent up in memorial on high, the lowest of all the low, the Utilitarian himself, if he believed that there is another world beyond the grave, would be constrained to allow that the riches lavished on the abbey and the cathedral were spent wisely and well."

We are quite aware that such views as these are viewed by many well-meaning, but mistaken thinkers, with an honest jealousy, as if they tended Rome-ward. Because the Roman Catholic church largely employs the aid of architecture and of music in her public solemnities many true-hearted Protestants, who do not very clearly analyze their ideas, are tempted to suppose that there is something rather popish in a magnificent cathedral. But where would that "argumentum ruentis acervi" cease which should deprive our church of whatever in doctrine, discipline, or ceremonial Rome holds in common with her? Are we to call our creeds and collects *popish*, because they are to be found in the Romish formularies mixed up with dangerous errors and creature-worship? Are we to resign the *sacred Scriptures*, because they are perverted and misapplied by Romish sophisters? Are we to forsake the divinely instituted polity of the episcopate, priesthood, and diaconate, because

* The late H. J. Rose, B.D., in a sermon preached before the University of Cambridge. 1834.

these orders are retained amongst the many-coloured friars and whimsical fraternities of the Romish system? Are we to abjure holy baptism and the holy eucharist because these sacraments have been added to by pseudo-sacraments and human figments? Such, certainly, was not the principle of the English Reformation. Our reformers desired not to give up whatever Rome had perverted and abused, but to retain what was *true* in doctrine, no matter how such truth had been perverted, and what was decorous in external ceremonials, no matter how such ceremonials might, in times of ignorance, have been abused to superstition. Let Protestants beware how, in their zeal to keep far removed from Romanism, they descend from the high ground of truth, and leave the adversary in possession of a vantage position from which there will be no dislodging him. The traveller who left the eternal city, and traversed the entire circle of the globe, at the end of his peregrinations would find himself within her walls again! The sea at least rolls between Oxford and Rome; from Geneva thither there is a broad highway! If Rome attracts the senses to error and idolatry, let us not give up the field without a struggle; let us not act on some confused semi-gnostic principle, as if the senses in themselves were evil; let us vigorously endeavour to attract them to what is true. And we would put it fairly to every honest man, which is in most danger from the seductions of the Romish ritual, the man whose tastes have been formed and disciplined by the simple majesty of our English cathedral service, or he who has been trained to worship in such an edifice as Sir Samuel Romilly describes—the uncouth room with its irregular pews and dusty plastered walls. The one has *ὁ αὐτὸς ὁ θεὸς ἐν αἰσθητικῇ γυνυμένωσιν πρὸς διακρίσιν πάλαν ἐν αὐτῷ κακῷ*. To the other the whole scene is so entirely strange, that he admires in the lump if he admires at all. The splendour of the buildings—the beautiful music—the tawdry decorations—the idolatries, and mummeries, and fooleries form one great complex. The imaginative mind which has been wholly unaccustomed to all of good and evil that is thus mingled together, must be considerably moved

by the *entire medley*; and, having no principle of selection, no tastes formed on a purer model, it is in great danger of being carried away captive, and embracing the errors which have thus been insinuated by what might have equally been made the auxiliaries of truth. When Schiller—of all the painters of human feeling except our own Shakspeare the most natural and just—wishes to describe the transition of a mind in the most conceivable manner from Protestantism to popery, he selects his convert from the school of Puritanism. In the exquisite tragedy of Mary Stuart, Mortimer is introduced thus, explaining to his unhappy mistress his unexpected transformation from a rigid conventieller into a zealous and dutiful disciple of the holy see. The quotation, we confess, alarms us by its length; but it is so extremely apposite to the subject in hand that we cannot curtail it. As we understand that an English translation of this beautiful drama may be shortly expected in poetry from the fair hands of a distinguished German professoress, we shall not hazard a version which might hereafter make us blush; and we shall therefore content ourselves with humbly following our *musa pedestris* in a plain, unpretending piece of prose:—

MORTIMER.

Ich zählte zwanzig Jahre, Königin,
In strengen Pflichten war ich aufgewachsen
In finstern Hass des Papstthums auf-
gesüßet,
Als mich die unbezwingliche Begierde
Hinaustrieb auf das feste Land. Ich
liess
Der Puritaner dumpfe Predigtstuben
Die Heimath hinter mir, in schnellem
Lauf
Durchzog ich Frankreich, das gepriesene
Italien mit heissem Wunsche suchend.
Es war die Zeit des grossen Kir-
chenfests,
Von Pilgerschaaren wimmelten die
Wege,
Bekrönt war jedes Gottesbild, es war
Als ob die Menschheit auf der Wand-
rung wäre,
Wallfahrend nach dem Himmelreich—
Mich selbst
Ergriff der Strom der gaubenvollen
menge,
Und riss mich in das Weichbild Rom:—
... Wie ward mir, Königin!

Als mir der Säulen Pracht und Sieges-
bogen
Entgegenstieg, des Kolosseums Herr-
lichkeit
Den Staunenden umfing, ein hoher
Bildnergeist
In seine heitre Wunderwelt mich
schloss!
Ich hatte nie der Künste Macht gefühlt.
Es hasst die Kirche, die mich auferzog,
Der Sinne Reiz, Kein Abbild duldet sie,
Allein das Körperlose Wort verehrend,
Wie wurde mir, als ich ins Innre nun
Der Kirchen trat, und die Musik der
Himmel
Herunterstieg, und der Gestalten Fülle
Verschwenderisch aus Wand und Decke
quoll,
Das Herrlichste und Höchste, gegen-
wärtig,
Vor den entzückten Sinnen sich bewegte,
Als ich sie selbst nun sah, die Gött-
lichen,
Den Gruss des Engels, die Geburt des
Herrn,
Die heilige Mutter, die herabgestiegne
Dreifaltigkeit, die leuchtende Verklä-
rung—
Als ich den Papst drauf sah in seiner
Pracht
Das Hochamt halten, und die Völker
segnen.
O was ist Goldes, was Juwelen Schein,
Womit der Erde Könige sich schmücken!
Nur er ist mit dem Göttlichen umgeben
Ein wahrhaft Reich der Himmel ist
sein Haus,
Denn nicht von dieser Welt sind diese
Formen.

*Maria Stuart, Erster Aufzug Sechster
Austritt.*

MORTIMER.

The number of my years was twenty,
queen,
Under severe restrictions I was trained,
In gloomy hatred against popery bred,
When an invincible impetuous desire,
Incited me to visit foreign lands.
I left the musty preaching rooms of
Puritans,
My native home, behind; with nimble
steps
I traversed France, with ardent wishes
seeking
For Italy, that land, so far renowned.
The church's solemn festival just then
occurred.
Masses of pious pilgrims crowded all
the roads.
Each image of the Virgin was with gar-
lands crowned;
It was as if the human race were on a
pilgrimage,
Their course directing towards heaven.

Me did
The torrent of the faithful multitude
excite,
And drew me into the precincts of im-
perial Rome.
O, what were my sensations, queen!
when 'fore my sight,
The splendid columns, and triumphal
arch arose,
The Colosseum's grandeur filled me
with amazement,
In thoughts sublime on lofty sculpture
lost,
I saw myself enclosed in a bright world
of wonder!
*Ine'er had felt that power which art im-
parts;
The church in which I had been bred,
rejects
The charm of senses; no representation
she allows,
Alone revering the incorporeal word.
What were my feelings, when I now did
enter
The interior of the dome, and music
heard,
As if from heaven descending, whilst
walls and ceilings,
With plastic forms and paintings were
profusely ranged,
Then all that is majestic and superb
Most touchingly affected the enraptured
senses,
When I the godly emblems then beheld,
The angel's salutation, and the Saviour's
birth,
The Holy Virgin, the descended Trinity,
The transfiguration in resplendent light.
When I saw the pope in all his pomp,
The holy mass officiate, and bless the
people.
O, what is gold, what is the diamond's
lustre,
Wherewith terrestrial monarchs do
adorn themselves?
With all that's sacred is he alone sur-
rounded,
A veritable empire, heaven is his house,
For symbols such as these belong not to
this world.*

Maria Stuart, Act I. Scene 6.

We have already delayed too long
in *preluding*, and must come now with-
out further preface to Mr. Markland's
volume. The first portion of the work
is employed in an historical sketch of
the demolition, dilapidation, and dis-
figurement, rather than the edification
of English churches. During the
popular commotions which from time
to time arose at the Reformation, some
injuries were sustained by the cath-
edral and parish churches. The taste
for demolition which was formed in the
destruction of the abbey and conven-

nal churches, could not fail to seek a more extended gratification in the overthrow of other ancient ecclesiastical buildings. It was not, however, at the Reformation, it was at a subsequent period, that the churches of England were exposed to the most Scythian atrocities.

"At the Reformation, the condition of the churches was excellent; and here it may not be irrelevant to point out the actual extent of injury which was then sustained. Much misconception prevails by confounding the proceedings which occurred at this period with that ruthless violence to which churches were exposed in a subsequent century. A short statement will show that the spoliation at the two periods differed widely, both in kind and in degree. The object of the reformers was to purify, not to desecrate; while, on the other hand, the Puritans were not satisfied, unless desecration was accompanied by destruction. Image-worship was the besetting sin, so far as respected externals, against which our reformers chiefly and wisely directed their attacks. This was the foul abuse to be extirpated, and the destruction of whatever fostered it was with them the primary object. Although it must be admitted that, in too many instances, the royal order for destruction was executed with a rigour, which lovers of art and antiquity have long deplored, still, the fabrics themselves were generally respected; and so far was Elizabeth from encouraging any needless destruction in the interior of churches, that, in the second year of her reign, (1560,) Archbishop Parker procured letters under the great seal to certain commissioners, 'to take remedies about decays of churches, and the unseemly keeping of chancels, and for the comely ordering the east parts of the churches.'—pp. 7, 8.

But an age of Vandalic barbarism was to succeed. England was to experience the full import of the phrase which Jewel had formerly applied to the Scottish reformation, *causæ inæxaminabiles*.

"To the proceedings which took place at the Reformation we cannot with justice attribute the whole extent of mutilation, and the melancholy air of desolation and baldness observable in too many of our churches. These were

the fruits of a subsequent period. The Puritans had all along alleged that the Reformation was in many respects materially defective; the time had arrived when power was unhappily placed in their own hands, and they had free scope to hunt (hurt?) and destroy. It was during the great rebellion (*temporibus nequissimis*), when fanaticism lent its fierce and ruthless spirit to the work of destruction, that its triumph was complete.

"'Whate'er the popish hands have built,
Our hammers shall undoe;
We'll break their pipes, and burn their copes,
And pull down churches too.

"'We'll exercise within the groves,
And teach beneath a tree;
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
And hey, then! up go wee."

"It was no sudden impulse which actuated these parties: years were employed in the work of destruction. What occurred in the French Revolution happened here, an age of impiety! Society itself seemed dissolved: every tie of private affection and of public duty was unloosened. Even nature was strangely violated. From the first opposition to the decorous ceremonies of the national church by the simple Puritans, the next stage was that of ridicule, and the last of obloquy. They actually baptized horses, in churches, at the fonts: and the jest of that day was, that the Reformation was now a thorough one in England, since our horses went to church."†—p. 19.

The melancholy results of these disgraceful times may be traced, not only in the ruins of demolished, but in the squalidity of standing churches. The ancient Romans, in those ages when they were laying the foundations of their gigantic empire, in temperance, frugality, and exactest justice, thought nothing too splendid for the temples of their gods, nothing too simple for their private dwellings. The case with us, alas! is directly the reverse.

"Is there any exaggeration in saying that, in these days, a man possessed of countless wealth presents himself at the communion table of his parish church, where, surrounded by mildewed walls,

* Song by Francis Quarles.

† D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

(the rails, perhaps the table itself, from rottenness, falling to decay,) he kneels upon damp straw—as if the partaking of the holy eucharist were an act of penance, instead of one of holy joy. He there offers unto God, himself, his body, soul, and spirit; he joins in praises to the Lamb, who is worthy to receive glory and honour; and then returns, from this unwholesome and unseemly building, to a palace, filled with every object that can gratify the senses; where the value of one picture on his walls, or of one piece of plate upon his table, would render the house of God fitting for its sacred uses. Ought these things to be? Should it not occur to the rich communicant, that while he *dwelleth in a house of cedar, the ark of God dwelleth within curtains*.”—p. 51.

The object of Mr. Markland is not, like too many speculatists, only to point out defects, it is principally to suggest practical and feasible remedies. His remarks are characterised throughout by what is so often lacking in reformers of abuses, the efficient good common sense of an English man of business.

The poverty and uncomfortableness of our churches, and the meanness of their equipments—granted, how is the matter to be amended?

First, then, let there be regular systematic collections in each church for the purpose. “With the view of providing funds for church building, and other important objects, the author cannot but indulge the hope that under proper ecclesiastical authority, the practice of making weekly collections during the morning service of Sunday may be generally and beneficially revived. It is based both on Scripture and the rubric, and is a mode of collection that is both simple and effective in its operation. In a few churches it has already been adopted. If one hundred and fifty persons were to contribute each one penny every Sunday during the year, thirty-two pounds ten shillings would be raised, in a church where probably as many shillings are not collected by sermons in the same period. One of our greatest divines, Hammond, evinced by his own practice the efficacy of these collections. In the offertory we are told his instruction

and example so far prevailed, that there was thenceforth little need of ever making a poor-rate in his parish. Nay, it is reported that, in a short time, a stock was raised to be always ready for putting out children apprentices. And, after that, there yet remained a surplus for the assistance of the neighbouring parishes.”*

The practice which Mr. Markland so strongly recommended, that of collections at Sunday morning service, prevails at this very moment universally in the churches of Ireland. But, alas! what is the collection for the most part better than an absolute mockery of God? “That most necessary sacrifice of almsgiving,” which Saint Chrysostom styles the “*ring of prayer*,” has fallen into such desuetude, that the oblations presented to the Almighty for the relief of their poorer brethren, and for the honour of his divine majesty, by a congregation whose income would be calculated in tens of thousands, do not amount often to more than a few shillings! Such persons may not be devoid of all good, but assuredly they are not under the influence of the Gospel, which breathes in every page a religion of charity. The collections in church are a spiritual pulse which indicate how the life-blood of Christianity is circulating through the body of the church. Uncharitableness, we are convinced, gene- generally proceeds from a formed *habit of not giving*: the Sunday collections are a noble opportunity to break through this accursed custom, and substitute a *habit of benevolence*.—“*The practice of giving*,” said the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his last charge, “*will create habits of bounty*.” And it is really astonishing, what copious funds would be placed at the disposal of the church, if each individual in our congregations would cast into the treasury of God, we do not say gifts of great value, but a very mite. Take, for example, one of Mr. Markland’s calculations, and let the *same scale* be applied to cases where the congregations are either more or less. What a different result would be obtained from the present contributions.

* Fell’s Life of Hammond.

"We will now take as an example a church in a city or town with a congregation of about seven hundred persons of mixed classes of society; deducting one-third part for children and the very poorest members of the congregation, say two hundred and thirty-two, there would be left four hundred and sixty-eight as donors—

		Weekly sums.			Annual amount.		
		s.	d.	...	£	s.	d.
75	Contributors at	2	6	...	487	10	0
100	Do.	1	0	...	260	0	0
100	Do.	0	6	...	130	0	0
50	Do.	0	4	...	43	6	8
141	Do.	0	1	...	31	1	0
					951 17 8		

The sums themselves cannot but be regarded as moderate, and might be modified and varied in many respects. Occasional absence and deficiencies would be supplied, doubtless by more liberal contributions at the great festivals. Many would feel that extraordinary mercies demanded a larger measure of bounty, 'Give unto the Most High as he hath enriched thee.'"

Thus a fund not far short of one thousand pounds a year would be collected in churches, where scarcely more shillings are now contributed, and in such proportions that the burden would press very lightly on each individual. How much might be effected by the judicious outlay of such a fund! Besides the accustomed weekly alms to a college of stated pensioners, children might be apprenticed, relief might be afforded to any cases of peculiar distress, remittances might be made to useful societies, and especially as Mr. Markland suggests, a permanent fund would be created for the creditable keeping up, and the decent embellishment of the church. The inhabitants of each parish would begin to feel a pride in their own church, as they saw it improved and beautified from year to year. The nucleus of a regular choir might be formed in very many places where now nought is heard but the opposite of melody in the praises of the Most High. The great principle "that to him that hath shall be given" is one that pervades every department of being; and when once a good beginning was made, we believe

that the results are what at present would be pronounced *impossible*. For example, if the parish funds commenced with supporting a few boys as regular singers in the church, there would be a felt deficiency; and in time the liberality of some individual might prompt him to add an organ or a *bass*. Then as the taste was improved, the congregation would be more disposed to increase their donations. Again, suppose some improvement, some addition to the church commenced, "the incompleteness of the pile, constantly presented to the eyes of the pious and the tasteful, would stimulate gifts and legacies which could never be better applied."—p. 63.

It would indeed require time, perhaps a lapse of ages, to bring men to a right feeling on such subjects. Could we use the delusions of practical Romanism, could we persuade men that they might live as they pleased, looking forward to purchase heaven upon their death-bed by legacies to the church on earth, many, no doubt, would gladly accept the doctrine. The truth lies between those who believe that they *can be saved* by almsgiving or religious employment of their wealth, and those who believe that they *will be saved without it*. This is what we want, a *spiritual, and at the same time, a practical religion*. Let orthodoxy of doctrine be combined with such *feelings* as Archdeacon Wilberforce thus describes:—"We build churches, by calculation, as matter of necessity; but of old, church building was a luxury, a delight, a passion. Then men of wealth would build some glorious fane from foundation to turret; and those whose means were less abundant would furnish a *pillar, a transept, a choir*. Each man felt a paternal interest in his work; while he lived he delighted to visit it, and watch its progress; when he died, his mortal remains were laid beneath the roof which he had raised, in hope of His coming whose promise had called forth his bounty."*

If any are disposed to ask, why all this anxiety about the external appearance? Can any glory redound to Him, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, from architectural beauty?

* Wilberforce on the Parochial System.

Is not all this absolute waste when so many calls of distress fill our ears? Let them remember the alabaster box of ointment poured on the head of Jesus, and the answer which fell from his lips to very similar questions—"To what purpose is this waste? for this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor."

Another of Mr. Markland's suggestions is so extremely valuable and simple that we cannot but hope that in our cities it will be extensively adopted. It is, that the churches should stand open continually to receive all who wish to go in there and pray. We believe that thousands are prevented from praying by having *no place to pray*. It is true that every one can enter into the closet of his heart, but it is equally true that a small discouragement, such as having no convenient oratory, will, in point of fact, prevent many from praying who would pray if no such obstacle stood in their way. Many a passenger would gladly avail himself of the opportunity afforded by an open church to pray in quiet for a little—a privilege which, perhaps, in his own over-crowded dwelling he never can enjoy. This constant use of the church would, in the first place, tend much to facilitate the devotions of the people; and its effect would not be small, as a secondary benefit, in improving the condition of the buildings.

"One reason why our churches have remained in the sad condition before described is, the habitual neglect to which they are subjected. When the accustomed services of the Lord's day are terminated, the door is closed, perhaps until the ensuing Sunday. A casual visitor may ask to inspect it, or a funeral or a marriage may occur, so as to break the week's repose; if not, the building is left to the influence of the weather, and to the rooks or bats which have chosen it for their abode. The revival which is taking place in the celebration of divine service, twice in the week, and on the fasts and festivals of the church, will, in some degree, cause the courts of the Lord's house to be visited more constantly; but it appears strange that access to them at *all times* should not be rendered easy. There are seasons when the thankful, the penitent, and the mourner, might be well disposed to quit, for a while, the turmoil of active life, and the converse of

their fellow men, to breathe the language of thanksgiving and of prayer in tranquillity, and in a spot dedicated immediately to the Almighty.

'Tis well true hearts should, for a time, retire
To holy ground, in quiet to aspire
Towards promised regions of serene grace;
Then to the world return, nor fear to cast
Thy bread upon the waters.'

Nay, in the busiest marts of commerce, why should not the city church be open to afford the merchant, 'adventurer,' (as he was formerly properly called,) the means of invoking God's favour on some hazardous enterprise, involving the risk of his worldly goods, and personal danger to all engaged in it?"—p. 58.

But of all the valuable suggestions in Mr. Markland's volume for the improvement of our church, by far the most striking is the alteration which he proposes in the character of sepulchral monuments. Few persons of ordinary taste can have failed to lament the manner in which so many of our finest Gothic churches are disfigured by mural monuments of Grecian architecture. How often is the view intercepted by colossal figures of allegorical personages and heathen gods, and this in the house of God, to mark the spot where lie the ashes of a brother who sleeps in Jesus! These incongruities have been so bitterly, and yet so justly depicted by the pen of an adversary, that we must quote from Mr. Markland the following passage from Dr. Wiseman:—

"In a supposed visit to St. Paul's cathedral, in company with a heathen, this writer says that he would bid his companion look among the tombs and costly monuments which surround him for some intimation of what god is here worshipped, and what virtues taught. There he sees emblems indeed in sufficient number; not the cross, or the dove, or the olive branch, as on the ancient tomb, but the drum, or the trumpet, the boarding-pike and the cannon. Who are they whose attitudes and actions are deemed the fit ornaments for this religious temple? Men rushing forward, sword in hand, to animate their followers to the breach, or falling down while boarding the enemies' deck—heroes, if you choose, benefactors to their country, but surely not the illustrators of religion. Sea and river gods, with their oozy crowns and outpouring vases; the Ganges, with his fish and calabash; the Thames, with

the *genii* of his confluent streams; and the Nile, with his idol the Sphinx; Victory, winged and girt up as of old, placing earthly laurels on the brows of the falling; Fame, with its antient trumpet, blasting forth their worldly merits; Clio, the offspring of Apollo, recording their history; and, besides these, new creations of gods and goddesses, rebellion and fraud, valour and sensibility, and some of these too, with an unseemly lack of drapery, more becoming an antient than a modern temple."—p. 104.

All this, we must confess, and confess it to our shame. Assuredly such representations are most indecent in the house of God. They are calculated to do away those solemn trains of thought which press upon the mind when we stand by the silent grave of those who once filled the mouth of fame, and occupied conspicuous stations in this busy world. At such moments, when we look upon the narrow bed where the philosopher or the statesman, the warrior or the poet lies, and think of the disembodied spirit awaiting the judgment day, the realities of eternity stand out before us in all their magnitude, the vanities of time disappear, and the all-engrossing world itself shrinks into insignificance. Just at this very time, when such salutary impressions are making on the heart, these monuments arise, like evil *genii* from the tombs below, moulded in the very spirit of the world, awakening all those thoughts of vanity which were for a moment banished, firing all those carnal desires and ambitious hopes which we had just buried with the mighty dead beneath our feet! Yet more objectionable than the monuments themselves for the most part are the epitaphs inscribed upon them. Are hyperbolic panegyrics, recording angelical perfections, suitable in the house of that Holy One, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and in whose sight the heavens themselves are not pure, to mark the spot where a sinner is interred—a sinner with whom he has not yet entered into judgment?

Mr. Markland's proposition is not, however, that sepulchral memorials should be abandoned, but that their character be changed.

"It is not the object of these pages

to suggest the banishing of sepulchral monuments altogether from our churches; deeply reverencing as we must the antiquity of the custom, and the feeling of love and respect for the dead, as the last work of charity we can perform for them, which in many cases prompts their erection."—p. 36.

It is, indeed, a desire deeply implanted in the human breast, that some memorial of us should remain when we have vanished out of sight, and our place knows us no more! It is this "longing after immortality" which inspires the wish that some monument should mark, and give a religiousness to the place where our dust is laid. There is a natural shrinking from the thought of being so wiped out of the book of memory that our very burial-place should be unknown. And there is a pensive pleasure in the prospect of possessing at least so much posthumous remembrance, that long years after we are gone, a friend, if friend we leave behind us, may be able to mark our burial spot, and, when the world has forgotten us, refresh the earth that covers us with tears of sorrow and affection! It was when he saw the *place* where Lazarus was laid that Jesus wept!

Mr. Markland's object, as we have before observed, is not to abolish memorials of the dead, but to alter their character, so as to render them at once better suited to honour our departed friends, and fitted, at the same time, to honour Him in whom it is our hope that they have died.

"What, tho' no weeping loves their
ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate their face,"

other better memorials can be substituted for colossal statues and "lying epitaphs."

"On the death of the head of a family of rank or wealth, the more pressing wants, both spiritual and temporal, of the neighbourhood, should be consulted; and a parish church, a district church or chapel, a school, alms-houses, or an hospital, should be erected or enlarged, as circumstances might require. If no such building, or additions to an existing building, be required—then, let inquiries of the following kind be made:—Does the body, or an aisle of the church of the parish, its chancel, porch, roof,

tower, or spire, call for reiteration? In what state are the altar and its screen, and the font? . . . Panels, with suitable inscriptions, may be carefully let into the walls, recording the occasion when they were raised and perfected, and the names of the individuals to be commemorated. Thus, the name of a relation, or friend, would be identified with the shrine which holds his ashes. Should the font, or the altar call for restoration, there are many touching associations which point them out as most fitting memorials. At the one, the deceased may have been baptized and been made an inheritor of that kingdom, in which it may be humbly hoped that his spirit rests in peace; and at that altar, he may, during the largest portion of his life, have meekly knelt, and 'received with trembling joy the signs and seals of God's heavenly promises.'"—p. 60.

Not a word of observation or comment is required. Mr. Markland speaks like a man of common sense,

and his words gain ready consent from reason. His suggestions are already making extensive progress; and we have before us several cases where schools have been founded, scholarships instituted, or churches restored, in memorial of departed worth, where some few years ago nothing but a statue would have been thought of. Who can doubt that a school,* erected to his memory in his cathedral town, and called by his name, is a more becoming tribute to the late excellent Bishop of Chichester, than an hundred colossuses or an hundred elegies? Who can doubt that the thousands and tens of thousands lavished upon the four hundred and fifty monuments and slabs which disfigure the Abbey church at Bath, might have been better disposed in furnishing that magnificent structure with tolerable cathedral equipments, a corps of choristers, and a staff of minor canons?

* Bishop Otter's School, now building at Chichester.

THE PETITIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"When the ceremony of the coronation of Charles the Seventh, at Rheims, was concluded, Joan of Arc fell on her knees, and begged permission to return again to her former home. This petition was not granted; her services to her country being considered too valuable to be dispensed with. The only other request she made was, that her native scenes, the villages of Domremy and Greux, should be exempted from taxes in time to come; and this privilege continued in force until the Revolution."

"Ask thou a boon," the monarch said—the monarch robed and crowned, The light through gorgeous windows fell on all the scene around; There were warriors bold, and grey-haired men, and holy fathers there, And ladies in their gayest robes—the noble and the fair.

"Ask thou a boon!" for which of these went forth that mandate high?

"Who placed that monarch on his throne," may make a fit reply; For not by right, and not by power, his triumph hath been won, But by the might of one high mind he sits upon his throne.

"Ask thou a boon!"—the reverend men are silent at the words; But they thrill with joy, akin to pain, through one fair bosom's chords. There's one slight girl, in armour clad, who by the monarch stands, And holds aloft the banner white, that led victorious bands;

And now she lays that banner down, and on her knees she falls,
As memory all the happy dreams of early youth recalls.
And all are still, and many moved with envy at the thought,
How much of wealth, how much of power, her courage may have bought.

They listen for her coming words. May she not pray to stand
The first of honoured counsellors upon the king's right hand?—
May she not win a lofty place, beside her own wide fame,
And stamp upon a peasant race a new and noble name?—
May she not ask broad lands and gold? But hear the gentle tone,
That floateth like an angel voice towards the royal throne!
"The work is wrought—the glorious strife hath passed in triumph o'er—
"To the shelter of my father's home let me return once more!"

There was silence 'neath the lofty dome—the silence of surprise;
And now the murmur of applause is faintly heard to rise.
But the monarch spake—"It may not be, thy name must still advance
"The honour and the happiness of this fair land of France;
"The will of heaven hath chosen thee to follow one bright track,
"Thou wouldst not from the holy work turn faint and weary back.
"Ask not for this, for aught beside thou canst not ask too soon,
"And let the king that thou hast crowned grant thee some fitting boon."

The maiden rose, then drooped her head a moment on her breast,
As the happy vision died away that promised peace and rest;
Then lifting up her kindling eyes, while flushed her cheek again,
The ardour of her eager mind resumed once more its reign:—
"I take the yoke," the maiden said; "I ask not peace or ease
"Till the Almighty, by my hand, this shackled country frees,
"Yet will I claim the proffered boon, and this shall give my name
"A holier and a purer crown, than the soldier's brightest fame.

"There are two hamlets far away—ah! how my bosom yearns,
"And faileth all its warrior strength, when there my memory turns;
"But they are hallowed in my heart, as by a holy spell,
"For there mine early years went by, and there my kindred dwell.
"They are a peasant people, and my prayer, oh king, shall be,
"That through the ages yet to come that people shall be free—
"Free from the imposts, that still reap so much their toil hath sown,
"So that the labour of their hands henceforth be all their own."

The boon is won, and every heart thrills at the generous deed,
And to the ransomed villages the happy tidings speed.
Oh, through full many a weary day of terror and of strife,
The maiden's heart must there have turned, as to a spring of life,
Their memory must have cheered her soul, when danger darkened round,
And been companionship within a prison's lonely bound;
And even in death, that fearful death, that reached her all too soon,
Might she not think with triumph still upon that granted boon?

Cork, 1843.

CRIMINAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INSANE.

THE result of the trial of M^cNaughten, in which the prisoner's plea of insanity was successful, and the expectation of some change in the law by which society may receive greater security than it now enjoys against the outrages of real or supposed lunatics, have directed public attention with intense anxiety to the subject of insanity in its relation to criminal jurisprudence. Doctors of law and divinity have been busy in the study of the subject, and by them the most confident opinions have been given, as indeed might be expected; for to array syllogisms in martial order is an easier and pleasanter occupation than the examination of facts; and your adroit jurist and irrefragable school-divine agree marvellously in their conviction that this is a subject on which they can learn little from the physician. The M.D.s in their turn have, each of them, his theory and his own little array of facts: each is positive enough and each is right enough; for he is more positive in his conviction of his neighbour's doctrine being wrong than his own altogether right. Keepers of lunatic asylums more than intimate that they alone know anything about the matter: they say that the moment a man becomes admittedly insane he is removed from the care of the general practitioner, and that they and none but they, have the opportunity of seeing and judging of the disease in its advanced stages. They more than intimate that every man is more or less mad, and feel it a grievous wrong to themselves, and all who keep boarding-houses for nervous patients, that any persons should be allowed to select their own places of residence while there is accommodation enough and to spare suitable to all ranks and conditions. Thus we receive from them rather classifications of disease than any thing of definition. The regular physician is a little offended at being thus disregarded by the mad doctor; and he plausibly suggests, that as nervous

diseases are contagious, and the attendants in such hospitals and infirmaries apt to become themselves insane, so the mad doctor not unfrequently is affected in some slight degree with the peculiar mania of each of his patients. It is, they hint, altogether impossible for the sourest-visaged Republican to resist the influences of the society of a Court; and some tincture of pride is not unnatural or unbecoming in a man whose daily associates are kings, and queens, and emperors.

The medical men, within the last month or two, have published dozens of treatises on mania of all kinds and degrees. One of the most earnest and zealous of them is Mr. Quilter Rumball, who tells us that for many years he has been engaged in the treatment of the insane—that he has constantly at his table one or more patients, who are also his companions in his walks, occupations, and amusements. Mr. Rumball is a phrenologist, and he has favoured the Chancellor* with a letter in which he calls on him to legislate on the subject of insanity, with express reference to phrenology—a science, the truths of which he regards as now established. It appears that when Mr. Quilter Rumball studied many years ago at Bethlem, he was led to test the doctrines of the craniologists by an examination of the heads there. If, thought he, there be any thing in cranial conformation, as connected with natural disposition, the heads of those whose bridles are off will be the most likely to show it; so, to settle the point, he took eighty portraits of patients labouring under specific forms of insanity. "In every instance the particular nature of the disease was written as plainly on the head as in the physicians' books." We have not a doubt of it, as we believe the hieroglyphics of the physicians' books to be absolutely undecypherable. Mr. Rumball tells the chancellor that there

* A Letter to the Lord Chancellor upon Insanity. By J. Q. Rumball, Esq. London: Churchill, 1843.

ought not to have been the slightest difficulty in knowing how to deal with the case that lately occupied public attention. Phrenologist and philosopher! he detects the origin of the mistake of our judges and juries in occasionally acquitting insane criminals; it arises from popular language, which speaks of "a mind diseased," and not of portions of the brain excited.

Mr. Rumball defines insanity to be "the excitement of any of the mental faculties beyond the control of the remainder." We are not disposed to refuse the practical information Mr. Rumball gives us in this definition, although it is plainly insufficient to include every case, and seems wholly inapplicable to the early stages of melancholy madness, the most dangerous and incurable of all: on the contrary, we think the absence of self-control, which is perhaps the leading feature in every kind of insanity, not ill expressed, and that it has been strangely omitted by most of those who have undertaken to define the disease. The fact of delusion is in general stated as the one inseparable character of insanity. Recent investigation seems to prove, however, that insanity may exist where no delusion can be detected; and, again, the existence of delusion alone is insufficient as a test, as is plainly shown by such cases as that of Nicolai, where the delusion was perfect, was of very frequent recurrence, and the patient had all his powers of judgment undisturbed, and under the most entire control. Mr. Rumball, however, has done something in his little pamphlet, if not in suggesting a test, yet in showing the insufficiency of former definitions and descriptions. His own definition is, however, not as sound as it would at first appear; for, as his comment proves, his language, unluckily, to his own mind expresses the theories of the phrenologist, and each faculty of the mind is with them independent of the rest. McNaughten, he says, is undoubtedly mad, but not the less responsible as his *destructiveness* is unimpaired. "The law declares that immunity shall be extended to acts that flow from a delusion; but it does not see that because a man has an insane idea that the Tories persecute him, his destructiveness is not therefore necessarily diseased: it does not know that although in comparing

his excited feelings with the remainder reason staggers and sinks abashed; he can nevertheless compare all the healthy feelings of his mind with each other as accurately as any other man.

No longer let the fatal mistake be committed of excusing a healthy feeling because some other one is diseased: *as well might all the soldiers in a regiment—all the members of a community be held irresponsible because a civilian might be mad or a soldier drunk.*" Dr. Rumball is so satisfied of this that he is willing to leave the matter to a class of persons who must, he seems to think, be the best judges of the matter. We transcribe, for the amazement of our readers, a passage which it would be unjust to the learned gentleman who, be it remembered, is writing for the instruction of the Chancellor of England on the subject of which he writes, to give in any words but his own:—"Fit audience, (said Milton,)

"Fit audience let me find though few."

"Put this to the test, my Lord; send a committee of plain sensible men—not physicians, whose minds are still the repository of worn-out hypotheses, but sound judging men, without prejudice; send them to the wards of Hanwell, Bethlehem, and St. Luke's; let the worst cases there of partial insanity be selected, and if destructiveness be not diseased, if a craving for blood be not the thirst that is upon them, if tattered rags, blasphemy, and violence, attest not the excitement of the carnivorous impulse; if they be cases of partial, not general insanity; if there be any green curtain of repose in the mind, and all be not 'sound and fury, signifying nothing,' let each and all be asked, what any man should suffer—what they themselves should deserve, should they attempt to take away human life? And with one voice they will all, without exception—ALL cry—Death! Death! Death! There haply may be here and there a wretch, who has brought into his asylum the perversions of early wickedness; a man, perhaps, who, considered sane by others, and thinking himself so, grudged the infringement of his liberty, which the public gathering up of individual rights had seemed to inflict; one who would ever like in his own person to work out the wild justice of revenge; a savage among the civilized—a brute among men; one who defies selfishness and calls it freedom. There may be found

here and there one of this class, who, wronged or not, would like to plunge the knife into his enemy's heart—and he may tell you so. But he, my lord, was mad from birth—a moral lunatic, whom the law does not recognise, but phrenology does—one who should have been cared for from the first; for he is but an incarnation of the sins of his forefathers from 'the third and fourth generation;' and his impulses are no more insane now, than they ever were. But let the dreamer of dreams, the seer of visions, the fancied king, the demi-god; let those who 'fancy' the world a stage, themselves poor players;' or, let those who imagine the hate they mourn, reject the love they covet, suspect the friend who serves, and love the foe that robs them:—let all such as revel in ideal wealth, or sink under fancied wrongs, who 'deny their parents and refuse their names,' weep for children which were not, and despise those which are; let one and all, of whatever shade of madness—not destructive not universal—be asked the simple question, what does he deserve who murders? and again, I say, the cry would be—Death to the traitor! Death! My lord, they all know right from wrong, where any faculty is concerned, not maddened by disease; they can all converse most truly upon all affairs, not seen through the darkened glass of their own delusions. How cleverly yon lunatic who thinks himself an emperor, will teach you the cunning of his craft; and with what accuracy will he who fancies Goleonda's mines his own, tell you the prices of his daily food, and the cheapest market for its purchase. Ask yonder mope, who mourns the dead, to talk to you of war, and if he have been a soldier, he will tell—

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,"

give you each circumstance in most correct detail, and act the soldier over again, with as much truth as though his mind had never 'toppled o'er.' Talk to all upon any subject but that on which they are cracked—

"Take any shape but that
And their firm nerves will never tremble,"

but they will prove themselves to be as sound, as natural, as conscious of right and wrong, as the healthiest mind amongst us. But again, I shall be told that the law recognises this; and again

I ask, does it act upon it? Was it proved, or attempted to be proved, that in Bellingham, the desire to take life was an uncontrollable passion? was he lashed on by a fury that would be satisfied with nothing but a human sacrifice? or, did he not coolly and rationally, out of his evil heart, revengefully determine to redress his own wrongs? did he not set the life of his oppressor? (and, although he found it not, did he not shoot one of the party, and that its head,) and all this under the ordinary motives which influence malicious men? Was Oxford labouring under a delusion, terminating in homicidal climax? did he even pretend to be so? was he, or was he not, perfectly aware that wrongfully to kill, was murder; that, in shooting at the queen, he attempted murder; and did he say, does he now deny, that, in the present state of the law, he who attempts to murder should be hung? Save and except the paltry desire for notoriety or bread, had Bean any one justification for his real or pretended villainy? And although M'Naughten is undoubtedly mad, ask him now—now that the fear of death is not before his eyes—and if he tell you that in shooting Mr. Drummond, or in fancying that he had shot Sir R. Peel, he believes that he was justified; that he did not know it would be murder, and, as such, deserve its recompense; then—I know nothing of insanity!"

To transcribe this strange passage—and one more strange has never been written since Blackmore wrote—"the rumble of his chariot-wheels"—would seem to be enough. That when the guilt of an admitted madman is the question, the opinion of other lunatics should be taken is guide that of the sane portion of society, is going pretty far; but Mr. Rumball goes farther, without, it seems, faring worse, in appealing to the madman himself. Does Mr. Rumball not know, that insane persons have accused themselves of crimes of which it was not possible they should be guilty—unmarried women, for instance, of having murdered their husbands? Does he not know that there have been and are every day cases such as Cooper's, in which the very tenderness of the insane man's diseased conscience would demand punishment? and, the more extreme the punishment, the more

* M'Naughten is undoubtedly mad.—Rumball's Error.

likely would it be to appease the remorse for imaginary crimes? The same excited imagination that has transferred the guilt of others to itself—that has identified itself with the person and circumstances of some character in sacred or profane history, will demand to act out the whole mystery. A man discovers in the letters of his name, or the date of his birth, or the number of his house, some connection with the mystical numbers in the Apocalypse; he finds that he is Judas, or the Man of Sin, or Jonas; and his sense of moral fitness and the proper order of things demands that his fate shall be in strict correspondence with theirs. There can be little doubt, that while the insanity lasts in such cases as we have imagined, that the reply of the insane criminal to the mad doctor's question would be, "*Death to the traitor! Death;*" as little doubt, we fancy, that an assemblage of lunatics selected from those whose destructiveness is uninjured, would echo the maniac cry;—but is Mr. Rumball quite in earnest in his proposal? Are the insane the best

judges of the most delicate question of morals that has ever embarrassed the legislator and the judge? On what other subject would Mr. Rumball ask or receive their advice? and does Mr. Rumball imagine, that were the question submitted to them—not of "*Death to the traitor, death,*" but of some punishment, requiring, from him who would understand its effects, something addressed more to the intellect and less to the imagination than that indefinite abstraction—death, that he would find the same unanimity in his multitude of counsellors? We do not quite understand Mr. Rumball, or he has forgotten himself, when in spite of this advice he recommends the abolition of capital punishment—a proposition in which we are strongly inclined, with scarcely an exception, to concur.

We must not allow Surgeon Rumball to mislead us from the main subject of our article, and we therefore, instead of discussing them, transcribe in a note a few sentences of his pamphlet, which are, for one reason or other, worth preservation.*

* "Even right-thinking men have undervalued the power of steady and long-continued exercise of any particular feeling to *increase the size of that portion of brain which is its agent*. The organ of veneration will grow, if excited by long and regular devotional exercise, such as prayer. Ideality will rapidly increase in the heads of artists and poets—in Kenny Meadows it has so grown. Intellectual exercise enlarges the forehead even of the individual; this descends to his children; and a genuine Cambridge man—a mathematician, not in name merely, but in practice—may be distinguished from an Oxford, or classical man."

"We may, perhaps, be inclined to consider the following hypothesis as explaining the proximate cause of insanity.

"Whatever be the exciting cause, an increased impetus is given to the blood in the cranium; in children, whilst the skull is separated, and yields with ease, very little mischief follows; but even if the pressure be greater than can be accommodated, insanity does not ensue. From the activity of life in childhood, inflammation is readily produced, and water in the brain the consequence. An attempt is made by nature to relieve congestion, by unloading the vessels, but the remedy is often worse than the disease, and death, too frequently, ends the scene. In old age the powers flag; a diminution, not increase, of power occurs, and this is not an exciting cause of insanity. In middle age, mental action and cerebral labour may go on with safety within certain limits: but when sudden or durable pain in the head, premonishes danger—keep this going, and the pressure of the brain, or some portion of it, upon the inner table of the skull, produces absorption of the bone; increase of power, and change of disposition will follow, according as the organs exercised are, or are not, naturally prominent.

"But if the excitement be sudden and violent, inasmuch as the adult skull is dovetailed together, and cannot yield, so must the brain suffer, more or less, of functional, or organic derangement, and that state which I have described as constituting the essence of insanity follows. Precisely the same thing occurs in long-continued fatigue of an organ. A tired faculty will sleep, a distressed one cannot; absorption of bone does not keep pace with the brain's pressure; more room is required, but not obtained—structural disorganization is the result, and insanity established. In all its stages, then, insanity is a corporeal disease, produced indifferently by mental or physical causes, and the remedy for it may be

The language of the English jurists on the subject of insanity as taking away the responsibility for crime, is on the whole humane. A defective or vitiated understanding, say they, excuses from the guilt of crime. Idiots and lunatics are not chargeable for their acts when committed under these incapacities. A man who becomes insane after the commission of a crime ought not to be arraigned for it, because he is not able to plead with the caution he ought. If after pleading he becomes mad he shall not be tried, for how can he make his defence? If, after he be tried, and found guilty, he lose his senses before judgment, judgment shall not be pronounced, and if after judgment he becomes of non-sane memory, execution shall be stayed; for peradventure, says the humanity of the English law, had the prisoner been of sound memory he might have alleged something in stay of judgment or execution.

Such is the language of Blackstone translating the earlier authorities. A foreigner, reading the oracular passages from our old writers, which tell us, that "the execution of an offender is for example, *ut pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes perveniat*; but so it is not when a madman is executed; but should be a miserable spectacle, both against law, and of extreme inhumanity and cruelty, and can be no example to others," would be surprised to learn, that whenever the defence of insanity had been attempted in England, until after the trial of Hatfield for shooting at the king in the year 1800, the plea had been almost uniformly unsuccessful.* Any circumstance exhibiting an intention of committing the act with which the lunatic was charged, or of concealing the act when committed, was seized upon as proof that the man, however incapable of conducting himself in the ordinary conduct of life, had method in

equally moral or material; it is to be pitied, not punished; unless, indeed, punishment can prevent. Now, I fully agree with my Lord Brougham, that there are people of irritable fancy, who imagine a wrong, and hug a delusion, as men smoke, from very idleness—

* Who, when no real life perplex them,
Will make enow themselves to vex them.*

And all that is necessary to cure them is to excite their volition by new objects; to remove them from all morbid associations, and to force mental exertion into new channels. Daily labour is an excellent preservative, and in some instances those who have witnessed the insidious and *unresisted* advance of the disease, have fancied that punishment, though it might not cure, would prevent. From the whole of the above, I am forced to the conclusion, that whatever may be the merits of hydrophobia in other diseases, in insanity its effects ought to be of the most beneficial kind. That medical treatment has, up to this time, been purely empirical, all must allow, who have studied the matter; from bark to laudanum, blisters to calomel, all has been empirical, without the slightest pretension to science; and, as a consequence, insanity still remains a by-word and a reproach—the true *opprobrium medicorum*. Change of scene, a removal from home—where every necessary watchfulness is construed into impertinence, every necessary restraint a tyrannical assumption, every word of advice a reproach—is, above all, the one thing needful. Half the existing incurable lunatics have been tortured into their lamentable condition, by that blind affection which refused to part with them, until the disease was too firmly fixed to be eradicated.

* It would be too much, however, to infer from this, that the humanity which the old law-books claim for English law, was a mockery. The records of such defence are but few. This arose from a change in the practice as to dealing with the unhappy class of persons whose responsibilities we are discussing. The fact is that, properly speaking, they were but seldom tried. The old practice was by inspection of the judge; and on his certifying the fact of idiocy or lunacy, the king's pardon was granted. Then came inquests of office, finding the fact. A case is mentioned in the year books, as occurring in Edward the Third's reign, where it being found by inquest that a lunatic killed a man, the king pardoned him. In a subsequent case, a madman was indicted for the murder of four men; the judge would not allow him to be arraigned; he was confined in prison, and pardoned by the king. The probability seems to be, that at first few cases were sent to juries, except when on inspection the judge doubted the fact of insanity.

his madness, as was the phrase, and he was unsparingly executed. The utter idiot and the raving madman alone had the slightest chance of escape.

In treason, madness was not listened to as a defence. An infant or a madman who attempted the life of the king was the subject of capital punishment: and even when the unreasonableness of this was felt, such was the sanctity of the king's person, or the pedantry of the old lawyers, that they denied the application in this case of a maxim which they hold good in every other—*Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea*. No—said they, old statutes have defined the offence—and these statutes do not in terms make any exception in favour of the infant or the insane. When good sense slowly and with difficulty triumphed over this poor pedantry, it did not triumph by its own strength, but had to avail itself of the language of the statute law, and the lunatic was, after a struggle, determined to be incapable of committing that description of high treason which consists in *imagining* the death of the king, as being incapable of *imagining* at all. A statute of Henry the Eighth enacted, that if a person should commit high treason when sane, and after accusation or confession thereof should fall to madness, the treason might be tried in his absence, and the offender suffer as if he had been of perfect mind and personally arraigned. The same statute enacted, that any person attainted of high treason who afterwards fell to madness should, notwithstanding such madness, suffer execution.

In the case of murder, the principle of the English law was—*life for life*. As an exception the plea of insanity was doubtfully and very reluctantly admitted, either by the judges who had to direct the administration of the law, or the juries who had to determine the fate of the shedder of human blood. The ground on which the insane man was spared was scarcely in their reasonings referred to his being an unconscious or involuntary agent. Madness, said they—adopting a phrase from the civil law—is ‘punishment’—*Furiosus furore punitur*. Still this mysterious infliction of divine punishment for some unknown crime scarcely satisfied them;

and they manifestly regretted every instance where a criminal escaped on such grounds. Hale, who regarded human punishments as to be determined by considerations of expediency, and therefore, in different ages and states, to be set higher or lower, according to the exigence of the state and wisdom of the lawgiver, regarded the crime of murder as furnishing the only exception—

“In this case of murder,” he says, “there seems to be a justice of retaliation, if not *ex lege naturali*, yet at least by a general divine law given to all mankind (*Genesis ix. 6.*); and although I do not deny that the supreme King of the world may remit the severity of the punishment, as he did to Cain, yea and his substitutes, sovereign princes may also defer or remit that punishment, or make a commutation of it, upon great and weighty circumstances; yet such instances ought to be very rare and upon great occasions.”

In the case then of murder, according to the notion of our old jurists, the principle of punishment appears to have been retribution, and not simply or principally the prevention of crime; and the measure of punishment was not left to society to determine. Not to punish the murderer was to incur the guilt of disobedience to the divine law. Insanity, like infancy, might be given in evidence as a defence; but the infant over seven years old, if he exhibited intelligence enough to show that he understood the nature of the act he was committing, was responsible for crime; and Lord Hale, having first explained the state of the law with respect to infancy, says, that the best test he can imagine in the other case is this—“Such a person as labouring under melancholy distemper, hath yet ordinarily as great understanding, as ordinarily a child of fourteen years hath, is such a person as may be guilty of treason or felony.” We transcribe the words because it is plain that this test of Hale's has led to the language used by judges, in stating the law to juries, and which is the subject of so much complaint by Lord Brougham, and others. “Generally,” says Lord Brougham, “the judges informed juries that, in order to make a man responsible, he must be capable of knowing right from

wrong. Again, some of them said a man must be capable of distinguishing between good and evil—a most difficult thing for many to do. Then came a third distinction, ‘a man must know what is proper or wicked.’” The chapter in Lord Hale’s History of the Pleas of the Crown, immediately preceding that on “idiocy, madness, and lunacy,” is “on the defect of infancy and nonage,” and in it he quotes the language of *old entries*, which, compared with our last citation from Hale, fixes what was the meaning of the judges, in the use of the words “good and evil,” when they were applying the test suggested by him.* He gives the proper form of the finding of a coroner’s jury, who acquit a prisoner on the ground of insanity, or of nonage—“*Juratores, &c., dicunt quod A. B. dum non fuit compos mentis, or dum fuit infra aetatem discretionis, nec scivit discernere inter bonum et malum.*”† The phrase “*distinguishing between good and evil*,” has been fallen out with by several writers, as for instance Mr. Ray, an American, whose work on insanity has been reprinted in this country. It ought not to have presented as much difficulty as it seems to have done, as it is the familiar Scripture expression to denote what, with reference to this very thought, was called the age of discretion, when infancy was at an end. In Deuteronomy i. 39—“Little ones and children which had no knowledge between good and evil,” The second childhood of old age is in the same way expressed—“I am this day fourscore years old, and can I discern between good and evil?”—2 Samuel xix. 35. In the same way the words are used in the 7th chapter of Isaiah, and in the 5th chapter of Hebrews. In fact, as to this being the meaning of the words in the language of Scripture, and in that of common conversation in England, there

can be no doubt whatever. The difficulty of making any practical use of such a test, if it is to be called one, is no doubt very great, and Hale felt that difficulty increased by “the easiness of counterfeiting insanity.”

Total idiocy, or absolute insanity, takes away all guilt, and all responsibility. The cases presenting difficulty are those of crimes committed by persons of whom it may be doubted whether they are in actual mental health, or more than partially insane, and of lunatics, when the question is, whether the crime was committed in a lucid interval or not—two questions altogether distinct, and which, we think, have been, even in very solemn trials, confounded.

In every criminal trial, where either of these questions arises, a passage descriptive of partial insanity, is cited from Lord Hale’s History of the Pleas of the Crown. Unfortunately it is always quoted detached from the context, and this we think has led to a considerable mistake as to his precise meaning. We think it of moment to give the passage in connection with his general argument:—Mental incapacity or alienation he calls by the general name of *dementia*, which he divides into—I. *Idiocy or fatuity a nativitate vel naturalis*—with his description of which we are not now concerned; and

“II. *Dementia accidentalis, vel adventitia*, which proceeds from several causes; sometimes from the distemper of the humours of the body, as deep melancholy, or adust choler; sometimes from the violence of a disease, as a fever or palsy; sometimes from a concussion, or hurt of the brain, or its membranes or organs; and as it comes from several causes, so it is of several kinds or degrees; which as to the purpose in hand may be thus distributed—I. There is a partial insanity of mind; and 2. A total insanity.

* Hale, in the “Chapter on Defects by reason of Infancy,” &c., uses the very phrase:—“An infant, under the age of fourteen years, and above the age of twelve years, is not *prima facie* presumed to be *doli capax*, and therefore for a capital offence committed under fourteen years he is not to be convicted or have judgment as a felon, but may be found not guilty. But though *prima facie*, and in common presumption this be true, yet if it appear to the court and jury that he was *doli capax*, and could discern between good and evil at the time of the offence committed, he may be convicted,” &c.—Hale, 1. *Pleas of the Crown*, p. 28.

† The author of the old book *Fleta*, speaking of this unfortunate class of persons, says, “*Sanctus judicabatur infra aetatem vel quasi.*”

"The former is either in respect to things *quod hoc vel illud insanire*; some persons, that have a competent use of reason in respect of some subjects, are at under a particular *dementia* in respect of some particular discourses, subjects, or applications; or else it is partial in respect of degrees; and this is the condition of very many, especially melancholy persons, who for the most part discover the defect in excessive fears and griefs, and yet are not wholly destitute of the use of reason; and this partial insanity seems not to excuse them in the committing of any offence for its utter capital; for doubtless most persons, that are felons of themselves, and others are under a degree of partial insanity, when they commit these offences: it is very difficult to define the indivisible line that divides perfect and partial sanity; but it must rest upon circumstances duly to be weighed and considered both by the judge and jury, lest on the one side there be a kind of inhumanity towards the defects of human nature, or on the other side too great an indulgence given to great crimes; the best measure that I can think of is this: such a person as labouring under melancholy distempers hath yet ordinarily as clear understanding, as ordinarily a child of fourteen years hath, is such a person as may be guilty of treason or felony.

"Again, a total alienation of the mind, perfect madness; this excuseth from the guilt of felony and treason; *de quibus infra*. This is that, which in my lord Hale's *Pleas of the Crown*, p. 6, is called him absolute madness, and total deviation of memory.

"Again, this accidental *dementia*, whether total or partial, is distinguished into that which is permanent fixed, and that which is interpolated, and by certain periods and vicissitudes: the former is *phrenesis*, or madness; the latter is that which is usually called *lunacy*, for the moon hath a great influence in all diseases of the brain, especially in this kind of *dementia*; such persons commonly, in the full and change of the moon, especially about the equinoxes and summer solstice, are usually the height of their distemper; and therefore, crimes committed by them, in their distempers, are under the same judgment as those whereof we have before spoken, namely, according to the measure or degree of their distemper; the person that is absolutely mad for a day, killing a man in that temper, is equally not guilty, as if he were mad without intermission. But,

such persons as have their lucid intervals, (which ordinarily happens between the full and change of the moon,) in such intervals have usually at least a competent use of reason, and crimes committed by them in these intervals are of the same nature, and subject to the same punishment, as if they had no such deficiency; nay, the alienations and contracts made by them in such intervals are obliging to their heirs and executors.

"Again, this accidental *dementia*, whether temporary or permanent, is either the more dangerous and pernicious, commonly called *furor*, *rabies*, *mania*, which commonly ariseth from adult choler, or the violent inflammation of the blood and spirits, which doth not only take away the use of reason, but also superadds to the unhappy state of the patient, rage, fury, and tempestuous violence; or else it is such as only takes away the use and exercise of reason, leaving the person otherwise rarely noxious, such as is a deep *delirium*, *stupor*, memory quite lost, the phantasies quite broken, or extremely disordered. And as to criminals, these *dementes* are both in the same rank; if they are totally deprived of the use of reason, they cannot be guilty ordinarily of capital offences, for they have not the use of understanding, and act not as reasonable creatures, but their actions are in effect in the condition of brutes."

We do not think that often as Lord Hale has been quoted on this subject, he has been dealt with quite fairly. He shows any thing but a disposition to dogmatize on a subject of acknowledged difficulty. Total alienation of mind, he tells us, exempts from responsibility—partial does not; but that what he calls total alienation of mind is not in his view identical with raving madness, is plain from his saying, that it is difficult to define the indivisible line between perfect and partial insanity. On the supposition that what he calls perfect insanity was utter and entire phrenzy, there could be no difficulty whatever. It would really seem to us as if Lord Hale's readers overlooked, or quite misinterpreted this remarkable sentence, and supposed Lord Hale to be speaking, not of the indivisible line between two kinds of insanity, but between partial insanity and perfect health of mind.* It is plain that Hale felt the question—as even with the advantage

Since writing the above sentence, we have accidentally met a very curious one of that this conjecture was not without foundation. In Stock's "Practical

of modern science it confessedly is—to be one of exceeding embarrassment. “The law of England, however,” he adds, “has afforded the best method of trial that is possible, of this and all other matters of fact—namely, by a jury of twelve men, all concurring in the same judgment, by the testimony of witnesses, *viva voce*, in the presence of the judge, and jury, and by the inspection and direction of the judge.” We think it probable, on the whole, that Hale would not have recognised Erskine’s distinction of acts done under the influence of their delusion, and flowing from it, as excusing the partially insane; for, in Hale’s view, all crime flowed from partial insanity; but then, on the other hand, there would not have been the necessity for the exception, as Hadfield’s, if we understand Hale right, would certainly be regarded by him as perfect insanity.

The passage from Hale has been misinterpreted in France as well as England; and the misinterpretation seems to have led to the conviction of insane criminals there as well as here. Of this the case of Papavoine was a remarkable instance:—Papavoine was the son of a woollen manufacturer at Morey, in the department of the Euse. Till the age of forty he was a clerk in one of the public offices at Brest; he was a man of solitary, unsocial habits, but attentive and faithful in his employment. His father died in 1823, and Papavoine resigned his office, and undertook the management of his father’s business;—a contract for the supply of the troops, which the house had, was not renewed, and pecuniary embarrassment followed. He went to Paris for the purpose of exerting himself to get the contract renewed; he visited his mercantile correspondents, and exhibited ordinary intelligence in business. He, however, manifested impatience to be alone, and, after passing some days apart from all society in his lodgings, he wandered

to the wood of Vincennes. A female was walking there with her two boys, one aged five, the other six years of age. A young woman passing admired and kissed the children. Papavoine asked her—“Do you know whose children you are kissing?” She replied—“We may caress children without knowing whose they are.” He rushed away abruptly; inquired at a shop for a knife; they refused to sell less than a dozen; on offering an increase of price, however, they gave him one. He returned, and with a distracted air, addressed the lady:—“Your walk is soon ended,” and stooping, as if to embrace one of the children, plunged his knife in its breast: he immediately murdered the other and fled; he was in a few hours after arrested. He gave his name truly, but denied all knowledge of the crime, and persisted for a month in his denial: he then said he had important communications to make, but could only make them to the princesses royal. When an interview was refused, he said that he thought the children he murdered were those of the Duke de Berri. The duke had been but a short time before assassinated. During his confinement in prison he exhibited strong symptoms of frenzy, and endeavoured to kill a fellow-prisoner.

At his trial it was insisted that he was insane at the time of the act. He had brought knives with him to Paris. If the act had been premeditated, said his counsel, would he not have armed himself with one of these? The act was said to be absolutely without motive, therefore probably proceeding from insane impulse. It was proved that his father had been subject to mania—that in the last year of his clerkship Papavoine had an illness of ten days, during which he complained that an individual appeared to pursue him in his sleep, and threatened to kill him, but that when he awoke he saw no one. More important evidence of in-

Treatise on the Law of Non-compotes Mentis,” we find the following passage—“As it is impossible to obtain an accurate definition of lunacy, so it is manifestly so to draw the line between it and its opposite—rationality, or to borrow the words of Lord Hale—‘doubtless most persons that are felons of themselves, and others, are under a degree of partial insanity, when they commit these offences. It is very difficult to define the line that divides perfect and partial insanity, &c.’”—*Stock*, p. 12.

sanity was given; for it seemed to be established that he could not be persuaded that his father, whose business he was conducting, was really dead. Other strange fancies, inconsistent with perfect sanity, were proved by witnesses of unimpeachable credit; and the gaoler of the prison of La Force, describing his occasional paroxysms of fury, said that his hair literally bristled up—the only time he (the gaoler) saw the human hair so affected—that his countenance became highly inflamed and of a lively red, and that he actually terrified the soldiers who guarded him.

M. de Peyronnet, the advocate-general, when stating the case against the prisoner, quoted Lord Hale; but by some extraordinary blunder, mixed up Erskine's reasonings in Hadfield's case with the passage in Hale; and in addition to this source of error, unluckily mistranslated a very important sentence in the passage cited by Erskine. We must transcribe M. de Peyronnet's own words:—

“ Il est une démente partielle et une démente totale : la première est à tels ou tels objets. Quelques personnes qui jouissent de leur raison pour certaines choses sont sujettes à des accès d'une démente spéciale à tels discours ou tels sujets ou bien elle est partielle dans ses degrés : telle est la condition d'une foule d'insensés ; et surtout des personnes mélancoliques dont la folie consiste la plupart du temps à témoigner des craintes, des chagrins excessifs et qui cependant ne sont entièrement privées de l'usage de la raison. Cette démente semble ne pas excuser les crimes, que commettent ceux, qui en sont atteints *même en ce qui en fait l'objet principal* car toute personne qui l'arène contre lui même ou contre d'autres est jusqu'à certain point dans un état de démente partielle lors q' elle se rend coupable.

* * * * *

Je suis en outre forcé d'admettre qu' il est une importante distinction entre les cas civils et les cas criminels. Dans les premiers des qu' il est prouvé que la raison de l'homme est altérée, la loi annule ses actes quoiqu' ils n' aient aucune relation avec les circonstances

qui causent sa démente et qui auraient pu influer sur la conduite. Mais lorsqu' il agit de décharger un homme de la responsabilité de ses crimes et surtout des crimes atroces, on ne peut point réclamer l' application de cette règle incontestable pour une question de propriété.”

The passage we give, as we find it transcribed by Pritchard, from *Georget*—and *Georget* proceeds to comment severely on Lord Hale's distinction, which would annul the civil acts of the lunatic, though unconnected with his illusion, and would leave him to forfeit his life for a criminal act, even though such act should be the immediate result of his particular disease. M. *Georget* is under an entire mistake in supposing such to be the doctrine of Hale, or the law of England. The words of Hale, which have given rise to the supposed doctrine, are these—“ Partial insanity seems not to excuse them, in the committing of any offence, *for its matter capital*.” The persons thus left unpunished in cases of capital felony,* are persons whom he describes in the same sentence as having a competent use of reason in some subjects, and he adds, as a reason for the distinction, that all guilt is partial insanity. M. Peyronnet, or the French translator of Erskine's *Speeches*, in which Peyronnet found the quotation, unluckily had his mind engaged with the leading proposition in Erskine's defence of Hadfield, and thus mistook the meaning of the words “ *for its matter capital*,” supposing them to mean the matter with which the lunatic's mind was principally engaged, and on which his delusions chiefly ran. So much for one branch of the proposition. The second occurs in the part of our quotation which follows the asterisks (which are our marks, not *Georget's*,) and is Erskine's, not Hale's. The assertion was made by an advocate under very peculiar circumstances—and not in any way necessary to be examined. The case, *Greenwood and Greenwood*, which he cited to establish the distinction; is

* In *Burnett's Life of Hale*, he prints from a manuscript in Hale's handwriting, among “ things necessary to be continually had in remembrance,” the following :—“ In *business capital*, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider that there is also a pity due to the country.”—*Burnett's Lives*, p. 46; Bishop *Jebb's* edition.

one which Sir John Nicholl (we quote from Addams's Report of Dew and Clarke)* has since cited to prove that the rule, in partial insanity, is the same in civil and criminal cases, and is a case which, ending in a compromise between the parties, in reality proves nothing. Whatever be the ultimate decision of the courts of law in civil cases on the deeds of persons partially insane, we believe that there is no case establishing the kind of distinction which Erskine, and not Lord Hale, makes, and which, even were it true in point of law, would not give the faintest colour for the particular reproach with which M. Georget seeks to brand the laws of England and the character of the English, as regarding the lunatic's property of more value than his life. Erskine's proposition has been often repeated; but where the wills or deeds of monomaniacs have been the subject of judicial investigation, the effort has always been to show, that the impeached instrument was in some way or other connected with the insane delusion.† Had Erskine's doctrine been the true one, it would have been unnecessary to show any connection between the impeached instrument and the disease. Enough would have been done in showing the fact of mental disease in any point. The fact is, that the law must be regarded as unascertained upon the subject in cases of *monomania*. We apprehend, however, that even where delusion can be proved to exist only on one subject or range of subjects, the fact of such delusion may be sufficient to satisfy a jury of general unsoundness of mind, and that to this circumstance is to be referred some seeming difference in the language of

Sir John Nicholl, in the case of *Dew and Clarke*,‡ and that of *Grove and Evans against Thomas*.

At the time Hale wrote, Erskine's distinction between the effect of insanity in civil and criminal cases could not even for a moment be plausibly sustained. The maxim, that no man shall be allowed to stultify himself—that is, to prove his own mental incapacity for the purpose of avoiding his act, was one of very extensive application. Acts, which the theory of the law would regard as void, as those of an idiot or insane person, could not be questioned during the life of the *non-compos*, though on his death they might be avoided by his heir. Other acts there were of the *non-compos* that affected the heir equally with the lunatic, and were wholly unavoidable. It is true that an inquisition, finding a man a lunatic from any particular time, over-reached and annulled his previous acts, but it is equally true that if he recovered from insanity before inquest found, there was during his life no mode for him of re-possessing the property he had alienated during temporary madness. "It is," says Lord Coke, "a maxim of the common law, that the party shall not disable himself, but this holdeth only in civil cases; for in criminal causes, as felony, &c., the act and wrong of a madman shall not be imputed to him." Thus Lord Coke's statement of the law is the direct converse of that which the Frenchmax attributes to Hale. In the case of a lunatic or idiot's contracts, by the records of courts of justice the matter was not much better. In truth the cases are absolutely unintelligible on any principle of common sense, though, of course, every one of them is su-

* In *Haggard's* report of the case of Dew and Clarke, the judgment of Sir John Nicholl, against the will, is referred to the *general insanity* of the testator, and this is the ground on which the judgment of the delegates in that case, affirming his decree, was sustained by Lord Lyndhurst, when he refused a commission of review—5 *Russell*. In Addams's report, the judgment is made to rest on the fact, that the testator is proved to be a monomaniac, and, on the will being directly connected with, and flowing from, the particular delusion under which he laboured with respect to an only daughter, whom the will did not adequately provide for. Dr. Ray, the American, whose work on insanity we have elsewhere cited in this article, whose knowledge of the case of Dew and Clarke was derived from Addams's report of the case, says—"In this decision we see the prevalence of those more correct and profound views of insanity, which have resulted from the inquiries of the last few years."

† See the case of *Fenton and Armstrong*, in the *Exchequer Ireland*, 4 *Law Recorder*, Second Series, 167.

‡ 3 *Addams*.

tainable by reference to one fiction or another either of the king's prerogative or the "invincible and indisputable credit of the judge." We abridge a case that is likely to startle our unprofessional readers, from Coke's reports.†

Henry Bushley, tenant in tail of certain lands, a monstrous and deformed cripple, and afterwards found an *idiot a nativitate* was stolen out of the custody of his guardians, and carried upon men's shoulders to a place unknown, and there kept in secret till he acknowledged a fine of his lands, and executed an indenture declaring the uses of the fine by which he gave away to a stranger his whole property in the lands.

An inquisition was afterwards had and Bushley found an *idiot a nativitate*.

The Court of Wards on this took possession of the lands, and to determine the title of the lands, the validity of the lunatic's fine and deed were put in issue. The issue was tried at bar.

The idiot was produced at the trial for the inspection of the court of Common Pleas and jury, "and Lord Dyer said, 'the judge who took the fine was never worthy to take another,' but notwithstanding this, and although the monstrous deformity and idiocy of Bushley was apparent and visible, yet the fine stood good." There may be good reasons why "the invincible and indisputable credit" of Judge Southcot, who, if genius like insanity be hereditary, was probably the ancestor of the divine Joanna, should overcome all evidence that could be offered of Bushley's idiocy, but we own we feel considerably embarrassed by another decision in the same case. The Court of Wards reasonably suggested that the fine should be to the use of the idiot and his heirs. The credit of the judge and the records of the court, though pledged to the fact of the fine, and consequently to its validity, did not seem pledged in any way to the instrument declaring its uses. This would not be admitting "any improbable surmise against authentic record or evidence."‡ Though a fine of record, said they, may bind the idiot, yet a deed executed by him is not sufficient

to direct the uses. This, they argued, is the common case of an idiot's deed avoided after the finding of an inquisition. Southcot may be a wise man, as wise as any one of your lordships or all of you put together. Southcot may be a good lawyer, and as a good lawyer never died without a wife and children, may leave children and grandchildren to inherit his name, and fortune, and talents. Were Southcot, however, a lunatic, instead of the kind of man he is, we cannot but admit that Bracton has said that the acts of lunatic judges are good, as to matters of record. We are not impugning any one important maxim of law of this nature,—the assertion of which we admit to be more necessary than if they were self-evident truths,—by asking your lordships to believe your own eyes when they show you that Bushley was and is an idiot. All this was urged in vain, the court had its pocket sentence of law Latin, which was a charm to stop their own ears, and the tongue of the court of Wards. "*Accessorium sequitur principale*," said Sir James Dyer, some time Chief Justice of the court of Common Pleas, and we continue his judgment in the words of Coke, "forasmuch as Bushley was enabled by the fine, as to the principal, he shall not be disabled to limit the uses which are but as accessory."

With reference to the contracts of lunatics, very late cases have been decided, that they are bound by their contracts, except where fraudulent advantage has been taken of their state and of this the courts are most properly jealous—*Brown against Joddrel*, 3 Car. rington and Payne, p. 30. *Baxter against Lord Portsmouth*, 3 C. and P. *Neile a Morley*, 9 Vesey. Sudgen's (Lord Chancellor's) Law of Vendors and Purchasers, vol. iii. p. 223.

Lunatics are liable to others for injury to the property of others done in the time of their lunacy, and they may be imprisoned for debt. The protection cast round them by law is even now much less perfect, than the maxim uttered by Erskine, and to which currency has been given by indorsing it with the name of Hale, would suggest. We have dwelt upon this matter because every sentence in

* Hobart's Reports, 224.

† 12 Reports, 124.]

‡ Hobart's Reports.

Brakine's speech for Hadfield is perpetually quoted as if it were law.

We think we have pretty well disposed of M. Georget's ill-natured attack upon Judge Hale, and now proceed to business.

In all the earlier cases, the strong leaning of the judges was against the defence of insanity. Where lunacy was proved, the presumption of law was still that any of the lunatic's acts, civil or criminal, were done in lucid intervals.* The courts now hold differently, as they conclude that if a man be proved insane, the presumption is that insanity continues, and the party asserting a lucid interval is bound to prove it. It is not impossible that this change in the law of evidence may, in after cases, affect prisoners to a very important extent. There are cases in which it seems impossible not to regard the persons deranged in the degree that would exempt them from responsibility.—Arnold's is one of them. The jury were told that to excuse him he must have laboured under such a deprivation of reason as would render him as senseless as a brute.† The details of these early trials are of exceeding interest; and with a very few exceptions—Arnold's case is one—we think the directions of the judges and the verdicts were right. The leaning of judges and juries was necessarily against the plea; for it seemed a monstrous thing that persons should be allowed abroad in all the relations of life, and first treated by society as insane when it answered the purpose of freeing them from responsibility for what would in others be guilt.

The most remarkable of the early trials in which the defence was insanity at the time of committing the act, was that of Lord Ferrers. In January, 1727, Laurence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, a man

of the most outrageous passions, and who had been long reputed as scarcely sane by those who knew him, at length perpetrated a murder which attracted more attention perhaps than any crime arising solely from private revenge had ever before done in England. In all his domestic relations, Lord Ferrers exhibited the most ungovernable temper, and to his wife especially he behaved with extreme brutality. A separation was at length effected by act of parliament. When the bill for separation was before the house, one of the peers declared that he looked upon him in the light of a maniac, and that if some effectual step were not taken to deprive him of the power of doing mischief, he did not doubt but that one day they should have occasion to try him for murder. The anticipation was soon realised. Mr. Johnson, the agent appointed by the trustees in the separation deed of Lord Ferrers's estates, at Lord Ferrers's own request, gave him some cause of offence in the management of his office. Lord Ferrers spoke of all his relations being engaged in a conspiracy against him, and described Johnson as their instrument—he it was, according to Lord Ferrers's view of the case, who succeeded in getting the separation bill passed through the house of lords. There was some fraudulent contract, too, he said, about coals, in which Johnson, in his character of agent, had gained some advantage for himself, and was in collusion with others to rob the earl. Johnson had a farm in the estate, where he resided; and the earl served him with notice to quit, he having but a promise of a lease. To his mortification he found that the trustees had already executed an actual lease in conformity with the earl's own agreement to Johnson. In every movement to injure or annoy Johnson,

* "If a man be lunatic, and hath his *lucida intervalla*, and this be sufficiently proved, yet the law presumes the acts or offences of such a person to be committed in those intervals wherein he hath the use of reason, unless by circumstances or evidences it appears that they were committed in the time of his distemper; and this also holds in civils as well as in criminals."—Hale, 1. *Pleas of Crown*, p. 34.

† "Such a madman as is to be exempted from punishment, must be a man that is totally deprived of his understanding and memory, and doth not know what he is doing, no more than an infant, than a brute, or a wild beast."—(Justice Tracy's Charge in Arnold's Case, 16 State Trials, 766.)

We doubt exceedingly whether the half-reasoning elephant, that, after an interval of six weeks, recognised and endeavoured to kill the man who had given him cause of offence, could have escaped under this charge.

the earl found himself defeated and disappointed. On a sudden, his conduct and demeanour to Johnson altogether changed; and the poor man, who before with good reason apprehended some danger from the earl, was completely lulled into security. His house was about a mile from the earl's residence, and he went to the earl's, at his request, to settle some account. The door was opened by a maid servant. The earl met him on his entering the house, and showed him into an apartment of which he immediately locked the door. He addressed him with violence, reproached him with perfidy and fraud of every description, and insisted on his subscribing a paper which was drawn up by Ferrers, and purported to be an acknowledgment by Johnson of his manifold villainies. Johnson refused to sign the paper, and was threatened with instant death. All remonstrance and supplication was vain. The earl drew forth a loaded pistol, and shot him through the body while on his knees. Johnson lingered through the night. The surgeon who was sent for described the earl as after the act of drinking to excess, at times defending the act, anxious however, as it would seem, that Johnson might survive. He expressed considerable fear lest he should be at once seized and imprisoned before Johnson's fate was ascertained. He entreated the surgeon to secure him from this, saying, that if Johnson died he would at once surrender to the House of Lords to abide his trial—justifying the act, yet endeavouring to secure the surgeon's giving a favourable colour to the transaction. The dying man entreated to be removed to his own house. This the earl—probably from some returning impulse of humanity, though there is some evidence of very different motives, or regarding his own life as now dependent on Johnson's recovery—would not permit. He then again began drinking—forced himself to the chamber where Johnson was, and again commenced a scene of frantic abuse of him in the presence of the dying man's daughter. The surgeon felt that the only possible chance of preserving Johnson was, removing him to his own house; and he at least succeeded in persuading the earl to retire to bed, and he then had Johnson removed,

who however died that night. The next morning Ferrers, after a desperate resistance, was taken. Immediately on his apprehension a sudden and great change appeared in his conduct. He was calm, and discussed the subject almost as an unconcerned spectator. His observations on the law of the case, and the peculiarities of his position as a peer, were those of an intelligent and acute mind. There was no excitement, yet he was far from being unanxious as to his fate. He was taken from the county prison to London, and committed to the Tower. In Ferrers's case, though the circumstances were well calculated to excite fierce indignation—for a more base and brutal murder never was committed—yet the dignity of justice was not insulted by the indecent haste which has been too frequent in England, and which has, in some cases, destroyed the whole moral effect of the conviction. It was fully four months after the crime of which he was accused that Earl Ferrers was brought before the tribunal that was to try him.

It was thought fitting that the lord keeper should fill the office of lord high steward; and to enable him to preside at the trial, Henley was made a peer. Henley had before often complained of his decrees being set aside by the House of Lords, and of his not having the opportunity of defending them, not being a member of that house. Walpole describes him as despising form too much to submit to the trouble of learning or following it, even where the business was one of mere ceremonial—a free and easy way of describing the duty of presiding at a trial for murder. That the scene was not a more impressive one manifestly disappointed Walpole's love of picturesque incident, and Henley was plainly no favourite of his. "Nothing," says he, "is more awful than the trial of a British peer; yet the mean appearance of the prisoner, and the vulgar awkwardness of the chief judge, made the present trial as little imposing as possible." The earl's behaviour Walpole describes to have been sullen and unconciliating; his chief object being, or seeming to be, to protract the time; and this was managed with little address, and altogether ineffectually.

In proof of his plea of insanity he examined two of his brothers to prove lunacy in their blood. If Walpole's account of his demeanour may be relied on, perhaps a stronger proof of insanity than any other—and yet more calculated to insure his conviction than aid his defence, as destroying all possible sympathy with him—was exhibited in a wild glow of manifest exultation at having accomplished his object. In the report of the trial this does not appear. When convicted, he apologised for his plea of madness, saying that it was against his own judgment he adopted such a plea—that it interfered with the line of defence which he had wished to make—and that had he followed out his own view, though he might not have promised an acquittal, yet the malignity would have been shown to be less than it now appeared.

When death appeared inevitable, Lord Ferrers exhibited cheerfulness, and even gaiety of manner. He wrote some letters of solicitation, to endeavour to escape the more ignominious part of the sentence, and petitioned the king that he might be allowed to suffer as his ancestor, the Earl of Essex, had suffered. To die as a common felon was the great grievance of his case, and to escape this indignity was the chief topic that occupied his mind. The solicitation and petitions failed; and, on the evening of his execution, when the sheriffs attended at the Tower to accompany him to Tyburn, he asked permission to go in his own landau, instead of the mourning coach which had been provided.

On the request been granted, he entered the landau, drawn by six horses, with Mr. Humphries, chaplain to the Tower, whose first visit to him was paid on that important morning. On the way, the carriage was impeded by the crowds who thronged to witness his execution; yet he did not exhibit even momentary irritation, or utter a word that was not—so Humphries said—thoughtful and becoming. "The apparatus of death," said the earl, instructing the chaplain of the Tower, "and the passing through such crowds of people, is ten times worse than death itself." The procession moved so slowly on, that though it left the Tower at nine in the morning, it did not reach Tyburn till twelve.

His composure and propriety of manner seemed to affect the minds of all that beheld him; for, many hundred as the spectators were, not a word of insult or indignity was offered him. He asked the sheriff if he had ever seen such a concourse of people.—"It is, I suppose," said he, "because they never saw a lord hanged before." Humphries took the opportunity of asking him some questions concerning his religious opinions, prefacing his inquiries by saying, that there would naturally be felt very general curiosity on the subject. If it was important to have that curiosity gratified, Mr. Humphries was unfortunate in suggesting its gratification as the motive for his inquiry. The poor man's answer was the natural one—that he did not regard himself as accountable to the world for his sentiments or his religion. He then mentioned, that he believed and adored one God, the maker of all. The rest of the conversation, as far as it has been preserved, appears to imply, that he regarded all particular forms of religion as introduced for the purposes of civil society—they were important aids to government; and he looked on any one who sought to disturb them as an enemy to society. Bolingbroke he condemned for the publication of his opinions. In compliment to Humphries, with whom he wished to part on good terms, he forbore to say how far he agreed or disagreed with Bolingbroke's opinions themselves. A turn in the conversation led him to say to Humphries, who now thought him little less than inspired, that the many sects and disputes about religion have almost turned morality out of doors: he added, he would never believe what some sectarians teach—that faith alone will save; so that if a man just before he died should only say, "I believe," that alone will save him.—"Show me thy faith," said he, referring to St. James: but the end of the journey was approaching, and the sentence was interrupted. As to the murder of Johnson, he declared he was under particular circumstances; that he had met with so many crosses and vexations he scarce knew what he did. He solemnly protested he had not the least malice towards Johnson. On the scaffold, he repeated the Lord's

Prayer; and then, with energy, uttered the words, "O God, forgive me all my errors, pardon all my sins." To the executioner, who asked his forgiveness, he said, "I freely forgive you, as I do all mankind, and hope myself to be forgiven." His dress at his execution was a light-coloured silk, which he wore perhaps in affectation of thus expressing philosophical cheerfulness: for he called himself a philosopher. A different interpretation was given to this by the by-standers: it was said to be his wedding dress; and his wearing it on this second melancholy occasion was thought a mode of expressing resentment at a marriage to which he attributed the awful calamity of his present circumstances.

We have dwelt in this detail on the case, because—though, on the whole, we concur with the verdict—yet, we think a very strong case of insanity was made. It was proved that the earl was in the habit of carrying fire-arms about his person. It was shown that his uncle, the late earl, had been insane; and it seemed to be admitted, that an aunt was also a lunatic. His own conduct was such, that his attorney, though he did not swear quite up to the high-water mark of raving insanity, swore that he gave up the earl's business from a belief that he was insane; others might not think him so—he did. His brothers proved that they were about to take out a commission of lunacy against him—but, as there were times when, and subjects on which he spoke rationally, they were afraid of not being able to satisfy a jury of his insanity; and did they fail in the commission, they feared his vengeance, and being sued by them for *scandalum magnatum*. Instances of very violent and outrageous conduct were proved—and Dr. Monroe, who, from the fact of having been called for the prisoner, we may presume to have believed him at least in some degree insane, was asked, "whether any, and which of the circumstances proved were symptoms of lunacy?" The question in this form was objected to, and Lord Ferrers then questioned him in detail as to each symptom. The court had not the advantage of learning from Monroe whether he thought Lord Ferrers mad or not—when asked as to one circumstance proved—"Was it a symptom of lunacy?" he replied—I

should think it one in the present case; but, except from this answer, it is not easy to come at any information as to what he thought of the case. He was asked "whether lunatics, when they were angered, with or without cause, knew what they were doing?" His answer was, "sometimes, as well as I do now." He was asked "whether lunatics, in their intervals, are conscious of their being lunatics?" His answer was, "they are conscious of it; many, both in and out of their intervals; very few that are not." We transcribe these sentences to show on what very doubtful grounds juries are compelled to act, for it cannot be denied that there are many lunatics wholly unconscious of the fact of their having any malady—perhaps this is the case of most of them, till they are actually put up; and there are many who, in their lucid intervals, absolutely forget all that has occurred in the periods of disease. Haslam mentions the case of a man, who had in his youth been subject to epileptic attacks, they ceased, and he fell into habitual fits of abstraction, and occasionally into paroxysms of phrensy. In one of these paroxysms, he destroyed a woman and two children, and when he recovered, it was found that he had utterly forgotten the incident. He mentions a yet more remarkable instance—that of a man who insisted he had seen men sowing corn in a particular field—that, in a few days after, he saw it fully grown, and the farmers reaping it. He acknowledged it to be a very extraordinary circumstance—but he had seen it with his own eyes and was persuaded of the fact. On inquiry, it was found that he had been attacked with insanity, and recovering after a few months, forgot altogether the whole interval of disease, and thus united in thought the period of harvest with that of seed-time. Had Monroe known of such cases, it is plain that they could have given little help to a man, whose cross-examination of the witnesses against him showed his perfect recollection of every incident of the murder; but the mode of examination which Lord Ferrers was compelled by the court to adopt, rendered the evidence of the medical witness of little value. If Lord Ferrers was mad at all—or mad in the degree which would exempt him from responsibility for

crime, that madness was not to be inferred from any one indication—or, as he called it, symptom of insanity—or from any of those circumstances, the existence of each of which was consistent with perfect sanity—but from all together, and from his general conduct, which was such, confessedly, as to suggest to his family the fitness of taking out a commission of lunacy against him. To have asked Monroe whether, supposing the facts proved to be true, Lord Ferrers was mad? might have given an answer affording some instruction to the jury; and the technical ground on which this form of putting the question was objected to in the conduct of M'Naughten's case by Lord Brougham and others, as putting the physician in the place of the jury, is one that really has but little weight. In the first place, we cannot see how it is putting the medical men in the place of the jury; for, suppose the crown to say, we deny the truth of the facts, then the information given cannot mislead—and this seems to prove that, strictly speaking, the proper form of such question would be that adopted by Lord Ferrers, rather than that in M'Naughten's case. When the medical witness is giving the jury the result of his own examination of the prisoner, we apprehend no objection can be made to asking him is the man insane—or to learning his opinion, by questioning him as to the symptoms which he has himself observed. The objection to this form of examination arises when a medical witness is called upon—not, properly speaking, to give evidence in the case—but to give information in a matter of science, which he has made his proper study; and it assumes that the question asked in reality amounts to the double question of—are the facts proved by other witnesses true? and, that being so, is the man mad? With the first branch of the question the medical man can have nothing to do; and cases may easily be imagined, where it is right to press this on his attention, and on that of the jury. But the truth is, that if we are to seek the opinions of men of

science on any subject, we should so shape the questions, as to receive all the information they can give. In Lord Ferrers's case, the interruption given to the course of examination which promised to be of some use, rendered the production of Monroe, if any thing, injurious to the prisoner; and the few questions asked were little more than a poor speech to evidence, in the shape of examining a witness.

Lord Ferrers's was one of those cases in which though we think there was a mixture of insanity, yet to us it seems the criminal was properly regarded as responsible. Indeed, on any theory of insanity we do not see how a case could be made for him.* There was premeditated crime—arrangements for its concealment, (for he sought to make the surgeon give a false colour to the transaction; and he sought by promises of supporting Johnson's family to prevent them from prosecuting)—and there was malignant motive. We are told that the consideration of motive should not be regarded in determining the question of guilt, in which we quite agree, in cases of admitted sanity; but it surely is important when the question is not, whether an act has been intentionally committed, but whether it is the act of a rational agent. The man who murders another for the purpose of obtaining funds to endow an hospital is equally guilty with him who murders a man for the purpose of enjoying his neighbour's property, or of revenging an insult to himself. With the motive society is absolutely unconcerned; but once suggest the doubt, is the man insane—once present the awful consideration, that you are, perhaps, mocking God and man, by inflicting, in the name of justice, what you call punishment on an irrational being; and then it is of the utmost moment to examine the motive which has led to the act you investigate; for in this leading motive you may find evidence irresistible of insanity. The question is not now so much of the insane man's responsibility to laws, framed for all, on the supposition of all being rational agents, but

* The mad doctors, however, insist Ferrers was mad and irresponsible. —See Combe and Ray, sect. 112, who refer the case to Pinel's class of "*Ménis sans délire*."

of the responsibility of the persons forming the tribunal to whom is entrusted the power of life and death over the criminal. They it is who ought to consider in what spirit they are acting, when on any pretence of expediency they take away the life of the really insane. There are lengths to which we are not justified in going, on any doubtful supposition that the example may be salutary in the way of preventing others by the terror of example. This poor shift of expediency could not be a justification, even were the persons, who would execute the insane, right in their supposition of being able thus to obtain an additional security to society. But the effect of such example would, in all probability, be not to prevent the crimes of the lunatic, or of the sane, but to prevent lunacy being sought to be established on false evidence, as it perhaps is, now and then, at present when the criminal and his friends seek to save him from the consequences of an act which would have been at any rate committed. It is not sufficiently considered by juries that Man has many faculties of intelligence in common with the inferior animals—that, consistent with the preservation of any one or all of these is the fact of the total obliteration of human intelligence, and entire deprivation of memory, as far as this latter word means any thing peculiar to man; and something peculiar to man it must mean in all those discussions. Human reason may be absent, while the sagacity of the beaver that builds his house and lives in a sort of society—the memory of the dog or the horse—the ferocity of the tiger, or the cunning of the fox—remain; and yet those who contend for the interpretation occasionally given to the language of Hale and Coke would insist, that where this degree of intelligence exists in combination with the human shape, there you have enough to constitute human action governed by human motive—and the responsibility of a human being to human punishment.

We have left ourselves but little room to continue the discussion; but as we shall soon have to give an account of some recent publications on the subject of religious insanity, we may then advert to some considerations

which want of space compels us altogether to postpone. In the year 1800, when Hadfield was tried for shooting at the king, it would appear that nothing but raving frenzy or utter idiocy was regarded as furnishing a defence. What is commonly called madness was practically none. Erskine, who was counsel for the prisoner, almost admitted this to be the law,—his case however was one in which almost any admission might be safely made—but contended successfully that where the act otherwise criminal was connected with insane delusion, it removed the character of crime, and took away all responsibility. Hadfield had been in the army—had received several wounds in the head—was more than once under medical treatment for insanity, and even dismissed from the army as an incurable lunatic. He had periodical attacks of insanity for the last seven years at the season of the year when his crime was committed. It was proved that he had the wildest fancies of being God Almighty—of visits from the Virgin Mary, and Judas Iscariot; in short, was utterly mad. He imagined that the world was coming to an end—that, like our Saviour, he was to sacrifice himself for its salvation. This was to be effected by his suffering a violent death; and a few days before the act for which he was tried, he endeavoured to destroy a child of his own in the hope of being executed for the murder: a similar motive made him fire at the king. The delusions were proved and the utter and extravagant insanity of the man, and some connection, though far less strong than seemed to have been expected by his counsel, was shown between his crime and the fancies on which his mind was running. We think, even had Erskine been unable to connect the delusion of the insane man, and the crime which he attempted, that yet Hadfield's was a case in which the defence of general insanity ought to have prevailed; and admirably skilful as Erskine's speech is, and freely admitting that the principle on which he rested the defence may be often usefully applied, we are far from thinking it either a true or a perfect test. When insanity is shown to have previously existed, it is at least probable that diseased action of the brain may occasion what seems to be crime, and the observers

be wholly unable to connect the act with any thing of delusion. In other cases it seems to us plain that delusion may exist, and be connected with the criminal act, and yet it be altogether impossible to regard the partially insane man as guiltless. The argument of Erskine, followed by the acquittal of Hadfield, has been regarded almost as if it were a judicial determination of the law of the land, instead of being considered what it is—a very able speech of an advocate, stating just as much and just as little of the law as answered the immediate purpose of his client. The supposition that Hadfield's case establishes the necessity of connecting the act and the delusion which we find is entertained by all the medical and quasi-medical writers on insanity, in addition to the prevalent notion that insanity never exists without delusion, has done much to embarrass a subject, difficult enough before. When insanity is suggested as a defence, unless delusion of some kind or other is shown, the defence in general fails. Martin, who set fire to York minster, escaped because he was able to prove that he fancied an angel commissioned him. It must have been mere accident that there was the opportunity of proving that he supposed himself acting under a divine command. It is plain that the insane desire to burn the cathedral was—if the lunatic's mind moved like that of a man in health—the first thought, and the angelic command was but conjured up by the imagination brooding over a preconceived act; in other words, the madness preceded the particular delusion. Pinel was, probably, the first to point out a species of insanity in which there is no delusion or no traceable disease of any kind—where absurdity of conduct, and the want of the power of self-government are the only indications of something wrong. Doctor Pritchard, in his larger work on insanity, has given numerous instances of this form of the disease: he calls it moral insanity. The imperial law that placed under tutelage, as if he were insane, the profligate or the extravagant man, seems practically to have recognised this form of insanity. Our modern physicians perhaps too hastily insist that it ought to be allowed as a plea in defence for crime. We can ima-

gine such entire feebleness of mind as to render man insensible to the most powerful motives; in fact, this is of every day occurrence in the ordinary affairs of life, as well as in what concerns our more momentous interests. But where the physician can detect no disease of body, no mental unsoundness, we are slow to credit the existence of any. There is a sense of the word in which sin is disease: does this remove its guilt? Is not what Dr. Pritchard calls moral insanity as truly designated by its other name of crime? So long as a man seems to be, as far as we can have any evidence on the subject, a voluntary and conscious agent, capable of reasoning and of acting, we cannot but hesitate to admit the new doctrines of—insane impulse—or irresistible homicidal tendencies—or Pyromania, which is, be it known, a Greek word or two, fused together by a clever Frenchman, and designating a new form of insanity, marked by a desire to burn houses, stacks of corn, churches, or heretics,—or even of Cleptomania, another nice new word, which is a love for stealing silver spoons, books, silk shawls, or any thing else easily concealed. The medical men are sure that this is madness, as the things stolen are seldom of any great use. Indeed we cannot guess what use the volumes of our own Plato can be to the person who has stolen them from our shelves, and who must therefore be, we presume, one of the cleptomaniacs. Erotomania, which,—before it obtained a title,—was known as vulgar, blackguard, wanton profligacy, now claims compassion and impunity as an interesting variety of insanity lately discovered by M. Esquirol. A French advocate, conducting a prosecution where the defence was monomania, said that monomania was a disease lately invented by the physicians for the purpose of screening criminals from the consequences of their crimes. At that time we believe that pyromania and cleptomania had not been brought into cultivation as distinct varieties. However, it is certain that these and many foolish or vicious habits, which appear but oddities and eccentricities, are apt to terminate in unequivocal insanity. This is also true of that doubtful class of cases which Pinel calls "*nutrie sans délire*."

It has been said that where there is any object contemplated by the prisoner beyond the criminal act itself, and to which the act is but subsidiary, in such case the act does not proceed from insanity. Hadfield was, beyond all doubt, insane; and yet the supposed consequences of the act furnished the motive of his crime. It has been said that the insane man acts alone, and never has accomplices. Perhaps so. Yet they are certainly often instigated to crime by others, as the assassinations of so many of the French kings prove. In Hadfield's case it was believed that Truelock, an insane prophet, who soon after followed Hadfield to bedlam, wrought his brother lunatic's mind up to the extravagant madness of shooting the king. Dr. Pritchard mentions, as distinguishing the maniacal homicide from the common murderer, his indifference to the means of escape; and mentions Bellingham's sitting down quietly on the lobby of the House of Commons after shooting Mr. Perceval. "I believe," he adds, "that few persons now entertain doubts of Bellingham's insanity." We must confess we differ from Dr. Pritchard. That Bellingham was so instantly tried, and that the application to postpone the trial till witnesses could arrive from the country, were circumstances derogatory to the character of the administration of justice in England, we deeply feel, and we feel it the more because every consideration we are able to give the subject satisfies us that the verdict in Bellingham's case was right. Between his case and M'Naghten's there was the all-important distinction, that Bellingham's passions were excited by real incidents—that at the public offices he had given actual threats, which were naturally disregarded, of revenging himself. In M'Naghten's there was manifestly delusion. The very belief of a conspiracy against him is one of the commonest and earliest features of ordinary insanity. It has been said, suppose the conspiracy real, would it have justified him in shooting any of the supposed conspirators? and if not, why should his belief of such a conspiracy be a

justification? We suppose there is some plausibility in this argument, as it has been frequently repeated. Hoffman, in discussing the criminal responsibility of the insane, says, "In regard to the acts of insane persons, the dominant impression in which their delusion consists ought to be regarded not as an error, but as truth; their actions ought to be considered as if they had been committed under the circumstances in which the individual thought himself to be. A soldier at Brieg killed a child, believing that he saw the Deity at hand commanding to perpetrate the deed. In his judgment on this case, Dr. Glanwitz ordered that the man should be confined in a madhouse. If the imaginary circumstances make no change as to the imputability of the crime, they have no effect in the case under consideration. If they lessen or destroy culpability, they have the same effect in the supposed instance." We cannot assent to this. If the bodily eye is in such a state as to see before it in distinct relief, as outward realities, phantoms that have no existence but what is given them by the diseased sensations of the beholder—if the mind is in such a state as to believe some insane delusion true, are we to judge of a being thus deranged in mind and body as we should of another in perfect health placed in the circumstances in which the insane man supposes himself. The delusions that manifest themselves to an observer—the symptoms which we see—are a small part of the lunatic's disease; and the cruel fallacy which society is called upon to enact in all these miserable cases is based upon the supposition, that all the movements of a diseased mind are healthy, except those which we can connect with some admitted delusion.

On the whole, we think the alarm which the acquittal of Oxford and M'Naghten have occasioned, has but little ground. In Oxford's case, nothing could more distinctly express the true state of the law, as we conceive it, than Lord Denman's charge to the jury.* The fault of almost every other charge to juries on these subjects, is,

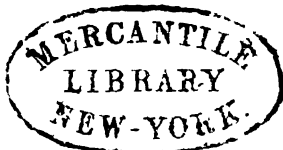
* We ought to add, that we quote the charge from the Annual Register for the year 1840, and our observations are to be regarded as founded solely on that report of it.

that the case of general insanity is not put—but the jury are instructed in the law of partial insanity, as if where any glimmering of reason existed, the insanity was to be considered but as partial. From this great fault, Lord Denman's charge, in Oxford's case, is free. He told the jury, "that if they thought Oxford was at the time labouring under any delusion, which prevented him from judging of the effects of the act he had committed, they could not find him guilty. He might, perhaps, be labouring under a delusion which affected every part of his conduct, and was not directed to one object alone. If that were the case, and if the disease affected him at the time the act was committed, then he could not be held accountable for it. One cannot say what a person labouring under such a delusion may do, and the motive in that case would not be apparent." Than this charge, nothing could be more just to the public, or more humane to the prisoner—and nothing could more truly express what we believe to have been the meaning of Hale in the controverted passage which we have cited. But the jury in Oxford's case, whom, at this distance of place, we may safely pronounce to have been a dull set of fellows, did not believe the pistols loaded—and the wording of their first special verdict, which, however, they afterwards altered, leads us to imagine, that his not having loaded the pistols, was the incident which sa-

tisfied them of Oxford's insanity.—Lord Denman had told them "If the pistols were unloaded there would be no offence." They had no wish to let a lunatic loose on the public; and they brought in a special verdict—"We find Edward Oxford guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols; but whether or not they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us, he being of unsound mind at the time." The verdict, after a discussion, was changed into one on which the court could not act, and Oxford was sent to a lunatic asylum.

While we are decidedly against capital punishment in any case where there is reason to suspect insanity of any kind or in any degree, yet we cannot but think, either with reference to themselves or to society, that persons incapable of self-government are peculiarly those that should be placed under the government of others; and we are clearly of opinion, in the event of any alteration of the law, that where acts of guilt are committed by madmen at all conscious of what they are doing, they should not be exempted from such punishments of hard labour, &c., as fall on transported felons. Of course the kind and degree of labour should be proportioned to their strength, and not inflicted without reference to their disease, which, as far as we can judge, would have the best chance of alleviation or cure from enforced occupation of mind and body.

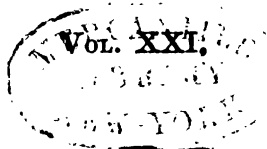
A.



THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1843.



THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK.*

FROM the days of Sir John Carr, of pocket-book memory, downwards, Ireland has been a fruitful theme to the English tourist. Every three or four years has seen its new discoverer—sometimes in the shape of a political economist, with nostrums for the relief of our over population, and suggestions for improvements in our social condition—sometimes in the shape of a picturesque traveller, with high-wrought descriptions of our mountain scenery, whose exaggerations have been most successfully combatted by the annexed engravings—sometimes a cautious stranger, like Mr. Barrow, has visited us coastwise, and always securing his retreat by water, has taken a passing glance at us from the periphery of the island; and here we have one more enterprising still, who has actually adventured within the charmed circle, and dared to trust himself indiscriminately among the “Trojans and Tyrians” of our distracted country.

That any Englishman, without long and intimate acquaintance with Ireland, the result of residence in the country, and constant habits of intercourse with all classes of the population, could write a valuable book, and one which might be deemed an authority, we hold altogether impossible. The attempt to assimilate the institutions of two countries, where so many opposite modes of acting and

thinking exist—the adoption of an English standard as the measure of Irish habitudes, would lead to innumerable errors, even were he fortunate enough to escape the selfish misrepresentations which, somehow or other, we are more or less prone to impose on our cockney friends, when visiting us with intentions of authorship.

That our friend Titmarsh proposed any very lofty object to himself in the volumes before us, we are not disposed to believe. He never, we are certain, dreamed that his dictum was to decide any one of the thousand disputed questions which agitate Ireland: he wisely saw that a tourist's sphere of vision is but a very limited one at best; and this fact, which every page of his work more or less evinces, gives a value to his observations far greater than that which appertains to any other writer we know of on Ireland. A desire for even-handed justice, however, leads him into the common error of attacking both sides: if he censures a parson to-day, he is quite prepared to serve you up a priest to-morrow: landlords and tenants, Whigs and Tories, town folk and country folk—all come in for their share; but so good humouredly withal, and with occasionally such pleasant little blunders of his own, that he must be a sour critic who could find fault with him. His cockney lamentations over those evenings spent in horse conversation, the disputed

* The Irish Sketch Book, by M. A. Titmarsh, with numerous engravings on wood by the author. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1843.
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pedigrees, the weight and ages, the long runs and short heats, &c. are scarcely less amusing for his own sake than for the picture he draws of his tormentors. There is, however, in all this one feature prominent—he every where shows himself one who disdains the petty and vulgar practice of “cramming,” as it is called. A man of his powers—and they are very considerable—would have little difficulty indeed in making himself up on those or any other points he was previously unacquainted with, and by a showy exhibition of technicalities, a few well-dispersed epithets, and a stray anecdote or so, have passed himself off as a jockey or an agriculturalist of the first water—and into this error an underbred man would inevitably have fallen; but Titmarsh is, “*Quand me-me*,” the name—a gentleman, and consequently felt not the slightest imputation on his acquirements or information, when acknowledging, that on certain topics he was not qualified, and would therefore hazard nothing by speaking.

Few men have ever come to Ireland, without having their theory in their portmanteau. He, however, has none: his object is, simply to stroll about the island, see what he can, make a note of it when he gets home, and print the same as soon as may be. From the very hour of his landing he is struck by the neglected appearance of every thing about him: the close neighbourhood of poverty to wealth; the ruinous condition of houses in the best and most-frequented situations; the absence of all the stir and movement of a great city; and that most fatal of all the evidences of decline—a certain air of careless indifference—a kind of reckless indolence, seems to pervade every one, even to the carman, who does not take the straw from his mouth when inviting him to take a car to Dublin.

Like a veritable cockney, he calls to mind the cads of his native city—those classic figures which hang so gracefully over the chariot-wheels of a Paddington omnibus, and with two fingers in air, solicit the passing traveller. The easy indifference of Paddy evidently discomposes him, and he is out of temper for a full page and a half—and all for a straw! Come, come, Titmarsh; stay a little

longer amongst us, and you'll get over such weakness.

The morning papers contain an account of a trial for murder; and the charge of the judge, Chief Justice Doherty, suggests to our author, what, to our taste, are very edifying, but somewhat trite remarks on capital punishment, which we should not have referred to here, save as they appear inapplicable to the case alluded to; and the censure of the judge for the expression of a hope, “that the mercy of Heaven might be extended to the criminals,” “who need not have been hanged at all,” is a mere comment on a fact which he has assumed, and not a very creditable one to our author's logic. But let us follow him a little further, and to a quarter where he is far more at home, viz. discussing a Dublin-bay herring at breakfast; and then hear him, as he sallies forth on his first excursion.

“The papers being read, it became my duty to discover the town; and a handsomer town with fewer people in it, it is impossible to see on a summer's day. In the whole wide square of Stephen's Green, I think, there were not more than two nursery maids to keep company with the statue of George I., who rides on horseback in the middle of the garden, the horse having his foot up to trot as if he wanted to go out of town too. Small troops of dirty children (too poor and dirty to have lodgings at Kingstown) were squatting here and there upon the sunshiny steps, the only clients at the thresholds of the professional gentlemen, whose names figure on brass plates on the doors. A stand of lazy carmen, a policeman or two with clinking boot-heels, a couple of moaning beggars leaning against the rails, and calling upon the Lord, and a fellow with a toy and book-stall, where the lives of St. Patrick, Robert Emmett, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald may be bought for double their value, were all the population of the Green. At the door of the Kildare-street Club I saw eight gentlemen looking at two boys playing leap-frog; at the door of the university six lazy porters, in jockey-caps, were amusing themselves on a bench—a sort of blue-bottle race; and the bank, on the opposite side, did not look as if sixpence-worth of change had been negotiated there during the day. There was a lad pretending to sell umbrellas under the colonnade, almost the only instance of trade going on; and I began to think of Juan Fernandez, or

Cambridge, in the long vacation. In the courts of the college scarce the ghost of a gyp or the shadow of a bed-maker.

"In spite of the solitude, the square of the college is a fine sight—a large ground, surrounded by buildings of various ages and styles, but comfortable, handsome, and in good repair; a modern row of rooms—a row that has been Elizabethan once; a hall and senate-house facing each other, of the style of George I., and a noble library, with a range of many windows, and a fine manly simple façade of cut stone.

"The library was shut. The librarian, I suppose, is at the sea-side; and the only part of the establishment which I could see was the museum, to which one of the jockey-capped porters conducted me, up a wide dismal staircase, (adorned with an old pair of jack-boots, a dusty canoe or two, a few helmets, and a South Sea Islander's armour,) which passes through a hall hung round with cobwebs (with which the blue-bottles are too wise to meddle), into an old mouldy room, filled with dingy glass-cases, under which the articles of science or curiosity were partially visible. In the middle was a very seedy cameleopard (the word has grown to be English by this time), the straw splitting through his tight old skin, and the black cobbler's wax stuffing the dim orifices of his eyes; other beasts formed a pleasing group around him, not so tall, but equally mouldy and old.

"The porter took me round to the cases and told me a great number of fibs concerning their contents: there was the harp of Brian Boru, and the sword of some one else, and other cheap old gimcracks with their corollary of lies. The place would have been a disgrace to Don Saltero. I was quite glad to walk out of it, and down the dirty staircase again, about the ornaments of which the jockey-capped gyp had more figments to tell; an atrocious one (I forget what) relative to the pair of boots, near which—a fine specimen of collegiate taste—were the shoes of Mr. O'Brien, the Irish giant. If the collection is worth preserving—and indeed the mineralogical specimens look quite as awful as those in the British museum—one thing is clear, that the rooms are worth sweeping.

"A pail of water costs nothing; a scrubbing-brush not much, and a char-woman might be hired for a trifle to keep the room in a decent state of cleanliness."

This is all smartly and pleasantly done, and what is more, it is true; and whatever regret we may and do

feel, that such reproach applies—we feel none that the complaint is thus made known.

He is but newly arrived, and therefore we can expect to hear little else than lamentations, contrasts of English cleanliness and Irish neglect for the first day or two. Thus in a return from his ramble, he muses in this wise:—

"So the solitude became very painful, and I thought I would go back and talk to the waiter at the Shelburne, the only man in the whole kingdom that I knew. I had been accommodated with a queer little room and dressing-room on the ground-floor, looking towards the Green. A black-faced, good-humoured chamber-maid had promised to perform a deal of scouring, which was evidently necessary (which fact she might have observed for six months back, only she is, no doubt, of an absent turn); and when I came back from the walk, I saw the little room was evidently enjoying itself in the sunshine, for it had opened its window, and was taking a breath of fresh air as it looked out upon the Green.

"As I came up the street, its appearance made me burst out laughing, very much to the surprise of a ragged cluster of idlers lolling upon the steps next door; and I have drawn it here, not because it is a particularly picturesque or rare kind of window, but because as I fancy there is a sort of moral in it. You don't see such windows commonly in respectable English inns—windows leaning gracefully upon hearth brooms for support. Look out of that window without the hearth-broom, and it would cut your head off; how the beggars would start that are always sitting on the steps next door! Is it prejudice that makes one prefer the English window, that relies on its own ropes and ballast, (or lead, if you like,) and does not want to be propped by any foreign aid? or is this only a solitary instance of the kind, and are there no other specimens in Ireland of the careless, dangerous, extravagant hearth-broom system!"

After a short sojourn in Dublin, it having been decided by his friends that he should see the agricultural show at Cork—though for what especial reason, heaven alone can tell, a gentleman more innocent of sub-soiling and short-horns not being to be found from Piccadilly to Great Coram-street—he sets out southward

in company with his friend, who gives him a seat in his carriage, proceeding by easy stages to Cork.

He scarcely emerges from the city when he is struck by the colour of the landscape, the peculiar green of Ireland. That rich emerald tint in which blue seems to enter, at once attracts his attention, and in the few brief words in which he alludes to the fact, we can trace the artist-like tact that distinguishes all his descriptions of scenery.

After a graceful and hospitable reception at his friend's house, in which we are no less pleased with the guest than the host—the gentlemanlike forbearance of all that petty detail which tourists scruple not to introduce of the private life of every house into which they have been received, most strikingly characterizes this, and every succeeding portion of the book; and while nothing suitable to the general reader is omitted, so far as our author's experience extended, he never for once trespasses over the frontier of good taste and good feeling—a transgression which in latter days, from its very frequency, has ceased to excite our condemnation.

At Waterford dirt and dust again await him; a crowd of beggars before, a smoking chimney behind, a noisy piper and a raw leg of mutton call up all his disgust. His friend, however, speedily restores his complacency by a good dinner, and proceeds to show him his farm:—

"Before setting out on our day's journey, we had time to accompany the well-pleased owner of H—town, over some of his fields and out-premises. Nor can there be a pleasanter sight to owner or stranger. Mr. P— farms four hundred acres of land about his house, and employs on his estate no less than a hundred and ten persons. He says there is full work for every one of them; and to see the elaborate state of cultivation in which the land was, it is easy to understand how such an agricultural regiment were employed. The estate is like a well-ordered garden: we walked into a huge field of potatoes, and the landlord made us remark that there was not a single weed between the furrows; and the whole formed a vast flower-bed of a score of acres. Every bit of land up to the hedge side was fertilized and full of produce: the space left for the plough having afterwards been gone over, and yielding its fullest

proportion of 'fruit.' In a turnip field were a score or more of women and children, who were marching through the ridges, removing the young plants where two or three had grown together, and leaving only the most healthy. Every individual root in the field was thus the object of culture, and the owner said that this extreme cultivation answered his purpose, and that the employment of all those hands, (the women and children earn six pence and eight pence per day all the year round,) which gained him some reputation as a philanthropist, brought him profit as a farmer too; for his crops were the best that land could produce. He has further the advantage of a larger stock for manure, and does every thing for the land which art can do. Here we saw several experiments in manuring. An acre of turnips prepared with bone-dust, another with 'Murray's composition; whereof I do not pretend to know the ingredients; another with a new manure called guano. As far as turnips and a first year's crop went, the guano carried the day. The plants on the guano acre looked to be three weeks in advance of their neighbours, and were extremely plentiful and healthy. I went to see this field two months after the above passage was written; the guano acre still kept the lead; the bone-dust runs guano very hard, and composition was clearly distanced.

"Behind the house is a fine tillage of corn and hay ricks, and a street of out-buildings, where all the work of the farm is prepared. Here were numerous people coming with pails for butter-milk, which the good-natured landlord makes over to them. A score of men or more were busied about the place: some at a grind-stone, others at a forge; other fellows busied in the cart-houses and stables, all of which were as neatly kept as in the best farms in England. A little further on was a flower-garden, a kitchen-garden, a hot-house just building, a kennel of fine pointers and setters; indeed a noble feature of country neatness, thrift and plenty."

In his chapter on Cork and the Agricultural Society, we can readily trace the source of his information, through all he says, and cannot help regretting that the same laudable modesty which prevented his expressing his own opinion on the relative merits of bone-dust and guano manure had not stood his part here, when discussing the vexata questio of national education. Nothing can be more kind-hearted,

nothing more manly, nothing more worthy of an honest and right-intentioned man, than every sentiment he professes; but at the same time, nothing can be more utterly at variance with the real facts of the case, than the statements on which his opinion is founded. Not so the terms in which he denounces the absurd scheme of exclusive dealing which Mr. O'Connell so notoriously put forward, and the successful opposition to which, brought down on Mr. Purcell's head the fell anger of the liberator.

When speaking of the temperance movement, he is disposed, we think, indeed we hope—wrongfully—to attribute to its influence a certain portion of depression visible in the appearance of the people. Nothing is more true than the existence of the type of sadness; and strange enough how completely has it escaped mention by tourists! and yet it were not difficult to show that such is the feature of our nationality. Melancholy is indeed the badge of all our tribe. The physiognomist need but look on the dark brow, the deep-set eye, the compressed lip, the long oval face of our peasantry to trace this character of deep feeling. The poetry of the land, its music breathes but one voice, and that is one of sorrow. The laughing Irishman is the mere character of the stage: the wit, the repartee which so essentially belongs to our people, is the spirit which quick fancy engenders from deep suffering; or it is the reckless, wild revelry of an over-excited nature. This is, however, not the only occasion on which our friend Titmarsh exhibits a quick-sighted appreciation of national peculiarity. Would that all his remarks on such matters contained as little to wound our self-love; and although such is unhappily not the case, we cannot help quoting the following passage, illustrating as it does the sharpness of the author, and one radical evil which we would gladly see erased from our national temperament. He speaks of the great agricultural dinner at Cork.

“To have heard a nobleman, however, who discoursed the meeting, you would have fancied we were the luckiest mortals under the broiling July sun. He said he could conceive nothing more

delightful than to see ‘on proper occasions,’ ‘mind on proper occasions!’ ‘the landlord mixing with his tenantry, and to look around him at a scene like this, and see the condescension with which the gentry mingled with the farmers!’ Prodigious condescension truly! This neat speech seemed to me an oratorical slap in the face to about nine hundred and twenty persons present; and being one of the latter I began to hiss by way of acknowledgment of the compliment, and hoped that a strong party would have destroyed the harmony of the evening and done likewise. But not one hereditary bondsman would join in the compliment, and they were quite right too. The old lord, who talked about condescension, is one of the greatest and kindest landlords in Ireland. If he thinks he condescends by doing his duty, and mixing with men as good as himself, the fault lies with the latter. Why are they so ready to go down on their knees to my lord? A man cannot help ‘condescending’ to another who will persist in kissing his shoe-strings. They respect rank in England—the people seem almost to adore it here.

“As an instance of the intense veneration for lords which distinguishes this county of Cork, I may mention what occurred afterwards. The members of the Cork society gave a dinner to their guests of the Irish Agricultural Association. The founder of the latter, as Lord Downshire stated, was Mr. Purcell; and as it was agreed on all hands that the society so founded was likely to prove of the greatest benefit to this country, one might have supposed that any compliment paid to it might have been paid to it through its founder. Not so. The society asked the lords to dinner, and Mr. Purcell to meet the lords.”

Now with shame and sorrow do we confess it; in no country of Europe is tuft hunting carried to a higher degree of perfection than in Ireland. Lord worship is not the observance of a small or unknown sect—it is not a narrow and petty dissent; no, it is the national faith, in which, whatever our other disagreements, we invariably unite. Such a speech as he here quotes would scarcely have been tolerated in Yorkshire, and would have been truly a very bold experiment among Frenchmen. His sketch of Father Mathew is cleverly done, and will interest such of our readers as have not themselves enjoyed the plea-

tures of seeing that very remarkable man.

We are gratified to have the testimony of one, who from his habits and opportunities, has mixed much in literary society to the superior taste and cultivation remarkable among Cork men in society. They are, as he remarks, "the most book-loving men I ever met."

The remark is well founded; for no other part of the island have so many distinguished men proceeded, on no other city have the honours of our university been so constantly bestowed. In every walk of science, in every department of literature Cork has furnished its quota; and the periodical press of Great Britain finds its bone and sinew among the brilliant and gifted sons of our southern city. The appreciation of literary topics, by a class which in England would be in utter ignorance concerning them, is a very remarkable feature of our country; for when we take into calculation the poverty so generally diffused through every rank in the community, the precarious livelihood obtained by thousands in seemingly easy circumstances, the hundred distracting influences which religious and political contests excite, this spirit of book reading is a most striking fact, and leads one to speculate on the incalculable strides towards prosperity such a country must take, if once placed under the happy and fostering influences of internal peace and quiet.

How literary taste has sprung up, how it has lived and thrived in such a weed-grown wilderness as our social state is indeed wonderful; but what is there not equally surprising and discordant here. The whole land is it not like our author's description of Dan's pantry?

"But of all the wonderful things to be seen in Skibbereen, Dan's pantry is the most wonderful, every article within is a make-shift, and has been ingeniously perverted from its original destination. Here lie bread, blacking, fresh-butter, tallow candles, dirty knives, all in the same cigar-box with snuff, milk, cold bacon, brown sugar, broken tea-cups, and bits of soap."

What a lesson might we learn from this, and does not the national character consist of ingredients as heterogeneous and dissimilar? Do not the best and the blackest traits that can

adorn or disfigure human nature, pass and repass over the face of our land, like the changeful clouds that brighten and lour over our landscape. Well, well, this is but a sad topic, and the best way to change it is to accompany Titmarsh on his morning excursion from Glengariff.

"The Irish car seems accommodated for any number of persons. It appeared to be full when we left Glengariff, for a traveller from Beerhaven, and five gentlemen from the yacht took seats upon it with myself; and we fancied it was impossible more than seven should travel by such a conveyance—but the driver showed the capabilities of his vehicle presently. The journey from Glengariff to Kenmare is one of astonishing beauty; and I have seen Killarney since, and am sure that Glengariff loses nothing by comparison with this most beautiful of lakes. Rock, wood, and sea, stretch around the traveller a thousand delightful pictures; the landscape is at first wild, without being fierce, immense woods and plantations enriching the valleys, beautiful streams to be seen everywhere. Here, again, I was surprised at the great population along the road; for one saw but few cabins, and there is no village between Glengariff and Kenmare. But men and women were on the banks, and in the fields; children, as usual, came trooping up to the car; and the jovial men of the yacht had great conversation with most of the persons whom we met on the road. A merrier set of fellows it were hard to meet. 'Should you like any thing to drink, sir?' says one, commencing the acquaintance; 'we have the best whiskey in the world, and plenty of porter in the basket.' Therewith, the jolly seamen produced a long bottle of grog, which was passed round from one to another; and then began singing, shouting, laughing, roaring for the whole journey, 'British sailors have a knack, pull away, yeho, boys! Hurroo! my fine fellow, does your mother know you're out? Hurroo, Tim Hurlihy! you're a fluke, Tim Hurlihy.' One man sang on the roof, one hurrooed to the echo, another apostrophized the aforesaid Hurlihy, as he passed grinning on a car; a third had a pocket handkerchief flaunting from a pole, with which he performed exercises in the face of any horseman whom he met; and great were their yells as the ponies shied off at the salutation, and the riders swerved in their saddles. In the midst of this rattling chorus we went along; gradually the country grew wilder and more deso-

late, and we passed through a grim mountain region, bleak and bare; the road winding round some of the innumerable hills, and once or twice, by means of a tunnel, rushing boldly through them. One of these tunnels, they say, is a couple of hundred yards long; and a pretty howling, I need not say, was made through that pipe of rock by the jolly yacht's crew. 'We saw you sketching in the blacksmith's shed at Glengariff,' says one; 'and we wished we had you on board. Such a jolly life as we had of it! They roved about the coast, they sailed in their vessels, they feasted off the best of fish, mutton, and whiskey; they had Gamble's turtle soup on board, and fun from morning till night, and *vice versa*. Gradually it came out that there was not, owing to the tremendous rains, a dry corner in their ship—that they slung two in a huge hammock in the cabin, and that one of their crew had been ill, and shirked off. What a wonderful thing pleasure is! to be wet all day and night; to be scorched and blistered by the sun and rain; to beat in and out of little harbours, and to exceed diurnally upon whiskey punch. Faith, London and an arm-chair at the club are more to the tastes of some men.'

We must now proceed at a more rapid pace than our traveller, and sorry are we to do so; for whether true or not, his observations on whatever he sees and meets with are always amusing and striking. Killarney he sees as every one has seen it, through a perfect down-pour of rain. The stag hunt is represented by a half-drowned gentleman in a red coat, and four dogs, who occasionally barked—and a piper, who played the whole time; his ramble leads him westward, by the Shannon, to Tralee and Limerick, which city, on a comparison with Cork, he describes to be vastly inferior in all that regards literary taste; but in all that respects the appearance of trade and commercial prosperity, he sees much to remind him of Liverpool. From thence he wanders on to Ennis, narrowly escaping being taken for the Honourable and Reverend Mr. S——, a great light of the Roman Catholic Church, who was on the coach with him.

"A great light of the Catholic Church, who was late a candlestick in our own communion, was on the coach with us, reading devoutly out of a breviary, on many occasions, along the road. A

crowd of black coats and hoods, with that indescribable look which belongs to the Catholic clergy, were evidently on the look-out for the coach; and as it stopped, one of them came up to me with a low bow, and asked if I was the Honorable and Reverend Mr. S.? How I wish I had answered him I was! it would have been a grand scene. The respect paid to this gentleman's descent is quite absurd. The papers bandy his title about with pleased emphasis—the Galway papers call him the Very Reverend. There is something in their love for rank almost childish, witness the adoration of George the Fourth; the pompous joy with which John Tuam records his correspondence with a great man; the continued my-lording of the bishops, the right-honourableness of Mr. O'Connell—which title his party papers on all occasions delight to give him—nay, the delight of that great man himself when first he attained the dignity, he figured in his robes in the most good-humoured simple delight at having them, and went to church forthwith in them, as if such a man wanted a title before his name."

This fulsome taste for mock dignity well deserves the reprobation it meets with; and happy are we that he omits no opportunity of stigmatising it. We have, however, heard of an exception. The Roman Catholic prelate of —, was, while in Spain, the frequent companion and associate of one of our old Peninsulars, who happened to be quartered in the vicinity of his convent. The intimacy thus casually engendered grew into friendship; and during the whole war they maintained an active correspondence. Years, however, passed over, without their ever meeting again. One was sent out to India, where he passed the greater part of his life—the other returned to his native land, and rose to the highest position in his church, when at last the world's chances brought the old militiaire to the little town where his quondam companion lived, as the bishop of a diocese; he knew him at once, but fearing lest altered circumstances should set an insurmountable bar against old habits of intimacy, he addressed him somewhat timidly, as, "my Lord,"—"if your lordship remembers—" He had only got so far, when the worthy titular grasped him with both hands, and cried out—"Stop, for the love of heaven, and call

me M^cG——; for they are so 'lording' and 'my lording' me here, that I vow to God I forget my own name and everything about me."

From Galway to Ballynahinch is his next excursion; and we would willingly, did our space permit, give place to the extract that follows; and re-echo the wish, so fervently expressed—that travellers would consent to visit Ireland for charm of scenery and natural beauty, which more distant journeys cannot always rival, and very seldom surpass.

But again we are warned that we must not linger longer even in a path so pleasant, and with a companion who really wins on us the more we know of him—and so we turn our heads towards Dublin, where once more arrived, the cynical vein which, in rural districts and remote regions had given way to hearty good-nature and true kindness, again flashes across his mind, and he breaks forth into the following tirade on Dublin dandyism:—

"After wondering at the beggars and carmen of Dublin, the stranger can't help admiring another vast and numerous class of inhabitants of the city—namely, the dandies—such a number of smartly-dressed young fellows I don't think any town possesses; no, not Paris, where the young shop-men, with spurs and stays, may be remarked strutting abroad on fête days; nor London, where, on Sundays, in the park, you see thousands of this cheap kind of aristocracy parading—nor Liverpool, famous for the breed of commercial dandies, desk and counter Dorsays, and cotton and sugar-barrel Brummels, and whom one remarks pushing on to business with a brisk determined air—all the above races are only to be encountered on holidays, except by those persons whose affairs take them to shops, docks, or counting-houses, where these fascinating young men labour during the week.

"But the Dublin breed of dandies is quite distinct from those of the various cities above named, and altogether superior: for they appear every day, and all day long, not once a week merely; and have an original and splendid character and appearance of their own, very hard to describe, though no doubt every traveller, as well as myself, has admired and observed it. They assume a sort of military and ferocious look not observable in other cheap dandies, except in Paris perhaps now and then; and are to be remarked, not so much for the

splendour of their ornaments as for the profusion of them. Thus, for instance, a hat which is worn straight over the two eyes, costs very likely no more than one which hangs upon one ear, a great oily bush of hair to balance the hat (otherwise the head would fall, no doubt, hopelessly on one side,) is even more economical than a crop which requires the barber's scissors oftentimes; also a tuft on the chin may be had at a small expense of bear's grease by persons of proper age; and although big pins are the fashion, I am bound to say I have never seen so many or so big as here, large agate marbles or "taws"—globes terrestrial and celestial—pawnbroker's balls—I cannot find comparisons large enough for these wonderful ornaments of the person. Canes also should be mentioned, which are sold very splendid, with gold or silver heads, for a shilling on the quays; and the dandy not uncommonly finishes off with a horn quizzing glass which being stuck in one eye, contracts the brows, and gives a fierce determined look to the whole countenance.

"In idleness, at least, these young men can compete with the greatest lords; and the wonder is, how the city can support so many of them, or they themselves, how they manage to spend their time, who gives them money to ride hacks in the "Phoenix" on field and race days; to have boats at Kingstown during the summer; and to be crowding the railway coaches all the day long. Cars go whirling about all day, bearing squads of them. You see them sauntering at all the railway stations in vast numbers, and jumping out of the carriages as the trains come up, and greeting other dandies with that rich large brogue which some actor ought to make known to the English public; it being the biggest, richest, and coarsest of all the brogues in Ireland."

Well done, Titmarsh, and strong too. This small breed of miserable exquisites well merit all you have said of them; and if they were given to book reading, there is a chance that your castigation might lead to improvement, but alas! "Superbe en chrysolite," as they say of the gilt chain in the Palais royale, they are quite content with their own pinchback gentility, and satisfied to be the "distingué" of the railroad and the brilliant ornaments of the pier at Kingstown. There is no feature of our population, we say it advisedly, and with a full remembrance of all our mendicancy before us, that reflects

more discredit upon us in the eyes of a stranger than the miserable imitation of gentility here alluded to. The painful struggle between poverty and pretension—the deficiency of station and position—made up in arrogance and impertinence—the flippancy and slang of a low class, passing current as the tone of good society, are sad exhibitions for the newly-arrived traveller to witness, and very humiliating for us is their display.

If we agree, therefore, with our friend, Titmarsh, in these opinions, and thank him for them too most heartily; so also do we offer our dissent, and most decidedly, against what he says, when canvassing the merits of a distinguished preacher in the metropolis. He might as well attempt to reason down the well-known powers of a steam-engine, or controvert the most acknowledged facts in science or history, as attempt by a depreciating estimate of this great man's ability to weaken the fact, that such eloquence as his has done, and is doing an infinite amount of good, which all the liberal theories about brotherly love, and all the fine-drawn sentiments about good feeling, so abundantly scattered through these pages, will scarcely compete with. As to his concluding question, 'Why are men to be kept for an hour and twenty minutes listening to that which might be said in twenty?'—might we not retort the argument in almost every case, where any man has ever spoken, or written? why not to the volumes before us?

What worse were we off if Titmarsh had not told of his handsqueezings, his waist pressings, his cheating waiters, his riotous attorneys. Not that we undervalue one of them; some of them are most amusing incidents, not the less for our imagining, of the part our author himself must have performed in the eyes of our wondering countrymen, for unhappily the parterre is very often a stage to the actor.

There are topics however, and this is one of them, which all the smartness in the world will not permit of a man discussing in a few smart and well-rounded sentences; and we object most strongly to the hasty argument which is here set up on a point to which the only appeal made is the writer's personal feeling. That he (Titmarsh) thought the man on the steps of the custom-house the equal of the preacher

in the church is by no means a sufficient evidence to us, that there was not a greater deficiency of discernment in the opinion, than dissimilarity in the persons. Far better are we pleased with him, and we warrant is he with himself, in the description he gives of his visit to Dundalk, and for which we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves.

We have, unfortunately, no leisure to accompany him northwards—though in nearly all he says, he has our hearty concurrence. Belfast well deserves the praise he bestows upon it—and as for the little watering-place further north, he has exaggerated nothing in his statement of the puritanical cant, and the insolent invasion of every man's family, so universally practiced there—and which makes one of the sweetest spots in the island perfectly uninhabitable, except to the creatures and vassals of the proprietor. Sorry are we indeed that such observations are called for, but our regret at the occasion will not daunt us here or elsewhere from stigmatizing what we feel as great an outrage on good feeling and true charity, as it is repugnant to all true taste.

But if we were to go on thus we should never end. Scarcely a page does not exhibit some shrewd remark—some clear-sighted and quick appreciation of the country, and even to his sly sneer at the Dublin audience, who with Lablache, and Grisi, and Mario before them, only vouchsafed an *encore* to a young lady in yellow satin and ringlets, who sung "Coming thro' the Rye," we are bound to confess, he has hit his mark.

From the little incident he mentions of the coals brought up in a soup plate, to the stray bits of dialogue scattered here and there, we are struck by the sudden and intuitive appreciation of the land he seems to possess, from the very moment he sets out; not that he is always right—far from it—but his statements are ever his own; he gives in every case his own impressions.

The author himself feels that many of his statements are likely to be disputed; and indeed what hope can he have when the simple avowal of his dining in Trinity College with the Fellows has been since met by a decided contradiction by his friend "B.," an M. A. of that University.

Now, without knowing who his

friend B. may be, we have reason to believe the fact correctly detailed, and that those yet survive who can testify to the very active knife and fork performed on that remarkable occasion, by the narrator. His friend B.'s doubt, and the expression of it, savor strongly of an old sizer, whose palate still retains the ancient odour of the good things he once eat at second hand.

He thus speaks of our national pastimes :—

“ Of the numberless amusements that take place in the Phoenix, it is not very necessary to speak. Here you may behold garrison races and reviews; lord lieutenants in brown great coats; aides-de-camps scampering about, like mad, in blue; fat colonels roaring “charge,” immense heavy dragoons; dark rifle-men lining woods and firing; galloping cannoneers hurrying right and left.—Here comes his excellency, the commander-in-chief, with his huge white feathers, and white hair, and hooked nose; and yonder sits his excellency, the ambassador, from the republic of Tappinambo, in a glass coach, smoking a cigar. The honest Dublinites make a great deal of such dignitaries as his excellency of the glass coach; you hear every body talking of him, and asking which is him; and when presently one of Sir Robert Peel's sons makes his appearance on the course the public rush delighted to look at him. They love great folks, those honest emerald islanders, more intensely than any people I ever heard of, except the Americans. They still cherish the memory of the sacred George IV. They chronicle genteel small-beer with never-failing assiduity. They go in long trains to a sham court, simpering in tights and bags, with swords between their legs. Oh, heaven and earth, what joy! Why are the Irish noblemen absentees? If their lordships like respect, where would they get it so well as in their own country.

“ The Irish noblemen are very likely going through the same delightful routine of duty before their real sovereign, in real tights and bag-wigs, as it were performing their graceful and lofty duties, and celebrating the august services of the throne. These, of course, the truly loyal heart can duly respect; and I think a drawing-room at St. James's the grandest spectacle that ever feasted the eyes or exercised the intellect. The crown, surrounded by its knights and nobles, its priests, its sages, and their respective ladies; illustrious

foreigners, men learned in the law, heroes of land and sea, beef eaters, gold sticks, gentlemen at arms, rallying round the throne, and defending it with these swords which never knew defeat (and would surely, if tried, secure a victory); these are sights and characters which every man must look upon with a thrill of respectful awe, and come amongst the glories of his country. What lady that sees this, will not confess that she reads every one of the drawing-room costumes from Majesty, down to Miss Anne Maria Smith, and all the names of the presentations from Prince Baccaboosby (by the Russian ambassador) to Ensign Stubbs on his appointment?

“ We are bound to read these accounts. It our pride our duty as Britons. Be though one may honour the respect of the aristocracy of the land for the sovereign, yet there is no reason why those who are not of the aristocracy should be aping their betters; and the Dublin castle business has, I cannot but think, a very high life below-stairs look.

“ There is no aristocracy in Dublin. Its magistrates are tradesmen—Sir Fintus Haustus, Sir Blacker Dosy, Mr. Sergeant Bluebag, or Mr. Chancellor O'Fee. Brass plates are their titles of honour, and they live by their boluses or bribs. What call have these worthy people to be dangling and grinning at lord lieutenant's levees, and playing sham aristocracy before a sham sovereign? Oh, that old humbug of a castle! It is the greatest sham of all the shams in Ireland.”

We now conclude, and sorry are we to close volumes in which we have found considerable amusement. The illustrations by the author himself are first rate, and exhibit traits of the people and their costume, which in the higher walks of art we have often looked for in vain, bold as the execution may seem there is more of the Irish feeling, more native expression in one of Titmarsh's sketches, than in Wilkie's great picture of the “ Illustrious.” These are faces and attitudes, groups and costumes, which bear the stamp of the land they belong to, with an unerring truthfulness, and as the pleasantest reading for a morning in the country, and the most amusing text for an evening's conversation in town, we safely advise our readers to possess and peruse the “ Irish Sketch Book.”

A POLYGLOT POESY.

ENGLISHED BY WILLIAM DOWE.

ANACREON'S DOVE.

FROM THE GREEK.

Beautiful Dove!

Whence art thou flying? Whence, upon the air,
 Dost thou diffuse around thy path above,
 The odour of so many ointments rare?
 What art thou, bird, and whither dost thou fare?

Anacreon to Bathyllus bade me flit—
 To him the universal favourite,
 Venus has sold me for a little ode:
 And now I go abroad,
 And execute Anacreon's ministries,
 And bear about his letters, as you see:
 He says that he will shortly set me free;
 But I, though he should grant me my release,
 Would rather stay with him: Why should I flee
 Over the fields and hills, and be beguiled
 To sit on trees, devouring something wild?
 At present I eat bread, which I pick up
 From his own hand—Anacreon's hand; and he
 Gives me to drink from out the very cup
 In which he always quaffs and pledges me:
 And drinking, then I dance,
 And, in a giddy trance
 I shadow o'er my master with my wings;
 And, when I tire,
 I perch upon the lyre—his very lyre,
 And fall asleep at last upon the strings:
 That's all I have to tell you: go, man, go!
 You make me more loquacious than a crow.

THE DEATH OF UGOLINO.

DANTE.

Ere dawn, awake upon my dungeon bed,
 I heard my little children, in their sleep,
 Murmuring and sobbing, and demanding bread:
 Oh! thou art cruel if thou canst not weep
 To ponder o'er my suffering in the dread
 Foreboding of my heart; if thou canst keep
 Thine own unmoved, what tale of passing woe
 Can touch thy soul, or cause thy tears to flow?

They woke at last: and it was now the hour
 That ever brought our wonted food; yet we
 Doubted and feared; and moved the moments slower,
 And still it came not; and I heard a key

Locking the portal of our prison-tower.
 I gazed upon my children, and, on me,
 They gazed again ; and then my heart grew weak,
 And I sat motionless ; but could not speak.

I did not weep ; my heart was turned to stone.
 My children wept ; and little Anselm cried :
 " What ails thee, father ?—for thy look is grown
 " So ghastly, fixed on something at thy side !
 Then did I feign to suffer loss ; no moan
 Passed from my lips, and nothing I replied
 All that long day and the succeeding night,
 Till o'er the world rose the slow morning's light.

When the first rays streamed from the outer air
 Into the dungeon's dreary gloom, and I
 Saw my own face in four pale faces there,
 I gnawed my arms in utter agony !
 My little ones, believing my despair
 Demanded bread, rose, crying, " Let us die
 " That thou mayest live : thou gavest us flesh and blood
 " Take them again, to be our father's food !"

Then I grew still, to make their sorrows less :
 And that day and the next in silence past :
 Why yawned not Earth beneath our dire distress ?
 And the fourth day arose ; and then, at last,
 Gaddo, my boy, lay pale and motionless
 Beside my feet, and sorrowfully cast
 His glazing eyes on mine, and faintly cried,
 " I'm dying, father, help me !" so he died !

And, as thou seest me, so did I behold
 Upon the fifth and sixth days, one by one,
 My murdered children perish, stark and cold.
 And falling on them, when their life was gone,
 Groaning their cherished names, did I enfold
 In my weak arms their faded bodies wan,
 For six days more : then hunger came to close
 All of my life that could survive my woes.

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS.

STRANGER.

Long, long in many a lowly home
 They'll fondly still recall his glory :
 And yet, for fifty years to come,
 The cottage hear no other story.

There, many a time, at close of day,
 The villagers shall meet, and say,
 Mother, to make the moments fly,
 Tell us a tale of times gone by.
 What though his rule, they say, was stern,
 We hail his memory with delight.
 —Tell us of him, good grandmamma,
 Tell us of him to-night !

My children, in this hamlet here,
Followed by kings, I saw his carriage :
How time will fly ! it was the year
I first kept house, upon my marriage.

I climbed our little slope to see
The great folk pass, and there was he !
He wore a small cocked hat that day,
And a plain riding-coat of gray.
Near him I trembled ; but he said,
“ *Bon jour*, my dear ; how do you do ? ”
— He spoke to you, good grandmamma !
You say he spoke to you !

A year from thence, by chance I came
One day to Paris, and I found him
Rolling in state to Notre Dame
With all his splendid court around him.

And how rejoiced the people were
To see the hero passing there !
And then, they said, the very skies
Looked smiling on his pageantries,
He had a gracious look and smile,
And Heaven had sent an infant boy.
— What joy for you, good grandmamma !
Oh ! what a time for joy !

When foes marched over poor Champagne,
He boldly braving thousand dangers,
Seemed singly fighting to sustain
The war against the invading strangers.

One evening, at this very hour,
I heard a knocking at the door ;
I opened—Saints ! ’twas he again !
A feeble escort all his train.
He sat here where you see me sit,
And talked of war with thoughtful air.
— Did he sit there, good grandmamma ?
And did he sit just there ?

I brought some wine at his desire,
And our brown loaf I well remember ;
He dried his clothes, and soon the fire
Inclined his heavy eyes to slumber.

He woke, and saw my tears, and cried,
Still hope, fair hostess ; soon beside
The walls of Paris, I, perchance,
May yet avenge the wrongs of France !
He went away : and ever since,
I’ve kept the cup before him set.
— You have it yet, good grandmamma ;
Oh have you got it yet ?

See, here it is. Soon lost to Hope,
On to his fall the Chief was hurried.
He, once anointed by the Pope,
In a lone desert tale was buried.

Long time they looked for him, and none
 Would deem he was for ever gone;
 They said, he's sailed beyond the seas,
 Strange lands shall hear his victories!
 But oh! how sorrowful I felt
 When the sad tale was told aright!
 —God bless you, dear, good grandmamma!
 God bless you and good night!

CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICA BRUN.

From the still shadows of the tannen grove
 Trembling I mark thee, as I gaze above,
 Eternal Mountain, dazzling Summit, whence
 My vaguely wandering sense
 Departs upon its world-o'erpassing flight
 Soaring aloft, away, into the Infinite.

Who fixed into the Earth
 The old millennial pillar, fast and deep,
 Which, in the lapse of centuries,
 Hath borne thee since thy birth?
 Who hath uptowered along yon azure steep,
 Thy bright, bold aspect, glorious to the skies?

Who poured ye out, ye jagged streams that roar
 In your descending course, from the abode
 Of Winter, all unchangeable and hoar?
 Who hath pronounced abroad
 The voice of the Omnipotent behest:
 Here let these surgy shapes for ever rest!

Who gives its march unto the Morning Star?
 Who wreathes the borders of Eternal frost
 With tenderest blooms? to whom, still near and far
 O, ~~Arviéron~~, while around is tost
 Thy wave-like anarchy,—to whom arise
 The accents of thy dreadful harmonies?

Jehovah! yes, Jehovah sounds aloud
 Where the tall Iceberg's massy form is rent,
 And where the toppling Avalanche is bowed
 Sheer o'er the thundering mountain's steep descent.
 Jehovah rustles in the bright green trees,
 And murmurs in the brooks, and in the breeze.

WITHERED HOPES—A DREAMER'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling."—*Childe Harold*.

WHEN in the progress of quickly coming-round years a man finds himself arrived at, and now fast leaving behind him, that plainly-marked stage which Dante calls his *mezzo cammino*, he will detect himself occasionally beguiling the latter part of his journey with the reminiscences of what he has witnessed in the course of the former. And to say truth, it takes not long to work this change within one, and to set up Memory instead of Hope as the household deity of the breast. Besides, if a man be not changed himself, the world is changed for him; it is not the same world it was when he first knew it. The friends he had long ago, where are they? Some are sleeping their long sleep in the grave; others are alive—but the world has come between him and them, and they are as utterly lost to him as if the earth covered them. Families that he used to mix with, either are changed in their members, or have entirely disappeared from the roll of society; while new ones, whose names he never heard before, have shot up into notice and become the arbiters of taste in the haunts of his childhood. The human mind itself, in its onward impetuosity, is leaving him behind; improvements in every thing are impending; old ideas are laid aside as antiquated; and at last, he finds he must begin in his age to learn anew, and think differently from what he used, if he would still belong to a world that has become strange to him. And wonderful to such is the retrospective glance which brings back to him portions of his former and passed-away life. Some accident or other awakes one lost feeling; then another slowly revives; then a sudden shooting gleam is flashed down upon the soul; then the present slowly fades away, and he finds himself transported to another world, where shadowy shapes—once familiar—gather about him, and things he had

imagined for ever lost are restored. Still a vague consciousness remains that a wide gulf divides them from him, and some lingering knowledge that years have intervened, causes him to identify that amazed beholder with his present self. Just as I describe, it was with me this afternoon; an incident, buried and forgotten for years, was suddenly (nor can I exactly explain how) brought before me. The touch was a passing one, but the chords vibrated to the olden music; it is wild and melancholy, but I must not let it pass away any more.

It was on the 20th of July, 18—, no matter what—I found myself sauntering up and down the beautiful promenade of Florence, the Lung'Arno. I had, a little while before, gone through the very edifying formulæ of eating the prescribed number of dinners, saying the prescribed words of Latin, and paying the prescribed amount of fees; and under the influence of these cabalistic incantations, emerged at once from the chrysalis state of studency to the full-blown barrister. Just then, when I was looking for nothing else than an everlasting pacing of Old Westminster with a satchel, like an overgrown schoolboy, under my arm, and was meditating which of my pie-crust volumes were to stand instead of briefs within it; or whether, if Waverley were bound like them, it would not be better than the whole put together—I say, just at the critical moment, an old testy uncle, my mother's only brother, came to the rescue, and saved me from the companionship of John Doe and Richard Roe for ever. Cold, austere, and forbidding—himself a bachelor—I verily believe he considered marriage a sort of crime; and never forgave his sister for having chosen one who loved her dearly, in preference to a heartless old age like his own. At my birth, he had indeed condescended to be my

sponsor, I need not say as a matter of form, but ostensibly as a proof of the excellence of his heart in overlooking a case in which he had been "grievously sinned against"—so he asserted. Once or twice, in my earlier years, I had seen him; nay, when beneath the influence of an Indian sky, both parents had sunken into a premature grave, and their boy returned to England, under the care of a friend, who stood to him as a father, he had even shown some kindness to me. He had sent for me, had placed me at Harrow, and when the fit time came round for my entering the university, supplied me with a sufficiency to keep myself with respectability at Cambridge. All this he had done, and might have done more, but that, as I sprang up, I became the living image of my father; and when I returned from one vacation, to spend some weeks with him, the old man could scarcely repress a scream when I first stood before him—the reminiscence was powerful with him, and he hated me for the resemblance. I was coldly received—this was nothing new to me—was borne with until the few weeks were over, and at my departure, was told that he would be always glad to hear from me—but that he would excuse my coming any more.

"Your wants shall be supplied," he wrote, "for you are my sister's child, and as such I shall always acknowledge you; but you have your father's face and figure, and you must not see me; and I suppose, if you inherit his spirit"—this was said with a sneer—"you will not seek to do so after this. Until you are qualified for your destined profession, you may rely upon my help and assistance; when this step is attained, I shall consider myself free from every obligation."

So reasoned he, but death was quicker than he, and ere he could revoke a will, in old days made in my favour, he ceased to exist. A fit suddenly terminated his life; and the same post which would have brought him the expected tidings of his nephew's call to the bar, returned with the intelligence of his own decease. He would have kept his word with me, I have little doubt, for he was a man of invincible determination; he only lacked the opportunity. As for me, when the news reached me, I could not repress a few tears; for, hard as he

was, I was the only one to whom his heart in anywise opened, and he was my sole remaining relative, and I felt lonely even after him. I hastened down to the funeral, and was chief and only mourner at it: then came some necessary legal forms to go through, and a multiplicity of papers to sign, and divers documents to be proven and sworn to. When these were all done, and I found myself once more at the Inns, in my old chambers, as an eternal forswearing of alliance with the law, I flung my bands into the fire, my wig into the Thames, made over my gown to my old woman, Molly, to whom such an article was far more suited, and cast myself at random into the nearest Continental steamer, that I might breathe freely when clean 'scaped out of London.

I do not want to measure swords with Arthur O'Leary, (Master Lorrequer, cease your fuming therefore!) so far from it, I'll not even tell how I came to the place where I now found myself, or what countries I skimmed over in my route. The rambling spirit which had urged me on so far, here deserted me, and for the life of me, I could not tell what now to do with myself. "Heigh ho! whither next?" I had been now two days in the Tuscan capital, and had not yet found energy enough to knock about after the lions. The weather was oppressively sultry, the sun seemed a burning ball of flame, and look where you would in the azure heaven, you could not find one tiniest elondlet to screen you from the blazing heat. Stretching away in the green distance, no doubt, was the smiling country, girt in with its amphitheatre of hills, and inviting the parched wayfarer to its cooling streams and the shadows of those glorious pine trees; still—still the effort, however desirable, was an effort—and such things, however commendable, are not always possible to be done, especially by idle men.

"Whither next? Well, I'll stroll along the river's banks, the tour will be a little variety."

I did so until I wearied of it, and then bethought me of "mine inn"—"Perhaps I'll find some one fit to talk to there; at all events, I have exhibited myself enough—so now, on—on;" and I blessed my stars for the new idea.

The reverie which a strange place awakens in one's mind, when you are there in an isolated position, might in part account for my indolent feelings; and *certainly* a new city where you know no one is not the most companionable of places—especially, if you have made yourself dependent upon society, under other and more favourable circumstances. So thought I, as I turned through the Lungos once more; it was thronged with people, yet not a familiar face could I discover among them all. So far they bore me company, that they all seemed as lazily loitering as myself, and I remembered the bitter French sarcasm—“*On va se promener tous les après midi sur les bords de L'Arno; et le soir on se demande les uns aux autres s'y l'on y a été!*” On I passed, crossed one of the bridges, then came a long street, filled with those half-prison, half-fortress palaces of the nobles, down which I proceeded. I paused a moment, as I came to its end, for the purpose of recollecting which turn I was to make, when a broad hand was laid on my shoulder, and a well-known voice sounded behind me.

“How now, mad wag, whither bound—what news? I thought your honor had already been in England.”

I turned in wonder, and found in my Shakspearean interrogator, my college chum and faithful friend, Charles Harley.

“Harley! what, you here, and ‘coming in such questionable shape?’ I imagined you an *attaché* at Saint James’s, the idol of the Guards, the admired of all admirers about court. From what lucky star descended, thou graceful flower of chivalry, thou cynosure of ladies’ eyes?”

“Why, so I was,” said he, with the most provoking coolness, “but I got sick of it all; such things last for a while; d’ye know, after that, they become a bore?”

Harley was a spoiled child of fortune; the heir to one of the oldest inheritances in England; every want, from his earliest years, had been anticipated, and supplied in an abundance which made him fastidious: but this was his only failing, and was the cause more of disquietude to himself—of making him, at times, restless and discontented with things about him—than of giving pain to his friends, by any

change in his feelings with respect to them, or any matter ever so trivial, where *they* were concerned. I have not been, in my time, an unobservant spectator of things about me, nor I may add of persons either. Our men of talent I have been permitted to know, and have bowed beneath the fascination of their excelling genius—and kind hearts and warm hearts have drawn me within their influence; still, this friend of my youth has never been outshone in my estimation; in the long distance of years, his errors are forgotten, but his virtues live to make his memory immortal.

We had first met at Cambridge, accidentally, one evening, at the rooms of a mutual friend—were introduced—a casual remark created an interest in one for the other—we became acquainted, rapidly passed through the various stages of regard, and cemented a friendship before the week was over. So free is youth from that reserve, which, in after life, bespeaks either the apprehension of treachery, or the sullenness of disappointment. A similarity of idle tastes drew us much together, and while our classmates were hammering at hexameters, or digging at the Greek roots, our days were spent in boating on the river, or taking long rambles together into the country. During our intervals of leisure, we read and studied in our own way; nothing came amiss except the course prescribed to us by the worthy master of Trinity (which we fairly eschewed as useless, or at best, common place). Harley was passionately fond of chemical experiments, and his rooms, in consequence, gradually turned themselves into a laboratory; we worked together at the crucible more than the cruces of mathematics, and were, perhaps, quicker at a *retort* than our idle habits gained us credit for.

So passed on our time of probation, and my bitterest regret on leaving Alma Mater—which I did six months before him—was coupled with my separation from Harley; however, I felt now was the time for energy, everything depended upon myself, I must work for fame, if not for maintenance; the season for the *far niente* was over, and it was well that it should be so. From Harley I received many letters—at last, in one he told me he had purchased a cornetcy in the Guards.

"We shall meet once more, Jack," he wrote, "for I am fixed in London, and, thou man of lore and law, we shall transfer to the Thames our olden employment by the banks of sweet Ouse."

He soon rose to be a promising soldier; nature had bestowed upon him a noble form, and manhood was ripening it to its full perfection: his natural lightness of heart found abundant occasion for rejoicing in the new scenes the great city opened out to him; and to every attraction in it—to the court itself—his birth, wealth, and profession gave him an easy access. I had left him some weeks before plunged in all this racket of dissipation—and now, without dreaming that he was within seven hundred miles, was surprised in the way I have before described.

"Go to, Jack," cried he, "but, by my troth, I am right glad to see thee."

"We'll meet in Erebus," I answered. "I deemed you still hanging on at St. James's—but, I'll ask about such things hereafter; I never was more at a non-plus in my life."

"Wherefore, good sir?"

"Just to find some one who has a knack of taking charge of live lumber. I'm weary to death of the everlasting company of self; you are come at a gracious moment to relieve me, here I cast myself on you—help, help, Harley."

"I'll use my art to remedy the cause of this effect, or defect; as the Dane hath it: come on, I'm your man—I have no one either; but we'll have a couple of glorious days together, and add this good city to our stories of reminiscences for after days."

Like my friend Lorrequer, I am the easiest-persuaded fellow alive: an honest, virtuous, civil gentleman can do as he will with me, shape me to his courses, and find me "ready as a borrower's cap;" he has but to lead on, and need not look back often, to find whether I am following. A moment before I deemed myself incapable of exertion, blaming the city, the people, the very sky overhead, on account of it; but now, instantaneously my hip-pishness vanished, the presence of my ancient ally was in itself a powerful spell—I stepped forth with elasticity, and breathed the breath of luxurious life once more.

Without more ado, we covenanted to unite our fortunes for a while, make

together a companionable inspection of the old city, and compare notes of what had happened to each since our parting in merry England, and furthermore, we were to begin all by dining together on that day.

"But stay," said Harley, "it is only three o'clock; let us not mind these outlandish foreign customs, but have a country walk first, and a *tête-à-tête* dinner at half-past six. What say you?"

"I agree to the last proposal without murmur or appendix; and to the first with the proviso that you take me the Lung' Arno way. I had begun the stroll, and turned back for want of company."

Together we went over my former route, and walked for an hour without respite, so fully were we engrossed in thoughts of old times. I had to give Harley the particulars of my favourable turn of fortune, for in my hasty flight from town I had left him in ignorance of every thing except the mere fact; his adventures and the reasons of his coming we agreed to postpone till over our wine. We walked on briskly for some time, when in the dense olive wood, and but little removed from the pathway we had followed, my companion espied a most enchanting bower, past which he declared we should not go. Over the tops of the nearest trees we could discover the roof of a villa with its pergola or trellised walk of vines, while a dusky, brawling riuilet ran in front, and, lighted up by the sunbeams in one direction, was lost amidst the thick plantations in the other. Down we sat and turned us towards the town, now several miles distant.

Florence may well claim to be called a fair city, and seen beneath its own blue heavens, it receives in addition the grace and lightness which our hazy atmosphere immediately takes away from a similar prospect. The neighbouring country is richly cultivated and studded with villas, and the eye as it stretches along the fairy perspective finds a suited repose in the surrounding hills, (crowned as they are with the vine, and olive, and chestnut,) until it reaches, last of all, the cloudy Appenines, with their gloomy pine forests. From where we were seated we could see the broad river

rolling gallantly beneath ; in its widest part crisped into wavelets, where the summer breeze came down on it, and near the shore reflecting tranquilly the thickly-massed foliage which grew down to its very margin—while these shadows again were sometimes broken up by the passing boats creeping on towards the city under snowy sails. Farther on, in the distance, the four graceful bridges could be seen rising one above another and uniting the broken city, from every quarter of which pinnacles and spires seemed to ascend, and, towering above all, we could plainly discover the cathedral dome, the immortal work of Filippo Brunelleschi.

I had been running on at a voluble rate about my own half-formed plans and projectures, but with such loveliness before me immediately gave up the selfish strain. We gazed awhile in silence upon it ; the silence continued till it became painful ; I waited for my companion to speak, for, ashamed of a discourse in which I had scarcely suffered him to interpose a word, I was anxious that he should now choose some theme of his own personal history. But I waited in vain. At last I turned round ; poor Harley, as if to overmaster some tormenting thought, was pressing his hand strongly against his brow ; his lips trembled, and his eyes were filled with tears. I thought him ill.

"What is the matter ? Harley, are you sick ? have I over-walked you ?"

"No, no, Jack ; it was just a passing cloud ; it will be gone in a moment. How foolish, how silly I am !" And then to me, "What a blessed gift it would be, Jack, if thought had not the power of forcing itself upon us when it has become useless, or more, miserable."

"You speak mysteries. What has happened ? nay, you me wrong, Harley, by your concealment. I cannot understand the import of your words unless you be more explicit."

"To-day, after dinner, you shall have it all. What I said was plain enough : would it not be well if we could wipe off the memories of those whom fate places for ever out of our reach, yet cannot prevent us at the same time continually remembering ?"

"Is that it ? I take you now. By the simplicity of Venus' doves, no other

than a love case ! ' sighing like furnace,' because some muling, pulling school-girl will not have him ; eh, Harley, is it not so ? Here's a little *chanson* for you, pretty and sentimental enough, and there's a brook to sing it to ;

'Limpido ruscalletto !
Se mai t'incontri in lei,
Dille che pianto——'

Oh, the folly of mankind from the days of Eve herself.

——' Che pianto sei,
Ma non le dir. ——'

I say, Harley, what's the name ?"

"Don't know."

"Where does she live ?"

"Can't discover."

"What's her rank ?"

"Can't, for the life of me, make out."

"Pshaw ! this is heaping the Pelion upon Ossa in absurdity. You must get rid of such thrice-sublimated nonsense. Have you rested ? Let us move towards town."

"Where was it we last met ?" said Harley to me, when, our repast over, we prepared for the enjoyment of the evening.

"Temple gardens, bank of Thames, city of London. Do you want time, day, and occupation ?"

"No ; how lawyerly minute you have grown. You are blessed with a microscopic memory ; but I don't need it. A day or two after that I went with some of ours on a command-night to the opera ; majesty itself was to be there, and every box in the house was filled. I never recollect being in higher spirits. The bewitching scene around, the brilliant lights, the divine music, the high-born of the land all there, and the king himself with his wonted courtesy paying the most marked attention to the whole piece ; all these, no doubt, contributed their elements to my excitement. But better than any, and more effective than them all united, was the elasticity of mind consequent upon the load of daily life being taken off and forgotten, and which was sufficient of itself to fill me with restless joy.

"Well ! there I sat occupied, charmed with every thing. Two acts had passed over very rapidly, (as far as I could fix my attention, it was

given to them); but dame Fortune had not done with me, and was determined to display her despotism ere I could leave the house. Shortly before the commencement of the last act, as my eye roamed over the gorgeous spectacle, it was fastened on the inmates of a box at the opposite side of the house, and never wandered from them during the remainder of the play. They were, a lovely girl and a white-haired, hard-worn officer, whom I had never seen before, and whom I took to be her father. He wore at his breast one or two medals and crosses, and seemed suffering from ill health, perhaps arising from service. I had never beheld a creature of such surpassing beauty as his companion. You will not laugh, for I remember in old times your agreeing with me on the possibility of such things, when I tell you that half hour's glance taught me that there was the One with whom

my fate was inextricably involved. Soon thunders of applause announced the conclusion of the play; the *prima donna* was called for; some wreaths were flung on the stage; when I next looked round my incognita was gone.

"I soothed my mortification with the conviction that somewhere or other I should meet with her forthwith. With new life I sought all the assemblies; every public place which furnished a possibility of success was ransacked; I attended the opera night after night, but in vain. Then, imagining they might have altogether left London, and remembering the shoals of English which migrate at this time of the year, I got a three-months' leave to try chance once more. I am afraid 'tis a desperate one; what say you, Jaak?"

"Bad enough, no doubt; I won't join you in calling it 'desperate'; but pass the wine, dear boy!"

CHAPTER II.

"Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet."

The Piccolomini.

WE spent the whole of the week following in going the rounds of the city. I will not weary my reader with the detail of the various sights. Has not the most commonplace tourist warmed into eloquence in this chapter of his work; and besides, are they not all given at large in the guide-books of Mr. Murray and the rest of the Row? We did as I suppose other travellers are accustomed to do; began the day with devising a thousand plans of activity, and effected something under one-fourth of what we devised; then blamed ourselves for not doing more, and fell into the same error on the day following: drove, walked, and rode to satiety, and alternated these fits of activity with seasons of occasional loitering and repose.

And oftenest we found ourselves lingering in the two sculpture galleries and Santa Croce, with the adjoining Medician chapel. The divine shapes of Grecian beauty, those only embodiments of the ideal, which are preserved to us in the former, can make even the sorrowful forget; and I stole away Harley from himself very

often in the contemplation of some incomparable statue. Who can pass by the unfathomable grief of that Niobe, the dignity of the Apollo, the severe majesty of the Juno, or the impassioned Venus, or the intellectual Minerva, unmoved? Yet I may thus only passingly allude to them: the world has worshipped before them; Byron has given us the poetry of their awakened thought, and they have been catalogued in prose by no lesser pen than Shelley's.

But Santa Croce, what of it? Italy, richer in her dead than in aught she possesses instinct with life, has, within these walls, garnered up her best mental harvest: here sleep Michael Angelo, and Machiavelli, and Alfieri, and Boccaccio; and here is the cenotaph of Dante, to whom Florence was, as he wrote himself, *Parvi mater amaris*. We roamed from chapel to chapel of this glorious place; if the architecture one day attracted us, there were the noble recollections for another. Then came the more illustrious monuments; then the humbler epitaphs. Of these last, only one has been fixed on any

memory. I have since learned it is very well known; it was erected over a young girl, and bore this inscription:

"ELISE DE L.—

Ne me plaignez pas, si vous saviez combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargnées."

As if affection still lived within that tomb, and even thence sent forth its voice of comfort to the living!

Harley yet cherished the idea that he was destined soon to meet with the lovely apparition that had so strangely filled his mind. It was a portion of his philosophy that the heart possesses in itself a prophetic wisdom, if men would only follow out its secret impulses; and he certainly showed his own perfect conviction of the truth of this assertion, by building largely upon it, and becoming cheerful under what I could not help pronouncing a mere delusion. I humoured him in it however. I do not know that those friends deserve any gratitude who labour to destroy the harmless imaginings which bring us pleasure; dreams they may be, and fond ones, but if they beguile the time of our sojourn, why awaken us from them to life's sad realities?—they are visitants from another world, and yet, in their kindness, our friends would have us exchange them for the more certain deceptions of this.

English families we could find in abundance; but we did not mix much with them. Harley's object could be as easily accomplished in the public promenades; and once or twice going to the country *fêtes* of the duke, gave us a correct knowledge of what English were in the place. Besides we were so much occupied with our own plans, that we had no time to throw away on the cultivation of our countrymen's acquaintance.

We were one day at our old haunt the cathedral: it was thronged with people; mass was going on at one of the altars, and a small circle of worshippers were assembled in that quarter; in another a group of mendicants were soliciting alms; in another were visitors, come like ourselves to loiter and gaze. We passed them all; many of the last were from our own land, as we could easily tell from their manners and the ends of their whisperings,

gathered up as we walked by; but they were strangers to us, and we passed on.

We crossed by the altar where the white-robed priest was officiating; the tall candles burned dimly in the rich glare of day; the worshippers were absorbed in adoration, and paid no attention to the noise of our footsteps. Leaving them, we came to the aisle where were the tomb and epitaph I have before mentioned: I do not know what drew us there beyond the interest those simple words created. Harley's imaginative mind had formed some pathetic story of a maiden, the joy of her parents and the pride of some one dearer to her than both, taken from the arms of love, and brought down suddenly to darkness and the worm: this gave him sufficient reason for wishing to see it again, and his eloquent fancy even stirred my matter-of-fact disposition. And it is a touching truth, that in strange places the passing visitor never overlooks the houses of the dead; his heart naturally claims a brotherhood with those dreamless sleepers; its warmest feelings are entirely theirs, even when it must, of necessity, be closed against the unloving that are around it and alive.

The strong sunlight was flung across the aisle in slanting radiance, and the living glory poured itself down upon that low grave, as if marking out a pathway to the heavens for the young immortal. In the column of light thus let down, danced a thousand gay notes, whose increasing activity contrasted strangely with the stillness of the place, and its quiet occupiers. There was an old man there; he had been endeavouring with failing eyes slowly to decypher the inscription for a fair girl who stood near him, but turned away from us. The scene was a striking one, and fixed us breathless to where we stood. The old man's task was done; he had been reciting the last words as we drew near, and rising from his stooping position, he took his hat from the marble floor where it had been lying, and advanced to his young companion. They had not heard our approach; for, evidently unconscious of the presence of strangers, he now, in a low and broken voice, said something to her the purport of which we could not catch.

The answer was in English, and thrilled us from very sweetness—

"And yet, father," she replied, "is it not well with them that die young? The early-called—who that loved them would bring them back again?"

She turned in her fine enthusiasm. The light playing about her person made her almost "too bright to look upon," and cast round a face in which sadness and beauty were deeply blent together, that halo which painters fling over the heads of the Virgin and the saints. Poor Harley, who had been before fascinated with the lovely picture, almost leaped from the ground where he had been fastened; for there before him was the cause of all his perplexity and sorrow—there stood the mysterious Unknown of the opera.

Fortunately for us, we were placed beneath the protection of one of the side-arches, and the sunbeam which so plainly revealed to us this interesting group, placed us at the same time in deep shadow with respect to them. It was impossible for them to see us distinctly, yet they were now aware that listeners had been by for some time. I saw the moment called for decision; the old man with wrinkled brow, looked haughtily in our quarter, to reprehend and repel our intrusion. In a deep whisper to Harley I besought him to recollect himself, while I went forward to offer our apologies. Was not that face known to me? Yet, if it were he, he was greatly altered. I came ~~near~~. It could be no other. It *was* he—the friend who had watched over my orphanage in India, Colonel Montagu.

He recognized me at once.

"What! young T——, how came you here; enjoying Madam Fortune's kindness, eh? Boys think they never can get liberty enough. But, John, I am delighted to see the son of my old dear friend; how long are you from England?"

I replied, asking a thousand pardons for Harley and myself, on account of our unintentional eaves-dropping, and wound all up by saying, "I was now only happy that it had so happened: rudeness for once was rewarded, not punished."

"No apologies—no apologies, boy. Do you not recollect your old friend, Emily—or shall I have to introduce you again? Here, love, is an old ac-

quaintance of yours, Mr. T——, now of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, and so forth."

She had not forgotten, and received me kindly and affectionately. We had romped together in childhood, and during my sojourn under the colonel's roof had felt for each other as brother and sister. From the time that my uncle placed me at school, and thence moved me to Cambridge, we had not met, though I had occasionally seen her father in the interval. I never learned, until this kind friend had long been in the grave, his reasons for keeping aloof from me at that time; it was lest he should move my uncle's jealousy, and thence mar my prospects. Relatives not over kind themselves are peculiarly sensitive of that goodness coming from other quarters wherein they are themselves deficient.

We had not met for nine or ten years. I found every early promise of beauty amply fulfilled; she had grown to lovely womanhood. Perhaps, taking those features separately, you might bring to mind many to excel her in each—some to outshine her in dazzling beauty of face—some to possess more exact symmetry of form; but, taking her all in all, such a union of happy qualities and rare loveliness, such an elegant mind inhabiting a temple worthy of its reception, and such heart-warm manners, (the sunshine that lighted up the whole face of her nature,) I have never beheld as they existed in Emily Montagu. She was more the creature of dreams than what you might hope to meet with in actual embodiment.

I introduced my friend. He was now himself again, and did his part well. On our adieu, we received a pressing invitation to dine that day at the Villa Nuovo, which they were occupying for the season.

"I have come abroad," said the colonel, "for a little while, because the physicians tell me it is a duty I owe my girl to prop up this tottering tenement so long as I can. We see no company, so come early; I have a thousand questions to ask you, John. Farewell, Mr. Harley."

"Well! dear chuck," said I, on our return we gaily ran up the stairs together, "I'll always think of you to be a bit of a wiseacre."

Thomas of Breildonne, they say, could raise the dead, but you seem to possess spells to conjure up the living."

"Jack, Jack," he replied, "'tis all but a vision."

"No! I warrant you she is there in flesh and blood; but how handsome she is. I wonder I did not know her at once. She is not much changed; and Harley, you're a lucky dog. Never was man before so blessed in his acquaintance. A votive shrine is the least you can give my memory when I've done with this breathing world. Come, come, all perils are now over at least——"

"Now begun," said he, smilingly. "But was not my finding her here, a thousand miles away, a marvel? Jack, you seem to know all about them; for our friendship's sake let me hear it. Come, I am all impatience—Montagu is not that the name?" and here he gabbled in a delightfully incoherent manner.

"Do, dear Jack," he continued, "let me have all. You are not disposed to be unkind. Could you read my heart, you would know that its every pulsation is hers. But who is she—what is she? and the old father—what about him?"

"If you will only let me answer you one question at a time, or tell the tale in my own way, I am satisfied to impart it all to you. There, pull over that trunk, you can sit on it; or—I did not see it before—here's a seat; now *asseyez vous mon cher*. You are very right, the name is Montagu."

"And the other?"

"Emily."

"Where do they live?"

"Nay, nay, I'll not be catechised. You must allow me to speak as I will, or not at all. May I trouble you to take that cravat from me? Thank you: now, give me the towel—thanks. How blunt these razors are. I say, Harley, have you any at your place over the way, wherever it is; do run, like a good fellow, for them. You will not be long, and we have a clear hour and a half yet; or if you will, I'll send Paolo for them."

I cannot be malicious long, nor do I much laud your provoking practical jokers; still—as it is the truth I shall confess it—I dearly love, for a while, a little *tease*. Harley was eyes and soul waiting to drink in every syllable

I should let fall, for which reason I was grudging of each word; had he been quiet, he would have heard it outright, for my babbling tongue would have run it over immediately for him, but now do what my better nature would to the contrary, I could not resist a little railery.

"Well, will you get me the razors, and you shall hear every word of it? Tush, man, never mind her; besides you have no chance, if she possess any taste I know whither she will turn in preference."

But when I beheld his forlorn mortified countenance, I forbore; he was so silent, and took it all so patiently, and seemed so to understand my pleasantry, and to wait till it was over, that I gave up the ungracious task at once, or, I should rather say, with an occasional interruption,

"You *shall* hear it all, Harley. Are you acquainted with the road from town to Canterbury?"

"Yes, I have gone it a dozen times."

"Ah! now we are getting to it. I wonder do they supply any hot water in this establishment—must do without it, *n'importe*—there, I've cut myself, all through your means, Harley."

"But about Canterbury?"

"Ye—yes! I was on the high road to it when you stopped me. You remember the little village of Ashton; it is midway between Chatham and the Kentish capital—eh? and those lofty elm trees that skirt the road for some miles, and the high Elizabethan gables and countless chimneys you get a peep of from the coach-roof, they must have struck you. Ashton belongs to the Montagus, and Ashton-hall has been their residence for centuries."

"You know, Harley—but you don't know, for I never told you—that my father occupied, at one time, a high political post in India, under Cornwallis; he there met Colonel Montagu. They had been friends in Europe, they now became brothers in another hemisphere. The colonel's first wreath was won at the storming of the Mysore Sultan's capital. His subsequent brilliant career I have no time to relate, you will read of it in the despatches. When, heart-broken from the early loss of his wife, and worn out by care, and the climate, and fatigue, my poor parent died at Travancore, his friend was beside him when he drew his last

breath, and received from him, as a sacred legacy, his boy, to whom he vowed to be as a father.

"Nobly he redeemed his promise. Unlike many around him, my father, disdaining peculation in any shape, had lived an honest man, and I suppose in consequence died a poor one. His effects, what they were, were converted into money, and invested in his orphan's name. Nay, more: recollecting that I had in England a wealthy uncle, this more than friend prepared to take me to him, hoping that, as he was childless, he might adopt and make me his heir.

"Every thing had been arranged for the voyage, when a letter reached him with the news that he was now possessor of the Montagu estates. His elder brother, under the excitement of the chase, leaped a six-foot wall, which was his last leap, for horse and rider were found dead on the other side. He had led a bachelor life, and left none to mourn him. There was a frigid pompous funeral; mourning coaches came from all the country round; the village church was clad in black; a glowing sermon was pronounced by the family parson, and all was over.

"A happy time I had of it at the hall on our return: that is, before my uncle had determined whether he would receive me or not. How many days have I spent under those noble park trees, or gone a-nutting in the woods with the old butler! It was from feelings of duty, and regarding the right of so near a relative as sacred, that the colonel made application to him; and I am satisfied he would have rejoiced the more had I been left altogether with him.

"You have now the whole story, Harley. Miss Montagu I have not seen for eight or ten years, nor do I think I should have known her in other company than her father's; yet you saw how kindly she saluted me. Go on and prosper; if ever girl had a warm devoted heart, it is Emily."

We were interrupted by the noise of heavy feet and the bumping of ponderous articles of furniture against the walls, as they moved them up the stairs.

"Hillo! new arrivals, I suppose?"

Harley looked out.

"No, only my luggage; I bid them bring it here, and they are only now

removing it. Thanks, thanks, evermore, Jack. I must now, as fast as I can, make my toilet. When you have finished come up to me."

Half an hour saw me viewing myself very complacently in the large mirror, and another thirty minutes Harley and myself in a one-horse cabriolet moving along towards the Villa Nuovo. Our vetturino I had directed to be in readiness, and, to do him justice, he gave us no more than the usual amount of delay. At first he kept to the same route which we had taken in our walk; then diverged from it; then by some crossing road returned to it; and at last, to our amazement, pulled up in front of the villa, in the grounds of which we had sat down to rest.

"Mystery of mysteries!" said my companion, "where will all this perplexing wonderment end?"

We were kindly welcomed. My introduction of Harley, and the knowledge of the deep-seated friendship between us, was enough to save him from any stiffness of reception at the hands of the colonel or Miss Montagu. We had no idle parade, no chilling formality to encounter: and cheering it is, after wandering far among strangers, to find yourself with those of your own country once more. The evening passed off quickly and joyously. I had unnumbered reminiscences of old times to speak about. Harley's profession brought him near the colonel, but I could detect very often a *distrait* look and manner which enabled me to read his heart. We at length took a reluctant leave at a late, or rather an early hour, and returned to our hostelry.

Next day we gave a morning call, and continually, day after-day, was one or another excuse in readiness for our visiting our kind friends at the villa. Sometimes it was to form a party to the sights of the city; sometimes to join in an excursion to the delightful Vale of Arno; then Colonel Montagu was often ailing, and it was necessary to inquire for him, or only kind to sit with the old man, and amuse him by talking or reading: when he was unable himself to move about. When are people so amiable as when under that most humanizing influence of deep and tender passion? Even in my eyes ~~that~~ never before appeared ~~as mine~~ and soon from "your friend," he was

alone spoken of at the villa as "our friend."

I felt no qualms of conscience on account of what I was doing. Emily, I could plainly see, was not insensible to his worth, nor could I else than rejoice in the rising feeling of interest wherewith she regarded him. I knew him to be worthy of her hand, and I knew that his whole mind was filled with the one omnipotent thought of being accepted by her. Waking or sleeping, from the moment he had casually beheld her at the opera, no other idea engrossed him—such is the folly, such the sincerity of a first passion!

I have no thrilling incident to relate of heroism on the part of my friend, whereby he was enabled to evidence the strength and sincerity of his love, nor shall I invent any to embellish a story the whole of whose claims must rest upon its truth. But if ever esteem, gradually ripening from day to day, can supply the place of those feelings of gratitude which such an event must awaken, then was not Harley a sufferer from the want of this opportunity. A being formed to be loved, no wonder his attentions soon attracted the notice of an affectionate romantic girl.

At length matters were hurried to a crisis. Harley's leave of absence was to expire in a fortnight; and the visible emotion with which Emily received the news, if it made the colonel anxiously question himself about my friend's sincerity, left him in at least no doubt with respect to the state of his daughter's heart.

"John," said he to me, as on the following day we took a stroll together to the river's banks, "I have since yesterday been every moment upbraiding myself for my gross forgetfulness of a father's duty. The feelings of your friend for Miss Montagu, if I had not been purblind, I might have read long ago; and since these tidings of his departure have come, it is plain to me that my girl reciprocates them too warmly for her peace of mind. But there is no one in fault except myself. Tell me more about this Harley: his bearing is gallant—is his heart so? or is the conquest of a poor girl's affection a matter engaged in by him as by others, for *éclat*? Soldiers' vows, I am sorry to say it, are lightly spoken, and sometimes lightly broken also."

I satisfied the old man. "In birth, colonel, he is her equal; in fortune he is not behind her; and in the purity of his affections deserving even of such a being." I said much more and soothed his agitation as well as I could, for the thick drops of agony and fear were gathering on his brow, and he seemed to listen to me as to one who was allotting to him a portion of life or death.

And Emily—how fared it with her? If her father had such sad conflicting thoughts, how far shared she in them? Sometimes she deemed Harley's attentions only the courtly manners of the polished man of the world. Then, there was something of tenderness in that mild eye, which bespoke sincerity, and the softness of voice with which he would sometimes address her told more than the most eloquent pleading. Oh! how she did love him when such memories came to her. Then her father! if Harley were sincere, could she ever forgive herself this deception? She would fly to the old man, and ask his counsel and protection; but then, how could she own her love, when, after all, Harley might be only simulating? It would be unmaidenly, and she could not do it.

Emily was to be pitied: loving, idolizing her father as she did, this was her first and only concealment from him—it was ungenerous, it was unkind, and she felt it keenly. The reserve which sits so lightly upon the heart, when the world has driven it back upon itself, and taught it the stern necessity for dissembling, is a pain and a burden in the days of our happy inexperience. Confidence in early youth is a natural impulse; it is only when we are deceived and wounded we begin to deny our real feelings and assume false ones. We diplomatize in our self-defence, and gradually cease accusing ourselves for doing so: in the harlequin play of life, if we wear no mask, we only attract ridicule for being unlike the rest.

At length all reasons for reserve were swept away: Harley was obliged to prepare for his departure. A few days before his leaving he found means to avow his love, and was surprised, as most men are in such cases, to discover the lady knew it long before. He set out after a passionate adieu, and returned to England the accepted lover of Emily Montagu.

CHAPTER III.

"These pleasures
End in delusion."—*Faust, by Shelley.*

I MUST now hurry on matters, else my tale may become tedious. What remains did not pass under my own observation, but I heard it immediately after its occurrence, and can consequently detail it with tolerable accuracy.

Harley returned to England; the Montagus, whose tour was nearly completed, followed soon; while I, who had the world all before me—and a homeless man might roam from Chamouni to China, without caring exactly where to rest—continued my solitary stroll through the Tuscan duke's territories. Thence passing southward to the papal states, I for a while made the eternal city my head-quarters; but tiring of it went on to Naples, where I spent a glorious three months, and where I was when the remainder of my little tale took place.

I had frequently letters from Harley and two or three from Colonel Montagu. I was pained to hear that the health of the latter was each day declining; he had received some benefit from his continental tour, but his love of home, like the Switzer's *heimweh*, had urged him to return. "I have now only one wish," he wrote to me, "to see my child settled in life; so soon as this marriage takes place I shall be in content, and shall close my eyes in peace." They were all staying at Ashton, but were to come up to town in the winter for medical advice.

Winter came on, and one day the post brought me tidings that all arrangements were completed. A day was mentioned for which the marriage was fixed, and I was strongly entreated to give up my lonely habits and be present, Harley sportively adding in a P.S.—

"Come, my dear Jack, if it were only to give me away. I do not know how to get through the awful ceremony without you, and as you began it I think I can with justice call on you to see me fairly over the business. My Emily joins and begs you for old time's sake to be here. Mind, we take no excuse."

So I was preparing to set out, and had applied for my passport, when I was seized with a malaria fever, which left me scarcely strength and intelligence to write to my friends excusing myself on some other plea, and entreating that everything should go on without me.

Three weeks of languishing, two of madness, and the last of nervous excitement, so distressing that the Italian leech despaired of my recovery. Yet I struggled through it, slowly to be sure but successfully, and the first use I made of returning strength was to creep along towards England to witness and rejoice in the happiness of my friends. I had heard nothing from them since the date of my illness, when I wrote to excuse myself.

There is nothing for the languid sick man so beneficial as this passing from place to place. The isolation of the dreary hours of suffering is exchanged for the consciousness of healthful and bounding life; and days of pleasant journeying, and nights of refreshing repose, take the place of those seasons of dreadful restlessness, in which we say in the morning, would God it were even! and at even would God it were morning!

I have been obliged to make this introduction, for my sickness prevented my witnessing what is to follow. I shall put together the details of it as well as I can, though this must be imperfectly, and shall now resume the proper narrative form.

I have said every arrangement had been completed for the coming union. Gay dresses were purchased, a handsome travelling carriage was just finished, the usual legal settlements made, the parson was noticed, and the old clerk of St. George's had begun to speculate upon the handsome fee that awaited him. In other words, the day before that fixed for the marriage had come round.

A number of relations were come to them for the occasion, and the town residence of the Montagus was full as it might well be. A happy dinner party they had of it that day, though

ashed at times with looks of seriousness and moments of depression, for the partings consequent upon such occasions take away from them a great deal of their joy. Night came, they separated, and the rejoicing lover returned to his barracks, believing that in the morrow he was to claim his winsome bride.

"Harley! Harley!" said the colonel, "you have gained a warm heart, may you know how to keep it."

But why did the old man's lip tremble and his voice falter and fail, when Emily came to him that night for her farewell kiss and blessing? Far away it first were his thoughts then, in a burning land where beneath the shadow of the palm tree her mother's cold form had been laid. He remembered a similar wish, and charges like what he had given Harley given to himself about that precious one, but that they availed him not to keep her from the destroyer. And now there was to be a new separation, and who could tell what exchange Emily was to make! Man was uncertain, and she was to leave him for this stranger.

"Yet would it not be selfish," said he, when he reached his own room and had closed the door—"would it not be most selfish of me to have it otherwise? I should soon leave her behind me and alone in the world; how blessed the certainty that she has found a protector!"

"Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" said one, speaking by the voice of inspiration, and adopting imagery drawn from knowledge of the human heart at once just and perfect. When the family separated for the evening, Emily, with all a maiden's fondness for gay clothing, and with her poor little heart hobbling with joy and anxiety for the day that was fast coming round, went to her room to give her last look-over to the wedding garments which were here laid out in profusion. An hour or more was occupied in this harmless pleasure, and she half blushed as she caught herself looking very often in the glass, "wondering what Charles will say to this new bonnet!" or "how shall I twine this ringlet?" Time moved on; she had no inclination for sleep, so bidding Louise, her Swiss servant, leave some water that she

might bathe her feet in, and then go to rest, she drew her chair over to the fire, and taking up a book began to read.

It was a curious old German romance, abounding in the mysticism so characteristic of that singular nation. Her mind wandered, nor with her greatest efforts could she succeed in getting through it connectedly, yet it was suited to her mood in this respect as every page contained fragments of striking thought rather than a closely woven and continuous history. There was in it the strength of a powerful intellect blended with extreme credulity and superstition. She would sometimes, when caught by an idea whose wildness raised it almost to sublimity, rest her head upon her open hand, and pause that she might bring her mind to bear more closely upon the writer's meaning. One of these remarks was to the effect, that on occasions which are epochs in our history, from their pregnant blessing or misfortune, the dead who love us wander back from their spirit-land that they may be near to witness our happiness or relieve our woe. She breathed quick as she read it, and moaned out once or twice the word "Mother," and glanced around her inquiringly as if she expected her eye would somewhere encounter that loved form. It was expectation, and yet it was dread, the longing for the sight of one so dear, and the mortal shrinking from a visitant fresh from the earthy grave.

She laid aside the volume: it had made her nervous and agitated—"why had she taken it up at all?" and going over, (according to a custom she had given herself,) she flung up her window, and looked out on the night. The moon was sailing high, through drifting masses of watery vapour, lighting up the heavens in her own immediate neighbourhood, but leaving all the rest in gloom. Here and there a few stars were to be seen; and though the angry clouds continually swept them away, yet in the intervals she could discover them again shining on with pale and ineffe-tual light. In the square before her, the lamps burned faintly and far between; many of them had been extinguished by the strong sudden gusts, while those that remained flickered and were swayed to and fro by the

driving wind. The trees in the enclosure tossed wildly about their cumbersome arms, and, bereft of their foliage, added to the dreariness of the scene. Still it was cooling to her throbbing temples to let that breeze sweep past her; nor heeded she the rain drops, heavy and thick, it sometimes brought with it, and dashed against her face and bosom. On the opposite side of the square, high up in a tall house, a single taper was burning; it was some company to her, and she was glad to see it there. But she wondered what it was they were doing in that room; were they keeping their vigils by a sick bed, or was it some torturing conscience which could not rest, or some quiet student denying himself the blessing enjoyed by the poorest of his kind? Her busy fancy framed a hundred different scenes, upon which that thin jet of flame might be looking down.

In the remote horizon, far away over a wilderness of building, she could see the grey tints of morning beginning to break out; so, hastily closing the window, she returned to the table where she had been reading, and prepared now to seek the rest her exhausted body and mind both required.

If there had been a volume to excite, was there none to compose? A silver-clasped Bible which lay near her she now took up, and read in it for a little while. It was so encouraging and soothing, and so full of immortal promise, that all anxieties and fears at once fled away. Then she knelt down, and from those pure lips the names dear to her heart were named in earnest and faithful supplication.

It was a sight for angels. That young spiritual head—those looks commercing with the skies—that slight, and delicate, and exquisitely moulded form—that fire of thought kindled at no earthly shrine—that holy mind from which the world and worldly things were all excluded!

A last employment she had made of it on earth: yet was it well to bid the world such an adieu, and find something in exalted hope to remove the agony and bitterness of parting.

Her orisons ended—the last she used, the last she needed—she had partially undressed, when she recol-

lected the water Louisa had been ordered to leave, and which was now scarcely tepid, so unconscious had she been of the passing away of time. "Ha, well thought of!" was her remark, as she took a light from the dressing table, and laid it on the floor by the side of the washing vessel. She then brought over a chair, sat down, lifted a foot to place it in the water—that movement was a fatal one! The wavy folds of the poor girl's dress caught the candle-flame, and, shrieking with terror, she ran to the door for help, and pulled it open. There, if possible, the current of air made matters worse; and while the alarmed family rushed from their different rooms to her assistance, the night-wind blowing over the balustrades and along the corridor soon enveloped her in one sheet of flame. It at last subsided. Medical aid was procured, London provided its best; and all was done that was possible, but in vain. Some vital part had been injured, and on the third day she expired.

Here I would willingly pause. It gives me no pleasure to refer to things which, in mercy, I was spared witnessing, or to revive memories that have long since, in all probability, passed away from every one upon earth beside. But I find my story will be too fragmentary, if I here break off; and I will not leave it incomplete, since I have brought my reader along with me so far.

In the morning, true to his time, at an early hour the intended husband came. His hopes were at last to be realized, all his bright anticipations were now to receive their accomplishment, and love's young dream was playing its enchantment with his soul.

He knocked. "Why was there a muffle on the knocker? and those blinds were undrawn—was he right in the house?" He walked some paces back and looked up. "Yes! he was quite right, but what could it be; something had gone wrong," his foreboding heart whispered, "since he left the place not a half dozen hours before."

The door was at last—how long they were!—opened, and in the terrified look of the domestic he read his doom.

"In heaven's name, what's the matter?" gasped poor Harley. "Collins, who is sick—dead?"

Whatever answer he got, he burst up stairs with a wild cry of terror: no announcement, no explanation would be waited for—"He *would* know the worst, and speak to her himself." The family met him on the outside of the room, and endeavoured to bear him away; but he broke through them, and with an hysterical laugh asked, "Would they keep him from his bride?"

And moodily and fixedly did he seat him down by her side. They were one in heart; and though the priest spake not over them the church benison, were united, they felt, as lastingly in affection. She was glad to see him; and exquisite as were her sufferings, not even these could distract her love. She constantly murmured over his name; and in all the after-wanderings of her senses, "poor, poor Charles!" was a sound they could easily detect in the midst of broken and incoherent ravings.

And was she resigned to die—she who had promised herself only now to live? She was. One strong wish alone possessed her, and it was this, that her betrothed's heart should be reconciled to the awful change. In brief intervals of reason she spoke to him gently and quietly about her departure. She even gave him some directions for her burial, which he religiously fulfilled, and entreated him to submit as a man with fortitude, as a Christian with hope.

She died, as I said before, on the third day. When I reached England it had been all over for a month, and had ceased being the current gossip of the metropolis; even the newspapers did not give any "further particulars," and the world went on quietly and pleasantly, as if no such thing had happened. So speedeth the current of life: the voyager sinks, and the bubbles of his drowning agony soon pass away; nor ever tells the smooth surface what hideous sights may be seen beneath, and what deeds have been done by those smiling waves. And the gay and the venturesome put out in their well-rigged barks; with swelling sail and flaunting pennon they at first move on, but surely in the end cometh the self-same destiny; and,

encountering it, they receive at the hands of their fellows just the same amount of sympathy they were ready themselves to impart.

A double funeral on the same day entered the gates of Ashton churchyard. They who were so loving in their lives in death were not divided. The father and child rest there together, and the family vault received at once the last lingering remnants of a long line. Shall I not say—they sleep well?

Harley I found at an obscure fishing village of Devonshire. He was calm, very calm, and quiet; the strong hand of grief had tamed him, and every wild pulsation of life had departed. He was so gentle too, that I could do with him exactly as I pleased; and at times he would talk to me with something of his former animation; when, as it were, surprised with his own cheerfulness, he would pause in the midst of a sentence, and in the fitful uncertainty of grief leave it unfinished. "She was not dead," he would say—"he was going up to town to meet her, and be married. That was a cruel story those unfeeling people were spreading abroad!" Then his eye would fall upon his own mourning ring, and the dreamer's cup be dashed in a moment to the ground.

At last, one day he told me he had made up his mind to leave England, and for ever. Its sky was a pall, its memories too overpowering for a heart so crushed and riven as his own. I did not oppose his wish, for I saw the springs of life so evidently loosening where he was, that any change must be for the better. Italy he might not go to; but just then was the glorious struggle made by the Greeks for their liberty, and he told me he would devote whatever military skill he possessed to their cause. He did so, and not only that, but munificently contributed his pecuniary means; and I have reason to know that some of the earliest successes which infused the confidence of victory into the national mind, are due to the heroic daring of the one I have described under the name of Harley.

I was acquainted with many of our Phil-Hellenist countrymen: some were my own private friends; others I sought out because of Harley's joining

himself to them. But very different motives from his had led them to the battle-fields of that interesting land: they had been looking for glory; he, I knew, had gone to seek a grave, and he found it. In that desperate night-attack at Laspi, where Mark Bozzaris with a handful of men nearly cut to pieces a whole Turkish army, Harley was a volunteer. When the Greek leader fell, he endeavoured to rally the dispirited Suliotes, and disdaining to retreat with them when by one blow they might finish the whole campaign, he was cut down by a Mirdite scimitar; and there that broken heart found its coveted repose and a soldier's grave to rest in.

Long, long after, I happened at Constantinople to suggest, out of very limited knowledge of medicine, some simple but efficacious remedy for the ague to an old Mussulman in whose house I lodged. In his gratitude, he not only would not receive any remuneration from me while I remained in the city, but on my leaving gave me a valuable diamond, and an ornament which he said once belonged to one of my countrymen, for which reason he thought I might value it. He would not tell me how it came into his possession. It was a ring, and one glance told me it had been Harley's. If I needed any confirmation, I found it in the inscription on the inner circumference,—

"Be to my Memory, C. H."

If you should ever go to Ashta, you will find the chance of its little church filled with monuments of the ancient house of Montaga. There are altar-tombs of airy fretted work, as if the cunning hand of the sculptor had learned to weave the stone, not carve it. And there are couches of faded marble, whereon repose the warriors of the Crusades, each with his lady by his side—with hands no more grasping sword-blade or pole-axe, but meekly joined together in prayer. And again, later than these, are plenty of the times of Charles and James. You will know them by the pebbled beard, and short ruff, the padded hose, and ressetted sandals. But if you look for poor Emily's memorial, you will find it in the wall adjoining the pulpit. It is no more than a small slab of marble relieved by a black ground, and it bears nothing besides her name, her age, and a sentence in French. This last was a sore point to the worthy villagers; it even galled the schoolmaster, and in consequence was regarded with awe and account of its sublimity. Casual visitors, to be sure, read and understood it, and often wondered that an English girl should have this continental inscription over her; but they did not know her history. It had been placed there by her own dying direction to Harley, and was the same her father was decyphering to her when we first found them at Santa Croce.

AN HOUR IN THE CLOUDS.

"Ἡ δ' ἀπελθὼν σῶμα ἐς αἰθ' ἑλὺθ' ἰδὼν,
 "Ἐστὶν ἀθάνατος θεὸς ἄμβροτος, οὐκ ἔτι θνητός.

Pythagoræ Aurea Carmina.

"For, if you leave the flesh behind, and smack this liberal air.
 You shall be an undying god, and devil a rap need care."

How often, during my wanderings of many years from thee, Coul Goppagh, ave I consoled my solitude (not pro-tless) with the golden couplet above, whose sound first fell on my ear behind that *Immortal Dochen*, the emblem and symbol of thy race, humming through its "shady leaves of destiny," as if it all from the wings of the wild bee: in vain I seek to utter it in a voice like thine, whose key-note was caught from the billows on Tor and Ben-an-Danar, or the swelling surf "down by Glenariff," where, alone on the rock or the moonlight strand, the Ocean aid his homage at the feet of the "Cloud-compeller."

We, my venerable guide to mysteries divine, led upward on wings unveiled by thee, have poised in that serene air, and fed in spiritual respirations on that *αἰθ' ἑλὺθ' ἰδὼν* which whose breathes "becomes a god, incorruptible, nor is mortal any more."

You, Coul Goppagh, who have raised my labours, are not ignorant of my wanderings for many a year among the ruins of the better days of Greece—how, pursuing your hints, I have wormed out the secrets mysteriously shadowed by Pythagoras, (no more a mystery to us,) and revealed the Eleusynian mysteries. You, to whom my early numbers, in imitation of the golden verses of the sage, were familiar, have also smiled alike on the tribute of maturer years—

"Cum lusit numeris prima juventute
 suis
 sem sacra cano."

And I may add, with the exiled poet—

"Æquis ad hæc illinc crederet esse
 viam?"

■ my forthcoming folio, "Hermes
 Vol. XXI.—No. 120.

Trismegistus," revised by your own hands, is a consummation to which my dreams of youth never aspired.

You know how, after the manner of Plato, I passed down into Egypt, treading in his reverend footsteps, and, aided by the light received in that cell in Greece, to which, of old, your hands delivered me the clue, I penetrated the dimmest, the most sacred labyrinths of the learning of that ancient land.

Sanctionation is a quibble no more. We know who was that immortal Titan, Prometheus, to whose altars we come so oft

"From morn till noon, from noon till
 dewy eve."

We know what was THAT he first FORMED OF CLAY: we can guess why Minerva looked on it well pleased; useless, without a spirit within: we know why he besought the goddess; we know why she brought that CLOWING BRAND from the sun's chariot-wheel, which gave it thenceforth a function, and Jove saw his attribute assumed below. The Titan repelled cloud with cloud, and *φιλονηρία Ζεύς* affrighted him no more. What box we know, with Hope at bottom, the revengeful thunderer sent Pandora. But I refer the curious reader to my book, (*vide Hermes Trismegistus, cxv. 74 et sequent.*) where he will find a new light thrown on the maze of old mythology, from burning Baal through Assyria, Egypt, Greece, even to the root of that majestic tree, hard by the fateful northern fountains, which bears its spreading boughs among the stars of heaven, far and wide over the fastnesses of Valhalla.

Since arriving in this country I have, at intervals by no means unfrequent, become aware of the existence of a sect of Gentiles entertaining atrocious heresies, of whose prevalence my

very dreams could not have imagined. Against these I have prepared a preface to my Trismegistus which, I doubt not, will at once strike through them such pains as the east wind nourishes secretly for vain elders who dream that rheumatism has forgotten them.

Are you aware, within your studious cell, that a race of men—I mean things—has arisen, who rail against tobacco, and blaspheme the pipe? A brood of pismires has quickened under us, and they crawl about day and night thicker than the locusts of Egypt. But my heel is ready: see how they spue for very multitude out of every crevice in the land. Let the odious insects perish! “Thus I devote them to the infernal gods.”

It is the plague of our time to be afflicted with a miraculous advent of OMADHAUNS—a substanceless progeny, a growth springing out of nothing—hollow as gourds—foisonless as the lichen on a dry stone—the very dust-balls and puddock-stools of humanity, who declare—

Faugh! The paper is not foul enough to endure mention of the heresy with patience. Bring me the wisest of those red bowls from Smyrna, and put a pound of the strongest negro-head therein: give me two yards of cherry-tree; let me write under shade of so dense a cloud that my eyes behold not the abominations my pen perforce must declare.

Good heaven!—that men should be born into the world and reared on mother's milk, and, after all, grow up into OMADHAUNS, into strong fools, attired as men, but with the spirit of gabbling-ganders, not having the grace of silence! These, after (superfluous) death, shall not descend, as of any weight or substance, into the actual hades of veritable souls, but wander about, rebounding from hollow to hollow—thin echoes, through the unessential void; positive negations; nothings, made real, as shadows are through entity;—such have I seen in the passing ghost of a summer whirlwind, having just force enough, in some dim nook, to turn a withered leaf half round.

Did you ever hear that to smoke tobacco was a NUISANCE? Know then, at last, that such is the sage doctrine propounded to me not long since by a kind of mock-man in broad cloth, ex-

haling an odour of musk enough to stifle down Hymettus, and turn the very honey of Hybla to salts and senna. Bah! Put me another pound of negro-head into the bowl to quench the recollection of that potential stench. Tobacco a nuisance didst thou say! Hadst thou any hair on that empty skull of thine, and not a greasy slime of odours intolerable to the imagination, and not to be touched with unpolluted fingers, this hand should have dragged thee swiftly to the cess-pool, to refresh thy senses there.

Why, thou art thyself a nuisance, sirrah, more loathsome than a toad; and thy progenitor was that primeval louse of Egypt which tormented Pharaoh!

“Why, an thou'lt mouthe, I'll rant as well as thou.”

Go get thee ears and eyes, most execrable puppy, or rather get thee a soul first, so as thou mayest use those appendages to thy noddle half so well as the way-side ass which gave the model. Marry, get out of my sight! or, i' faith, I'll make a nuisance of thee.

This plague takes many forms. First comes me an unimaginable Babel of old women. Honour to whom honour is due. Most reverend and venerable ladies, had I, not three but three hundred ears, I'd hear ye: with *two* the thing is impossible. I see ye point, in a thousand jerky and angular gestures, to your curtains, to your boxes of essence, to many nameless things, and shudder as I puff. All I have to say is, my famous old trouts, if you don't like it, I can't help ye. Love me, love my pipe, and I shall be glad to escape the wind of these indefinite odours, to dwell apart with my comforter. Providence hath compensating blessings. I shall be free from that intolerable clatter of tongues. Do ye dream that I am mad? Do ye think for your tea-pots and parish clack I am so bamboozled in my brains as to give up my hours of celestial peace?

Or, have ye any bowl like the bowl of this meerschaum?

“Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?”

What have ye to offer? Is it better to sip, at much fuss of kettles, urns, pots, cups, and saucers, clattering trays, spoons, and innumerable trumpery, the infusion of a few dried leaves, gathered by old women from black-thorn boughs, and insanely supposed to come from China, or to sip, *with no more noise than cometh of a kiss*, the fragrance of Virginia?

Why, look ye—the one at best reminds me only of little fellows with wide sleeves, more like lame ducks than men, waddling from marsh to unk in the “flowery land,” with bits of femininity to match without a foot at all—Ching-po, Elepoo, Chin-whack, and other “terror-inspiring” heroes—in scenes which ancient porcelain portrays, with big sea-gulls flying over a bridge spanned between the clouds and nothing, high over mountains and scarlet towers hung with azure tassels, whereof I have dreamed in dreams and nightmares, with a great pale Ague who sate on my nose, and wriggled the platted toil of his shaven pate over my face. Such cometh of tea. The other brings to my mind the council-fire of the red man in the great forest—the courser with his fiery eye and flowing mane careering by—the spear and scalp—the hatchet and the calumet of peace. I read, apparelled in the skins the chase has won, over the green prairie, in the forest where the trees

“Drop odorous gums and balm.”

I sit, with my wild love beside me, by the yet untasted fountain, not clearer than her eyes that gleam in mine. I sail with Columbus like a prophet, over ocean yet untried, foreseeing new worlds, and nations not yet born. Aurora sits smiling on these clouds, and I follow after where

“Westward the course of empire holds its way.”

But there is yet one especial creeping thing, at whose sight my gorge rises. Ugh! Meg-with-the-many-feet, in ear-wig and a wriggling worm!

This is your fine little “cock-chaffer, with a pin through his tail;” your hero of almond soap, of dangling breast-pin, of the shining shoe. He is a “ladies’ man.” I wish them joy of the animal. He is of King

Charles’ breed, or I know not how he was born and bred. I have proposed to myself his being shed feebly in some “latter spring,” and forced under a glass. God knows, there are some mysteries of nature we cannot fathom.

There will he sit a whole day long on an ottoman, with his companions, a tom cat and a curly eur, devising grins. He is a fount of essences; “you will nose him,” as Hamlet says of poor old Polonius, “as you go up the gallery.”

He knows all about needles and pins, and mother of pearl. To him a work-box (that everlasting riddle) is no enigma. Doth he not hearken to oracles, of Berlin wools, of petticoat ends: hath he not profited of milliners, concerning flounces, and collars, and sprigs; and the deep things of bustles, are they not his; doth he not dote on bodkins and negotiate thimbles?

He pens stanzas about bracelets and forget-me-nots on blue and orange paper in albums. Those “ohs!” and “ahs!” and that forest of exclamation points, are they not all his?

He is a pea on a pipe-stopper, “mightily puffed up with wind;” yea,

“He will bestride the gossamer,
That wantons in the idle summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity!”

He is a winter-fly; a spider that hangs about draperies.

He is evermore talking of “the ladies,” (I wonder what minikin uses he serves them for,) and what they love so dearly, and what they hate, and where they will go, and why they will stay, and when they will be at home to everybody, and when to nobody, (meaning himself, I suppose,) and the reason why Miss Windlestraw refused to waltz all evening at Mrs. Meadows’ ball, is to him no secret; “he could an’ if he would.”

It is hardly credible, Coul Gop-pagh, that such a thing as this should put up its nose to me, and firstly, secondly, and thirdly, with childish treble pipe, in good set terms, flout at tobacco, and demand me, after all these, why I smoke? Look you how he reasons me, with finger on his palm and ring thereon.

Come then, quietly, to this corner where those “ladies” may not hear,

and you shall be tired of my reasons ere we part. Ha, there he goes: first, second, third.

Befriend me, Plato; son of Sophroniens, be mine aid; inspire me, spirit of the Stagyrile!

In the first place, then, sir, it is none of your business. In the second place, I smoke because I choose it. How do you relish my logic, Whey-face? Thirdly, I smoke because it keeps off all wasps and midges and such like minute vermin and suck-bloods as you. Are you answered yet? or will you tempt me further, 'till I press you with such arguments as they use with fleas in Spain?

This is a kind of summary jurisdiction which, from long experience, I can recommend to all true smokers when this magpie threatens a breach of their peace. But I have not truly done with him yet.

"Ladies," sir. Oh, you are there, are you. Of course I must fling old Ypsilante out of doors and hear this lipping Adon prate of "the ladies."

Confound your slang. Are there no women now-a-days? I begin to fear. I never hear of one. Yet with that tender word woman I had filled my heart. The sound of it stole ever in upon my solitude like the first sigh of spring in the green woods, with the voice of streams let loose, and the linnet in the bough. I remember summer meadows where they shook the hay; and smiles are registered in my spirit that revive with the green light of morning through the leaves. And there are sighs that settled deep and have kin with the shaded noon and the fitful wind in the sycamore. In the cottage corner I have shed tears like the abundant dew of May, for love is holy in woman's breast, and —

Psha! are you there yet! "ladies!" Pray, sir, what kind of commodity may they be that you bring me here to offer in exchange for my pipe? I cannot see in that stiff collar of yours, nor in that pithless laugh—the ghost of a concealed grin—nor in that poor lathy arm, nor that spindled leg, nor in that perennial chatter void of manly feeling, thought, or hearty joy, any thing for which a woman should look in man. If these be what you offer me, in God's name, get thee out of my sight, and delight the ladies for ever-

more! Away from me utterly, and make glad among floances, and flutter among ribanda, and wind your unappreciable body in yards of tape and iakle. For me, I am not ambitious; more humble thoughts are mine. I will content me more with one sincere look, one unaffected word, one smile fresh from the life-spring of a woman's heart, than all the perkings and vanity, the assumed tones, looks, and motions, the studied negligence of scarfs, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," that ever glanced and glimmered, cold and substanceless as the marsh-light, through the desert-hearted ball-room. I will not give up my pipe for these; wherefore, good Mr. Bubble and Squeak, take yourself to another place with that problem of a knot on your cravat, and trouble me no more about ladies. I never knew a woman who told me—but what should you know of woman, poor cane-tassel that you are.

By hook and eye, now, if I thought you capable of a joke, further than double knots and lace-tags are holding, I would take you for a pleasant fellow, and esteem you guilty of some occult humour when you call *that* a woman!

I certainly behold some flapping rags of silk. Why, sir, can she utter a plain articulate sound? I labour under some apprehension when she tries to speak; for her eye has no part in it, and her tongue, well drilled though it be, suffers under some convulsion. I marvel how many painful months' trying at a mirror have to answer for that easy posture! Those frozen syllables flowed never from a warm and beating heart. That chilly ice-gleam is no smile. I wonder if this creature thinks or feels. Ha! ha!

I tell you I saw a girl lifting water from the well in her wooden can ere-while, and her eyes were deep and gleamy as the spring, and changeable as its moving light. Her cheek was "rosy glowing red," like the heart of the apple blossom, for its blood came up there, bounding from the heart of innocence. If you heard her singing early in the fields, they would be strange tones to ring over that barren heart of yours; for they are such as the lark sings when he shakes his wings from the dew; and she springs on her step like a grue let loose on

the mountain. And yet they smoke around her all the evening long. *It is worth a mile's walk, only to have her hand you a coal to your pipe.* Those glancing eyes of hers never turn up into a frigid stare when young Frank Averell brings out his *dutheen*. And, by my faith, sir, I think Frank has a better bargain of it in that bosom, warm with all the blooming affections of humanity, than you have, making a "holy show" of yourself for the entertainment of those ladies."

"Zounds! sir, do you take me for so miserable a fool as yourself, that I should labour with much diligence to afflict myself for a vanity. You may screw your neck as tight as Ketch can do, or force your shapeless foot into any torturous contrivance the ingenuity of Crispin can fashion for your penance to caper painfully over a chalked floor; but, as for me, I will none of it. I choose to use my cervical vertebrae and my limbs as nature teaches me; nor has nature provided me this glorious leaf in vain. If I choose to whiff adown the glade or in suburban street, mark you well, Master Popinjay, I warn you, come not within the radius of this arm with your gabble, or by —"

Only to think—I was almost in a passion with this poor poodle! Hark, you! in what a modest, deprecating tone he whines out that to smoke is "unnatural."

Unnatural! Bless me, how very pathetic. Why, for all you know or are ever like to know of nature, I grant you it is, for the sake of caning you with your own rod. Unnatural, quotha! Then what comes of a gold ring and a little polished stick with dangling tassel, such as adorn your "ineffectual fingers." I should like to know in what undiscovered region of nature are found those mystical chains—those eye-glass ratlins wherewith you are rigged out. In what sequestered vale spring up such glassy boots? Whence cometh the seed of such poly-plicated stock as your neck suffers from. From what tree didst pluck that "ivy leaf" so needlessly sheltering a deaf nut? Describe the class and order of those curious studs.

Natural, forsooth! Why, you born natural, if it's nature you're for, here goes. I'm as ready to return to the old mother's apron-string as you;

and bring back, for love of grace, some of those things you call ladies to keep you company. Here we go back to nature, to begin anew at Adam and Eve. Toss me off that fiddle faddle, my hero; douse the toggery; come, we must incontinently peel ladies and all. Ha! ha! what a thing art thou to talk of nature. For the credit of the animal creation, hide thyself, thou shrivelled peascod.

Oh! it is melancholy merry to hear the sacred name of nature in a fool's mouth. Hence with your cap and bells, sirrah; I can endure the clatter no more. If nature gave not to MEN the brains to think, the faculty to communicate and hands to execute the thought, what a miserable skifful of bubbles wert thou, poor doll, for whom the great mother thou blasphemest, pitiful of thine infirmity, hath provided, out of her abundance, from the fruit of poor men's toil; within whose breasts, as they delve the soil or fling the shuttle, live such thoughts as one of them, being divided, were sufficient to inspire with something holy an hundred such as thou, and make thee worthy the sacred air thou breathest. Of those brains and hands sprung pipes, and nature gave tobacco. Hence, with thy starch and jet, and pray to that familiar demon, whose office it is to make a show of thee openly under the sun, for a space to forego his pranking. Then, mayhap, thine eyes shall open, and thou shalt see revelations. For such as thou there is no hope short of miracles. I do repent me that I have spent so much breath on thee; but thou art of a seed that have plagued me like hornets. Flee away and nib a pen; console thee with a copy of verses, written on perfumed paper of a cerule hue—"To a young lady who had lost her parasol," and we shall hear what a "dear," "doat," "divine little fellow" thou art, from those same ladies you wot of.

A word before you go. Beware how you come near me again. In silence I shall hear you prate apace in saloons, where there are many more such as you are; but I give you timely notice, when next you communicate with me, let it be by telegraph, or I may chance to satisfy the dangerous curiosity I feel to discover what kind of hollow space or windy porridge

may be under that greasy sleek pate of thine. If it be true, indeed, that with irreverent presumption thou hast ever once ventured so far as to swallow three puffs of a disguised cabbage leaf, when thy hollow skull, full of the fume of vanity, made thee suppose thou wert tipsey like a man; and if the righteous colics due to thy folly be yet remembered in thy entrails, dream not thou art privileged to wag thy paltry tongue against gods and men. Dost thou not tremble for terror of great Jove, himself our head, (*vide Hermes Trismeg. cap. xv. sect. 74.*) as witness our most glorious brother of old, the blind old Chian, *φιλαργεῖρα Ζῆς*—‘the cloud-blowing Jove?’ Again hear inspiration—

*Ἐὸς ἱερῶς ἱερῆς παρὰ ἀνδρῶν τι θιῶν τι,
Δῖος ἰξ ἰχίον, παρὰ δ' ἡέρα πούλιν ἰχίον.*

Which I condescend to render, in this gloss, for the ladies—

The steeds from forth his chariot first unyoked,
The sire of gods and men sat down, and greatly smoked.

His was no trifling—there were no ‘Queens’ in the *spluchan* of Jove—*παρὰ δ' ἡέρα πούλιν ἰχίον*—‘he poured forth abundant clouds around him.’

Measure not nature with thy capacity; thy heart would rattle in a six-penny thimble; the father of nature, as thou hast just heard, smoked before ‘the tale of Troy divine’ was told; and when thou swillest gills of trashy tea, remember there are those around thee—giants on the earth—who will drain a flagon with like ease, knocking the ashes out of their tenth pipe, as they dash the foam from their lips—

“Merry England’s own brown ale he hums,
As he hangs forth from the brim
The creamy spoil that well becomes
A manly lip, for him
Who, draining dry that prison dim,
The amber king enthrones
In brawny sway o’er soul and limb
Within his gladdened bones.”

In which ocean thou wouldst perish beyond hope. Fly, you unnatural mandrake, lest I hang thee in the east wind to shiver into a rag, and

use thee for tinder. Have I done with thee?

Next we have a doctor. A know in black. I detest doctors. What is a doctor? A villain who drives up to your door; thumbs your wrist; thumps your breast; shakes his head; pockets your guinea—and in lieu thereof, leaves you a document, by virtue of which you become a prey to blisters, to drenches drawn from Styx, and stalk about a miserable ghost for months; if, indeed, he have not qualified you for a trip in Charon’s yacht, leaving you scarce an obolus to pay your fare. He hath an air of departed souls about him. I eschew your doctor.

Marry, come up; what jawbreaker are here. Nervous energy, tone, salivary glands, and chylo-poietic viscera. Mucous membranes, muscular fibres, ventricles and auricles, cerebrum, cerebellum, lobes, and hemispheres. Peritoneum, periosteum, and ductus communis choledocus.

Certainly, good sir. I apprehend. Say no more on that subject—it’s all quite plain, and Dost Mohammed is the “genuine aroma of Jamaica ginger”—I never knew how things stood before, my brains are clear as bog water, and physic is your only philosophy.

He saith it is a narcotic—is tobacco. Well, and what then? So is port wine: so is tea: so is this good fire of black turf: so is the curate’s sermon: so are the doctor’s potions, only expensive. I am not dismayed for a word. Narcotics are very good things in their way, and this one of the kindest.

But it is a positive mischief: it is injurious to health. Easy then, good man. *Sum cuigue*. It is, indeed, a wretched truth, for which I hold myself in no manner of way accountable, that there be moving about over the surface of the earth some very miserable bodies. There are organized creatures, so pale of cheek, so blue of eye, so sapless and shanky, that the very wind of heaven, which brings sap and vigour, throws them into I know not what agues and catarrhs. These are they who pry into stupans, and devise messes innumerable; learned in all the learning of the Glass and Dr. Kitchiner: who eat their food in fear and trembling; and drink by the thermometer. *There is one of them: see how he looks!*

down by the corner for shelter, like a rag of cloud before the gale. Without question, these men suffer loss from the very air that feeds them—how should they draw in the foison of the manly smoke, and live? But I am none of these. My bones are hard and knuckly; and as for my thew and sinew, it is tempest-proof. I do not hold my hand before my mouth, as I go by the way, for fear of plagues hidden in the chambers of the air. My cheek is not painted pale and red as those of Miss Molly, but of a dun mahogany, like the log of Honduras. Marry, I do not pipe thin and squeal-wise, like chitty-wren in a frost; but my voice rolls along the mountain side, far and wide, and smites its echoes from the clefted rock. What have I to do with such as these? I stride along over brake and hill, like “the wind, a chartered libertine.” Let every man look to his own. Let him who kicks and wriggles in the fume of tobacco, like an angel of cholera morbus, learn what it is, uncalled, to meddle with divine things. Salmonesus, once, needs must thunder like Jove, and he clatters me in a dray over a brazen bridge, till the imperial son of Saturn smote him with a bolt, wherein was “no mistake.” *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. The frog would bulge his yellow belly like the ox of the pasture, and so—burst. What have I to do with these pismires? let them burrow under stones, and make up their small republics. Destroys health indeed! as if that which is not were capable of destruction. Stand out here, Hughie Laverty, and utter testimony. There hast thou, man and boy, for sixty years, rose up to smoke and smoking gone to bed. Let me see whose cheek is ruddier, or whose lungs will ring a lustier peal? Would you but hear him singing out “helm’s a-lee” from the main-sheet in a black nor’-wester, you would think the bags of Æolus had carried away their stoppers. Sir, I am no vinegar cruet. By your leave, sir, I will fill another pipe—I hold with Hughie Laverty.

But here comes one after another fashion. There are no airs about this one: he wears no apish grin on his comely features, nor does he exhale a stench, enough to make the fortune of a hair-dresser. There is a serene gravity on his countenance, and he breathes

the “sainted air” of Nicotiana kindly, as it floats around him; whether the potent daughter of Virginian plains, or dreamy Latakia from the bazaar of Istamboul, or gentle Varinas, a delicate spirit—

“Native to famous wits.”

Welcome, honest man. Sit down by me here, on this big stone, and I will hear thee with patience.

It is, indeed, true, my friend, as thou sayest, that men can live without tobacco smoke. A questionless verity. There was even a time, I have heard say—“*Dum populus pauper, dum nova Roma fuit*”—when, as yet, there was not known a pipe-stopper in Christendom; and men were hale and hearty withal. ‘Tis most true. Neither were there steam-engines. There is no doubt men could be born, and die three score and ten years old, and taste no wine; no bread of flour; no cheese; no plum-pudding; touching, as it were, but afar off, the hem of Ceres’ garment, and unadvised of the kindly fruits of the earth—of which cometh tobacco. It has even been said that potatoes are poison; and Father Mathew, as I have heard say, declares (the Lord be merciful to him!) that poteen is none other than the devil incarnate. I quarrel with no man for his humour. Some men also, I have read, in Russia and Greenland, feast on candle-ends, lamp-drainings, raw blubber—at which last, as at a dug, their children suck all day—and make fat and merry. Nay, for the matter of that, there was Barney Kavanagh beyond in the west, who lived some year or two on good sound NOTHING, according to the faithful testimony of “John Tuam,” (John’s a queer ‘un,) and other credible witnesses. It is no doubt, a comfortable diet—cooling to the brain, a balm and ease, if carried out, for every mortal malady. It is well suited to that soil, and forms the staple of the industry of the inhabitants; I call on the government to encourage it. I should prefer my servants from that clime. But the faithful Barney fell among a generation of vipers: a faithless race, whose hearts were hardened because of unbelief—who contradicted and blasphemed, like Peter of old. Woe unto the mayor of ———! for it shall be better for

him he had never been born. But, why should I cut my bread from another man's loaf? Not I, faith. Barney and I cultivate sails apart—"longe intervallo"—we don't dig with the same foot: we are of different sects of philosophy.

But, to make an end of it—it does no good. But that I do deny. I resist your minor. For what is good? is it truth? "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." There are various opinions and speculations floating up and down the region of dreams, since the days of Trismegistus, of Plato and Socrates, Pythagoras, and the rest of them, concerning the entity or divine nature and essence of that same good.

What saith Plato? *αὐτὸς αὐτὸς δεῖν δεῖναι καὶ φρονέειν ἐν τῇ βίῃ μεταρχεῖν καλὸν γὰρ ἐὶ δόλον καὶ ἂν ἴσως μεγάλα: to which end, what tendeth more than a quiet pipe? When have you seen the calm smoker a brawler on the street. Some have thought all good in knowledge, and gone mad—some melancholy—some blustrous in the search. Some have laid plots and plans, and horoscopes, and searched for it in vain with long telescopes among the stars. Others have digged for it in the bowels of the earth, and melted ores painfully in crucibles, and died raving about the philosopher's stone, (which I take to be a tomb-stone.) Some few calm men have called it *virtue*, and gone down unnoticed to the grave, pointing with the hand of death triumphantly to heaven. Most men, and women too, as far as I can see, call it *money*, and make a wonderful world of care, and cruelty, and broken hearts about them, as they drive the poor and the oppressed, and the homeless, and the fatherless children and widows out of their way to grasp it. Of a truth, it must be good: for, precious is the life and soul that is spilled for it, bartered for it, day by day. Innocence lays down its angel crown for it; and all the glorious havings of humanity follow—and the holy one, peace, spreads out her wings and flees away.*

Now, I have a secret notion of my own about this good. I believe it is good not to meddle with my neighbour's plough. Let him farm his own reasons. I believe it is good to believe all things good, for so Wisdom utters. I believe it is good to look on

the sunny-side of men's souls; for that is darkness enough about my own. I wish no man offence through tobacco, nor shall I receive it at his hands—of my duty to my neighbour.

But for myself. I call calm thoughts, serene contemplations, a portion of that celestial heritage for which we toil below. Under mine own trees I sit and find them; the wind moves them like the leaves around me, and my pipe sends up an incense, which good spirits refuse not if offered with an humble heart.

I call friendship a part of it: and by many a glen and hill, how many a friend have I with whom to meet and smoke is supping with the gods.

Is memory nothing? All these shades that throng around me in the silent hour, abolishing the grave—to call back childhood—to restore all youth—to realize an inward world invisible, full of all Love, and Hope, and Faith—is this not good? To exorcise sorrow, to consume the consumer, to gather the clouds about you and be apart—is all this nothing?

Is it nothing to converse with and invoke the souls of the great smokers of old? Ben Jonson sits with me; Steele and Addison are my guests; Oliver Goldsmith plays me softly on his flute; from Vaterland come all the Teutons, Goethe leading the way. Charles Lamb and I chirrup till midnight, and many more of many a time.

It is a bond as of monkhood. A man feels vows. By the very act he grows Philosopher; he withdraws him for a space daily, for hours, from the din and clamour of life: there he feeds him on ambrosial thoughts, and his spirit waxes within him. Then comes he forth as a priest from his altar, among the throngs of men; he hath been in the cave of Trophonius and seen marvels not to be revealed. Scales have fallen from his eyes, and his countenance grows thoughtful to behold.

It is not your sucker of clay, or amber, whether his bowl be wood, porcelain, meerschaum, or stone, that knoweth these things: these are mysteries to which Mundungus knoweth not nor teaches the way.

Of old, in boyish dreams, I used to throng the smoke of my great-grand-daddy's pipe, where he sat on an old black oak-chair, in the sunny corner

his cabin, with the fairy folk he told me of all day. Long since then far other spirits have reigned in Cloud-land; I would that they brought with them no sighs as bitter as they are dear. But, still, in idle moments the pageant of fairy-land returns; dim like starlight shadows of leaves on the still stream. There is one jolly old Leprechaun I love to see. We used to call him "Bully Tom," and whether the eyes are sharper in childhood than in after years, or whether fancy is more credulous, I have seen him rolling along ere now in the twilight. I see him now. A blessing on his rosy cheeks—look—there he lies and puffs like *Ætna*, for Bully Tom is a fairy of sense and discretion—and smokes. Let me look on thee for ever, O royal Fay, for sure such countenance of absolute satisfaction never glowed so rosy, fat, and fair. This is none of your romantic fairies dressed in "invisible green," who whisk out of sight in the twinkle of a bed-post—for Tom, though no bigger than the top of my thumb, is yet moulded in exquisite proportion of haunch and chine—an alderman—a Daniel Lambert of Faëry. Ha! ha! by our lady, he is a jolly sprite—there is no appearing and disappearing with him like a moonbeam in the clouds—it takes him a long time to vanish.

If you could only see him, as I do now, reposing in a lily which has got a drop of dew in its cup without ever bending the stem! Like a small lake the dew appears, and therein dangle his naked legs, he holds a fairy cruik-keen of spiritual grog in one hand, balancing with the other his pipe of windlestraw, and over him nod the boughs beside the well. Puff on, glorious spirit! though for these human sympathies they have exiled thee half-day half-night from fairy-land, what carest thou? Where in that barren land is any face, or any rotundity like thine!

He is the very spirit of good humour—it is he who tickles your inward ribs when you laugh.

"Big Tom," at Oxford, was called after him, because it sung out so loud at midnight.

I have seen him in a dream, blooming like the joyous son of *Semele*; panthers (like gnats) were harnessed to his chariot returning from the East,

when all at once, with an adipose caper, I beheld him "Jump Jim Crow."

Again, I saw a solemn cathedral, and all the surpliced choir stood ready, while a symphony fit to melt the heart in gushing revelations of Love, and Hope, and Memory, poured down the quivering aisle—when lo! Bully Tom starts up, and poised like Ellsler or Taglioni on the utmost toe, sings forth—

"Corn stalks twist your hair,
Cart wheels go round you,
Fiery dragons eat you up,
Immortal pestles pound you!"

Adieu, awhile, good fairy! we have been up the glen ere now. Good Lord, see how he rolls upward without beginning or end, like a mill-wheel, on that round puff, widening out like a mouth with laughter till he disappears!

Hear ye, dear old woman-souls, thus it is: show me the spots ye consecrate to your own diversions, and I will make this pact with ye. Never pipe shall be seen, clay, wood, or stone, nor even yet old "ypsilante," with the golden crown and the ruby in his brow—tokens of victories past over hours of loneliness or sorrow,—though I have observed for sake of his gold and jewel, woman-souls that ye are, ye have often laid him "every inch a king," with all but these regal trophies hidden on the mantel-piece, deluding strange eyes to believe his majestic head no more than some curious scent-pot. No cigar-case of tortoise-shell, or Indian grass, or other, shall come there: odour of Varinas, Havana, Latakia—

"Sabeian odours from the spicy shores
Of Araby the blest!"—

shall never wander there—*if*—ye will consent and promise that to my haunt shall wander no woman with long brush, no dusting and slapping, and hustling; no huddling of all things in one corner, nor universalizing the hoard of one corner every where. No shutting of book at place no more to be discovered than the longitude, no closing of paper ere the ink be dry, no dropping of odds-and-ends collected from the carpet, pins, feathers, lucifers, cigar-ends into the barrel of my

gun, better where they are. No tying or folding of curtains (after I have fixed them with incredible study to suit my ends), "to make every thing look tidy"—tidy or no, let 'em alone—time and tide wait for no man—nor woman neither. Neither shall ye venture there at any night-time yourselves, inquiring with alarming voice, breaking on my midnight calm of other worlds or other days—"Tón, dear, have you put out the light? Is the table pushed away from the fire?"—Questions "frivolous and vexatious" as ever committee asked about Dan O'Connell, or any other Tory, inasmuch as I always answer "Yes," and trim my lamp anew. Nor shall ye leave on my table silk bags exhaling musky smells, not to be expelled under half a box of principes. Nor shall ye come with bowls of exceeding nauseous wheys or gruels, every third night, advising that I have a cold which, neglected, will turn, like poor William Sparerib's, to a consumption, and insist on warm baths, lying in bed till mid-day, hippo-lozenges, nor that curious decoction (which, God confound) learned from your "poor mother,"—nor send for the Doctor who prescribes expensively, and leaves me in a fever. Last time he came, instead of feeling my pulse, he shook his head, said I must send to the cellar for two bottles of port, drew his chair to the bed, and left me not till we had consumed them. "Now," said he, as he took my guinea, "if you are determined to be sick, this is the pleasantest way I know. I shall call again to-morrow evening." That very night I dreamed I had flung stones at every lamp in Harcourt-street, and, by a singular coincidence, read in the next *Saunders* that some person, not discovered, had actually performed the feat. I dare say it was the Doctor, having mesmerically realised my slumbering vagary; but the rascal denied it, swore an *alibi*, being, as he said,

all night in bed, with his feet on the pillow, a position which, for some anomalous physiological notion, I have often observed him to adopt.

So, dear good souls, give and take. When poor old men and women come to the door, ask them not why they leave the work-house; for liberty, even with some cold and hunger, and the affections dear to all human hearts, is better, sad though it be, than *spare food flung to men and women like dogs at a trough, devoid of every shade of that human sympathy which is the solace of life; where the very blessing is uttered by word of command; where man and wife (human kennel) are separated, brother and sister; while a monstrous, stony, atrocious TYRANNY, clinking along in the free air, is paid one guinea per diem, AND SOMETHING MORE, to set its impious heel on the tenderest verdure of the human heart.** But God is merciful, and his mercy does not linger; no more does his inevitable justice fail, though pausing, even that iniquity may think.

Therefore, my old hearts, pity the captives of poverty; give ye food and raiment, and I will give a penny to buy "baccy," that the poor old woman may smoke and heed no "Commissioner"—*heed him no more than he heeds her when he cuts his mutton and sips his wine, paid for by poor men's work, cheerfully paid that the destitute may have comfort, and calculates how he may drive, within the limits of possibility and life, his fellow-creatures to exist "at an average cost of seven farthings a day!"*

O impious Power! O Holy Charity!

As for you, Tom Fool of silk and satin, begone. Consider (if such a power be in you!) that even this idle hour, if it nourish one generous thought, as it has a thousand, is worth the purchase of thy whole generation in lives renewable for ever. Go home and

* See reports of commissioners, poor-law statistics collected by all newspapers, especially by "The Times," (where, April 10 and 11, 1843, see case of "JOHN JONES, CREOLE AND PAUPER," with observations, until your flesh creeps, and your teeth grind, and your hand clenches till the blood shows in the palm)—or see the pale cheerless countenances which recognise its "blessed charity," in any union work-house:—then see St. Matthew vii. 2; finally, consider that there is another world, where God and man shall meet;—commissioner and pauper under new distinctions.

say your prayers, put off those rings and chains, spill those stenchy essences, and perhaps you may yet find mercy to serve a useful end as a moral to teach what man may come to. When you see an old man smoking in a field, go over and stand beside him on the clods, and perhaps from the wrung heart of lonely poverty a seed may fall that shall grow to wisdom.

As for you, Doctor, fob your guinea, and when tobacco kills me the coroner will order you another. Meantime it leads a rosier way to the fatal porch than "what rhubarb, senna, or what purgative stuff" your college wots of.

And, good Philosopher, believe me well, there is wisdom even in a pipe. Nothing is in vain but vanity. To joke is not to trifle with sincerity. To laugh is wiser than folly. To sleep is not to die; a glass of wine with an old friend is not beastly drunkenness. A pipe in a lonely hour is capable of fine humanities; abused, it turns a blessing to a curse.

All things are good if we could find it out, for Nature has inscrutable meanings. Am not I, smoking here, one of the mighty band unconsciously working out the vast experiment of ages, which, in one phase of its properties, shall determine, through whatever ages and evils, the purpose which called its green leaves from the western plains, before the Red man trod them, to minister yet to some beneficence which Nature stores for regenerated man; for never sprung one leaf in vain.

To make an end, what good comes of it?

You ask like a suckling. Any man may buy a fiddle and a fiddlestick, and every clown has eight fingers and two thumbs—no more had Paganini, yet with those small tools he drew away the curtain from a part of heaven. So lie in many windows, Mitchell's chiefly, many pipes and many pokes, silvered, jewelled, beaded, carved by hands of industry and cunning: the sacred *HERB* reposes there, Mother of many dreams; Alma, Hierophant, the reader of Proteus' riddle. True Phoenix, sprung of the sky, and thence again resolving from thy ashes, Priestess of memory, Mystery!

And, for all, ("Blessed are the ignorant, for they know nothing,") down by that symbolic pillar whereon Nelson shames not to rest his feet, and past the mystic door, go hustling, shuffling, thousands by the day to whom all that therein lies, lies only like Paganini's fiddle before that clown! I speak a parable.

Tobacco and pipe shut up in drawer unused, have neither good nor ill, save only of privation. It is not tobacco, pipe, nor smoke—not the thing used, but the user; not the smoke but the smoker; not the act but the purpose.

Many a hard-hearted man, usurer, extortioner, without love; idolater, grinder of the poor, oppressor of orphan and widow, despiser of the hungry and poor—even *Poor Law Commissioner*!—goes to church as regularly as the sexton, kneels, and prays, and says "Amen." Many a man jingling his purse in his pocket, flings a penny to a poor old beggar with a curse; some not at all, but damn him to the workhouse. Many a man, and alas woman too, impossible as it seems, young man and young maid, go to and fro on the sward of spring, and feel no spring within, no living joy, no kindred bud and blossom in the heart to answer when they see the living emerald bursting its sheath, the purpose of nature mantling in the blossom as from a cup, boon and overflowing. No music within sings to the singing lark, or robin at eve, sad and sweet as memory and hope, or to the loosened stream that laughs in the young sunshine. Ah! love is wanting, for everywhere in all the world a voice calls on the heart for love, happy when it yields it, without it deaf, and dumb, and blind. Many a man smokes a pipe, but few are smokers.

Of this spawn come they who rail and grin at this Royal Herb.* So dumb, and numb, and blind, they walk in Paradise. One of these sees a pipe, and no visions arise in his mind beyond a pot-house and a yard of clay—

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him—
And it is nothing more."

While to your soul and mine, O COUL,

* It was called "*HERBE A LA REINE*" shortly after its introduction in France, in the sixteenth century.

appear abysses, cloven through the clouds of morning, revealing far into the heaven of heavens, where lie the unpolluted worlds we have voyaged in over green savannas of calm thought, forests whose boughs and verdure wave in airs of feeling tenderer than the breath of the west in the early violet's bosom.

He who would truly smoke must be in earnest. It is not to take up the instrument and straightway be a master. Months and years of hours secluded from the world must the patient neophyte devote to so great an end. "I have toiled after it, sir," said Charles Lamb, "as some men toil after knowledge."

Why should I infect myself farther with these lazars? I scorn and crush them under foot. They are of that swarm of creeping things injudiciously introduced by Noah into the ark, and now multiplying in abhorred forms, hissing at tobacco; teetotalers, Rechabites, and such like, who would fain have all men like themselves, persuade us to give up the *os sublime*, which enables us to use the generous cup, and prone (like their father the old serpent) to go on the belly and eat dust all our days. Let him play Nebuchadnezzar who will; I will not eat grass nor swill the puddle while their remains for me in this green world a beef-steak and a bottle of Guinness's XX.; or, in more pensive mood, a broiled chicken and pint of claret. This I take to be the nectar and ambrosia of Olympian taverns, and this smirking waiter, what is he but Gany-mede?

This is of taverns and restaurants: but at home, not Gany-mede but Hebe is my minister—what else in my heart is she who has given it life and youth for many a year!

I am not dreaming, scoundrel! it is so for all your whispering.

Witness, thou dusky FAMILIAR; Appear!

Out from the clouds stand forth the bluffs of many a blue and foamy shore till I can hear the sounding of summer

billows in bay and winding promontory; and see the floating vessel dipping on the wave. Have I wandered and lingered among those seas in vain; do these quiet vapours bring them back

"Before that inward eye
Which is the bliss of memory."

with all that ever met me there woman or of man, in vain! Never believe it.

Look where they stray about is many a way as in days gone by. In lonely glens of summery shadows, I see boys whose faces and hair are like the sun and the running stream. What, though some be still, idlers, some stagnant and polluted, a few remain as ever, and I can then read them all. I see wise men—children not of wealth but of contentment—who lead me by the hand and tell me lessons from the great sea, and the blue firmament, and the grassy field we tread. I see most sacred spots where never human foot stood beneath mine; but ever, yet, each stone, each leaf, each ripple on the stream or wave on the sea, and the silent passing cloud, and the hum of the bee, return; and with them, all the people of young imagination, fit to inherit heaven; some with earthly faces dearer than all. What if they do forget or wander from the circle now? The time that was is here, and beholding that, they are as dear as ever. I am thy master, Time, and thus defy thee. Out of thy greedy clutch I can rescue the substance of my life: veins I shall never hear again, return familiar to my heart as its own blood: eyes that mine shall not reply to, look in mine again; and fingers twine in mine that I shall clasp no more—

"No more: no more:
Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore."

The windows are wide open as I sit, and a calm as deep as Eden has settled over the heart of spring. I

* These lines are from some verses of an American poet, Edgar Poe; a man of fine and spiritual sense, but veiled in a fantastic and somewhat affected obscurity of language, amidst excellent harmonies of verse.

as the wild strawberry and the wood-
oofe stems growing together on that
ank, with violets and primroses,
angling each on the others' bosom,
nmoving, fresh, and beautiful as love
nd innocence. The woodbine spray
cross the window, hanging with crys-
al drops, is as steady as if carved out
f the April air. These floating
apours from my lips go twining out
mong the leaves; now they fall in
raceful draperies, and I know the
orm they are moulding round. Ah,
luck the star-like, odorous leaf once
nore: 'tis many long years, indeed,
ince it was plucked, and it has crum-
led and withered away; but in this
our it is green as ever, and those
ands that placed it in mine, are as fond
nd gentle and true—in spite of years
nd silence and despair.

Magician! undo the spell. What,
o strong!—and must the circle re-
olve. Ever, and evermore, these
reaths entwining, weave anew the
web of destiny.

Forbear, at least, that threefold
train—or let it fall only on my ear
ike a name written on the sand, be-
ore the advancing wave!

We know not what we do. . . .
Was it Saul who summoned, thus,
hat Witch of Endor out of Hades.

That aged man with silvery hair,
nd eye, already half-beholding heaven.
As yet I feel his fingers wandering
among the hair upon my infant tem-
ples. . . . What tomb is
here!

Bring me them here in aprons-full;
hese cowslips and daisies on that slop-
ng green—bring me them in laps-full,
with flags from the stream beyond.—
Ha! ha! I hear the water bubbling,
und here comes old nurse, Nancy,

full of violets and daisies. . . .

What aged woman is this who smiles
as ever, and talks of twenty years!

. . . . No more: it was the
last: the mighty ocean has not an-
other sigh: and yet another breaks on
the deep calm. Never mind, dear
girl;—Time has calmed the tongue
that questioned our delay. Yet for
ever more, this heart, lonely as that
hour, ebbs and flows fresh and living
as the sea.

Begone, begone—wild one. What are these
flowers, these passion symbols to me.

. . . . Dead faces, coffins, the
rattling clods: for ever still them from
my ears. Peace is in the grave, and
death has oblivion. . . . O

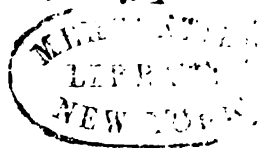
renovating Time: that shaded garden-
seat: that dripping water: that dewy
flower, that strain so often in my
dreams. . . . that name so

near beside my own. . . .
go, blooming vision of the green
spring—of many springs. . . .
down sinks the lingering sun. . . .
a tear fell and a sigh broke on the
darkness—it was the sobbing night-
wind and the dropping spring.

Farewell, Coul Goppagh, for a space.
How gloriously this morning broke;
how full of joy is the dawn on the
early year. I was with thee last night
in *nubibus*, and hope to sit soon under
the docken with thee, let them rail at
the King of Cloudland as they will;
there is more there than in an empty
noddle. We dwell alone there with
the elements not far beneath the stars
—we ride with the thunder and with
the lightning.

"E fumo dare lucem."

Thine of old,
TON DUBH.



KEATS AND HIS POETRY.*

THE records of immature genius are fraught with sad interest. Abounding as they do in restless hope, never destined to receive realization—in impetuous, ardent longing—in romantic ignorance of the world; there is in them a great deal which we feel for, and more which we pity. Disinterested in their ambition, and viewing life in brighter colours than does the sobered eye of experience, they image for themselves an Elysium unprofaned by a tear, where the guile of the serpent will be unknown, and none of the penalties be impending which awaited man upon his first disobedience. They stand like children on the shore, while a sunny sea lies spread before them. The joyous luminary which makes so cheerful that glassy surface, leads them along it by a pathway of light to blessed islands of dreamless repose, whither they would fain flee away, and dwell for evermore in the rich glades and woody copses of a "better land."

The writings of the young largely partake of this visionary character. They are often rich to a prodigality; and we feel, on their perusal, only the desire that they would tame down their luxuriance, and indulge in less glowing tints. Like the unbroken courser, they heed not to keep in their strength, and either flag in their journey towards its conclusion, or die when victors before the goal. To drop our metaphors, we do not always find in them a due proportion of taste mixed up with the efforts of talent. Genius wandering away from discrimination, falls into a thousand errors, (if it did not, where would be the work for us critics?) It either despises all canons of judgment, or adopts false ones; and thus powers, equal, perhaps, in promise, with the mightiest, receive in the end only a second or third rate-place in the estimation of men. So was it with John Keats.

Three and twenty years, almost the

whole of his life's little span, have rolled away since this young poet's voice was heard amongst us, and the memory of those golden days in the history of our poetry is beginning to be lost, and another generation have grown up into maturity in the meanwhile, who seek for information about them; for all which reasons we deem ourselves justified in occupying a few pages with the subject of our article. Taking the little volume, whose title we have given below, as a text-book, we shall impart to our readers whatever we know ourselves of Keats' personal history; give the character of his poetry, so far as it has impressed itself upon us after careful examination; and endeavour to adjudicate the case between his friends and his reviewers, in whose controversy, as in most others, we have found truth on both sides.

We were glad to receive this collected edition of Keats' writings, for we took it as a voice from his Italian tomb, appealing once more to his countrymen for a dispassionate hearing. Never, perhaps, since the days of Peter Schoeffer himself, has the press been more actively engaged than now; and we do not grudge its often reviving the thoughts and meditations of those who have passed away from earth: thus, while it does every justice to the distinguished living, that it may not fail in its duty to the illustrious dead. The dead! the word disarms all hostility, mitigates all severity; nay more, brings with it feelings of kindness and peace, for who can harbour any thoughts of bitterness, when the unreplying stillness of the grave is to be his only opponent. We enter then upon our task with every disposition to say the "*bonum*" concerning our author, only we must not sacrifice the "*verum*."

JOHN KEATS was born on the twenty-ninth of October, 1796, of humble parents, in Moorfields, Lon-

* The Poetical Works of John Keats. London: William Smith.

n, where his grandfather (Mr. Leight is our authority) kept livery ibles. His birth was a premature e, and whatever had been the cast his life, he was probably not made r longevity, as he laboured under a nstitutional tendency to consump- on, of which, before his own decease, favourite brother died. He received e rudiments of a classical education

Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield; d Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, his hoolmaster's son, was the first to ppreciate and encourage the young et. This gentleman furnished him ith an introduction to Mr. Hunt, en editor and proprietor of "*The Examiner*," a weekly newspaper (in hich, if we do not mistake, Keats's rses first saw the light). "I shall ever forget," writes Mr. Hunt, "the xpression made upon me by the ex- erant specimens of genuine, though ough poetry, that were laid before e, and the promise of which was ecoded by the fine fervid counte- ance of the writer." This favourable pinion was coincided in by Mr. God- in, Mr. Hazlitt, and other literary en, to whom the manuscripts were ubmitted by the zeal and interest of his new friend.

Mr. Keats was now apprenticed to surgeon at Edmonton, named Ham- road; but the lines of Spenser had ore charms for him than lines of urgery, and medicine gave way be- ore meditation. His acquaintance ith Leigh Hunt at once assumed the haracter of intimate friendship, and his determined him in his predilec- ion for literature as a profession. 'We read and walked together," says is friend, "and used to write verses of an evening upon a given subject. No imaginative pleasures was left un- oticed by us, or unenjoyed; from he recollection of the bards and pa- riots of old, to the luxury of a sum- mer rain at our window, or the click- ing of the coal in winter time." This as in 1816; and next year, when our athor was twenty-one, his first vo- ume of poetry appeared.

When we consider, that much of ts contents was written two or three ears previously, we shall not be sur- prised that its faults are of the stamp to which we have before alluded— faults of youth and inexperience. There is a diffuseness in the style

which becomes wearisome, and a seek- ing after new and strange words, which is nothing less than affectation; besides, a carelessness in the selection of his rhymes, which he never quite got rid of, and on which his reviewers mainly rested their charges against him. Yet are there passages in abundance, to prove the poet felt and understood his mission. Here is from one of his earliest compositions:—

"O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen,
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven. Should I rather
kneel
Upon some mountain-top, until I feel
A glowing splendour round about me
hung,
And echo back the voice of thine own
tongue?

"O for ten years, that I may over-
whelm
Myself in poesy! So I may do the
deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed:
Then I will pass the countries that I
see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains."

Then visions gather round him, to be afterwards embodied for the wonder and delight of men. The following is the first vague conception of "Endymion":—

"Lo! I see afar,
O'ersailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes; the
charioteer
Looks down upon the winds with glo-
rious fear.
And now the numerous tramlings
quiver lightly,
Along a huge cloud's ridge; and now,
with sprightly
Wheel, downward come they into
fresher skies,
Tipt round with silver from the sun's
bright eyes.
Still downward with capacious whirl
they glide;
And now I see them on a green hill
side,
In breezy rest among the nodding
stalks.
The charioteer with wondrous gesture
talks
To the trees and mountains: and there
soon appear
Shapes of delight, of mystery, and
fear,

Passing along before a dusky space,
Made by some mighty oaks. As they
would chase

Some ever-fleeting music, on they
sweep:

Lo, how they murmur, laugh, and
smile, and weep;

Some with upholden hand and mouth
severe;

Some with their faces muffled to the
ear,

Between their arms; some clear in
youthful bloom

Go glad and smilingly athwart the
gloom;

Some looking back, and some with up-
ward gaze.

Yes, thousands in a thousand different
ways

Flit onward. Now, a lovely wreath of
girls,

Dancing their sleek hair into tangled
curls,

And pow, broad wings."

He images the glories of his art, and
his own appreciation of it in these few
fine words:—

"A drainless shower
Of light is poetry; 'tis the supreme of
power;
'Tis might, half slumbering on its own
right arm."

The volume was but badly received
by the public. Criticism, then para-
mount, condemned it, and it remained
unread. Its faults were abundantly
exposed and insisted on; the feeble-
ness of some of its lines was given in
evidence, and its political opinions
sealed its doom. A new poet had
arisen, and "the world was not too
much with him," (so his biographer*
quaintly adapts Wordsworth's verse;) still we do not by any means join in
the sweeping condemnation of his
reviewers. It has been always our
opinion, that a writer should not, on
setting out, deprecate severe criti-
cism; he will find, in general, that his
enemies (as he thinks them) are his
best friends, while his friends may
often prove his most hurtful enemies.
The narrow applause of a *coterie* may
be made to suffice a genius which
should grasp the world, while the

fault-finding eye of a connoisseur may
lead a writer onward to a degree of
excellence he had not deemed him-
self capable of before. Who can tell how
much the Scotch reviewers may not
have had in the formation of a
Byron?

Moreover, in these days of im-
purity, no one need object to his cre-
dentials being rigidly scrutinized.
We have used a harsh word, and
should prefer "self-deception," but
as the first is written, it may go.
What we mean is, in this literary age,
so many mistake the love of a gift for
its possession and power; that because
"they doat on poetry," as they'll tell
you, they thence conclude they are
poets. For this reason albums are
filled by sighing youths, that eschew
neckcloths; and "maids who love the
moon," convert their bedchambers
into bowers, and enact Juliet with
the watchmen for their Romeos; and
hence, an editor's letter-box is an
Angean Stable, which he wisely
purgeth out with fire.

However these things may be,

"The vision and the faculty divine"
will pass unscathed through every
ordeal. *The poet*, immortal as his
vocation, cannot be lost. If one gen-
eration refuse him justice, thirty short
years will bring in another, who will
listen unprejudiced to the voice
slighted by their sires. The very
wrong he meets with (should he ex-
perience such) will save him from
servile obsequiousness to the spirit of
his age; he will remember he is to be
the instructor of his times, not their
disciple;† and he will seek to leave
the impress of his own mind behind
him, and rest satisfied in so doing.
Wordsworth has lived to see the truth
of what we here allege.

That these early poems of Mr.
Keats were treated with harshness we
deeply lament, considering the mortal
sensitiveness of his mind, which made
him suffer where another would have
smiled. His reviewers, however, did
not prevent his becoming a poet,
while they made known to him his

* Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," to which, next
for all, we desire to acknowledge our obligations.

† "The poet, it is true, is the son of his time; but alas for him, if he be its
pupil, or even its favourite!"—SCHILLER.

weakest points and helped him on to strength and victory; so that still our theory holds good, even in this extreme case. We could only wish that when the truth is told, it were told in such a way as to give no pain; and this is not always done. The volume was one of singular promise, and contained some admirable sonnets, in which the peculiarities of the writer were seldom seen, and which were of themselves sufficient to redeem the remainder of the book, however common-place. We do not think our readers will regret our printing the following, though it be very well known:—

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER.

"Much have I travell'd into realms of
gold,
And many goodly states and king-
doms seen;
Round many western islands have I
been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold:
Oft of one wide expanse had I been
told
That deep-brew'd Homer ruled as his
demesne,
Yet never did I breathe its pure
serene;
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud
and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies,
When a new planet swims into his
ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle
eyes
Hestared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild
surprise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Leigh Hunt has taken some pains to exhibit the beauties of this little piece, which, apart from poetry, is remarkable for its correct and well-chosen epithets. The merits of the old translator of Homer, to whom it alludes, are now pretty generally acknowledged, and a few years since, they engaged the mighty pen that sways *Blackwood*. Strong, vigorous, and oracular, Old Chapman only seeks for the most expressive Saxon that will answer his purpose. "The whales exult' under his Neptune, playing unwieldy gambols; and his Ulysses issues out of the shipwreck, 'soaked

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to the very heart,' tasting of sea-weeds and salt-water, in a style that does not at all mince the matter, or consult the proprieties of Brighton. Mr. Keats' epithets of 'loud and bold,' shewed that he understood him thoroughly. The men of Cortez staring at each other, and the eagle eyes of their leader looking out upon the Pacific, have been thought too violent a picture for the dignity of the occasion; but it is a case that requires the exception. Cortez's 'eagle eyes' are a piece of historical painting, as the reader may see by Titian's portrait of him. The last line—

'Silent, upon a peak in Darien,'

makes the mountain a part of the spectacle, and supports the emotion of the rest of the sonnet upon a basis of gigantic tranquillity."

Immediately preceding these picturesque lines in the volume, is another sonnet equally happy in design and execution. Of a milder cast than the foregoing, it displays that keen eye to the beauties of nature for which the English poets are illustrious. Long be those feelings, their's! In this summer season it will stir the breasts of our town readers with floating scents of the flowers and grass, and with images of the quiet country, and open fields and clear blue skies. We deem it one of the happiest efforts of our author:—

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven—to breathe
a prayer.

Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when with heart's
content,

Fatigued, he sinks into some pleasant
lair

Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languish-
ment?

Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an
eye

Watching the sailing cloudlet's night
career,

He mourns that day so soon has
glided by;

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether
silently."

The image in the last two lines, to

denote noiseless and unchecked transition, is both novel and pleasing; while the second of them affords one of the few successful instances of *onomatopæia* in our modern poets. Campbell has a noble one in the "Battle of the Baltic"—

"Their shots along the deep slowly boom;"

where you can almost fancy the iron messengers sharing in the sullenness of defeat, and passing over the surface of ocean with the diminished energy of baffled foes, fitfully and desparingly. In the line before us the opening iambus brings the dropping tear within vision; then the medium through which it is passing is presented to us, "the clear ether"—and the closing trochee excellently paints its glancing-by with a sudden, silent departure. One sonnet more, and we turn to the lengthier poems:—

"Happy is England! I could be content,

To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown

Through its tall woods with high romances blent;

Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan

To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.

Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;

Enough their simple loveliness for me.

Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:

Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,

And float with them about the summer waters."

The path which Mr. Keats had marked out for himself, was one in which to fail was an easy thing, while success could only arise from efforts sustained by imagination and genius the most profound. He desired to weave into English verse some of those lovely tales of Grecian mythology wherewith he was enamoured. Pan was to be heard once more piping in

the grove. Diana and her choir of nymphs would glide through the forest in the eagerness of the chase, and, returning, bathe their round limbs in the fresh fountain. Iris, that messenger to earth from heaven, would renew her bright visitings; fawns and satyrs would sily peep from the surrounding bushes; and over all, "the sire of gods and men," the thundering Jove, was to preside. These were his materials—admirable, no doubt, but very difficult to fashion by an English hand.

"Endymion, a Poetic Romance," appeared in 1818, and in the April of that year was noticed in the *Quarterly Review*. The article was a short one, hardly occupying four pages, but had the serious charge laid to it of killing Mr. Keats. Byron, true to his characteristics, made the accusation in parodied jest; but Shelley took up the matter more gravely, and in the introduction to his *Adonais* did not hesitate to call the writer a "murderer," as having spoken daggers but used none; he also addressed an indignant letter to the editor, which he did not complete or send.*

We do not know who the reviewer was, whether Gifford himself or one of his *corps*—we can therefore speak out freely and honestly on the subject. The article we have by us as we write, and have read it often. It is bitter; but as Byron said—"We do not think a man should permit himself to be killed by it." We are persuaded it could have made no impression upon a healthy mind; such was not Keats; and the arrow infixed itself and rankled in his bosom, and wrought there effects which we are sure were never intended by the writer. There is not a little of the cant of criticism in the opening paragraph—

"Reviewers have been sometimes accused of not reading the works they affected to criticize. On the present occasion we shall anticipate the author's complaint, and honestly confess that we have not read his work. Not that we have been wanting in our duty—far from it—indeed, we have made efforts almost as superhuman as the story itself appears to be, to get through it; but with the fullest stretch of our perseverance,

* It is printed in Shelley's "Essays and Letters." London: 1840.

we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this poetic romance consists. We should extremely lament this want of energy or whatever it may be, on our parts, were it not for one consolation—namely, that we are no better acquainted with the meaning of the book through which we have so painfully toiled, than we are with that of the three which we have not looked into."

With the passing acknowledgment that the poem contained "powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius," the reviewer proceeded to charge the author with being a disciple of Mr. Leigh Hunt, with reflecting his faults enlarged and distorted, and with moreover adding to his offence as imitating them unnecessarily. These be hard words which follow—

"This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype, who though he impudently presumed to seat himself in the chair of criticism, and to measure his own poetry by his own standard, yet generally had a meaning. But Mr. Keats had advanced no dogmas which he was bound to support by examples; his nonsense therefore is quite gratuitous; he writes it for its own sake, and having been bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry."

Now, as we are not of the same mental school with Mr. Hunt, as we seldom think in ethics the same way with him, as we hold not with him the same political views, and are no admirers of what has been his public life; so with the same sincerity do we believe him to be an honest man and a poet. His "Rimini" satisfies us as to the latter, and the first is sufficiently vouched for by his sufferings on behalf of what he deemed the truth. We back our assertion with respect to his poetry by an opinion from which few will dissent—"You may depend upon it," Byron wrote to him, about Rimini, "there is a substratum of poetry which is a foundation for solid and durable fame." Mr. Keats then would not have committed so grievous an error in making him an exemplar, had he done so; but we

happen to know that such was not the case, and that Keats' favourite models were the Faerie Queene of Spenser, and the minor poems of Shakspeare.

He did not, then, copy Mr. Hunt's faults in composition, though their intimacy must have exercised its influence upon him; they both are guilty of the same bad taste in the ungrammatical use of words already existing, and in the frequent invention of new ones, and in loving a quaintness which often leaves their meaning in obscurity. Perhaps it was from these similarities in defects this charge against Mr. Keats arose. His reviewer also attacked him on the versification of "Endymion," both as concerning the rhymes and the prosody; and, we think, proved both charges. The first of them is the main defect in all the poetry of Keats; you always know from the closing word of a line how that which corresponds to it is to conclude.

"The sure returns of still expected rhymes"

—so fully exposed by Pope, in the Essay on Criticism—are here found in abundance; and it was with respect to them the critic made his best point. His words were—

"At first it appeared to us, that Mr. Keats had been amusing himself and wearying his readers with an immeasurable game at *bouts-rimés*; but, if we recollect rightly, it is an indispensable condition at this play, that the rhymes when filled up shall have a meaning; and our author, as we have already hinted, has no meaning. He seems to us to write a line at random, and then he follows not the thought excited by this line, but that suggested by the rhyme with which it concludes. There is hardly a complete couplet inclosing a complete idea in the whole book. He wanders from one subject to another, from the association, not of ideas but of sounds; and the work is composed of hemistichs which, it is quite evident, have forced themselves upon the author by the mere force of the catch-words on which they turn."

Sharp and trenchant as this is, we are sure its edge would have been powerless against one who had learned to hold lightly the world's voice, and whether in praise or blame to listen to

it patiently until that day when it should listen to him. Unfortunately, Mr. Keats had no such strength of mind. We write it with great pain, and reverentially to the dead, that the school which took away from him his religious feelings, does not seem to have supplied him with any thing adequate or satisfying in their stead. His feelings seem to have been thrown by it into a chaotic state; and now when this withering blow fell upon his hopes of fame, a mind weakened by sickness and ill-directed as to its upward tendencies gave way, and horrid purposes of suicide presented themselves as a remedy for his trouble. We find his friend Shelley writing thus:—

"Poor Keats was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, which, I am persuaded, was not written with any intention of producing the effect, to which it has at least greatly contributed, of embittering his existence, and inducing a disease from which there are now but faint hopes of his recovery. The first effects are described to me to have resembled insanity; and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun. He is coming to pay me a visit in Italy; but I fear that unless his mind can be kept tranquil, little is to be hoped from the mere influence of climate."

Every one knows that there are two ways of reviewing—one, the reading a work for the purpose of detecting its faults; the other, with the object of discovering its beauties. We cannot but think the *Quarterly Reviewer* went too much upon the first system: with the exception of the "faint praise" we have already quoted, he seems to have opened his eyes to nothing in the poem except its deficiencies; he sees not any thing therein but confusion in the plot, uncouthness in the expression, paralyzed sentences, and halting lines. True! good sir, we go with you a part of the way in your judgment; but is all barren from Dan to Beersheba, or is it a land of promise in anywise? Is there nothing to extenuate the youngster's intrusions into the realms of verse? Come,

come! we'll e'en look for something to praise now; and here are the opening lines of the poem—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we
wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd
ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of
all
Some shape of beauty moves away the
pall
From our dark spirits!"

And one of those haunting dreams of beauty and loveliness which stole him away from the daily duties of life, he declares to be the tale of young Eudymion—

"The very music of the name has gone
Into my being."

Accordingly, he wafts us at once to a forest in Latmos, where abode the chieftain-king. It is a festival day, and vows and sacrifices are to be paid to the sylvan deities; the altar of Pan is erected upon a sunny hill-side—

"— A wide lawn, whence one could
only see
Stems thronging all around between the
swell
Of tuft and slanting branches: who
can tell
The freshness of the space of heaven
above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops?
through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often
too
A little cloud would move across the
blue."

Straightway and in attendance upon the god a troop of little children garlanded, issue forth into the open space and surround the altar; sounds of distant melody next arise—

"A faint breath of music, which even
then
Fill'd out its voice, and died away again;

Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings with a gentle wave
To light hung leaves."

Then amidst the thick tangles of the forest are seen to glimmer the flowing dresses of the Latmian maids; they show themselves plainer and plainer, and now the widest alley is past, and their light footfalls hardly press the greensward whereon stands the shrine. A crowd of sunburnt shepherds with a little pause follow, some of them are lazily trailing their crooks behind them, some keeping up droning music from their reed-pipes. Immediately after these an aged priest with sober steps advances, his eye is cast down upon the matted turf, and his long garments sweep the ground; round his temples he has a circlet of beechen-leaves, and in his hand he bears the presents to the god, of wine and herbs of various sorts, and white valley-lilies. Another crowd of shepherds continue the procession, chanting as they move along hymns and rustic ditties. Next, with a multitude surrounding it, rolls on a car of surpassing beauty in which stands the king; but the pageant moves him not, and though to the careless eye wearing the mien of happiness, he too plainly evidences the secret sorrow of his heart—

"A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd
To common lookers-on, like one who dream'd
Of idleness in groves Elysian;
But there were some who feelingly could scan
A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
Through his forgotten hands; then would they sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of owl's cry,
Of logs piled solemnly. Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away!"

The worshippers range themselves around the altar and offer their gifts, after which they sing a choral hymn. This hymn, which has nothing remarkable about it, we shall not quote, though we have seen it somewhere brought forward as a favourable specimen of Mr. Keats's poetry. One day (Leigh Hunt tells the anecdote) Keats happening to be in company with

Wordsworth, was induced to repeat it to him, and was surprised and mortified to hear the bard of Rydal only characterise it as "a very pretty piece of paganism." We give the story as it happens to fall in here in the order of events, but do not deem it of sufficient consequence to make any remarks upon it.

The argument of the poem proceeds with the various games and amusements which succeed the sacred rites. Some of the youths engage in archery, others in quoit-throwing, many in dancing to the rustic tabor, others scatter themselves in groups beneath the trees and on the turf hillock, conversing together seriously and sweetly:

"They discourse upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal,
And what our duties there . . .
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick-gone love, among fair blossoms'd boughs,
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming.
Another wish'd, mid that eternal spring
To meet his rosy child. . . .
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow huntamen o'er the wide campaign,
In times long past; to sit with them,
and talk
Of all the chances in their earthly walk,
Comparing joyfully their plenteous stores
Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And shared their famish'd scrips. Thus
all out-told
Their fond imaginations."

But who sits there so listless and so sad? uninterested in the humming conversation, or the athletic games—his eyes open, but no sight in them—his senses tranced—'tis Endymion. The venerable priest reclines near him, but the old man's voice cannot reach that dizzy brain, or quiet that disturbed heart. Endymion listens, and patiently endeavours to take in his meaning, and thanks him gently for his kind interest, and smiles sweetly at the elder's rebuke; yet the wandering look, and the vague reply, betray a heart sick with love. A lovely face overlooks the dreamer now, and eyes brighter from their tears, gaze down upon him; he looks up—Peona, his

sweet sister, who alone can rule his
 madness, has missed him from the
 company, and sought him far and wide.
 His spirit's nurse, she soothes into
 quietness his griefs, and leads him ten-
 derly—he cannot choose but follow
 her—along a pathway between two
 streams, to a clear brimful river, where
 floated their light shallop. She guides
 the little vessel to a green island oppo-
 site, and landing in a small cove, they
 repair to an harbour—

“Overwore
 By many a summer's silent fingering”—

where, worn out by the troubles of
 his heart, he sinks into the insensibility
 of slumbers, and the quiet watcher
 sits by to guard and protect him.

We have thus far outlined “Endymion,” because we wish to show that there is in it a regular plan and story, in defiance of the anathemas of the *Quarterly Review*. Keats seems to have desired in it to paint the intensity of love apparently hopeless; its bewildering power upon heart and brain, when, throughout nature, we can hear but one voice—see but one shape; and its final victory and reward when danger and doubt are all passed away. We have pencilled a hundred beautiful thoughts to extract from it, but shall not trouble our readers with more than the following.

Peona, to soothe her brother, takes up her

“late, from which there pulsing
 came
 A lively prelude, fashioning the way
 In which her voice should wander.”

Pleasure and pain:—

“Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
 Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing
 loth
 On the deer's tender haunches, late and
 loth
 'Tis scared away.”

The cave of echo:—

“This is the cell of echo, where she
 sits
 And bubbles thorough silence, till her
 wits
 Are gone in tender madness, and anon
 Faints into sleep with many a dying
 tone.”

Wine:—

“Wine,
 Alive with sparkles.”

Memory:—

“There lies a den,
 Beyond the seaming confines of the space
 Made for the soul to wander in, and trace
 Its own existence of remotest gloom:
 Dark regions are around it, where the
 tombs
 Of buried griefs the spirit sees.”

Lastly, Endymion's blessing Cynthia
 his love, when he meets her never to
 part more:—

“Thou redeemed hast
 My soul from too thin breathing: gone
 and past
 Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns late
 farewell!
 And air of visions, and the monstrous
 swell
 Of visionary seas! No never more
 Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore:
 Of tangled wonder, breathless and
 aghast.”

The mind of the writer, during the
 composition of Endymion, must have
 been in a heated and feverish state of
 excitement; and we pass from the poem
 with the conviction, that, if Keats had
 not died young, he would, ere long,
 have gone mad. At times, we find
 him pressing his hand against his throbbing
 brow, to keep down the pain of
 thought, and to escape an imagination
 too finely finished for the hard tasks
 of human existence. You know, reader,
 what a strange thing it is to stand still
 in the streets of a crowded city, and
 let the living torrent sweep past you
 and scan the different faces, full of
 various interests, as they glide by—
 and read, if you can, their story—and
 wonder at every thing about you, though
 at other times unnoticed in its familiar-
 ity. Yet, it is not well so to let the
 veil flung over common life; these
 shapes and apparitions beneath, suf-
 ficient to daunt the most fearless be-
 holder, and this habit of passing strange
 comments upon things familiar is a
 thing else than madness—

“If madness 'tis to be unlike the world”

The brain that feels too keen, will
 fall in the end powerless and pale

through the intensity of its own emotions.

"Endymion" was finished at Teignmouth, in April, 1818, and on its publication the author came to reside at Hampstead, with his friend, Mr. Charles Brown. He had made an excursion to Scotland, in the company of this gentleman, and afterwards to the south of England, and the Isle of Wight; and during a severe illness which now followed, Mr. Brown watched over him with all tender solicitude and care. At this time appeared that cutting review, from the effects of which Keats never rose; he was labouring under his mortal disease when it came out, and conscious as he was of coming death, it reached the very heart of his sensitiveness, as overthrowing his hopes of leaving a name behind him when he was himself no more. We have already so far entered into the matter, that we here willingly take our farewell of a subject so painful.

Keats' illness was too great to admit of his joining Mr. Brown in another journey this gentleman at this time undertook, and he left Hampstead for Leigh Hunt's house, where we believe he remained until he quitted England altogether. He now put forth his last volume, containing *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *the Eve of St. Agnes*, and *Hyperion*; these he published not in any confidence or fear, both had passed away from him, but in "careless despair."† They are incomparably his best poems, affording (especially the last of them) the promise of excellence already fulfilled: praise, if it could reach the ear of death, has been since abundantly given them, and "Hyperion," though it be only a fragment, affords its author the undeniable title to be reckoned amongst our noblest poets.

The first poem in this volume, "*Lamia*," is founded on a passage in the life of Apollonius the philosopher, which Burton gives in the anatomy of melancholy,* quoting from Philostratus. Being in a narrative shape, it does not give us the opportunity of quoting from it, as our extracts, to be understood, should be longer than we have space for. The subject is, *alamia*, or serpent, taking human shape, is

wedded to a young philosopher of Corinth; but Apollonius, the young man's preceptor, who came to the bridal feast, detected the imposition, and "thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant." This anecdote of the Tyrranean philosopher was one of those lying legends by which the heathen priests hoped to stay the progress of Christianity; the miracles of Apollonius were referred to by them as equal in character to our Saviour's; in the present one it is curious to mark his detection and expulsion of a *serpent*.

Boccaccio furnished Keats with the material of the poem which comes next in order—"Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," being only an English rendering of one of his immortal prose tales. We find, for this reason, a similar difficulty in bringing forward any passages from it; however we must try. It begins thus pleasantly:—

"Fair Isabel—poor simple Isabel!—
Lorenzo, a young palmer in love's
eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion
dwell
Without some stir of heart—some
malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how
well
It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same
roof sleep,
But to each other dream and nightly
weep.

With every morn their love grew tender,
derer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer
still;
He might not in house, field, or garden
stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing
fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her than noise of trees or hidden
rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his
name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with
the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the
latch,
Before the door had given her to his
eyes;

* Shelley's *Essays and Letters*. Vol. ii. p. 269.

† "Anatomy of Melancholy," part iii. sec. ii., &c.

And from her chamber window he would
 catch
 Her beauty farther than the falcon
 spies ;
 And constant as her vesper would he
 watch,
 Because her face was turn'd to the
 same skies ;
 And with sick longing all the night out-
 wear,
 To hear her morning-step upon the
 stair."

Yet no word has passed between
 them, and Lorenzo trembles to avow
 his passion ; he does so at last, and
 then what joy follows !

"Parting, they seemed to tread upon
 the air,
 Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
 Only to meet again more close, and
 share
 The inward fragrance of each other's
 heart."

But the lady has two brothers rich
 in ancestral and acquired merchandize,
 who having discovered their sister's
 love, determine to lure her betrothed
 away to a forest in the Appenines, and
 there slay him. Unconscious of dan-
 ger he consents to go with them ; and

"So the two brothers and their mur-
 dered man
 Rode past fair Florence."

They complete the deed of blood, and
 bury Lorenzo in the midst of the
 wood : and returning home tell their
 sister that he has embarked for foreign
 lands, having been entrusted by them
 with matters which required speed and
 security. She believes them, and they
 invent specious tales to account for his
 absence ; but conscience racks them,
 and they behold a double murder in
 prospect, for Isabel is daily pining
 away. At last, in a night-vision the
 whole is revealed to her ; Lorenzo
 comes to the side of her couch, and
 tells her how he has been slain and
 where buried. She repairs on the
 morrow to the place, and instinctively
 finds the grave. As she kneels by it
 the poet says—

"Who hath not loiter'd in a green
 church-yard,
 And let his spirit, like a demon mole,
 Work through the clayey soil and gravel
 hard,

To see skull, coffin'd bones, and fe-
 neral stole ;
 Pitying each form that hungry death
 hath marr'd,
 And filling it once more with human
 soul ?

Ah ! this was holiday to what was fit
 When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould,
 as though
 One glance did fully all its secrets tell ;
 Clearly she saw, as other eyes well
 know
 Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well."

She removes that dear head in secrecy
 to her home, and this prize becomes
 her all in all. She brings it to her
 garden, and covering it with mould,
 sows therein basil in a garden-pot,
 (hence the name of the story,) and
 now has no wish or thought beyond
 tending the growth of that plant :

"She forgot the stars, the moon, and
 sun,
 And she forgot the blue above the
 trees,
 And she forgot the dell where waters run,
 And she forgot the chilly autumn
 breeze ;
 She had no knowledge when the day was
 done,
 And the morn she saw not ; but in
 peace
 Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
 And moistened it with tears."

The brothers, in very wonder at her
 absorbing engagement, take advantage
 of her going to be shrived, and re-
 moving the plant, discover Lorenzo's
 features. In horror they leave Flo-
 rence never to return ; and poor Isabel
 pines away, having always one sad
 complaining ditty in her mouth about
 her "lost Basil."

How wild a thing is fancy ! The
 next picture is a lone chapel-aisle full
 of sculptured dead ; the time, not far
 from the noon of night. An ancient
 beadsman is seen telling his rosary by
 the altar, and to-night such is to be
 his only employ, for it is the *Evening*
of St. Agnes, and penitential emotions
 must usher in the holy day. Else-
 where (as if to show the difference in
 human employments at the same mo-
 ment) revelry and feasting are going
 on ; Lord Maurice has invited a thou-
 sand guests, and ladies fair and gal-
 lant cavaliers obey the happy summons.

Among the former none is more lovely than young Madeline; thoughtful for her years, yet full of strange whims and romance, she has learned that on this eve* young maidens who observe the ceremonies of the saint receive a visit from the spirit of their love, and learn not only who he is, but whether he will be favourable or not. She cares not for the gaiety, and only awaits the approach of the hallowed hour to seek her own quiet chamber. Ere she lies down to slumber there, she prays to heaven to be propitious to her dreams, and kneeling at the antique window through which streams in the flooding moon, forms this graceful picture :—

“ A casement high and triple-arch’d
there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of
knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint
device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth’s deep damask’d
wings;
And in the midst, ’mong thousand he-
raldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazon-
ings,
A shielded scutcheon blush’d with blood
of queens and kings.

“ Full on this casement shone the wintry
moon,
And threw warm gales on Madeline’s
fair heart,
As down she knelt for heaven’s grace
and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together
prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory.”

And hardly were her eyes closed when
a dream, yet how like reality! visited
her. She thought Porphyro knelt
beside her couch, and called her to
awake and come with him. Again she
slumbered; and now from the lute-

chords he struck forth in his sadness
the old Provençal air, *La belle dame
sans mercy*; the melody pierced her
quick ear, and with a soft moan she
awoke. How wondrous! the vision
vanished not with her opened eyes:
with joined hands he still remained
there, fearing to move or speak. He
has braved death for this visit, and
pleads his suit ardently. The drunken
wassailers will never heed their escape;
the morning is nigh, and now for ever
is she to be lost or won. They go
down the wide stairs on which in all
attitudes lie the sleeping guards; then
cross the hall, and find in the porch
the porter slumbering over an ex-
hausted flagon. The wakeful blood-
hound rises from his lair, but recog-
nising his mistress, only gives them a
mute welcome: the door is gained,
the passage won, and the lovers dis-
appear.

“ ‘Hyperion,’ ” wrote Lord Byron,
“ seems actually inspired by the Ti-
tans, and is as sublime as Æschylus.”
This is high praise, and coming whence
it did, would have been valued by Mr.
Keats had he lived to read it, even as
we know it will weigh with our own
readers in their estimate of the poem.
We cannot entirely understand the
author’s views with respect to it, for
“Hyperion” was never finished: the
story is the dethroning of the elder
gods by Jupiter, and their consulta-
tions how they may regain heaven.
We offer one or two fragments to our
readers. The poem opens with Saturn
sitting in voiceless grief; the elements
are hushed and calm, as if awaiting
what the gods will do:—

“ No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer’s day
Robs not one light seed from the fea-
ther’d grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did
it rest.”

Then comes to comfort him; but in

* On referring to our red-lettered calendar, we find that the 20th of January in each year is St. Agnes’ Eve. We take shame to ourselves for not having prepared this paper six months ago; but idleness—our curse—forbad. Grace, sweet lady-reader! we cry thy mercy, and in return shall let thee into the mystic rules. You must seek your couch supperless on this night; in your chamber you must not look behind you, nor askant; you must remember, moreover, to repeat your orisons (as, joking apart, we hope you always do); and if in all these things you imitate Madeline, we shall answer for your successful and happy dreams.

her very voice are these hollow tones prophetic of dread:—

"There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun,
As if the vanward clouds of evil days,
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder labouring up."

They who have passed through a forest by night, when the trees were still and motionless, will find a reason in this curious conceit:—

"As when upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave,
So came these words and went."

Of the shorter poems we would here quote the "Ode to a Nightingale," written at this time during the sleeplessness of sickness, and the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," which reminds us of the scenic posts of Greece, only that they both are so well known already. Mr. Keats has been fortunate in this, that the best portions of his works have been extracted by those who have written on his genius; and in studying his writings for our present article, we have experienced the difficulty of finding new passages to bring forward. We have been successful as to some, but are conscious that several we have quoted will be familiar to our readers already.

The consumptive tendencies of Keats' constitution developed themselves rapidly, and at length, in the autumn of 1820, he yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and prepared to try the effects of a southern climate. He left England for ever in the month of October of this year, and in a few weeks was landed at Naples, whence he immediately journeyed to Rome. There

accompanied him to Italy Mr. Joseph Severn, a painter of the highest promise, who had just before been adjudged the gold medal of the Royal Academy, but who now waived every selfish feeling that he might be in attendance on his dying friend.* "Keats suffered so much in his lingering," Mr. Hunt writes, "that he used to watch the countenance of the physician for the favourable and fatal sentence, and express his regret when he found it delayed. Yet no impatience escaped him. He was manly and gentle to the last, and grateful for all services. A little before he died, he said that he 'felt the daisies growing over him.' But he made a still more touching remark respecting his epitaph. 'If any,' he said, 'were put over him, he wished it to consist of nothing but these words: 'Here lies one whose name was written in water!'" At length, on the 27th of December, 1820, the young poet expired in the arms of his friend, completely worn out and wishing for death.

He was buried in the cemetery of the English Protestants at Rome. His grave is close to the pyramid of Cestius; and Shelley, who sang his death in immortal verse, was destined to join him there before long. In another twelvemonth, his ashes too were laid in the same romantic burying-ground.

The friends of Keats, with very questionable taste, added to the simple epitaph he himself desired to have over him; and in their anxiety to let the stranger know something of his history, prefixed a sentence we would fain see erased. No such harsh voice should vex the quiet slumbers of the dead as this:—

"This grave
'Contains all that is mortal of
A young English poet,
Who,
On his death-bed,
In the bitterness of his heart
At the malicious power of his enemies,
Desired these words
To be engraven on his tomb:
HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS WRITTEN IN WATER."

* Mr. Severn has ever since resided at Rome, and is well known to our countrymen as the first English artist of the Eternal City. He visited London in the early part of last year, and delivered some lectures on fresco-painting before the Institute of British Architects, which were greatly admired.

Of his personal appearance one of his most intimate friends gives us the following sketch :—

"He was under the middle height ; and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well-turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size ; he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up—an eager power checked and made patient by ill-health. Every feature was at once strongly cut, and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise ; the upper lip projected a little over the under ; the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken ; the eyes mellow and glowing—large, dark, and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled. In this, there was ill-health as well as imagination, for he did not like these betrayals of emotion : and he had great personal, as well as moral courage. His hair, of a brown colour, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets.*"

On closing these poems our feeling is, that we have seldom found in the same space such abundant beauty,

united with so many minor defects. Had Keats lived and enjoyed health, both of body and mind, he would have risen, without question, to the highest poetical fame. His imagination would have been chastened, his judgment would have come under better control, his fancy, which he followed almost to wildness, would have been pruned down ; he would have sought more correct canons of taste to write by (as in fact he was doing when death came upon him) ; in one word, his powers would have received all that they wanted—maturity. Still, taking his compositions as they lie before us, there are few things which have given us so much delight as the episode of Glaucus in the third book of "*Endymion*," "*Hyperion*," that glorious fragment, and some of the minor poems which we have before either quoted or alluded to.

Leigh Hunt ventures to anticipate for his friend the emphatic title of *the young poet*. We do not know how this can be conceded, when we call to mind one who lived to see but eighteen summers, and immortalized himself before their conclusion—the unfortunate Chatterton.

* Lord Byron, and some of his Contemporaries.

MEMOIR OF ABD-EL-KADER.

ABD-EL-KADAR (Abi-sidi-el-Adi-Mahommed, Ben-Sidi-Mahhi-el-Din) was born in 1806, at *La Zayouat*, commonly called *Si-Moustapha-el-Moh-Aetar*. Sidi-Mahhi-el-Din, his father, was a renowned and highly-revered Marabout, of the province of Oran, living as a dervish on the alms and donations of the faithful Osmanlis, who flocked from all parts of Africa, and even of Asia, to his residence, drawn thither by the fame of his piety. Such was his influence, that in cases of private dissensions he was frequently chosen to settle the affair, and a word from him was sufficient to arrest any prosecution or oppression of the Bey. What, however, must seem an anomaly to the English reader, although familiar to the Italian,* he enjoyed the strange privilege of sheltering in his house both criminals and fraudulent debtors. The superstitious veneration of the Osmanlis towards Mahhi-el-Din went so far as to attribute to him several miracles, and especially the somewhat unusual one of multiplying in the pockets of his visitors the money which they carried with them. It was, in fact, to these impostures that the shrewd Marabout owed his immense private wealth and public influence, which, in the course of time, rendered his elevation to the throne of easy attainment.

Mulay-Ali, nephew of the emperor of Morocco, having in 1831 abandoned the Beylick of Oran, in order to avoid coming in contact with the French army; Mahhi-el-Din, being considered by his countrymen the man most capable of protecting and maintaining their national independence, was unanimously elected Bey of Mascara. He did not, however, continue long in the enjoyment of his well-deserved elevation, being treacherously poisoned by Ben-Nouna, the chief of the Moorish party at Tlemecen, who dreaded his influence and popularity.

Sidi-Mahhi left two sons as his heirs. Sidi-Mahommed, the eldest, being very pious, and wholly devoted to the contemplation of religious subjects, caring but little moreover for worldly affairs and honours, voluntarily renounced his rights to Abd-el-Kader, his younger brother, who, although only in his twenty-first year, was endowed with a very different character, and had already manifested such activity of mind and so great a desire for fame, and had attained such a reputation, that, even so early as 1826, when he visited, as a pilgrim, the tomb of Mahommed, the Marabouts of Mecca openly told him—*thou shalt reign*. This prediction was never forgotten by Abd-el-Kader, and confidently expecting its accomplishment, he continually prepared himself for such an event. Under the tuition of his father he acquired a perfect knowledge of the Koran, and all that regards the religion and traditions of his country, and in consequence of his learning and erudition, he had deservedly obtained, at the age of twenty, the title of Thaleb (learned), and, a year after, through his exemplary and inoffensive conduct, that of Marabout (signifying saint). By these means he contrived in his youth to win the affections of his countrymen, and to acquire an influence and popularity beyond all his contemporaries. In order to pave his way to the prophesied throne, he applied himself with great assiduity to all warlike exercises, and to the training, drilling, and managing the most fiery Arabian horses. Thus, the unexpected and sudden demise of his father, found him prepared to assume his authority and honours. Nevertheless when he made his public entry into Mascara, accompanied only by a few Arabs, whose appearance and accoutrements bespoke neither luxury nor greatness,

* In Italy the churches, the monasteries, and the residences of the cardinals and nobility, are privileged to shelter all criminals. In 1817, the Jesuits during three months would not deliver into the hands of justice a murderer, but were at last forced by a *motu proprio* of Pius VII.

his government was at first considered both precarious and powerless.

However, Abd-el-Kader soon gave proofs of his skill, courage, and activity, having marched against the city of Tlemecen, whose population was then divided into two parties, that of the Moors, headed by Ben-Nouna, and that of the Conlanghis (or descendants of the Turks), under the control of Ben-Aouna-Bourahli. Ben-Nouna he caused to be removed by *poison*, and Ben-Aouna by transportation; he then proceeded to form a mixed administration there, which soon appeased the rivalry of the two factions. From Tlemecen he went afterwards at the head of his army to besiege Mostagenem, from which, however, having been well defended by Ibrahim-Mouhir, the Turkish Bey, he was compelled to retreat; but, to repair this defeat, he took by assault the city of Arzew, and ordered its commander, Sidi-Ahmet, who had been arrested, fighting at the head of the Kabailles, to be beheaded, having first had his eyes put out and his limbs broken.

Having established his partizans at Arzew, and levied heavy contributions in the province of Titari, both in money and provisions, the victorious Emir returned in triumph to Mascara, where he was received with enthusiasm by his subjects. There, in his wretched residence of brick and mud, served only by a few negro slaves, and dressed as simply as the meanest of his countrymen, Abd-el-Kader began seriously to think of the possibility of restoring the empire of the Arabs, and their independence, by laying the foundation of a regular administration. The establishment of the French on the coast of Northern Africa, instead of intimidating his aspiring mind, greatly stimulated his natural energy, and augmented his desire of realizing his bold and patriotic enterprise, which was, by uniting under his standard all the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, and of the beautiful valleys situated at its foot, to form a kingdom of sufficient strength for national independence.

With these objects in view, Abd-el-Kader did all in his power to obtain popularity with his new subjects, by inspiring them with respect for his military talents, and with abhorrence

for a foreign yoke. Until 1833 he took no part in the warfare that raged between his countrymen and the French; but, when the latter, abandoning the coast, undertook the conquest of Arzew, Abd-el-Kader prepared to meet them, and when they advanced upon the Beylicks of Mediah and Tlemecen, he opposed them so vigorously, and with such success, that they were compelled to retreat.

General Boyer, who was then commander-in-chief at Oran, being informed by the Jews, his agents, that Abd-el-Kader was the only man capable of opposing serious obstacles to the establishment of the French in Africa, opened friendly negotiations with him. The chief received, with great caution and politeness the Turkish and Jewish envoys, sent to him on the part of the general, rejected none of their proposals, but, amusing the agents with specious promises and protestations, declined subscribing any document.

General Desmichels having succeeded General Boyer in command, adopted a totally different policy from his predecessor, and having determined on conquering the tribes by brute force, he attacked the Arabs, under the command of Abd-el-Kader, on several occasions, but without any signal success, being obliged to fight in a country almost wholly unknown to his troops, intersected by water-courses and impracticable muddy passes, so that at every step his resources were greatly endangered. During his retreat towards Oran, Gen. Desmichels tried in vain to force Abd-el-Kader to accept battle, while the Arabian chief, at the head of his cavalry, hovered around the French army, harassing them incessantly, and massacring all stragglers who were separated from the main body. At last, Abd-el-Kader, having succeeded in surrounding a corps of infantry under the command of Colonel Duberail, forced them to seek shelter in Arzew, which was immediately invested by the Arabs. After several attempts to bring on a battle, Abd-el-Kader, on the 8th of October, 1833, sent Colonel Duberail the following note:—

“Praise to Mahommed!—The chief of the Moors, Sidi-el-Adi-Mahommed-Abi-Abd-el-Kader-Sidi-Mahhi-el-Din,

to the French chief. 'Heathen to the unbelievers! As you have not fulfilled the conditions of your treaties, and as you did not come out yesterday to fight with us, let us know your determination. We inform you, on our part, that our troops surround Arzew on every side, and are ready to mount upon its bastions. We have several times beaten our drums to show you that we wish to fight. If you seek after your safety and welfare leave our country; otherwise, I shall oppose you for ever. I will unite under the national standard the inhabitants of the east and of the west, and I will wage a continual war against you. Our God will assist us in expelling you. Lay down your flag, and I will withdraw so as to let you depart. Do not rely on the counsel of your guides, because they will be your ruin.'"

On the following day the French accepted this challenge, attacked Abd-el-Kader, and being well supported by artillery, military experience overcame undisciplined valour, and the besiegers were repulsed after an obstinate and destructive combat; the French were, however, soon after compelled to re-enter the town, without having gained an inch of territory, or any important advantage over the Arabs.

The French government seeing the alarming position of their African possessions, and taking into consideration the enormous expenditure yearly entailed upon France to retain the conquest, devised the plan of sending to Africa a civil and military commission of experienced and prudent men, empowered to propose and adopt any means which they should think the most proper to insure the future welfare of the colony.

These commissioners, after having consulted with the chief Turks and native allies of France, with regard to the state of the hostile tribes inhabiting the Atlas and its neighbourhood, and having obtained, through the Jews, information of the financial and military resources of the Arabs, unanimously declared themselves in favour of a system of conciliation and friendly intercourse, and advised the civil and military authorities to try the experiment.

General Desmichels, concurring with the advice of the commissioners,

adopted their suggestion; but unfortunately the French passed too suddenly from one extreme to another, and those with whom they had hitherto treated only by means of the sword were soon transformed into allies, and became the object of their confidence and generosity. Abd-el-Kader, according to his custom, received the envoys of General Desmichels with great marks of politeness, and, after the preliminary negotiations were settled, a treaty was concluded by which the governor of Oran recognised his independence. The river *Chetif*, which has its source in the interior of the province of Tity, and which, after traversing the lake Tity, turning to the left, discharges its waters into the Mediterranean, became the boundary of his possessions, comprising the whole of the fertile country lying between the empire of Morocco and the provinces of Oran, Tity, and Algiers. The emir of Mascara obtained also great commercial advantages, and a supply of arms and ammunition, on his promising to make use of them *only* against the enemies of France.

During the numerous skirmishes which he had already had with the French, Abd-el-Kader having remarked the great superiority which military discipline and tactics imparted to their soldiers, he was not slow to avail himself of the advantage, and, therefore, he formed a corps of infantry, and had them drilled by French officers, in order that they might learn how to use the bayonet. Thus behind the small river assigned to him as a limit to his territory, the young emir of Mascara was spreading military organization amongst his subjects, and preparing the means once more of asserting the independence of his native country; and as soon as he thought that he had a chance against the conquerors of Algiers, several corps of his army were allowed to commit depredations on the province of Oran.

General Voriol, who had succeeded General Desmichels, being informed of the incursions of the Arabs, signified to Abd-el-Kader, that if such infractions of the treaty did not cease immediately, he should treat

* General Desmichels, *Iber. 18, 1834.*

him as an enemy. General d'Erlon, governor of Algiers, also addressed the emir an equally strong letter on the subject, and even threatened to depose him : but the brave and politic chief having appointed Ben-Drân as his agent and plenipotentiary, despatched him to Algiers to negotiate with General d'Erlon.

Ben-Drân was a Jew, of a fine and imposing countenance, polite in his manners, graceful and lively in his conversation ; and, above all, endowed with all those deceitful qualifications which are the essential and honourable requisites of a good diplomatist. Such a goodly personage soon won the confidence and esteem of the French governor ; and perceiving that, for want of military resources, the French were then unable to attempt any thing decisive against his master, he advised him to keep his troops in readiness, and to seize the first favourable opportunity of invading the French possessions.

About that period a sheriff of the Sahara, called Monça, secretly stimulated and encouraged by Jewish-French emissaries, entered with his army into the province of Titary, and having taken possession of Mediah, sent from thence his agents to Miliana, exhorting its inhabitants to join his standard, in order to shake off the yoke of Abd-el-Kader. The emir, being informed of what had happened, crossed the Chetif at the head of his cavalry, and passing like a thunder-bolt through the province of Titary, entered in triumph into Mediah, and having expelled the French Bey, appointed in his stead one of his own faithful friends, and began to organize his new conquest according to his plans and interests.

General Trezel, then commander-in-chief at Oran, remonstrated against so open an infraction of the treaty concluded between the French and Abd-el-Kader, and demanded an explanation of the emir's conduct, but this was utterly disregarded. General d'Erlon, unable to employ military coercion, engaged Abd-el-Kader, through Ben-Drân to address letters of submission to both the governors of Algiers and Oran ; and an officer of the staff, accompanied by Ben-Drân, was despatched to him to obtain this. They found the emir at the Mallouan, near Belida, occupied in

the settlement and organisation of his new province. The French envoy having presented to the emir, on the part of General d'Erlon, several precious French curiosities, was well received, and obtained the object of his mission ; but at the same time, in reward of his apparent submission, Abd-el-Kader was acknowledged the conqueror and rightful possessor of a new province.

Two months after this renewal of friendly intercourse, Abd-el-Kader being informed that the chiefs of the tribes of the Drouers, and of the Zmalas, were secretly intriguing with the French, and trading with them to his disadvantage, ordered the apprehension of Ismael, one of them. These tribes appealed to General Trezel for protection, who, leaving Oran with his army, directed his course towards Tlemecen, and pitched his camp at Misserghim. From thence he apprized General d'Erlon of the cause and object of his movements, and demanded his approval, and immediate assistance.

Having waited in vain several days for an answer, Trezel considered it his duty to advance, and having reached Threlet, on the road to Mascara, on the 24th June, 1834, he there pitched, and fortified his camp. The next day he sent his favourite Jew, *Mardochai Amar*, with two officers of his staff, to endeavour to settle with Abd-el-Kader by peaceable means ; but not having succeeded, on the 26th the French advanced towards the Lirig, and while they were marching over a narrow passage near Muley-Ismael, they were suddenly attacked by the Arabs, under the command of the emir ; after an obstinate and destructive combat, the Arabs were routed, and the French having passed the Sig, took possession of the camp of Abd-el-Kader. This victory, however, not only cost the French great loss of life, but proved to them, that the emir of Mascara, whom they had hitherto considered as a savage chief, had already made rapid progress in the art of war ; since, for the first time, he had commanded his infantry in person, and had fought with skill and effect.

Proud of his success, General Trezel on the 28th demanded of Abd-el-Kader an acknowledgment of the supremacy

of France, and to pay a tribute, as a fine for his late transgression; but the emir having refused to submit to his conditions, and the French having no means of maintaining themselves in such a position, a retreat became indispensable. As Arzew was the nearest point where the troops could safely embark for Oran, on the 29th, before day-break, they directed their march towards that city. The foreign legion formed the van-guard—the wounded, and the provision wagons were placed in the centre of the army, and the cavalry served both as wings and rear-guard.

About noon, while the French were marching over a muddy and difficult tract of land, between the Maeta and a steep hill, the Arabs fell upon them like ravenous wolves, surrounded them on every side, and the van having given way, Abd-el-Kader, profiting by the great disorder occasioned by their flight, attacked the centre with great impetuosity, massacred all the wounded, and those who defended the provisions, and took possession of many carriages, and a great quantity of ammunition. The same evening General Tresel, with the remains of his exhausted and demoralized army, reached Arzew, from whence some of the troops embarked for Oran, and the rest returned to the same place by land.

This unlooked-for result of the expedition of General Tresel caused an alarming sensation in Algiers, and produced great uneasiness in France, where the name of Abd-el-Kader began to inspire respect, and even apprehension—since, both at Muley Ismael and at Maeta, he had given convincing proofs of the great improvement which military organization and discipline had engendered amongst his subjects. The government, therefore, felt the necessity of striking a decisive blow at the daring emir of Mascara, and with that view Marshal Clausel was appointed governor-general of the French possessions in northern Africa, provided with extraordinary military and financial resources, in order to conquer Constantina, and thus exterminate at once the growing power of Abd-el-Kader. The late Duke of Orleans honoured with his presence this campaign.

It is not generally known, but it is

at the same time an incontestable fact, that, during the last two centuries, the inhabitants of the states of Barbary, and of almost the whole coast of northern Africa, have been under the indirect but permanent yoke of a few powerful and cunning Jewish families. Those degraded, deceitful, and crafty parias, although naturally slaves in the land, and universally despised by the natives, through their intriguing manoeuvres, and by their base prostitution and shameless subserviency to the brutish dictates and debauched caprices of the Turkish rulers, had openly usurped and monopolized the most advantageous situations, both in the administration and in commerce, and that in despite of the discontent of the natives.

After the conquest of Algiers, the French adopted the same impolitic and anti-national system, not only by continuing the influence of the Jews, but by entrusting them with their confidence in all the delicate negotiations which became indispensable between the conquerors and the numerous and savage tribes of the interior. Thus we find that the famous Jew, Mardochi Amar, after having committed all sorts of extortions and oppressions under his Turkish master, Hadji-Hamma, was chosen by the French as their agent negotiator. Ben-Dran, who had several years intimately acquainted with Abd-el-Kader, and had even been for a length of time his agent and plenipotentiary at Algiers, was employed and entrusted with the most important affairs by General Bougand, and nearly ruined his employer. The renowned Jacob Lecary, a fraudulent bankrupt Jew, after having been a purveyor of arms and ammunition to the Arabs, and particularly to Abd-el-Kader, was employed by General Desmichele to negotiate on the part of France with that emir, this same individual was chosen by Marshal Clausel as his *fictitious*, and entrusted with the plan he intended to pursue in his expedition against Constantina.

Having briefly stated these historical facts, let us now resume our narrative with regard to the expedition of Clausel. General d'Armand, the successor of Tresel at Oran, selected the marshal of all he had before him, through his Jewish agent, concerning the military resources of the

el-Kader and his allies. The Marshal, through the instrumentality of his *Jew emissaries*, first endeavoured to disseminate discord amongst the Arabian tribes of the interior; then bribed, with money and promises, several Beys who were opposed to the emir of Mascara; and, lastly, through the medium of Lascary, did all in his power to excite the natives against him. Abd-el-Kader, being informed by the Jews, of this state of affairs, lost no time in appealing to his numerous adherents, impressing on the minds of his Beys the degrading humiliation of a foreign yoke, and exhorting them to fight with him for their common national welfare and independence, and for the defence of the religion of their ancestors.

Towards the end of November, 1835, having divided his army into four divisions, Marshal Clausel left Oran, and marched against Mascara; and, during ten days, passing through a country intersected by rivers, deep water-pools, and mountains, his progress was continually opposed by the emir at the head of his army. At Muley-Ismael, Abd-el-Kader accepted battle, but was compelled to retreat upon the Sig, where another combat took place; at last, having engaged a third time with the invaders at Sidi-Emborrat, and having been beaten, the Arabian chief, with a small body of cavalry, retreated to Cachero, where he was abandoned by the greater part of the chiefs of his party, and one of them, insulting him in his misfortune, carried off the parasol of feathers which is the distinction of the commander-in-chief, saying—*"We will return it to you when you become again our Sultan."*

Without being discouraged by these reverses, and unwilling to defend his capital uselessly, the young emir ordered the evacuation of Mascara, and as the Jews would not leave the town, the enraged Moors pillaged their houses, and massacred great numbers of them. The French entered the town soon after these scenes of slaughter and depredation had taken place, and there found the twenty-two cannons, and the carriages they had lost at the battle of Macta. Clausel, after having barbarously pillaged and consigned to the flames Mascara, and destroyed piece by

piece all the establishments of Abd-el-Kader, took possession of Tlemecen; but soon after his supposed annihilation, the emir, having renewed his hostile operations, the French were compelled to effect a precipitous retreat into Oran, while Abd-el-Kader intercepted the communication between Oran and Tlemecen.

General d'Arlanges, at the head of his division, supported by a strong park of artillery, undertook to re-establish the intercepted communication, but met with so formidable a resistance that he was obliged to sacrifice a vast number of troops two leagues from Tlemecen before victory declared in his favour. Two days after this event, while advancing towards Tlemecen by the river Tafna, Abd-el-Kader fell upon them so vigorously, and so suddenly, that, notwithstanding the superiority of their artillery and manœuvres, they were driven in great confusion into their fortified camp.

Encouraged by this success, the emir established his head-quarters between the Isser and the Tafna, and disposed his Arabs in such a manner as to intercept again the communications between General d'Arlanges and Oran; the French were thus in a truly distressing situation; for, being surrounded on every side by the Arabs, with scarcely any communication with Oran by sea, their provisions began to get so scarce, that in order to feed the army, they were obliged to kill and eat their horses during three months. Their dangerous position having excited great alarm both in the African colony and in France, General Bougaud, with a fresh and imposing army, was despatched to Oran, in order to deliver the division of General d'Arlanges from the Arabs, and having advanced towards the fortified camp of the Tafna, he succeeded in introducing into it both provisions and ammunition. After some days of hesitation, he marched on his right towards Oran, with the intention of turning the position of Abd-el-Kader. The chief was too politic to suffer this, and therefore avoided several times engaging with Bougaud's division; but at last he was compelled to give battle at the confluence of the Isser and the Sullif; and there, as at Tafna, he commanded his infantry in person, and by a very able manœuvre, succeeded in attacking

at the same time the van and the rear of the French army; but having opened his centre too much, General Bougaud, profiting by his mistake, and making use of his powerful artillery, after a long and destructive battle, completely defeated the Arabs; Abd-el-Kader, at the head of his cavalry, protected the retreating army until it took a strong position behind the Sullif.

This victory of General Bougaud did little to advance the welfare of the French in Africa, and the negotiations for a new treaty of peace and alliance being chiefly managed *through the Jews*, the emir of Mascara soon found the means of obtaining not only honourable conditions, but of being again recognised as the rightful owner of his former dominions, with an accession of territory, and new commercial advantages, under the apparent humiliation of paying a small annual tribute, in provisions, to the French.

After the conclusion of this treaty, Abd-el-Kader having learned by experience that, notwithstanding his indefatigable application to the art of war, his extraordinary energy on the field of battle, and his tact in organizing his troops, he could not rally around his standard the natives, of whom he had declared himself both the chief and the protector, without a wise and systematic administration, he determined, as far as his circumstances permitted, to establish in his dominions a regular plan of finance, commerce, and justice; and as when travelling through Egypt he had observed with great attention the organization which Mohammed Ali had introduced amongst his subjects, he determined to emulate that reforming pacha.

Following this wise determination, when the French sent a second expedition against Constantina, under General Darlemont, and accomplished its conquest—and again when under the direction of Marshal Vallée they took possession of the khalifats of Sabel, Ferdjiousah, and Medjanah—he did not interfere, but occupied himself entirely in civilizing and training his subjects to military and commercial pursuits, and cultivating friendly feelings amongst the chiefs of the tribes under his protection, in establishing a strict mone-

poly of all the articles of merchandise, in superintending on behalf of the Arabs the exchange of their products, and horses, and camels, for the cotton, silk, iron, steel, and other commodities offered to them by the French.

However, when Marshal Vallée, accompanied by the late Duke of Orleans, was taking a military survey of the French conquests, and at the same time was endeavouring to throw obstacles in the way of the aggrandizement of the emir of Mascara, by secretly fomenting discord amongst the Arabian chiefs, Abd-el-Kader, on his side, resorted to every expedient to excite the Mussulman tribes against the Christians, and urged them to engage in a sacred war to extirpate the invaders from the African soil. For this purpose religious and military emissaries were sent by him amongst the different tribes, while he himself moved from place to place, busily employed in preparing for the sudden outbreak which he meditated.

When he thought the time favourable for declaring war, on the 18th of November, 1839, he addressed a letter to Marshal Vallée, commander-in-chief of the French army in Africa, in which he stated that all the faithful Mussulmans having determined on a sacred war against the Christians, he had used all his efforts to prevent them, but that no alternative was now left him but to side with them, and obey the law of his religion, which commanded war against the infidels.

On the 20th of November, the emir, at the head of his army, crossed the Chetif, and began the work of devastation in the great plain of Mitidja. Clouds of Bedouin Arabs surrounded the French posts, which were attacked and driven in, and a battalion was cut off and destroyed. The farms of the colonists were set on fire, and their villages razed to the ground. The French, taken by surprise, suffered at first a considerable loss, and were driven back into the province of Algiers. Notwithstanding that Marshal Vallée and four able generals, having under their command an effective and disciplined army of sixty thousand men, and twelve thousand horses and mules, were engaged against them, Abd-el-Kader bravely

opposed them, but after the first surprise was over, although he fought with intrepidity and skill, and during the year 1840 caused them a loss of more than twenty thousand men, and almost the entire ruin of all the colonists, he had no prospects of victory; his military and financial resources began to fail, particularly as almost the whole of the tribe of the Hadjoutes, who are described by Marshal Valée as the fiercest and most warlike of the Arabs, had been entirely destroyed by the French.

The emir, therefore, towards the beginning of 1841, retreated into his possessions, and was endeavouring to prepare for a new campaign, when the French army, having been re-inforced by twenty thousand new troops from France, and with three thousand five hundred more horses, and one thousand eight hundred more mules, the governor-general of Algiers decided on striking a decisive blow at Abd-el-Kader. By the instrumentality of the Jews, some of his best supporters were bribed to abandon his cause; and, after having fought four battles in his own dominions, in all of which he was defeated, he at last, seeing that he could no longer fight with any chance of success, with his few faithful followers disappeared from the theatre of war, and retreated amongst the tribes of the desert.

The French accounts announced the total extermination of the powerful emir of Mascara, and even spread the report that he had been assassinated by one of the Beys, who had been ill-treated by him during his grandeur. But Abd-el-Kader, faithful to the promise that he had made to Colonel Duberail, in his letter of the 8th August, 1833, that *he would oppose the French for ever, and wage a continual war against them*, has been ever since wandering amongst the inhabitants of the desert, spreading amongst them civilization, military discipline, and, above all, fomenting the hatred of a foreign yoke; and, in fact, there has not been a single fight between the French and the Arabs, where Abd-el-Kader, like the Arabian phoenix, has not fallen with his cavalry upon the invaders of his country: and the *Moniteur Universel* of 7th August, 1842, announcing a great check that General Changrenier has lately met with in

Algeria, ascribes it to the unexpected and powerful attack of the ex-emir of Mascara, at the head of the Arabian cavalry, adding that this time Abd-el-Kader had returned into the desert towards Morocco: and General Bougaud, in his official report of the operations of the army under his command, dated the 17th September, 1842, assures the minister of war that the power and influence of the ex-emir had been entirely annihilated, and that all the Arabian chiefs had at last abandoned him. Notwithstanding this declaration, on the 22nd of December, 1842, Abd-el-Kader, at the head of a numerous cavalry, and supported by many Arabian chiefs, again entered into the French possessions, suddenly attacking the province of Miliana, massacred all the military posts, and destroyed all the habitations and farms of the French colonists; and, after having bravely defended himself from the attacks of the army under General Changrenier, disappeared from the scene of battle, and went to foment amongst the Arabs of the desert their natural hostility against the invaders. Thus we find that in the beginning of January, 1843, many tribes, which had submitted to the French yoke, all of a sudden have revolted, and resumed warlike operations under the command of Abd-el-Kader; and so alarming were their movements, that General Bougaud was compelled to put himself at the head of all his forces, the garrison of Algiers included, in order to check the spreading of this insurrection, which has again manifested itself amongst the Arabs; while General Changrenier, with the troops under his command, has advanced from Miliana to support the operations of the commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding all these imposing and well-combined plans, General Bougaud, in his despatches of the 5th February last, announces to the French government that, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather and of the impracticability of the roads, he has not been able to destroy Abd-el-Kader and his adherents; but in the meantime, he adds, that he has severely punished the chiefs of those tribes who had embraced the cause of the ex-emir, and that, as soon as the season will permit, he will put an end to the war in northern Africa. However, the *Moniteur Universel* of the 3rd of April instant, publishes a

report of General Bougaud to the minister-at-war, by which it appears, that on the 14th February last the French division under the command of General Bar, which, according to the plan of the commander-in-chief, was advancing towards the revolted Arabian tribes, was so suddenly and bravely attacked by the Arabs under the command of Abd-el-Kader, that it was not only defeated, but compelled to fall back in great confusion into Algeria; and this unexpected check has so much deranged the military operations of the French, that General Bougaud has been obliged to alter the plans he had formed for the spring campaign.

But Abd-el-Kader is still at liberty, and wandering amongst his Arabs: and the minister at war has already demanded one million five hundred thousand pounds for the service of the army employed in Algeria in 1843; and this exorbitant sum does not portend any speedy settlement of the Guerilla warfare which is raging between the French and the Arabs.

In a country like northern Africa, and with a spirit like that of the Arabian chief, it is difficult to foretel the result of this contest. The power of France may prolong the war until his energies are exhausted; but, however that may be, he has already done enough to deserve to be handed down to posterity as a man who, born and bred in a barbarous country, and in the midst of ignorant and savage tribes, has by his own exertions greatly improved his natural abilities; and, through his unremitting efforts, good example, and enduring

perseverance, has already effected a wonderful revolution in his country—having introduced civilization and financial and commercial organization into his dominions, and military discipline and habits amongst his soldiers and the other inhabitants of the desert.

Abd-el-Kader is a man of delicate health. His person is below the middle size, his complexion pale, and his eyes rather thoughtful and melancholy. He is naturally a man of few words, but when engaged in conversation he is full of animation and brilliant imagination. By a strange peculiarity amongst his countrymen, he has had but one wife, the daughter of his paternal uncle, whom he married when he became emir of Mascara, and with whom he has always lived in perfect conjugal harmony during both his prosperity and adversity. When he is not in the field of battle, his manner of living is both simple and laborious. During his greatness, every morning, at six o'clock he attended the hall of audience, where a vast number of his subjects daily resorted, in order to obtain his advice and decision on any subject that concerned their welfare. At twelve o'clock he retired into his private cabinet, and there remained until three, attending to his own affairs, and to the despatch of public business. At six o'clock, *r. m.*, he regularly attended the mosque, where, every Friday, to fulfil his duty as a Marabout, he read the prayers, and explained the Koran to the congregation. Thus, the emir of Mascara became daily more popular amongst his countrymen.

STANZAS

Suggested by Mr. Rothwell's Fainting of "The Young Mendicant's Noviciate."

Is this a fiction? Are the beings here,
Forms dwelling only in the Artist's mind;
Creations of the thought, which disappear,
Leaving their haunting memories behind,—
Are they not rather such as we may find
Daily around us on life's toilsome way,
And pass unnoticed, made by custom blind,—
Till Genius brings them underneath its sway,
And with the fire of Heaven thus makes immortal—clay!

It is not fancy—sorrow-stricken child,
Too much sad truth is in thy wistful glance;
Methinks I've seen thee when thy young lip smiled,
And joy was in thy beaming countenance—
Those eyes that look so timidly askance,
Have they not mirrored back, in infant glee,
Thy sire's fond glances, when he loved to dance
Thy baby form all lightly on his knee;
And saw the budding hope of coming years in thee?

I feel thou wast thy father's favourite,
The earliest offspring of no common love,
Such as we fondly hope Heaven may requite
With more than common blessing—and he strove
To make *his* worthy blessing from above—
Vainly 'twould seem, if this life's narrow span
Could aught of Heaven's designs eternal prove—
But God's ways are inscrutable to man,
Which oft, alas! he dares presumptuously to scan!

He died—perchance he had been one of those
Whose names become as household words to men,
For his young heart was swelling with the throes
Of Genius—but his story wherefore pen?
The like hath often been, and will again.
He hoped—he trusted: Disappointment came—
Despondence followed—want and sickness then—
Till the free spirit fled the shattered frame,
And Death usurped the spoils which were the right of Fame!

He died—and left thee to a mother's care,
Who needed care herself as much as thou;
Alas! that blow had driven her to despair,
But woman's love gave firmness to her now.
Thy helpless infancy would not allow
Her perishing—and the dear claim of one
As yet unborn, forbade her soul to bow
Beneath a storm, whose fury but begun,
Should wreck full many a hope ere its rude course was run.

Poor boy—that mother watched thy infancy
 With more than mother's fondness—in thy face
 Her dim and tearful eye was wont to see
 The one loved image nothing could erase ;
 And as she held thee in her close embrace,
 And hushed thy little woes, a transient smile
 Upon her features one at times could trace,
 As Hope would momentarily her grief beguile,
 Which mocks the soul too oft with bright deceptive wile.

Hope can no more deceive her with its ray,
 Nor sorrow rend again her gentle breast—
 The tears of Heaven fall lightly on her clay,
 And her pure spirit mingles with the blest :
 Yet mirth is on *thy* lip—the last she prest—
 Alas ! unconscious of the pang which rent
 Her heart at parting thee, beloved the best,
 Of all save one, when the deep woes long pent
 Within her suffering soul in that last gasp found vent !

Thou art too young her miseries to feel,
 Thou canst not feel thy own—all things are bright
 To thy enchanted vision, and reveal
 Fair fancies robed in draperies of light.
 Thou lovest the sunbeam, and the purple night
 Has starry wonders for thy gazing eye ;
 Thou drestest not that storms the flower may blight—
 Shut out the sunbeam, and obscure the sky,
 Thou knowest not wherefore 'tis we weep for those who die.

Oh ! childhood's heart is like the budding vine,
 That strays untrained along the garden ground,
 And recks not, so the sunbeam on it shine,
 How many a blooming thing may fade around :
 But when it has expanded, and hath found
 Something to cling to, with its tendrils, fast,
 Tear from its grasp the treasure it hath bound,
 And all its freshness and its vigour past,
 It droops and dies away, as smote by Autumn's blast.

Yes ! manhood brings the power to deeply feel,
 And all deep feeling soon consumes the heart,
 Outworn by Passions which it must conceal,
 Till blighted past the aid of human art,
 Living not in itself, but grown a part
 Of others' being, and to double woe
 Thus doomed, and pointing for itself the dart.
 But grief is man's best heritage below,
 As all who've known the thoughts that spring from sorrow know !

This thou hast yet to learn, unconscious boy :
 But time will teach the lesson—harsh and cold ;
 Making too palpable the dark alloy
 Which youth's bright alchemy would turn to gold.
 And yet, I feel thou hast a spirit bold
 To wrestle with thy fate ; and in thine eye,
 Spite of its downcast shyness, I behold
 A glance prophetic of aspirings high,
 And burning thoughts which shall not all unspoken die.

Alas! unlike the drooping flower beside thee,
 That bends beneath stern fortune's icy blast;
 Though with a sister's love she strives to guide thee
 Safe through the perils round thy pathway cast.
 Her thought too vividly recalls the past,
 And all that made it happy; and too well
 With the dark present can its dreams contrast;
 For her the wand of Hope hath lost its spell,
 Nor can its magic more her bitter sorrows quell.

Well may she droop—condemned a world to roam,
 In which the friendless seldom find a friend;
 Perchance yon guide-post pointed to the home,
 Where, o'er her sleep, fond looks used once to bend,
 And towards it now, with gladsome step may wend
 Old playmates, as they near their cheerful cot,
 Who hail the sign that points their journey's end,
 At hand, while desolate, she leaves the spot,
 Which once possessed for her, what now the world has not!

And whither will she turn? It recks not much,
 No smile shall greet her on her lonely way,
 Save his whose smiles but add a deeper touch
 Of Sorrow, to the woes that on her prey.
 She knows that care must quickly cloud their ray;
 For grief has given her foresight, and her eye
 Sees in the dreary future many a day
 Of want and misery, which shall sorely try
 His boyish heart, nor leave its tearful fount long dry!

And will none heed her story of distress?
 Alas! she speaks it not. Her features pale,
 Her shrinking attitude, her faded dress—
 Remnants of better days—must tell her tale.
 However rudely Poverty assail
 Her heart, she cannot learn the beggar's tone,
 And oft her silent eloquence must fail
 To win compassion, where the studied moan]
 Of well-feigned want may gain a mite from wealth o'ergrown.

Yet silence veils all feelings deep and strong,
 Perchance because the tongue wants power to lend
 Them utterance, and the heart resents the wrong
 Of speaking them in part, nor will descend
 With words inadequate such thoughts to blend;
 And thus they rest unspoken—and the heart,
 Struggling with its emotions to the end,
 Breaks with its secret, scorning to impart
 Aught, since to tell the whole exceeds expression's art.

Though, sometimes, it will seek to breathe in song,
 Its inarticulate throbblings—deeming well
 That for all passionate souls, there doth belong
 To melody a strange and mighty spell;
 A power which in mere language doth not dwell,
 That the heart's secret impulses obey,
 Though whence the power arise, we cannot tell:
 But read the Poet's mightiest verse and say
 Doth it not waken thoughts far deeper than his lay?

But why thus wander?—thy imploring mien
 Might well in truth my straying thoughts recal,
 I would thy gentle face I had not seen,
 For I, alas! can yield thee solace small,
 And I too well foresee what must befall
 In this cold world, thy weak defenceless form.
 Far sterner hearts than thine it might appal,
 To meet the brunt of that relentless storm,
 Bare to whose icy blast thou layest thy bosom warm.

Yet go! though sorrow shade thy girlish brow,
 Shame shall not darken it—nor sorrow long.
 'Tis all too fair for rugged age to plough
 His furrows on—and thou, to bear the wrong
 The weak on Earth must suffer from the strong.
 This 'tis not in thy Destiny to brave.
 No—happier thou—the lark shall wake his song
 And the first flowers of early Spring shall wave
 Their bright and delicate leaves above thy humble grave.

Haply—it may be after many years,
 And sterner struggles, keeping Fate at bay—
 A brother's eye shall water, with its tears
 The sod that greenly wraps thy cherished clay.
 And thoughts may steal across him of to-day,
 And feeling's long-sealed fount o'erflow again;
 But, of the future more I may not say,
 Shadowing forth idle phantoms of the brain,
 And weaving webs of thought, it may be all in vain.

And yet not all in vain—for to the mind
 Thoughts are realities, and fictions things
 That have enduring forms; and oft we find
 The seal around such phantoms closer clings,
 Than to what men call real—and its wings
 Refuse to bear it earthward—and perchance
 When seeming thus to dream, it only flings
 Its mortal veil aside, and in its trance
 A fairer world reveals strange beauties to its glance.

M. J. B.

LAURA WILLOUGHBY.

BY THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

AMONGST the numerous loose sketches which have found their way into my portfolio, there is one, which, though in no way remarkable in itself, I can never look upon without a feeling of melancholy. It is not my own work, but was given to me many years ago by an old painter, under whom I studied for some months previous to entering on my own professional career. It is the design for a half-length female portrait, and represents a lady seated under a spreading-tree, the head of a magnificent setter-dog resting on her lap. The lady's face is rather pretty, and very youthful; and the artist has thrown a careless grace into the attitude, and an expression of innocent happiness into the clear blue eyes, that make it very life-like. Still, it is merely a sketch, and the face has plenty of prototypes in every ball-room and boarding-school. But there is a history attached to the original of that sketch—a strange, sad history, which invests it with a fearful interest. He from whose pencil it proceeded, knew the actors in that dire tragedy well; and though years had elapsed since its terrible consummation, he ever spoke of it with the shuddering horror with which he might have related an occurrence of yesterday. So often, indeed, did he allude to it, that it seems to me as if I had myself known the parties concerned; and if, in rehearsing its events, I speak as if they had taken place under my own observation, it will only prove what a vivid impression has been made on my mind and memory by their very recital.

There was never a marriage that gave more satisfaction to the friends of the principal parties, than that of Stephen Willoughby, of Willoughby Manor, to Laura, third daughter of Sir Edward Thornhill. To the bridegroom's immediate relatives, a widowed mother and two maiden aunts, it was gratifying that the only scion of their house should marry—particularly gratifying in his case—for various reasons. In the first place,

he was already on the shady side of thirty, and becoming so deeply tinged with old bachelor fastidiousness, that it seemed doubtful if he would ever marry at all. Secondly, the bride, though portionless, was of good family, tolerably pretty, and reported very amiable; and your fastidious people, when they *do* marry, not unfrequently form alliances, more extraordinary than pleasing in the eyes of their affectionate relatives. Lastly, his wife would probably act as a check on a somewhat erratic disposition, which prompted him to spend much of his time in foreign travel, which his mother, who doated on her son, exceedingly disapproved of.

On the part of the lady's family, there were even more cogent reasons for being well satisfied. Sir Edward Thornhill had a hopeful family of four daughters and two extravagant sons, no small incumbrances on an already embarrassed estate. Laura, though rather pretty, was by no means so beautiful as her sisters. Lady Thornhill observed, that the others were sure to make good matches some day, but Laura's was considered a very doubtful case. Then she was a giddy girl, according to the report of her mamma and the governess; and it was delightful to have her placed early under the protection of so steady and sensible a man as Mr. Willoughby was esteemed to be. He had met her in some of his wanderings at the house of a mutual friend, where she had been permitted to spend a week, untrammelled by her governess or her elder sisters. He had been struck by her simplicity, her prettiness, her unaffected gaiety: in fact, he had fallen in love with her, without very well knowing why or wherefore: had followed her home—been most hospitably received—proposed for her—and married her—all within three months after their first interview! To the bride of seventeen, it seemed that she was under the enchantment of a dream, when she found herself in all the glories of a lilac satin pelisse, hat and feathers, and a Brussels veil—

rolling northwards as fast as four horses could carry her, on her way to the Lakes, "whither," as the newspapers formally announced, "the happy pair had proceeded to spend the honeymoon."

The "happy pair" were *really* very happy, though the springs of their felicity were somewhat different. Willoughby's love was mingled with the proud satisfaction of feeling he had won something of a prize, for such he considered the young and unsophisticated creature whom he had that morning made his own. He was framing to himself a thousand schemes for their future manner of life, and he was imagining all the secret good qualities and faculties which were yet to unfold in his Laura's character, under his own fostering care. She was to become a perfect pattern of a wife in his hands. He supposed, because her manners were artless, and different from those of the artificial society in which he had heretofore mixed, that he had found a model of purity, innocence, and simplicity, which yet, with judicious training, would expand into an admirable woman. He had talked to her sometimes on his favourite themes of poetry, of philosophy, of science; and because her sweet blue eyes had looked up wonderingly in his face, he thought their glance bespoke silent admiration; and because she had assented to all his opinions, and disapproved of all he differed from, he fancied that he beheld the workings of a superior mind, just opening to a consciousness of its powers, awakening, as it were, from the sleep of its childhood. He had always wished to marry, but his morbid fastidiousness had hitherto stood in his way. He had flirted, and sentimentalized, and *half-loved*, amongst the beautiful, the proud, the gifted: but ever and anon, some revealing of petty vanity, or undue haughtiness, or mortal weakness, had scared away his affection just as it was about to settle; and year after year his quest seemed to grow more and more hopeless. Therefore, when Laura Thornhill appeared, and his hasty decision was made, it was a relief to feel that he was committed beyond the power of retraction, and that his wandering mind *must* now abide by its choice.

Laura was perhaps even happier in

her own way, though her thoughts were very differently employed. To childish to understand the solemn responsibilities of a wife, too ignorant to perceive how far her future happiness was in her own power, she felt a girlish exultation in the mere fact of *being a bride*. She was naturally too good-natured to experience any thing like *malicious* triumph in the idea of being married, and married well, before either of the beautiful elder sisters whose whole souls and schemes during the last five or six years had been directed towards the attainment of a similar object; but still it was a pleasant feeling that she could not now be *left on hand*; that she, on whom her mother had least speculated—*who* had been daily reproved for awkwardness, and always dressed in a far less expensive style than the *belles* of the family—should have escaped the long lectures on mismanagement and imprudence, so often delivered even to her more attractive sisters, and which in *her* case she felt would have been ten times more severe. They, the fair Alicia and Juliana, were tall, finely-formed girls, with rich masses of chestnut brown hair, chiselled features, and manners polished to the very last gloss of perfection. *She* was a small, slight creature, with a delicately fair skin, it is true, and a pair of very pretty blue eyes, but without any regularity of feature; with a nose that was neither Grecian, nor Roman, nor aquiline; with teeth which, though white, were far from even, and with hair which, inclining to red, could scarcely, by the utmost stretch of charity, be denominated auburn, whilst it obstinately refused to be braided, or *Madonna'd*, or smoothed into any fashionable form whatsoever. A most hopeless subject had mamma always considered her: and to be away from sighs over her deficiencies, and reproaches for her unformed manners; to have risen at once from the giggling insignificance of a mere school-girl, to the dignity of a wedded wife; to wear what she pleased; to have a maid of her own whom nobody dared call away in the night of her toilette; and to be coveted and looked up to as the future champion of sisters and cousins amongst whom she had hitherto been unnoticed—*oh*! it was too much happiness, and she

sate sobbing beside her husband in a transport of delight too great for utterance. How little was Willoughby aware of the thoughts that were passing in bright confusion through her mind! What rare sensibility did he give her credit for! what deep home affections! what feminine delicacy! If he had loved her *before* their marriage, he was disposed to worship her *now*.

The honeymoon was over, passed as honeymoons frequently are, much rapture at first, a great deal of sight-seeing, and during the last week an unacknowledged sense of weariness, and an increasing, though secret, longing to be at home and amongst friends again. Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby were to make the manor-house their residence until the commencement of the London season, and thither they repaired, Sir Edward and Lady Thornhill, with their two elder daughters, and the usual members of Mrs. Willoughby's family being there to receive them: a succession of visiting, and the reception of a great deal of company, occupied them fully for some weeks; and during that time Willoughby was really surprised at the rapid improvement which appeared to be taking place in his wife. She looked prettier than he had ever hoped she would; her manners became more womanly and fashionable, and her gay, good humour made her the life of their circle. Willoughby grew prouder of her as he saw her admired by others, and a thousand times did he congratulate himself on the taste and penetration which had enabled him to choose a wife so wisely. What delight he promised himself in the development of her mind when their *domestic* life should really begin. Alas! he saw but the surface. He did not perceive that Laura was merely improved in outward circumstances—that handsome dresses and glittering ornaments set off her face and figure—that prosperity and the gaiety in which they lived kept her in perpetual good humour—and that her manners had merely caught a reflection from those of the persons around her. He had yet to find out how completely vanity was establishing its empire in her soul, and that her light and unimpressible mind remained as vacant as ever. She was happy, but *he* was

not the mainspring of her happiness. He was already second in her affections to the toys with which he had surrounded her. The party assembled at Willoughby Manor at length dispersed, and the master and mistress of the mansion were left to themselves. Willoughby had looked forward to this season of quietness as the time when he should taste the first draught of real domestic happiness, and enjoy without interruption the society of his beloved Laura. It did not take long to destroy the illusion he had so fondly cherished. Laura was no longer uniformly cheerful. She had fits of nerves and vapours which had not entered into his calculations. She was not always ready to walk or read with him when he wished it; indeed the very sight of a book was often sufficient to give her a headache. For conversation, when carried beyond the merest gossip, he soon found she had no relish; and he could not teach her his favourite game of chess, no, not even the moves. Before six weeks of their seclusion had gone by, the whole truth had become plain to him: he had married a pretty doll, whilst he hoped he was securing an intelligent companion; he had united himself to a mere girl, who had neither depth of feeling, superiority of intellect, or strength of character.

Bitter was his disappointment, and rendered ten times more severe by the secret consciousness that he had been his own deceiver. He had mistaken Laura's natural buoyancy of spirit for the sparkling on the surface of an inexhaustible mine of wit and imagination. He had supposed that the attention with which she had listened when he spoke on subjects beyond the reach of her comprehension, proceeded from a real wish to be instructed. He was not aware that from the day of his first visit at the Thornhills, Laura had been taught to look on him as a prize which it was her bounden *duty* to secure if possible, and that she had been desired not to contradict him on any point, but to pay the utmost deference to every opinion he expressed. This was all easy enough. Laura had no particular opinion on any subject of higher importance than the colour of a ribbon, or the fashion of a gown, and these *then* seemed matters below Mr. Willoughby's notice. But he

now found; to his seat, that the gentle listener, who looked approbation of every sentence he uttered *before* their union, could be as obstinate as any one in upholding her own opinion when he ventured to interfere in any trifling matter within the sphere of her own personal concerns.

Nothing annoyed Willoughby more than her pertinacity on these occasions, and he was angry with himself for being annoyed, for of what real consequence could it be to him whether Laura wore white or blue, or whether her album was bound in purple silk or crimson morocco?—of none in the world, and yet he hated to be contradicted, and, he argued within himself, it *did* matter that she should yield obedience to his wishes in small things as well as great. In fact, before four months of their married life had past, Laura looked on Willoughby as almost a tyrant, and he set her down as little better than a stubborn simpleton. Still there was a lingering feeling on the part of both which confined the evidences of their anger to the kindling eye, the flushing cheek, and a constrained politeness of speech, whilst each clung vehemently to their own view of the matter in dispute, whatever it might be. But one day they quarrelled outright, and poor Willoughby had the satisfaction of seeing his lady in a violent passion. It was merely the rage of a child, ending in a flood of tears and sobs, and a few hours' sulkiness; had it partaken of the grand and terrible order of passion he would probably have respected her more. But luckily the storm had arisen only two days before they were to set out for London, a circumstance which was highly favourable to its early clearing up, inasmuch as the expected journey occupied the foremost place in Laura's thoughts and wishes. The day after the quarrel there was no trace of its existence in the blue eyes and dimpled cheeks of the youthful wife; she did not even seem to think that a formal reconciliation was required, nor did she love Willoughby one whit the more or less on account of it. Her father and mother quarrelled sometimes, and so did many of their friends, and she seemed to consider it in the light of an inevitable circumstance, which had to be gone through like any other domestic duty.

Willoughby did not so easily forget it; he felt as if the last vestiges of his happiness were melting away before his eyes, and in his jaundiced view of the case his wife seemed a being *altogether* devoid of any sense of duty or tenderness of feeling. He sat listening to her frivolous tattle as to what they should first do when they reached town, and whom they should visit, and whether they should be asked to Lady L.'s or Lady D.'s, and what she should wear on those important occasions, until he was nearly mad with impatience and vexation.

Had Mr. Willoughby been really judicious, he might yet, by a prudent course of conduct, have left himself little to regret in his marriage. Though he had failed in obtaining a *intellectual* wife, he might, perhaps, have moulded a tolerably amiable one out of the young and wayward creature whom he had united himself. Lam belonged to that class of women who may be pretty well managed by a kind though firm treatment, but who are roused into open rebellion by anything like harshness, or the appearance of contempt for the inferiority of their understanding. Unfortunately, Mr. Willoughby had now acquired this contempt for his wife's mental qualifications, and was little disposed to consult either her taste or judgment on any occasion whatever; thereby exciting in her weak and ill-regulated mind a feeling akin to thorough dislike.

They arrived in London, however, and the various engagements and amusements which occupied their time left them little opportunity for private bickerings: Indeed Willoughby began to think in a week or two that Laura really was becoming less childish and fretful. She was once more gay and good-humoured, and played her part in society very creditably. She had a great facility in catching something of the manner and style of conversation of those with whom she associated without appearing a downright copyist, and the society into which her husband introduced her was of a very superior kind, including not only the noble and the wealthy, but a considerable number of the gifted of the land. He was making considerable progress in her return to Willoughby's town, when he saw one day, with an equal

thrill of delight at his heart, that she was perusing, with apparent interest, a book of a very superior class to any he had hitherto been able to induce her to read. He took the book from her hand for a moment, despite a faint effort on her part to retain it, and laid the momentary flush, that crossed her features as she relinquished it, to the account of the gratification she must feel at having her studies noticed and approved. He did not observe the *name* inscribed on the fly-leaf of the volume, and even had he done so, it is improbable that he would have attached any importance to the fact of *who* the owner of the book might chance to be.

Mrs. Willoughby did not stand on the very highest step of the ladder of fashion. There were many young married belles more courted, more copied, more admired than she—but she had flatterers enough to keep up a perpetual flutter of vanity in her mind, and sufficient taste and tact to dress becomingly, and make herself most agreeable. Her house was an extremely pleasant one to visit. There you were sure to meet somebody worth meeting, or hear something worth hearing; and while her parties were free from the pedantic solemnity of mere literary reunions, or the cold inanity of extreme exclusiveness, they were sufficiently refined and intellectual. Though Willoughby was not in parliament himself, he took a deep and earnest interest in the politics of the time, and delighted to number amongst his companions those whose position permitted them to take an active part in them. Though not the most distinguished of this class of his friends, perhaps the one who was personally most endeared to him, was Horace Selby—they had been school-fellows and friends in their boyhood, and fellow-travellers during their first foreign tour. On their return to England, circumstances had separated them, but they had maintained an occasional correspondence, and it gave them both sincere pleasure to renew their friendly intercourse in town. Willoughby thought he had never seen any one so much changed for the better, as his friend. From a clever, but dreamy, and somewhat indolent youth, he had sprung into a thinking and active man; not, indeed, the *leader* of his party, but one of its best

supporters, a bold and eloquent speaker, an able and polished writer. It was strange that he could command so many hours in each day for walking and talking with Willoughby, and for lingering in his wife's *boudoir*. It is true, Willoughby was scarcely aware of the extent of these latter lingerings. They were daily, they were prolonged—and yet, not more than twice or thrice a week, did Mrs. Willoughby say, with a careless air—"Oh, I had almost forgotten that Mr. Horace Selby called on me this morning."

"*Called this morning!*" And he had been sitting at her work-table for hours, long before any other visitor could venture to appear, talking with such magic power as belonged to him alone—speaking of common-place things, things within the compass of her very moderate capacity—yet, investing every thing he touched upon with a light and poetry it had never worn before, and gradually uplifting that unstable mind of hers, by the very strength of his own, to something like thought and imagination! She would sit listening to his description of some foreign scene, or some new achievement in art or science, till her embroidery would lie idly on her knee, and her clear blue eyes would be fixed on his eloquent face, (for every feature of Horace Selby's face was eloquent,) until their glances met his. Then the swift blush would suffuse her countenance, as she hurriedly resumed her employment—and as Horace Selby looked upon her, he wondered in his heart if the most *beautiful* woman was ever *lovelier*. Yes—he too was deceived; he, too, gave her credit for those mental qualities, whereof she possessed not one iota—and her infantine prettiness, and winning manners, were fast beguiling him of his heart and happiness.

Horace Selby was not an unprincipled man, or a scoundrel, as the world goes. He would have shrunk with horror from the idea of harbouring a thought injurious to the honour of his friend—and on his first acquaintance with Laura Willoughby, he had not the remotest apprehension of the possibility of danger. She seemed altogether too trifling and uninformed to interest him. But, one unlucky day, Selby called just at the conclusion of some dispute between Laura and her

husband, which had terminated, as usual, in a flood of tears from the lady, and an angry exit on the part of the gentleman.

Laura was preparing to quit the drawing-room, just as Selby entered by an opposite door, and he divined at once that she was in sorrow, and the cause of that sorrow. She neither spoke nor bowed, but she turned towards him one sad appealing look, and though it was but the vision of a moment, Horace never forgot that sorrowful face, so fair, and so childlike in its grief.

On the foundation of this unwonted apparition, he quickly formed a theory of his own. That Stephen Willoughby and his young wife did not live happily he had long suspected, and here was confirmation of the suspicion. He fancied that the fault must be Willoughby's, for he was often moody and gloomy, even in society—whilst Laura was always the same smiling, and apparently cheerful being—and Selby felt much inclined to charge the defective temper of Willoughby as the cause of their disagreements. He saw, too, the ill-disguised contempt with which Willoughby regarded his wife's understanding, and he was disposed to believe, that her frivolity arose from the want of proper encouragement being bestowed on the higher powers of her mind. He pitied her—he wished he could aid her—he made her aware, ay, without a word—of the interest she had excited in him, and before three months had passed, Laura Willoughby and Horace Selby were *friends*. That they were *lovers* was perhaps too much to say; yet Horace could not help owning to himself, that Laura interested him more than any other woman had ever done; and Laura could not forbear sighing as she contrasted his attentions, his indulgence, and his respectful deference to herself, with the conduct of her own husband. If an uneasy misgiving as to the state of his own feelings ever crossed Selby's mind, he quieted his conscience with the idea that he was going abroad in a few weeks on important business, and that it was scarcely worth while to deprive himself during the short time he remained in town of the society of Mrs. Willoughby's society. The fact was, however strange it may

seem, that so talented and courted a personage should have become so enthralled; he had fallen madly, desperately in love with the girlish wife of his friend, and it was in the teeth of fifty wise resolves that she should never be aware of the passion she had inspired, that the truth burst forth in all its fatal radiance on the very day of his departure. Yes, his lips told her in wild and broken accents, that he loved her, and wildly were they stamped on those that did not resist that pressure, as he clasped her to his bosom in a farewell embrace—so it was they parted. Well had it been if they had never met again! As soon as Horace Selby had left the house, Laura fled to her dressing-room, looked the door, and then sat down and cried heartily. Any one to have seen her at that moment would have supposed she had just become aware of some tremendous calamity, which had crushed her happiness at once and for ever. Far otherwise was the fact. She was heartily sorry for Horace Selby's departure, for he had amused and excited her; nay, she was now very sure she loved him. She felt also something like shame for the manner in which she had received his unguarded avowal, to which her conscience told her she had no right to listen for a moment. But then there was present a gleam of secret satisfaction, whose spring was gratified vanity, and she thought within herself, that if Horace *did* love her, he was more to be pitied than blamed. He could not help it; and now he was gone, no one would know any thing of the matter, and his passion could injure no one but himself. Then a knock at the room door caused her to start, and dry up her tears, and in ten minutes more she was in deep consultation with her maid and her milliner, and much puzzled by the problem, whether primrose crape, or pale blue satin would form the prettiest *chapeau*, wherein to appear at a morning *fête champêtre*. Day after day brought its own round of amusement and occupation, and by degrees, the image of Horace Selby grew fainter and fainter in her memory, until an event occurred that threatened to banish it altogether.

She became a mother—the mother of a little girl, who, in old phrase,

"brought its love with it." Surely there is no mind so light, no heart so insensible, as not to be in some degree solemnized and elevated, when called on to exercise that holiest affection, a mother's love. Even Mrs. Willoughby seemed inclined to forget her finery, her fashionable acquaintance, and all the follies that had hitherto occupied her mind, and to give herself up, heart and soul, to the nurture and society of her child. It was truly a noble babe—uniting the delicate skin and blue eyes of the mother, with something of Willoughby's commanding features. If the mother were altered by the arrival of the little stranger, so was the father. He seemed to take far less interest in politics and literature, than in dandling his infant daughter, and the hearts so sadly disunited, seemed to meet in purer affection than they had ever yet known, over the cradle of that beautiful child. Much of his early love for Laura seemed to revive; he rejoiced to see her under the hallowing influence of a strong natural affection, devoting herself to something better than dress and dissipation, and he inly vowed, as he gazed on the fair face and well-developed forehead of his infant, that all that careful training *could* do, should be done to rear her into a thinking and feeling woman.

Mrs. Willoughby recovered from her confinement very slowly, and her delicate health increased her husband's solicitude on her account. Two years passed away, and Laura, though suffering from no positive illness, was still considered an invalid, and was so much delighted to be petted and cared for—to be taken to watering-places in summer, and tended like a hot-house plant in winter—that she did not very greatly regret the loss of the brilliant parties to which she was forbidden by her "medical men" to go. She had always loved to be a person of consequence; and it was consequential to tell her mother and sisters (but one of whom had yet married, and that not so splendidly as had been anticipated) that Sir — *this*, and Dr. *the other*, had forbidden hot rooms and excitement, and recommended her to be kept as quiet as possible. The medical *taboo*, however, did not extend to the reception of a few select friends at home; and here the mistress of the

mansion was sure of a share of attention that was exceedingly gratifying to a mind like hers.

Another child was born to her—another daughter; and though Willoughby felt some secret disappointment that it was *only* a daughter, he tried to be content, and to welcome the little stranger as warmly as her elder sister. The birth of this infant seemed to have a restorative effect on the health of its youthful mother, who was now declared by the before-mentioned medical oracles to be "stronger than she had been for years." She was therefore relieved from the prohibition which had so long exiled her from the gay world, and, just as she re-entered it, Horace Selby returned from abroad.

He returned with feelings subdued and chastened by time, fully prepared to find Mrs. Willoughby with blanched cheek and sunken eye, prematurely withering for love of himself. He was prepared to see her thus—to bear the sight without betraying his passion and his self-reproach, and to be exceedingly heroic. He found her the smiling mother of two thriving children, well in health, and with a look of serene happiness about her, which her fondest well-wishers had hardly hoped to see, and in spite of his efforts to be glad, he was disappointed, piqued, and mortified. If she had been ill and unhappy, he would not have been surprised; and he had prepared a proper proportion of pity and self-upbraiding to meet the case; but for the actual state of things he had no course of conduct or feeling ready. She was certainly prettier, more graceful, and fully as youthful as ever; for the comparative seclusion of her life had preserved her complexion from the sallow and faded tint which dissipation almost invariably bestows early on its votaries. She was really a fond mother too; and the active exercise of any strong affection gives an increased intelligence to the countenance: to *hers* it was a marvellous improvement. Once more Horace Selby was admitted into the sanctuary of Mr. Willoughby's home, on the intimate footing which their long acquaintance seemed to warrant. Once more he looked familiarly on Mrs. Willoughby's fair face, and as he looked he sighed.

Her behaviour in his presence com-

pletely puzzled him. She met him with as little embarrassment, as cloudless a brow, as if he had never bent in worship before her, as if his wild words of farewell had never been spoken, his impassioned kiss given and returned. The past might have been a dream of his own imagination, for any sign of remembrance which she displayed. Day after day she talked to him of her children, her health, the scandal of the hour, or the latest new novel, with as much indifference as if they had never been more than the merest acquaintance. He did not understand it; he could not believe that this ease and prudence of manner were genuine. But if not, what an accomplished actress had Laura become! He was resolved to arrive at the truth, whatever the knowledge should cost him.

For the first time they were alone—at least no one but the children was present—the younger slumbering on a cushion at its mother's feet, the elder busied amongst her playthings. They were sitting, too, on the very spot where they had interchanged that passionate farewell. Yet Laura was talking on in her usual style—no matter of *what*—for sweet as her voice and graceful as her manner might be, she seldom said any thing particularly worth recording. But Horace Selby scarcely heard her; his thoughts were with the past; and at length, as if thinking aloud, he said in a low vexed tone—"And so you have forgotten all our meetings, and our last parting in this very place!" She checked her prattle at once; the smile died on her lip; her face turned first red, then pale; and, not daring to lift her eyes to his, she murmured—"No, no! let us never speak of it again!"

Six months had passed away, and again Horace Selby was almost a daily guest in Mrs. Willoughby's *boudoir*; but not as before, unobserved and unheeded. Jealousy had been awakened in Willoughby's mind. He conceived that Horace Selby had robbed him of even the limited affection Laura had bestowed on him; and that as her fancy or prepossession (he would not dignify it with the name of *love*) for Selby increased, her regard for himself diminished. He had so long looked on her as a mere frivolous puppet, whose narrow love or hatred scarcely

signified a straw, that the loss of such attachment as hers seemed scarcely worth a regret. But she had a power in her hands of which her folly could not divest her; she could disgrace him, she could make him a mark for the scorn of men, could bring dishonour to his name, and infamy on the heads of his innocent children; and when the thought of such a possibility passed through his mind, he felt as if he were going distracted.

He dreaded an open rupture with his wife. She was not sensible enough to be argued with or advised; and he saw that to breathe a word of his suspicion to herself would probably drive her from her home, and hasten the very catastrophe he dreaded. On the other hand, were his fears groundless, he knew that he should become an object of abhorrence to her friends and relatives, for he felt assured no motive of forbearance or prudence would prevent her proclaiming aloud how unjustly she had been suspected. He, therefore, subjected her to a strict though secret surveillance. Though she was unconscious of it at the time, her walks, her drives, her every movement were watched. She scarcely wrote a note or letter of which Willoughby did not know the purport; she seldom received one that had not passed through his hands. The first thing that made her aware of the system of espionage under which she lived, was the fact that she and Selby were never left alone for one instant. To tell the truth, she had formed no particular plan as to what was to be the consequence of the more than friendship that was now mutually avowed between them, and Horace Selby had never treated her but with the utmost respect. He asked no favour but to be near her; he never had hinted at her leaving her husband's home to find refuge with him. But when the truth came upon her mind that she was an object of suspicion, when she ascertained that for weeks Willoughby had each night locked the door of a gallery leading to her apartments, when she found she was virtually a prisoner at large, her anger and mortification knew no bounds—a vague but strengthening desire for revenge stole into her mind—she did not possess enough of the consciousness of innocence to urge her to seek her husband's

presence, and bitterly upbraid him for his injurious treatment; but, looking on herself as the object of unheard-of insult, she resolved that the time of vengeance, if ever it came, should not pass quietly by.

Though Mr. Willoughby was a man of considerable property, his income was not by any means so ample as that of many persons moving in the same sphere of life with himself; and some improvements, effected at a considerable expense, on his country estates, together with some losses, connected with an unfortunate speculation in which he had been induced to join, had so far crippled his means as to render something like economy necessary in his arrangements for a year or two, if serious embarrassment was to be avoided. His allowance of ready money to Laura was, therefore, not quite so large as it had been, though sufficient to supply all her reasonable wants; and this reduction in her finances piqued and annoyed her. Now she resolved, that if *money* were withheld from her she would use the *credit* that was sure to be allowed her as Mr. Willoughby's wife; and looking forward only to his vexation when the bills she incurred should be presented to him, she resolutely shut her eyes against the prospect of his anger towards herself.

Woe to the woman who stoops to use deceit in any matter; double and treble woe to her who practises that deceit upon her husband. How can her happiness be complete if *his* be imperfect? How can *her* interest be served when she would disserve it from his own? The wife who extravagantly expends that money which her husband can ill afford to part with—who teases or coaxes him into expenses which his better judgment tells him will eventually lead to debt and difficulty, must, indeed, be blinded by the petty triumph of having gained her point, if she does not perceive that she is shaking her own domestic peace to the very foundation. But even worse than this is the conduct of the woman who, shielded by her own legal irresponsibility, ventures to use the name of her husband in obtaining articles which she knows he would be neither able nor willing to purchase for her if asked to do so. Oh, I could write a chapter on the mean and paltry

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arts to which women—*ladies* by station, by fortune, and by education—have stooped in order to possess themselves of a handsomer dress, a richer shawl, or a more expensive bauble than their husbands could be induced to buy for them. Nay, they have even condescended to accept the connivance of their tradesmen in such matters. The articles they have procured for their own selfish gratification have been charged in the bill at the limit set by the prudence of their husbands, whilst the surplus of the *real* price was divided on the various items of family and household necessaries. Yes, such things *have been* and *are*. Sincerely do I trust no fair cheek may redden, no feminine heart rise in unwilling self-accusation, at the perusal of this passage. If, my fair reader, you have been tempted by vanity or any other feeling into acts like these, I beseech you never to repeat the offence. Imagine with what feelings your husband would regard you, should he by any means discover the deception you have been guilty of. Think how completely you place yourself in the power of others; for how can you be assured of the fidelity and secrecy of those you are compelled to make your confidants? How can you retain any shadow of self-respect, while you are in the habit of practising such degrading artifices? Consider all these things, I beseech you, and let this warning—an unexpected one, perhaps, in the midst of a tale like this—be indeed, a “word spoken in due season.”

It is true that Mrs. Willoughby did not descend to such low cunning as I have been speaking of. Her object was to *be revenged*, and her personal gratification was a secondary consideration. At every opportunity she contracted debts for things which, in many instances, were scarcely looked at, but thrown aside almost as soon as they entered her apartments. For some time Willoughby said very little on the subject. He made no remark, but paid the bills as they were presented to him, simply treating his wife with increased coldness and *hauteur*. But at last an account made its appearance, filled with a list of articles so useless, and so evidently obtained to irritate and annoy him, that Willoughby could no longer forbear giving

utterance to the bitter and angry feelings which had been so long fermenting in his heart. His jealous suspicions, too, were plainly proclaimed to her; and she was commanded to retire to her own apartments, and remain there during her husband's pleasure. This was more than Laura had calculated upon. She had expected to be upbraided, and was provided with numerous tart and caustic replies, wherewith to bear her part in the battle which she foresaw must take place. But to be silenced at once, *crushed* as it were by his anger, and treated as a prisoner and a criminal—this she was not prepared for. Taking advantage of the solitude in which she was left for some hours, she managed to pencil a note to Selby, which—heaven alone knows how—she managed to have conveyed to him that very evening. It contained a picture of her sufferings and her husband's cruelty, drawn in such vivid colours as an angry woman, no matter how dull her intellect may generally be, is never at a loss to supply. It implored Horace Selby's advice and assistance, as her "best, her kindest, her *only* friend."

By the same mysterious conveyance by which her note had reached his hands, an answer was transmitted to her on the following day. It was filled with expressions of devoted attachment, and entreated "that she would not hesitate to leave a house where she was no longer treated as its mistress, and to trust in the protection of one who would ever acknowledge her as the idol and queen of his affections."

A few moments' deliberation, a passing thought of her little children, a retreat from the influence of that thought into the fortress of her pride and resentment, and her doom was sealed.

It was midnight, all was still throughout the house, when a light figure, wrapped in a large shawl, stole noiselessly down the steps that led from the kitchen to the area. All had been carefully arranged for Laura's flight. Money and fair speeches had bribed one of the servants into Selby's interest, and keys, similar to those of the doors through which Mrs. Willoughby had to pass, had been provided for her. Her heart was in a tremor of apprehension, hope, excitement. She passed

the last door—she glided out into the silent street, and was caught—not in the embrace of Horace Selby, but in the grasp of her husband!

Not a word was spoken—he drew her back into the house, re-fastened the door, and leading—not dragging her along, for she made no resistance—he conducted her to her dressing-room—pushed her in—and she heard the key turned in the lock. She neither screamed nor wept, but sunk down on the floor stunned and insensible.

Ten years had passed away. Horace Selby was absent from England, and almost forgotten in that circle of which he had once been the centre and life. Laura was forgotten too, or only remembered as "that poor Mrs. Willoughby." The fit in which she had been found on the morning after the fatal night of her intended elopement, had ended in long and severe illness, and a partial deprivation of reason. Neither mother, nor sister, nor friend, nor even a doctor, was permitted to see her, except in her husband's presence; and though her bodily health was after some time restored in a measure, Willoughby would never allow her to be treated or spoken of as if she were able to leave her own apartments. By the world he was considered the pattern of an attentive husband. While, in fact, he was devoting his life to prevent the possibility of the cause of her confinement being known. He was, in fact, her gaoler; her children were seldom allowed to see her; but Willoughby had neither time nor inclination now to carry out the scheme of superior education he had originally designed for them, and which he had once fondly hoped to have superintended. They were early handed over to the tender mercies of an English maid and a French governess, and grew up just such girls as might have been expected, with beautiful persons, showy accomplishments, elegant manners, and principles—a blank. Oh, there was a fearful wreck of happiness in that family-circle—a tangled and unfertile wilderness, where there should have been a fair and fruitful garden. But Willoughby's prime object was gained—public disgrace and exposure were avoided; and if any one suspected that Laura had ever swerved from the fidelity of a wife, the report of that suspicion never reached Willoughby's ears.

Years after it was found that some *had more than guessed it*, but it was never openly spoken of, and no shade of dishonour rested on the heads of her daughters when they took their places amongst the fair and noble of the land.

Augusta Willoughby was seventeen, far more beautiful than ever her mother had been, with a strength of intellect seldom allotted to a woman; with manners, whose faultless ease and dignity fitted her to take her station with the noblest, and with pride enough for a sovereign princess. She entered the great world under the auspices of her godmother, the fashionable Lady Lepington. In six months more the papers announced that "a marriage was on the *tapis* between the Earl of C—, and the lovely and accomplished daughter of Stephen Willoughby, Esq.; and then it was that the usually passive mother ventured to prefer a request—"May I—oh! may I not be present at the marriage of my child?"

The petition was refused, and alas! the refusal was accompanied by useless reproaches. She was asked if she thought herself worthy to sit at the same table with her young and innocent daughter, and told that a blessing could scarcely attend a marriage polluted by her presence. She made no reply at the time, and Willoughby thought that, like many other of his upbraidings, the taunt had passed away, and left no impression on her mind. But *the mother* was touched in this instance, and the case was different.

The guests were assembled; the marriage feast was spread. The beautiful bride, now pale as marble, now blushing crimson, was about to retire to change her rich robe of white satin and Brussels lace for a more suitable travelling costume, and her father was beginning to return thanks to one of the party who had proposed the better health of the absent Mrs. Willoughby, when a servant, breathless and terrified, rushed into the room, and gasping forth, "My mistress—oh! my mistress," sank swooning on the floor. All started up, and Willoughby flew towards Laura's chamber, followed by most of the guests.

Yes; all was over. On the threshold of her own room lay the bleeding and lifeless form of Laura Willoughby. The blood was slowly welling from two or three deep gashes in her throat and neck, and her white wrapping gown and cap were stained with crimson. A small penknife, still grasped in her stiffening hand, had evidently been the instrument with which she had committed the awful deed. She had probably left her room under the influence of feverish excitement, and the sounds of merriment from below—their cause—and the remembrance that her own fatal folly had made her this day as an outcast and an alien in her husband's house; all these had conspired to destroy the faint remains of self-control in her weak and disturbed mind. Many there were who, taking the circumstances of her death in connection with some expressions to which Willoughby in his horror gave utterance, had a strong suspicion of the truth; but still the world at large knew little of the matter. Mrs. Willoughby's mental aberration was referred to causes purely physical, and the coroner's jury found a verdict of "temporary derangement."

It was thought not unlikely that Mr. Willoughby would marry again, especially after the nuptials of his youngest daughter, which took place about eighteen months after her mother's death. But he resisted all the allurements of the various fascinating widows and ladies of a certain age, who thought themselves exactly suitable to act as his consolers, and remained a widower to the end of a somewhat protracted life.

Horace Selby only survived Laura a few years. He died abroad and unmarried. The bitter self-upbraiding that seized him on hearing of Laura's decease, which he was fully persuaded arose entirely from her love for himself, gave a shock to his health and spirits from which he never recovered. He wrote a very long letter to Willoughby previous to his death, and it is certain that it reached its destination, but unfortunately for the curious reader, its contents have not transpired.

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE character of Ireland sixty or seventy years ago was an anomaly to the moral world. Though united to England for seven centuries, and every effort made during that period to assimilate the people to her sober, prudent, and wise-thinking neighbours, little progress seems to have been made in ingrafting their habits, manners, and modes of thinking on the wild Irish stock. The laws were promulgated, and sometimes enforced with unrelenting severity; yet there was no advance in the general improvement of the people. Even within the pale, or in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, the king's writ was nearly as much disregarded in the eighteenth century, as when Maguire of Fermanagh, in the sixteenth, demanded the price of the sheriff's head, that if his people cut it off, his *Eric* might be sent as a compensation to the Castle of Dublin. So little change was made in the moral feeling of the people, that laws were inoperative, evincing the truth of the satirist's remark, *Quid prosunt sine moribus leges*.

In former numbers of the *UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE*,* we were enabled to lay before our readers various details of the unfortunate George Robert Fitzgerald; the strange and almost incompatible traits of character he displayed; his alternate gentleness and ferocity, love of justice and violation of all law; his lenity and cruelty, patient endurance of wrong, yet perpetration of foul and atrocious murders. The scene of his outrages was, however, confined to a portion of Ireland separated from the rest by its local position on the remote shores of the Atlantic, seldom visited by strangers, having little intercourse with England, and either generally ignorant of its laws, or from long impunity, setting them altogether at defiance. The instances we have now to lay before our readers are examples of a kindred spirit existing among persons born and living within the pale of civilization, brought up among Ireland's best inhabitants, in constant intercourse with intelligent strangers, and having no excuse

from ignorance or seclusion, for violations of law and justice. We shall begin with the metropolis.

BUCKS AND RIOTERS IN DUBLIN.

At the period we refer to, any approach to the habits of the industrious classes by an application to trade or business, or even a profession, was considered a degradation to a gentleman, and the upper orders of society affected a most rigid exclusiveness. There was, however, one most singular pursuit in which the highest and lowest seemed alike to participate with an astonishing relish, viz., fighting—which all classes in Ireland appear to have enjoyed with a keenness now hardly credible even to a native of Kentucky. The passion for brawls and quarrels was as rife in the metropolis as elsewhere, and led to scenes in Dublin, sixty or seventy years ago, which present a most extraordinary contrast to society here at the present day.

Among the lower orders a feud and deadly hostility had grown up between the Liberty boys, or tailors and weavers of the Coombe, and the Ormond boys, or butchers who lived in Ormond-market on Ormond-quay, which caused frequent conflicts; and it is in the memory of many now living that the streets, and particularly the quays and bridges, were impassable in consequence of the battles of these parties. The weavers descending from the upper regions beyond Thomas-street poured down on their opponents below; they were opposed by the butchers, and a contest commenced on the quays which extended from Essex to Island bridge. The shops were closed; all business suspended; the sober and peaceable compelled to keep their houses, and those whose occasions led them through the streets where the belligerents were engaged, were stopped, while the war of stones and other missiles was carried on across the river, and the bridges were taken and retaken by the hostile parties. It will hardly be believed in the

* Nos. 91, 92, and 93—July to September, 1840.

present efficient state of our police, that for whole days the intercourse of the city was interrupted by the feuds of these parties. The few miserable watchmen, inefficient for any purpose of protection, looked on in terror, and thought themselves well acquitted of their duty if they escaped from stick or stone. A friend of ours has told us that he has gone down to Essex-bridge, when he has been informed that one of those battles was raging, and stood quietly on the battlements for a whole day looking at the combat, in which above a thousand men were engaged. At one time the Ormond boys drove those of the Liberty up to Thomas-street, where rallying, they repulsed their assailants and drove them back as far as the Broad-stone, while the bridges and quays were strewn with the maimed and wounded. It was reported of Alderman Emerson, when lord mayor on one of those occasions, that he declined to interfere when applied to, asserting that "it was as much as his life was worth to go among them."

These feuds terminated sometimes in frightful excesses. The butchers used their knives not to stab their opponents, but for a purpose then common in the barbarous state of Irish society, to *hough* or cut the tendon of the leg, thereby rendering the person incurably lame for life. On one occasion of the defeat of the Ormond boys, those of the Liberty retaliated in a manner still more barbarous and

revolting. They dragged the persons they seized to their market, and dislodging the meat they found there, hooked the men by the jaws, and retired, leaving the butchers hanging on their own stalls.

The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate or even be seen with an honest merchant, however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of butchers and coal-porters. The students of Trinity College were particularly prone to join in the affrays between the belligerents, and generally united their forces to those of the Liberty boys against the butchers. On one occasion, several of them were seized by the latter, and to the great terror of their friends, it was reported they were hanged up in their stalls, in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond-market: there they saw a frightful spectacle, a number of college lads in their gowns and caps hanging to the hooks. On examination, however, it was found that the butchers, pitying

* Riots such as these we have described to have been frequent, seem hardly credible. But it is to be remembered that at that period there was no system of efficient police, and in the day time the streets were wholly unprotected. The first appointment even of a permanent night-watch was in 1723, when an act was passed under which the different parishes were required to appoint "honest men and good Protestants" to be night-watches. The utter insufficiency of the system must have been felt; and various improvements were, from time to time, attempted in it, every four or five years producing a new police act—with how little success every one can judge, who remembers the tattered somnambulists who represented the "good Protestant watchmen" a few years ago. Various attempts had also been made to establish an efficient civic magistracy, but with such small benefit that until a comparatively recent period a large portion of the magisterial duties within the city were performed by county magistrates, who had no legal authority whatever to act in them. An office was kept in the neighbourhood of Thomas-street by two gentlemen in the commission for the county, who made a yearly income by the fees; and the order to fire on the mob who murdered Lord Kilwarden so late as 1803 was given by, we believe, Mr. Bell, a magistrate of the county and not the city of Dublin. Another well-known member of the bench was Mr. Drury, who halted in his gait, and was called "the lame justice." On the occasion above-mentioned, he retired for safety to the garret of his house in the Coombe, from whence, as Curran remarked, "he played with considerable effect on the rioters with a large telescope."

their youth and respecting their rank, had only hung them by the waistbands of their breeches, where they remained as helpless, indeed, as if they were suspended by the neck.

The gownsmen were then a formidable body, and from a strong *esprit de corps*, were ready on short notice to issue forth in a mass to avenge any insult offered to an individual of their party who complained of it. They converted the keys of their rooms into formidable weapons. They procured them as large and heavy as possible, and slinging them in the sleeves or tails of their gowns, or pocket-handkerchiefs, gave with them mortal swinging blows. Even the fellows participated in this *esprit de corps*. The interior of the college was considered a sanctuary for debtors, and woe to the unfortunate bailiff who violated its precincts. There stood at that time a wooden pump in the centre of the front court, to which delinquents in this way were dragged the moment they were detected, and all but smothered. On one occasion, the lads had hauled a wretch whom they detected, to the pump, where he was subjected to the usual discipline. Dr. Wilder, a fellow, was passing by, and pretending to interfere for the man, called out, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, for the love of God, don't be so cruel as to nail his ears to the pump." The hint was immediately taken, a hammer and nails were sent for, and an ear was fastened with a tenpenny nail; the lads dispersed, and he remained for a considerable time bleeding and shrieking with pain, before he was released.

Another striking instance of this laxity of discipline in the university occurred in the case of a printer of the name of Mills, who published the *Hibernian Journal*, and who had incurred the anger of the students by some severe strictures on certain members of the college, which appeared in his paper. On the 11th of February, 1775, some scholars drove in a coach to his door, and called him out on pretence of bargaining for some books. He was suddenly seized and thrust into the coach, and held down by the party within, with pistols to his head, and threats of being shot if he made any noise. In this way he was conveyed to the pump, and after being

nearly trampled to death, he was held there till he was almost suffocated—indeed, he would have expired under the discipline but for the prompt interference of some of the fellows. This gross outrage in the very courts, and under the fellows' eyes, which ought to have been visited by the immediate expulsion of all concerned, was noticed only by a mild admonition of the board to a single individual; the rest enjoyed a perfect impunity, and openly exulted in the deed. The form of admonition actually excused the act. It was drawn up by the celebrated Dr. Leland, the historian of Ireland. It commenced in these words:—"Cum constet scholarium ignotorum cœtum infuriam admisisse in typographum quendam nomine Mills qui nefariis flagitiis nobiliora quæque collegii membra in chartis suis laceravit," &c.

The theatre was the scene of many outrages of the college students. One of them is on legal record, and presents a striking picture of the then state of society. On the evening of the 19th of January, 1746, a young man of the name of Kelly, a student of the university, entered the pit much intoxicated, and climbing over the spikes of the orchestra, got upon the stage, from whence he made his way to the green-room, and insulted some of the females there in the most gross and indecent manner. As the play could not proceed from his interruption, he was taken away, and civilly conducted back to the pit; here he seized a basket of oranges, and amused himself in pelting the performers. Mr. Sheridan was then manager, and he was the particular object of his abuse and attack. He was suffered to retire with impunity, after interrupting the performance, and disturbing the whole house. Unsatisfied by this attack, he returned a few nights after, with fifty of his associates, gownsmen and others. They rushed towards the stage, to which they made their way through the orchestra, and across the lights. Here they drew their swords, and then marched into the dressing-rooms, in search of Mr. Sheridan, to sacrifice him to their resentment. Not finding him, they thrust the points of their weapons through chests and clothes-presses, and every place where a man might be concealed—and this they

facetiously called *feeling* for him. He had fortunately escaped, and the party proceeded in a body to his house in Dorset-street, with the murderous determination of stabbing him, declaring with the conspirator in Venice Preserved, "each man might kill his share." For several nights they assembled at the theatre, exciting riots, and acting scenes of the same kind, till the patience of the manager and the public was exhausted. He then, with spirit and determination, proceeded legally against them. Such was the ascendancy of rank, and the terror those "bucks" inspired, that the general opinion was, it would be impossible that any jury could find a *gentleman* guilty of an assault upon a *player*. A barrister in court had remarked with a sneer, that he had never seen a "gentleman player." "Then, sir," says Sheridan, "I hope you see one now." Kelly was found guilty of a violent assault, sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and, to the surprise and dismay of all his gentlemen associates, sent to Newgate.

Sometimes students, in other respects most amiable, and on other occasions most gentle, were hurried into those outrages by the overruling spirit of the times, and a compliance with its barbarous usages. Among the lads at that time was a young man named M'Alister, whose fate excited as much pity as execration. He was a native of Waterford, and one of the most distinguished young

members of the university for talent and conduct. He supped one night at a tavern, with a companion named Vandeleur, and they amused themselves by cutting their names on the table, with the motto, *quis separabit*. Issuing from thence in a state of ebriety, they quarrelled with a man in the street, and, having the points of their swords left bare through the end of the scabbards, (a custom then common with men inclined for a brawl,) ran him through the body in the course of the fray. They were not personally recognised at the time, but the circumstance of carving their names on the table was adverted to, so they were discovered and pursued. M'Alister had gained his rooms in college, where he was speedily followed. He hastily concealed himself behind a surplice which was hanging against the wall, and his pursuers entering the instant after, searched every spot except the one he had chosen for his superficial concealment. They tore open chests and clothes-presses, ran their swords through beds, but without finding him, and supposing he had sought some other house of concealment, they departed. On their retreat, M'Alister fled on board a ship, and escaped to America, where he died. He was a young man of a most amiable disposition. Had he lived in better days, he might have been distinguished for gentleness and humanity; the spirit of his times, and the force of example, converted him into an atrocious murderer.*

* He was well known for his poetic talents. In his exile, he wrote an elegiac epistle to his sister, to whom he was strongly attached; the strain of tender affection it breathes, and the polished elegance of the versification, evince at once the taste of a cultivated mind, and the feelings of a kind and warm heart. A few stanzas are here subjoined as a specimen:—

"Whilst thou, the chosen sister of my heart,
With mirth dissembled, soothe a mother's woe,
Or solitary stray, and, scorning art,
From genuine anguish give the tears to flow,
Behold thy brother, cruel fortune's slave,
With folded arms and brow depressed in care,
Where the beach bellows to the lashing wave,
Indulge each mournful accent of despair.

Yet, torn from objects which my heart holds dear,
Still shall my fondness for Eliza live:
Then take this prayer—accept a brother's tear,
For prayers and tears are all I now can give.
'Parent of Nature, let thy sleepless eyes
Be ever watchful o'er Eliza's ways;
Should stern misfortune threaten, oh! be thou near,
And guide her safe through life's intricate maze.'"

Among the gentry of the period was a class called "Bucks," whose whole enjoyment, and the business of whose life seemed to consist in eccentricity and violence. Many of their names have come down to us. "Buck English," "Buck Sheehy," and various others, have left behind them traditionary anecdotes so repugnant to the conduct that marks the character of a gentleman of the present day, that we hardly believe they could have pretensions to be considered as belonging to the same class of society. These propensities were not confined to individuals, but extended through all the members of a family. We remember an instance in which one brother of a well-known race shot his friend—and another stabbed his coachman. They were distinguished by the appellatives of "Killkelly," and "Killoachy." We also remember three noblemen, brothers, so notorious for their outrages, that they acquired singular names, as indicative of their characters. The first was the terror of every one who met him in public places—the second was seldom out of prison—and the third was lame—yet, no whit disabled from his buckish achievements; they were universally known by the names of "Hellgate," "Newgate," and "Cripple-gate."

Some of the Bucks associated together under the name of the "Hell-fire Club;" and among other infernal proceedings, it is reported that they set fire to the apartment in which they met, and endured the flames with incredible obstinacy, till they were forced out of the house, in derision, as they asserted, of the threatened torments of a future state. On other occasions, in mockery of religion, they administered to one another the sacred rites of the church in a manner too indecent for description. Others met under the appellation of "Mohawk," "Hawkbite," "Cherokee," and other Indian tribes, then noted for their cruelty and ferocity; and their actions would not disgrace their savage archetypes. Others were known by the soubriquet of "Sweaters and Pinkindies." It was their practice to cut off a small portion of the scabbards of the swords which every one then wore, and prick or "pink" the persons with whom they quarrelled with the naked points, which were sufficiently

protruded to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to "Bucks" going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair elaborately dressed and powdered. When any unfortunate *friseur* disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for their delinquency. There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called "Narris's," near, we believe, where the Royal Exchange now stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a Buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning gown; and if any person, in walking across the room, happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for the supposed insolence. On one occasion, an old gentleman who witnessed the transaction informed us, a plain man, of a genteel appearance, crossed the room for a newspaper, as one of the Bucks of the day (Sheehy, we believe, was his name) was passing, and touched the prohibited train accidentally with his foot. The sword of the owner was instantly out, and as every one then carried a sword, the offending man drew his, a small tank, which he carried as an appendage to dress, without at all intending or knowing how to use it. Pressed upon by his ferocious antagonist, he was driven back to the wall, to which Buck Sheehy was about to pin him. As he drew back for the lunge, his terrified opponent, in an impulse of self-preservation, sprung within his point, and without aim or design pierced him to the heart. The Buck was notorious for his skill in fencing, and had killed or wounded several adversaries. This opportune check was as salutary in its effects at the coffee-house as the punishment of Kelly was at the theatre.

The excitement of these men was not, however, always of a cruel or violent kind. Their eccentricities were often of a peaceful character, and displayed themselves in a more

harmless manner. Colonel St. Leger (pronounced Salleger) was a large man, handsome and well-made, and particularly acceptable to the society of the Castle during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland, and was a devoted admirer of the beautiful duchess, taking all occasions to display his gallantry, sometimes in the most extravagant manner. Seeing her grace wash her hands and mouth one day after dinner, he called immediately for the glass, and, standing up, drank to the bottom the contents. "St. Leger," says the duke, "you are in luck, her grace washes her feet to-night, and you shall have another goblet after supper."

The feat of another gentleman, who proposed a bet for a considerable sum that he would proceed to Jerusalem, play ball against its walls, and return in a given time, is well known in Dublin, and obtained the enterprising challenger a soubriquet by which he has been ever since universally known.

DUELLING.

The universal practice of duelling, and the ideas entertained of it, contributed not a little to the disturbed and ferocious state of society we have been describing. No gentleman had taken his proper station in life till he had "smelt powder," as it was called; and no barrister could go circuit till he had obtained a reputation in this way; no election, and scarcely an assizes, passed without a number of duels; and many men of the bar practising half a century ago, owed their eminence, not to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, but to a daring spirit, and the number of duels they had fought. Sir Jonah Barrington gives some singular details of this, and a catalogue of barristers who killed their man, and judges who fought their way to the bench. We shall notice some of them, with a few additional particulars which Barrington has not mentioned.

Among the barristers most distinguished in this way was Bully Egan, chairman of Kilmainham for the county of Dublin. He was a large, black, burly man, but of so soft and good-natured a disposition, that he was never known to pass a severe sentence on a criminal without blubbering in tears. Yet he perhaps fought more duels than any

man on or off the bench. Though so tender-hearted in passing sentence on a criminal, he was remarkably firm in shooting a friend. He fought at Donnybrook with Barret, the master of the rolls, before a crowd of spectators, who were quite amused at the drollery of the scene. When his antagonist fired, he was walking coolly away, saying his honour was satisfied; but Egan called out he must have a shot at his *honour*. On his returning to his place, Egan said he would not *humour* him, or be *bothered* with killing him, but he might either come and shake hands, or go to the devil. On another occasion he fought with Keller, a brother barrister. It was no unusual thing for two opposite counsel to fall out in court in discussing a legal point, retire to a neighbouring field to settle it with pistols, and then return to court to resume the argument in a more peaceable manner. Such an instance occurred at the assizes of Waterford about sixty years since: Keller and Egan fell out on a point of law, and both retired from court. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat to gain the county of Kilkenny. Harry Hayden, a large man and a justice of the peace for the county, when he heard of it, hastened to the spot, and got in between them just as they were preparing to fire. They told him to get out of the way or they would shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of the peace. They told him if he was St. Peter from heaven they would not mind him. They exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally understood, and they found the bench, jury-box, and spectators waiting quietly to hear which of them was killed.

Fitzgibbon, the Attorney-General, who was afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare, fought with Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls, with enormous pistols, twelve inches long.

Scott, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Earl of Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawly on some affair about his wife, and afterwards with the Earl of Llandaff, about his sister, and with several others, on miscellaneous subjects and with various weapons, swords and pistols.

Metge, Baron of the Exchequer, fought with his own *brother-in-law*, and two other antagonists.

Patterson, Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three country gentlemen, and wounded them all; one of the duels was with small swords.

Toler, Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, fought "fighting" Fitzgerald, and two others, with their pistols muzzle to muzzle. So distinguished was Mr. Toler for his deeds in this way, that he was always the man depended on by the administration to frighten a member of the opposition—and so rapid was his promotion in consequence, that it was said he *shot up* into preferment.

Grady, first counsel to the revenue, fought Maher and Campbell, two barristers, and several others, *quos perscribere longum est*.

Curran, Master of the Rolls, was as much distinguished for his duels as his eloquence. He called out, among others, Lord Buckinghamshire, Chief Secretary for Ireland, because he would not dismiss, at his dictation, a public officer.

The Right Honourable G. Ogle, a privy councillor, and member for Dublin, the great Orange champion, encountered Barny Coyle, a distiller of whiskey, because he was a papist—and Coyle challenged him, because he said "he would as soon break an oath as swallow a poached egg." The combatants were so inveterate, that they actually discharged *four brace* of pistols without effect. The seconds did not come off so well as the principals—one of them broke his arm, by stumbling into a potato trench. Ogle was as distinguished a poet as a duellist, and his song of "Bannow's Banks" has been for half a century a prime favourite.

Sir Hardinge Gifford, Chief Justice of Ceylon, had an encounter with the unfortunate barrister, Bagnal Harvey, afterwards the rebel leader in the county of Wexford. He wounded Gifford, but subsequently suffered himself by an ignominious execution.

The Right Honourable Henry Grattan, leader of the House of Commons, was ever ready to sustain with his pistols the force of his arguments. His cool ferocity, on such occasions, was a fearful display. He began by fighting Lord Earlsford, and ended by

shooting the Honourable Isaac Carr, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He called him, in the debate on the union, "a dancing-master," and went from the house to fight him, while the debate was going on, and shot him through the arm.

So general was the practice, and so all-pervading was the duel mania, that the peaceful shades of our university could not escape it. Not only students adopted the practice, but principal and fellows set the example. The Honourable J. Hely Hutchinson, the provost, introduced, among other innovations on the quiet retreats of study, dancing, and the fashionable arts. Among them was the noble science of defence, for which he wished to endow a professorship. He is represented in Pranceriana as a fencing-master, trampling on Newton's principia, while he makes a lunge. He set the example of duelling to his pupils, by challenging and fighting Doyle, a Master in Chancery—while his son, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, collector of the customs in Dublin, not to degenerate from his father, fought a duel with Lord Mountmorris.

As if this was not a sufficient incentive to the students, the Honourable Patrick Duigenan, a fellow and tutor in Trinity College, challenged a barrister, and fought him—and not satisfied with setting *one* fighting example to his young class of pupils, he called out a second opponent to the field.

The public mind was in such a state of irritation from the period of 1780 to the time of the union, that it was supposed three hundred remarkable duels were fought in Ireland during that interval. Counties or districts became distinguished for their dexterity at the weapons used—Galway, for the sword; Tipperary, Roscommon, and Sligo, for the pistol; Mayo for equal skill in both.

So universal and irrepressible was the propensity, that *duelling clubs* were actually established, the conditions of which were, that before a man was ballotted for, he must sign a solemn declaration, that "he had exchanged a shot or a thrust with some antagonist;" and a code of laws and regulations were drawn up as a standard, to refer to on all points of honour. This was called, "The practice of duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmel

summer assizes, 1775, by gentlemen delegates from Tipperary, Galway, &c., and presented for general adoption throughout Ireland." This singular national document is still extant, though happily now seldom appealed to.

Weapons of offence were generally kept at the inns for the accommodation of those who might come on an emergency unprovided. In such cases, "pistols were ordered for two, and breakfast for one," as it might, and did sometimes happen, that the other did not return to partake of it, being left dead in the field. No place was free from these encounters: feuds were cherished and offences often kept in memory, till the parties met, when swords were drawn, and the combat commenced in the public street; a ring was formed round the parties, and they fought within it like two pugilists at Moulsey Hurst. We remember to have heard an old gentleman tell of such an encounter which he witnessed in St. Stephen's-green. One of the combatants was, we believe, G. R. Fitzgerald. The parties were walking round the enclosure in different directions, and as soon as they met they sprang at each other like two game cocks; a crowd collected, and a ring was formed, when some humane person cried out, "for God's sake, part them." "No," said a grave gentleman in the crowd, "let them fight it out. One will probably be killed and the other hanged for the murder, and society will get rid of two pests." One of them did thrust the other through the tail of his coat, and he long exhibited in company, by his uneasy position, the painful and disgraceful seat of the wound.

Among the duellists of the south of Ireland at the close of the last century, were several whose deeds are still talked of. One was a gentleman named Hayes, and called "nosey," from a remarkable fleshy excrescence growing from the top of his nose, which increased to an enormous size. It was said to be the point at which his antagonist always aimed, as the most striking and conspicuous part of his person. On one occasion he tried in vain to bring an offender to the field, so he charged his son never to appear again in his presence till he brought with him the ear of his antagonist. In obedience

to his father's commands the son sought out the unfortunate man, seized him, and, as was currently reported, cut off his ear, and actually brought it back to his father as a peace-offering in a handkerchief.

Another was Pat Power of Daragle. He was a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face. He on one occasion fought with a fire-eating companion, called Bob Briscoe; when taking aim, he said he still had a friendship for him, and would show it; so he only shot off his whisker and the top of his ear. His pistol was always at the service of another who had less inclination to use it; and when a friend of his declined a challenge, Power immediately took it up for him. When the Duke of Richmond was in the south of Ireland, he knighted many persons without much regard to their merits or claims. In Waterford he was particularly profuse of his honours in this way. Among his knights were the Recorder, the paymaster of a regiment, and a lieutenant. Power was in a coffee-house conversing with a gentleman he accidentally met, and the topic of conversation was the new knights. He abused them all; but particularly "a fellow called B——, a beggarly half-pay lieutenant." The gentleman turned pale, and in confusion, immediately left the coffee-room. "Do you know who that is?" said a person present. "No," said Power; "I never saw him before." "That's Sir J. B—— whom you have been abusing." "In that case," said Power, with great unconcern, "I must look after my will." So he immediately proceeded to the office of T. Cooke, an eminent attorney, sat down upon a desk stool, and told him immediately to draw his will, as he had no time to lose. The will was drawn and executed; and then he was asked what was the cause of his hurry. He explained the circumstance, and said he expected to find a message at his house before him. "Never fear," said Cooke, "the knight is an *Englishman*, and has too much sense to take notice of what you have said." Cooke was a prophet; the terror of Power's name was sufficient to satisfy the Englishman for the insult.

When travelling in England he had

many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion, a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room, when Power entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities, and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own old silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the Cockney he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

On another occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time, the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, he quietly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him "they were at a very proper distance

for a close shot, and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other." The parties immediately bolted without waiting for a second invitation, and with them, several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own.

Another of these distinguished duellists was a Mr. Crow Ryan. He shouted along the streets of Carrick-on-Suir, "who daresay Boo," and whoever did dare say so, was called out to answer for it. The feats of another, the celebrated "fighting" Fitzgerald, are still well remembered in Dublin. He made it a practice to stand in the middle of a narrow crossing in a dirty street, so that every passenger would be forced either to step into the mud or jostle him in passing. If any had the boldness to choose the latter, he was immediately challenged.

The deeds of Bryan Maguire, one of the last and lineal descendants of the ancient chieftains of Fermanagh, continued till a still more recent period "to fright the Islanders from their propriety."

The laws by which duelling is punishable were then as severe as now; but such was the spirit of the times, that they remained a dead letter. No prosecution ensued, or if it even did, no conviction would follow. Every man on the jury was himself probably a duellist, and would not find his brother guilty. The judge, we believe, who most contributed to check this spirit, was the late Judge Mayne. He was a serious, solemn man, a Methodist in religion, and a rigid moralist in practice. His long atrabilious and inflexible countenance on the bench, imposed an unusual silence and sense of seriousness upon the court. A case of duelling came before him on the western circuit, accompanied by some unusual circumstances, which in the disturbed state of the moral feeling of the time were considered an alleviation. An acquittal was therefore expected as a thing of course. The judge, however, took a different view of the case; he clearly laid it down as one of murder, and charged the jury to find such a verdict. His severity was a subject of universal reprobation, and his efforts to put down murder were con-

sidered acts of heartless cruelty. In a company of western gentlemen, when his conduct was talked over, some one inquired what was Judge Mayne's Christian name. "I cannot tell what it is," said another, "but I know what it is not—it is not Hugh." Since then, a memorable change has come over the spirit of the times, and men who had been slaves to public opinion, dared to brave it. Criminal informations for challenging or provoking to fight were ventured upon, even at the hazard of being considered cowards. In one term, thirteen were filed from the neighbourhood of Galway. Duelling, like drunkenness in Ireland, is now nearly extinguished.

This mania seems to have commenced after the battle of the Boyne, and terminated with the union. The effect of the first was, to disband a number of military men by the dissolution of the Irish army, who wandered about the country without employment or means of living, yet adhering with tenacity to the rank and feelings of gentlemen. They were naturally susceptible of slight or insult, and ready on all occasions to resent them by an appeal to their familiar weapons, the sword or pistol. Their opponents, the Williamites, had been soldiers likewise, and not likely to treat with due respect ruined and defeated men. These causes, acting on temperaments naturally hot and irritable, brought on constant collisions, which were not confined to the parties, but were soon expanded through all classes. The effect of the union was to amalgamate the countries more closely together, and to superadd the sober and wiser modes of thinking of our neighbours on the unstable and eccentric habits of ourselves.

The legislature of the time presents a few striking illustrations of the violent spirit exhibited in some of the anecdotes we have here recorded. From 1773 to 1783, several acts were passed enacting the most extreme penalties for the punishment of offenders called "Chalkers." These acts recite that profligate and ill-disposed persons were in the habit of mangling others "merely with the wanton and wicked intent to disable and disfigure them." They seem as appropriate to the gentlemanly brutalities of Bucks and Pinckindies as to the feats of their rivals

the weavers and butchers, and there is an exception in the punishment, which seems adapted more particularly for the former, viz., that while the punishment for "chalking" is made in the highest degree penal, it is provided that the offence shall not corrupt the offender's blood, or cause a forfeiture of his property to the prejudice of his wife or relatives. In 1783, the brutal custom of houghing (a favourite practice, as we mentioned before, with the Dublin butchers in their feuds) occasioned another statute, for the more effectual discovery and prosecution of offenders called "Houghers." This latter act had the curious effect of increasing the evil it was intended to check. It adopted the clumsy contrivance of pensioning the victim of the hougher for life on the district where the offence was committed unless the offender was convicted. It appears from the act that the military were the class against whom the practice of houghing was most in vogue, and when soldiers became unwilling to continue in the army, either from being employed against their political prejudices, or from being entrapped as recruits, or from any other reason, they used secretly to *hough themselves*, and as the conviction of the offender was then impossible, they thus obtained a pension for life.

ABDUCTION.

Abduction, or forcibly carrying off heiresses, was another of those crying evils which at this time afflicted Ireland; but it was an outrage so agreeable to the spirit of the times, and so congenial to the ardent and romantic character of the natives, that it was considered an achievement creditable to the man, and a matter of boast and exultation to the woman. From the time that the King of Leinster abducted the frail Dervogle, and royalty set an example of carrying off ladies, it was the constant practice. When once it went abroad that a woman had money in any station in life, she became the immediate object of some enterprising fellow, who readily collected about him adherents to assist in his attempt. No gentleman or farmer felt himself safe who had a daughter entitled to a fortune; she was sure to be carried off with or without her consent, and he

lived in a constant state of alarm till she was happily disposed of in marriage. It was generally the wildest most "devil-may-care" fellow who undertook the enterprise, and unfortunately such a character was found to have most attractions in the eyes of a young and romantic girl. The frequency of this offence was such a crying grievance that the legislature at an early period interfered to prevent it, and the law on this subject was made, and has since continued* more stringent in Ireland than in England. So early as the year 1634, a statute had been passed for punishing such as "carried away maydens that be inheritors;" but this being found ineffectual in 1707, forcible abduction was made a capital felony, and at the same time provisions were made for the punishing those who carried off heiresses though not forcibly, and preventing their ever enjoying their wife's property.† The law was, however, inoperative, from a notion which prevailed that the offender was not punishable if the woman abducted him. The girl carried off was accordingly placed before the man on the horse, who thought he might thus evade the punishment, and the maidens frequently, like the Sabines, became so reconciled to their ravishers, that prosecutions bore a very small proportion to the number of offences.

An association was formed in the south of Ireland which will hardly be believed to have existed in any country, except in that where even to the present day men unite themselves for unlawful purposes with a recklessness and perseverance almost incredible. This association was "an abduction club," the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any members. They had emissaries and confederates in every

house, who communicated information of particulars; the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lot, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visitations, and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life.

The persons who were most usually concerned in such clubs were a class of men abounding in Ireland called "squireens." They were the younger sons or connections of respectable families, having little or no patrimony of their own, but who scorned to *demure* themselves by any useful or profitable pursuit. They are described by Arthur Young and other writers of the day, as distinguished in fairs and markets, races and assizes, by appearing in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches and top boots, riding "a bit of blood" lent or given them from the stables of their opulent connections.

Hurling was at that time the universal amusement in which the gentry as well as the peasantry engaged, and in this athletic sport the squireens excelled. They were generally addicted to a base and brutal advantage sometimes taken in this noble exercise. It frequently happened in pursuit of the ball, that two antagonists came into collision, and in the shock one of them thrusting the handle of his hurley under his arm, took with the point of it his antagonist in the side, who in some instances fell dead, and in others remained with crushed ribs and a maimed and disabled man for life. We acknow-

* These statutes, as well as those relating to chalkers, &c., which we before noticed, with the alterations made by subsequent acts, were all repealed in the consolidation of the criminal code in 1829; but the substance of the former was re-enacted. The capital punishment for forcible abduction has been ameliorated last session, as to offences after October, 1842.

† This latter act contains a curious clause, telling the story of one John O'Driscoll, who was a person of no property, and had forcibly carried off Margaret McNamee, junior, who was entitled to two thousand pounds, and provides a special remedy for saving the two thousand pounds. The House of Commons would be not a little surprised at a private anecdote of this kind being introduced into a modern bill.

ledge with shame that this base act was not only practised but applauded as a dexterous and justifiable *ruse*. On occasions when districts or counties challenged each other in this game, the rival parties were headed by the gentry of this class, who thus became identified with and united to the peasantry.

These things, with a prestige in favour of family connection or pretension to the rank of gentlemen, made young men of this class most popular and special favourites with the peasantry, who were ready and delighted to assist in any enterprise in which they were concerned. When a girl fell to the lot of a member of the club it was probable he never had known or spoken to her, but it was his care to meet her at a public ball, where he generally contrived to render himself agreeable, and in the bustle and confusion of breaking up to put her into a chaise, or on horseback, with or without her consent.

Catherine and Anne Kennedy were the daughters of Richard Kennedy of Rathmeadan, county of Waterford. Their father was dead, and they lived with their mother in much respectability; they were each entitled to a fortune under their father's will of two thousand pounds, a large sum at that time as a girl's portion in Ireland; but even that was exaggerated, and they were looked upon as co-heiresses of immense wealth, and as such, objects of great cupidity to the abduction clubs. The fortunate persons to whose lot they fell were Garrett Byrne, of Ballyaun, in the county of Carlow, and James Strange, (pronounced Strang,) of Ullard, in the county of Kilkenny. They were young men of great popularity in the country, dissipated, dashing, careless, spirited fellows, but of different dispositions. Strange was irritable, impetuous, and tyrannical, sacrificing every thing to accomplish his ends, and little regarding the means or feelings of others. Byrne, on the contrary, was amiable, and as far as his pursuits and propensities permitted, of a kind and gentle temper, particularly so to women, with whom he was an universal favourite. He had attached himself to Catherine Kennedy, whose disposition was somewhat like and congenial to his own. Strange had fixed his regards on Anne, who, in like manner,

resembled him in determination and haughtiness of temper. In the intercourse of the country they had occasionally met at race-balls, and other convivial meetings, and the men had endeavoured to render themselves agreeable to the girls, with such success, that it was reported, on the authority of their confidential maids, that they were actually invited by them to avail themselves of the first opportunity to carry them off, as there were no hopes that their mother and friends would consent to their marrying men of such desperate fortunes.

While this intercourse was going on Catherine was but fifteen, and her sister Anne but fourteen; they were both very lovely girls, but Anne was most distinguished, and her form and face gave promise of something eminently beautiful.

On the 14th of April, 1779, the girls accompanied their mother, aunt, and some friends, to a play enacted at Graiguenamana, a small town in the county of Kilkenny; and before the representation was concluded, a notice was conveyed to them that Byrne and Strange had formed a plan to carry them off that night from the play, and had assembled a number of adherents round the house for the purpose. In great alarm, the girls, with their mother and aunt, left the theatre, and retired to another room in the same house, accompanied by several gentlemen, their friends, who resolved to protect them: they bolted and barricaded the door, and they remained for two hours without any attempt being made on the room. At length a violent rush was felt at it, the door gave way, and the party outside entered. There was a bed in the room, and the girls hastily retired behind the curtains and endeavoured to conceal themselves, and impress on the minds of the rioters that they had escaped from the apartment, and were no longer in the house. For an hour or more, the men seemed irresolute and used no violence, but at the end of that time they rushed to the bed, and drew the girls from their concealment. They now displayed arms of all kinds, swords and pistols, with which they were provided, and in spite of all the opposition of the girls' friends, whom they fiercely attacked and threatened with instant death, they dragged them into the street,

where they were surrounded by above one hundred armed men with shirts covering their clothes, by way of disguise, the then common costume, in which originated the name of "Whiteboys." Two horses were ready saddled, Catherine was forced to mount one, and placed before Byrne, and Anne was placed upon the other before Strange; and in this way, surrounded by a desperate body of men sufficient to intimidate and overawe the country, they were carried off from their friends. To allay the terrors of the girls, it was proposed to send for other females who would be their companions. They received the proposal with joy, and they were speedily joined by some women, who proved however to be sisters and near relatives of the abductors, and were prepared and in readiness to promote their criminal views.

They rode all night, surrounded by a strong armed guard of Whiteboys, to a place called Kilmashane, fifteen Irish miles from Graiguenamana. During the journey they were repeatedly solicited to consent to marry the men, and threatened that if they did not they should be carried to a distant county, where they never should see either mother or friends again. The women who had joined the party urged the same thing, and threatened if they persisted in their refusal, to abandon them and leave them to whatever treatment the men chose to give them. In this place they obtained some refreshment, and continued for a considerable time subject to the constant importunity of the party. At length a man was introduced who was reported to be a priest, before whom Byrne and Strange took a solemn oath, that they would harass them night and day by riding through the country with them, till they should be exhausted with fatigue and suffering; but if they consented then to be married by the priest, they should be immediately restored to their friends. At length, terrified and subdued, they became passive, and a short form of ceremony was read, and an extorted assent was given. They then claimed the promise to be immediately restored to their friends, but it was evaded till night came on. The girls refused to retire to rest till solemnly assured by the females that one of them should sleep with each of them; they, however, aban-

doned them at midnight and the men took their places.

From this house, which appeared to be a waste place and belonging to no master, they again were set on horseback as before, and, accompanied by their lawless patrol, they rode on to Borris, where they passed the next night. The exhausted girls entreated to be allowed to sleep with the females, but this was refused. After various wandering, by riding night and day with a whole cavalcade of armed ruffians, they were brought to the house of another priest, who undertook to persuade them to submit to their fate, and be reconciled and obedient to their husbands. They still persisted in their remonstrances against the violence offered them, when it was threatened to carry them to Castlecomer, and bury them there for ever in the coal-mines; and Strange, in a paroxysm of anger, struck Anne in the face with a pewter pot. This brutal violence sunk deep into her mind, and rankled with an unextinguishable resentment never to be forgotten.

It will hardly be believed, that for five weeks they were paraded night and day, accompanied by their lawless cavalcade and resting at miserable houses, through the counties of Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, and so on to the north of Dublin, where they stopped at Rush, a small fishing town within a few miles of the metropolis. In this place they were put on board a vessel, accompanied by the whole party, and sailed to the town of Wicklow; here, with a perfect feeling of indifference and security, some of them went on shore; but while they were absent the vessel was boarded by a Mr. Power, accompanied by an armed party, who rescued the harassed girls, and restored them to their friends. In the meantime Byrne and Strange made their escape to Wales, but they were instantly pursued, apprehended, and lodged in the gaol of Carnarvon.

It was long doubtful whether they would not claim the girls as their wives, and a belief was entertained that no prosecution would ensue. Catherine was said to be strongly attached to Byrne, who had always treated her with gentleness and affection, except in the manner of her abduction; but Anne's animosity to Strange was irreconcilable, and the brutal indignity of the blow was only to be effaced by

his death. Though so young, a mere child, her energetic resentment overcame the reluctance of her elder but more yielding sister; her resolution was confirmed by a near relation of her own, distinguished by the number of duels he had fought, a Mr. Hayes, of whom we have before made honourable mention. It was by the unshaken determination of Hayes the men were brought to trial. The joint depositions of the girls were taken before the Lord Chief Justice Annaly, and Byrne and Strange were tried at the Kilkenny Lent assizes, on the 24th of March, 1780. Letters were produced from the young ladies containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective lovers to carry them off, in the way usual in the country, to which they were ready and willing to consent. These letters, however, were clearly proved to be forgeries by the sister of Byrne, who was heard to boast she could perfectly copy Miss Anne Kennedy's hand-writing. Others were read, really written by the girls, speaking of the men in an affectionate manner, and calling them their dear husbands, but these were proved to be dictated under the strong impressions of threats and terror. The men were found guilty and sentenced to death.

It was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Their respectable rank in society, connected with all the gentry of the country—their actual marriage with the girls—and the frequency of the act of abduction, that made such a marriage be considered a thing divested of all criminality, created a strong feeling in their favour. But Scott, afterwards Lord Clonmel, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution. He openly declared in court, that if this abduction was suffered to pass with impunity, there would be no safety for any girl, and no protection for the domestic peace and happiness of any family, and he called upon the government to carry out the sentence. His remonstrance was attended to, and the unfortunate gentlemen were hanged, to the great astonishment of their numerous friends and admirers. So strong and general was the excitement among the peasantry, that a rescue was greatly feared, and an extraordinarily large

force of horse and foot was ordered to attend their execution; and such was the deep sympathy for their fate, that all the shops were shut up, and all business suspended in Kilkenny and the neighbouring towns.

The subsequent fate of the girls was melancholy. Whenever they appeared in the towns of Waterford, Kilkenny, or the vicinity, they were assailed by hissing and hooting of the mob, who followed them with execration through the streets. They both had a pension from government, settled on them as a remuneration for their sufferings, and their conviction of felons. This the common people considered as the price of blood, and could not conceal their abhorrence whenever they were seen. They were, however, respectably married: the eldest, Catherine, to a gentleman named Sullivan; but even he could not escape the superstitious credulity of the country. He was a worthy but weak man, and fancied himself haunted by the spectre of Byrne—frequently shouting out at night, when waking from a frightful dream, and declaring that he stood before him. He always kept a light burning in his room as a protection against his apparition. His handsome wife fell into flesh, and preserved but little of that comeliness which attracted her lover, and she sought, it was said, the indulgence of smoking to drown reflection. The fate of Anne was more severe. She fulfilled the promise of her youth, and became a dignified and magnificent beauty. She was married to a gentleman named Kelly. Her married state was miserable, and she died an object of great commiseration—sunk, it was said, in want and degradation. The common people declared her fate a judgment, and continued to execrate herself while living, and her memory when dead. The very act of a man hazarding his life to carry her off was deemed a noble act, her prosecution a base return, and her misfortunes nothing but the vengeance of heaven visibly visited upon her.

Another awful catastrophe of this kind occurred in a different part of Ireland, about the same period, which is perhaps one of the most interesting and melancholy on record. We have already noticed it in our periodical*

under feigned names, and with some fictitious embellishments; but we now give the mere detail of *facts*, divested of all colouring. Indeed, it is a simple story, more affecting than any fiction.

On the Derry side of the Foyle, and about two miles from the city, is Prehen, the seat of the Knoxes. It is highly wooded, and covers a considerable tract, descending to the river, and overhanging the broad expanse of water in this place with its dark shade. The circumstance which marked the respectable family with affliction is of such a character as to correspond with the gloom that pervades its aspect; and no traveller passes it without many reflections on the sad event which happened there.

John M'Naghtan was a native of Derry. His father was an opulent merchant, who gave his son all the advantages of a most liberal education. He graduated in Trinity College, Dublin; but having inherited from his uncle a large estate, which precluded the necessity of engaging in any profession, he commenced a career of dissipation then too common in Ireland. He married early, but his extravagance soon involved him in such distress that he was arrested by the sheriff for a considerable debt in his own parlour, in the presence of his pregnant wife. The shock was fatal. She was seized with premature labour, and both wife and child perished. Being a man of address and ability, he was appointed to a lucrative situation in the revenue by the then Irish government, and in the course of his duty contracted an intimacy with the family of Mr. Knox, of Prehen, whose daughter, a lovely and amiable girl, was entitled to a large fortune independent of her father. To her M'Naghtan paid assiduous court, and as she was too young at the time to marry, he obtained a promise from her to become his bride in two years. When the circumstance was made known to her father, he interdicted it in the most decided manner, and forbade M'Naghtan's visits to his house. This was represented as so injurious to M'Naghtan's character, that the good-natured old man was persuaded again to permit his intimacy with his family, under the express stipulation that he should think no more of his daughter. One day the lovers found themselves alone, with no companion but a little boy, when M'Nagh-

tan took from his pocket a prayer-book, and read himself the marriage ceremony, prevailing on Miss Knox to answer the responses—which she did, adding to each, “provided my father consent.” Of this ceremony M'Naghtan immediately availed himself; and when he next met her at the house of a mutual friend, openly claimed her as his wife. Again he was forbidden the house by the indignant father. He then published an advertisement in all the newspapers, declaring the young lady was married to him. By a process, however, in the spiritual court, the pretended marriage was entirely set aside.

In the course of these proceedings, M'Naghtan wrote a threatening letter to one of the judges of the court of delegates, and, it was said, lay in wait to have him murdered when he came on circuit, but fortunately missed him in consequence of the judges taking a different road. The result was, that M'Naghtan was obliged to fly to England. But here his whole mind was bent on obtaining possession of his wife: so at all hazards he returned, and lay concealed in the woods of Prehen. Warning of this circumstance had been communicated to her father, but he seemed to despise it. There was, however, a blacksmith, whose wife had nursed Miss Knox, and he, with the known attachment of such a connection in Ireland, always followed his foster-daughter whenever she ventured abroad, as her protector.

To detach his daughter from this unfortunate connection, Mr. Knox resolved to leave the country, and introduce her to the society of the metropolis; and in the beginning of November, 1761, prepared to set out for Dublin. M'Naghtan and a party of his friends having information of his intention, repaired to a cabin a little distance from the road, with a sack full of fire-arms. From hence one of the party was despatched to the house of an old woman who lived by the way side, under the pretence of buying some yarn, to wait for the coming up of Mr. Knox's carriage. When it did arrive, the woman pointed it out, named the travellers it contained, and described the position in which they sat. They were Mr. Knox, his wife, his daughter, and a maid-servant. It was attended by but one servant, and the smith before mentioned. The scout immediately ran before and commu-

nicated to M'Naghtan the information he had received. The carriage was instantly surrounded by him and three other men. M'Naghtan and one of his accomplices fired at the smith, whom they did not kill, but totally disabled. The blinds of the carriage were now close drawn, that the persons inside might not be recognised. M'Naghtan rode up to it, and either by accident or design discharged a heavily-loaded blunderbuss into it at random. A shriek was heard inside. The blind was let down, and Mr. Knox discharged his pistol at the assassin. At the same moment another was fired from behind a stack of turf, by the servant who had concealed himself there. Both shots took effect in the body of M'Naghtan. He was, however, held on his horse by his associates, who rode off with him. The carriage was then examined. Miss Knox was found dead, weltering in her blood. Five balls of the blunderbuss had entered her body, leaving the other three persons in the carriage with her unhurt, and untouched by this random shot.

The country was soon alarmed, and a reward of five hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of the murderers. A company of light horse scoured the district, and amongst other places were led to search the house of a farmer named Wenslow. The family denied all knowledge of M'Naghtan, and the party were leaving the house when the corporal said to one of his companions, in the hearing of a countryman who was digging potatoes, that the discoverer would be entitled to a reward of three hundred pounds. The countryman immediately pointed to a hay-loft, and the corporal running up a ladder, burst open the door, and discovered M'Naghtan lying in the hay. Notwithstanding his miserably wounded state, he made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately taken and lodged in Lifford gaol. Some of his accomplices were arrested soon after. They were tried before a special commission at Lifford, and one of them was received as king's evidence. M'Naghtan was brought into court wrapped in a blanket, and laid on a table in the dock, not being able to support himself in any other position. Notwithstanding acute pain and exceeding

debility, he defended himself with astonishing energy and acuteness. A singular trait of Irish feeling occurred in the course of the trial. One of his followers implicated in the outrage, named Dunlap, was a faithful and attached fellow, and his master evinced more anxiety to save his life than his own. As a means of doing so he disclaimed all knowledge of his person: "Oh, master, dear," said the poor fellow beside him in the dock, "is this the way you are going to disown me after all?"

On the day of execution M'Naghtan was so weak as to be supported in the arms of attendants. He evinced the last testimony of his regard to the unfortunate young lady he had murdered, of whom he was passionately fond, and whom he mourned as his wife. The cap which covered his face was bound with black; his jacket was trimmed with black, having black jet buttons, with large black buckles in his shoes. When lifted up the ladder he exerted all his remaining strength to throw himself off, and with such force that the rope broke, and he fell gasping to the ground. As he was a man of daring enterprise and profuse bounty, he was highly popular, and the crowd made a lane for him to escape, and attempted to assist him. He declined their aid, and declared he would not live; he called to his follower, Dunlap, for the rope which was round his neck, the knot of which was slipped and placed round his own. Again he was assisted up the ladder, and collecting all his energies, he flung himself off and died without a struggle. His unfortunate but faithful follower stood by wringing his hands as he witnessed the sufferings of his dear master, and earnestly desired that his own execution might be hastened, that he might soon follow him and die by the same rope.

This murder and execution took place on the road between Strabane and Derry; and as the memory of them still lives among the peasantry, the spot is pointed out to the passengers, and recalls traits of what Ireland was eighty years ago, even in the most civilized county. Abduction was then a common mode of courtship in the north, as well as south, and no man was deemed of spirit unless he so effected his mar-

riage. Any fatal accident resulting to resisting friends was considered a venial offence, and the natural effect of their unreasonable obstinacy.

The circumstances and character of the parties in this affair rendered it one of the deepest interest. The young lady was but fifteen, gentle, accomplished, and beautiful, greatly attached to the unhappy man, devotedly fond of her father, and with the strongest sense of rectitude and propriety entangled in an unfortunate engagement from simplicity and inexperience. The gentleman was thirty-

eight, a man of the most engaging person, and a model of manly beauty. His manners were soft, gentle, and insinuating, and his disposition naturally generous and humane; but when roused by strong excitement, his passions were most fierce and uncontrollable. His efforts on his trial were not to preserve his life, which became a burthen to him after the loss of her he loved, but to save from a like fate a faithful follower, and to exculpate his own memory from a charge of intended cruelty and deliberate murder.

JUNE REMINISCENCES.

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Coleridge.

WHAT a glorious day it is! Talk not to me of Italian skies—

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow
made tender,
Till love falls asleep in such sameness
of splendour;"

But give me the broken clouds of a June day, sailing about in the blue depths of the sublime, yet lovely sky. How deliciously clear and fresh the air is, as one sits somewhat in the shade, looking forth upon those tall elms, whose tops are swayed backward and forward as the summer breeze rises and falls. What strange, wild, pleasing fancies come into the mind as one gazes upon these graceful undulations, not unaccompanied with a gentle murmur of the leaves!

But is not this shocking idleness?

"Have you nothing better to do than lol like an idiot upon that garden chair in the portico, looking apparently at nothing, and sometimes closing your eyes as if you invited sleep? Is this a way in which a rational being should spend his time in this enlightened age—an age of unexampled activity—an age of steam—an age of railroads—

an age to make idleness ashamed of itself—an age—consider the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ——."

"My dear aunt, I do consider you very much, and I do think you have the most comfortable chairs, and such a charming view from your portico."

"Come, come, my good friend, no playing upon words; really it is a shame to see how some young people do dream their time away; and yet you are not so young neither. Did you not tell me you had never had time to read Wilberforce's *Call to the Unconverted*. I can tell you where you will find the book."

"Thank you, my dear aunt; but may I ask did you ever read *Wordsworth*?"

"Wordsworth? no; but I have heard read something of his; he wrote poetry, did he not?"

"Why, yes, my dear aunt, he certainly did. There are some 'poets' by name and common report, of whom I should be cautious of saying that they had written poetry; but you may draw upon Wordsworth with certainty. He is as good as the bank."

"Well, that may be; but what has that to do with the matter? I was

speaking to you of activity and Wilberforce's book."

"Now, my good aunt, sit you down beside me in that tranquil and placid mood which becomes you so well, though it pleases you to repeat the praises of activity; sit you there and inhale the odours of the honeysuckle which twines so delightfully about that pillar, while I chant for you a stave. Yes, that is a very good listening attitude, so now attend.

" 'Why, William, on that old gray stone,

Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

' Where are your books?—that light bequeath'd
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

' You look round on your mother earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!

' One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

' The eye—it cannot choose, but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel where'er they be,
Against, or with our will.

' Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

' Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of *itself* will come,
But we must still be seeking?

' Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

"The verse goes very smoothly and musically," said my aunt; "but I am not sure that I understand it."

"'Tis as easy as possible," said I, "only you must consider it for a little. Wordsworth's poetry is intended for persons who have some powers of reflection, and who exercise those powers;

and therefore, my dear aunt, it is especially fitted for you."

"Well, then, if you will lend me the book ——."

"It is here; I have it in my pocket, and you shall read it at your leisure; but listen now to two or three stanzas more, which, I am sure, you will understand readily:—"

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet;
How sweet *his* music! On my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

"And hark! how blithe the throistle sings!

He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things;
Let *nature* be your teacher.

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

"Enough of science and of art;
Close up the barren leaves;
Come forth, and *bring with you a heart*
That watches and receives."

"This, my dear aunt, is excellent: it is not a mere diversion of the spirits with a picture of pleasing natural scenes; but it is instruction of the best kind, save one, that can be given to rational and reflective beings. For next to the study of divine things, whereby the mind is informed by direct beams of light from the great source of all intelligence and goodness, what so excellent as to be taught, and not only taught, but led on and assisted, as it were, by the pleasing images and soothing cadences of poetry, to gather a theory of moral sentiments from nature herself, and all her forms of loveliness and shows of beauty? I allow that you may gather a very agreeable and not altogether unphilosophical theory of moral sentiments from the book of Adam Smith on that very subject; but I own, that for myself I can read no book of his without some associations of disgust, arising from the use which has been made by the dull, the heartless, and the covetous, of his treatise on the wealth of nations.

Moreover,"I do believe that, to confess the truth, the man was little less an infidel than his friend Hume, and therefore shut out from such knowledge and such sympathy as most assuredly are necessary fully to develop the theory of moral sentiments. But to return from this digression, and to apply our minds more directly to the instruction which the verses I have repeated are so well calculated to convey, only imagine, my dear aunt, how very many impressions of beauty and of truth (or both in one, for truth is beautiful, and beauty rejoices in the open sunshine and undisguisedness of truth)—only imagine how abundantly such impressions might be conveyed to the soul, if we only went forth properly prepared, that is to say, with awakened hearts, or, as in the words of the poet, with a heart that watches and receives. True it is that the great mass of mankind—and womankind, my dear aunt, must, I fear, be included—true it is, that they pass through the world, and all the things of utility, and beauty, and instructiveness which nature provides, as if they were deaf and blind. They may see and hear with their corporeal senses; but with respect to natural truth, as well as to divine, it may be affirmed of them, that seeing they see not, and hearing they do not understand. They pass on without taking notice. Their eyes may be very good, but they are afflicted (though they do not know it) with blindness of the heart. They have not "a heart that watches and receives;" and without *that*, they walk in vain through the sunshine, and the shade: the dews of the morning bring no refreshment to their souls, and the solemnities of night bring no elevation to their thoughts. This is the truth with regard to them, but as I have said, they know it not, neither do they conceive for a moment the depth of their loss. This is the common condition of ignorance; for, as Plato says—(you have heard of Plato, my dear aunt, though you cannot imagine how beautifully he wrote, unless you learn Greek, which you may do, for Cato learned Greek after he was sixty, and Mrs. Carter, though an Englishwoman, was a very good Grecian)—for, as Plato says—"Nor do the ignorant philosophize, for they desire not

to become wise; for this is the evil of ignorance, that he who has neither intelligence nor virtue, nor delicacy of sentiment, imagines that he possesses all those things sufficiently." Here I looked up to my respectable relative for some applause—applause which I trust I should not have thought of seeking for myself; but when Plato was in the case, it was, as you will admit, a very different matter. The good lady, however, applauded not, for by this time she was in a profound and tranquil slumber.

* * * * *

I had almost forgotten my motto from Coleridge, which would have been unpardonable. Did ever four short lines bring the loveliness—the tranquil, balmy, soothing loveliness of a summer's night—a night far away from the noise and artificial glare of the town—more distinctly before the mind? How beautiful is night! But hear Southey upon this point. The *man* is gone down into the grave, but the voice of the *poet* still rings through the earth with its rich and stately tone.

"How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck
nor stain,

Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray,
The desert-circle spreads
Like the round ocean girdled with the
sky!

How beautiful is night!"

This is a majestic picture—"Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free!" How oft has one witnessed such upon the nights in June, vainly endeavouring however to give form of expression to the impressions of pure and lofty beauty which crowded upon one's heart, till even tears essayed to express what one's powers of language could not. This is the fate of those who, having at least some glimpses of "the vision and the faculty divine," are yet wanting in "the accomplishment of verbe." But it was not of this I meant to speak; it was of Coleridge's exquisite allusion to the June night amid the silence of the woods and the murmurings of the brook. You have read the "Ancient Mariner," I suppose, from which the

lines are taken. If you have not, read it by all means at the first leisure opportunity. I do not mean any half-leisure snatch of time in the midst of disturbing avocations. You are not to read the *Ancient Mariner* as you would a smart article in a newspaper. You are not to put it in your bag with the hope of reading it at the Four Courts, between the cause of *A. versus B.*, and that of *E. versus F.*, neither *C.* nor *D.* being your client. No; this is truly a wild and wondrous tale, enough to set your brains on end, if not your hair, for a good hour or so at the least, and the more you are alone in reading it the better. It is a thing to think upon I promise you. All the men of the ship die around the ancient mariner, but for his sin and his suffering he lives on. At last the dead that lie around begin to work the ship like living men, though animated by other souls than had before belonged to those bodies:—

“The helmsman steered, the ship
 moved on
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all ‘gan work the
 ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless
 tools,
We were a ghastly crew.

“The body of my brother’s son
 Stood by me knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said naught to me.

“‘I fear thee ancient mariner,’
 Be calm thou wedding guest,
’Twas not those souls that fled in
 pain,
Which to their corse came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest.

“For when it dawn’d, they dropp’d their
 arms,
And cluster’d round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
 mouths,
And from their bodies pass’d.

“Around, around, flew each sweet
 sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mix’d, now one by one.

“And now ’twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel’s song,
 That makes the heavens be mute.

“It ceased; yet still the sails made on,
 A pleasant noise till noon;
A noise like of a hidden brook,
 In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night,
 Singeth a quiet tune.”

The sleeping woods! I never heard them snore, but I’ll be sworn I have seen them in their dusky slumbers, and felt as it were the heavy breathings of their sleep. And who that has ever lived beyond the region of gas lamps and granite pavements, but must have paused now and then on a June night, in pensive admiration, to listen to the voice of the brook, down hidden among over-hanging trees, murmuring away for ever and ever its quiet tune as summer’s quiet influence prevails? Maiden of the downcast eyes (for which thou art forgiven in consideration of the rich fringes of thy silken eye-lashes thus more fully revealed), blush not that I call to thy remembrance such a scene, or that thy heart was softened by it to the confession of a trembling emotion, that no pleading would have wrung from thee in the broad light of day. And dost thou remember how the low rich trembling tones of thy voice harmonized with the scene, the hour, the distant murmur of the brook, even more than that of the nightingale itself, whose notes at intervals rang through the woods with flute-like sound?

But who is that that calls, and our names too? Listen! By Diana’s silver bow it is—Thomas, to tell us that the strawberries and cream are mixed, and that we are waited for. Delightful repast—yet have a care, O man, that eatest! Think you that you have possessed yourself of the stomachs of one calf and of five thousand snails? for how else do you expect to digest a quart of cream, and the first fruits of a whole wilderness of strawberries? Milk undoubtedly does agree, for the most part, with calves, even though taken in large quantities, and I have never heard of an army of snails having to send for the surgeon of the forces on account of a surfeit of strawberries. But nor calves nor snails could take the mixture you are now taking without great danger, nor can you. In vain will you seek to make all sure with a glass of the undiluted “native” in these parts. There is nothing stronger than sherry or ten year old ale in the

house, if you were to die for it. But stay, there is I know a large bottle of castor-oil kept for the occasional physicing of the village. It shall be ordered up to your bed-room, and you may take a hearty pull if you find things going wrong. You may smile, but there is a grim look at the end of your smile, which satisfies me that you are aware of the wisdom of my precaution. As for me, I take the fruit after the manner of an epicure—just a slight sprinkle of powdered sugar to bring out the flavour, and then a glass of fair water. In this way you imbibe the true fragrant flavour of the strawberry, but then you must proceed leisurely, and ponder upon the taste. If you gobble up your strawberries, crunching them as a hungry donkey does thistle-tops, or as if you feared some one else might get a second helping before you, you never can have any correct notion either of the profound strength, or of the delicacy of sentiment, which are bound up with the true and properly-tasted flavour of the strawberry.

Did you ever see a real *amateur* of port trying the first glass out of the first bottle of a bin which he had held sacred from mortal touch for seven years? Have you marked how it is held, yet not held upon the tongue and throat in its passage downward—how it is made to flow in a continuous stream, yet so leisurely that every gland is touched by every drop as it descends? It is the precept *festina lente* reduced to the perfection of practice. As far as it is possible for a semi-solid to be submitted to the rules strictly applicable to a liquid, remember this deliberateness of tasting, when eating your best strawberries.

* * * * *

Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni. One's feelings are not what they were; but still June is as beautiful as ever, though we may regard it differently. Our admiration is not less, but it has different associations, and for so far its character has changed. We observe more carefully than in the days of old, because in all things we are more calm.

“And so I dare to hope,
Though changed no doubt from what I
was when first
I came among these hills; when like a
roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the
sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely
streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads,
than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For
nature then
(The coarser pleasure of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all
gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What I then was. The sounding
cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall
rock,
The mountain and the deep and gloomy
wood,
Their colours and their forms were then
to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time
is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other
gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would
believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have
learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oft-
entimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power
To chasten and subdue. And I have
felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought
And rolls through all things. There-
fore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we
behold
From this green earth.”

This is the whole matter, as beautifully told as it is possible to imagine. The vivid, passionate sense of beauty which hurries us along in an indistinct rapture—that it is which passes away, but other gifts follow which are abundant recompense, and fitter for minds

which experience begins to render "deep contemplative." We do not see, and feel, and pass away; but we pause, and ponder, and connect thought with thought, and thus make the beauties of nature more thoroughly our own than in the days of our aching joys and dizzy raptures.

Methinks London is not very loveable in June, though politics and pleasure are generally pursued in that month with as much eagerness in London as in any other month of the year. In no other month is the house more likely to be full of members, or the parks and the opera more full of company. And the more retired parts of the parks are very well to walk in, taking into consideration that you are in town; and the old elm trees and younger shrubs of lighter hue, look pretty enough; but June seems to call for a more abundant current of fresh air, and a wider range of view over wood and meadow. Moreover, the smoke from hundreds of thousands of kitchen-chimneys, though nothing like what thickens and obscures the air of Manchester, and Glasgow, and Leeds, and Birmingham, and the rest, is far from agreeable, even in London. You walk forth into St. James's enclosed pleasure-grounds, and in profound meditation upon the beauty of the towers of the abbey of Westminster, seen gracefully rising beyond the trees, you are wholly unconscious of the aggregated particles of condensed smoke, vulgarly called a soot-flake, which, wafted by the breeze that does not visit your face too roughly, are deposited upon the left side of your nose. The increasing heat induces a gentle flow of moisture, adown which the sooty particles arrange themselves, and you walk on until the tittering of three nursery maids, not unconscious of the whiteness of their teeth, and the neatness of their general carriage, makes you aware that something is amiss, and you start for fear that in a fit of absence you have walked out with your nightcap on instead of a hat. A handkerchief, however, applied to your face reveals the mischief, and makes you look ten times more hideous than before; of which having a just suspicion, you rush to your lodgings, or to the nearest club to which you belong, to wash your unlucky face.

In June, Westminster Hall is very

oppressive—not, however, the great hall itself, which, with its bare walls and floor of stone, is cool enough, and in that antique chamber, if one has no objection to being ridiculous, one may pace to and fro in all the sublime dignity of utter briefness, and cool enough even in June. But I mean the law courts, which are "external to, and superinduced upon," the said hall. The phrase is borrowed from Sir Charles Wetherell, who, having a very simple manner of expressing himself, described his lunacy by putting on his shirt last instead of first, as wearing his shirt external to, and superinduced upon his other garments. These law courts, especially the Queen's Bench, have a strange woody, woolly, wiggly smell, which in summer is very choky. When I smelled it first, I thought it would wear away, but it "ever is the same." The judges change, and the barristers change, and I suppose the attorneys change; but other things remain—the smell remains, and greets you the moment you enter the passage to the court, in which passage the old woman remains, with her stall, for the sale of oranges and gingerbread, which have looked the same withered and dustified things for the last fifteen years. The ushers appear to be the same, and the short-hand writers, and the jurymen, look the same, though doubtless they are different. It is shocking to be amid this close fustiness, and the perpetual dull murmuring wrangle, often about mere trivialities, in the bonnie month of June, unless indeed one is particularly well *feed*, which has a wonderful effect in mitigating the smell, and taking away the sense of semi-suffocation.

It is long ago now—perhaps the year 1828—that one fine day in June, Scarlett had been opening brief after brief, in case after case, taking the whole affair as easy as if he had been plucking cowslips in a meadow. Tindall was musing over piles of papers, and Taunton writing opinions on the ends of briefs, while Brougham twitched his nose, and made mistakes in law which were good-humouredly corrected by Mr. Justice Bayley. Why should I remain who had no certain business but to look on, and who had a gig and horse standing at Charing Cross, and an invitation in my pocket to spend the

next two days near Croydon in Surrey? A certain Mr. Marryatt, and a sudden burst of sunshine, two things as unlike as possible, settled the matter. Marryatt got up to move for a new trial, and I to move off; and soon the Thames was between me and Westminster, and I was in full trot for the rising grounds of Surrey.

Brixton hill is not an ugly place, though people who do not know it associate it with the ideas of snug citizens' boxes along a dusty road, and with a treadmill which is kept in the vicinity for the benefit of the London vagabonds, who "snap up unconsidered trifles" on the south of the Thames. Then you come to Streatham, along a fine road, commanding a magnificent view to the right of "woods, and lawns, and palaces," stretching away to Kew, and Wimbledon, and Richmond. Streatham itself is a nice clean country-looking place, and was more rural-looking then than now, for the graceful wooden spire that rose so picturesquely against its back-ground of trees has been burned down by lightning, and they have built a more stern-looking stone one in its place. A beautiful country lies to the left, as one dashes down the slope from Streatham towards Croydon, and now we are upon the broad Brighton road, as smooth as a bowling-green, and dry as a carpet, then perpetually travelled over by Brighton coaches; but now a comparative solitude, for the multitude prefer the railroad, with all its noise, its steam, and its close carriages. This is all very well in a day of pelting rain or snow, or any day when a saving of two hours in a journey of fifty odd miles is a matter of importance; but give me the open road and the fresh air from the fields in fine weather, without accompaniment of smoke, or steam, or noise. I can remember that day even now, how sweetly blew the western breeze over bean-fields and clover, and how delicious were the odours wafted from the meadows where hay-making was already in progress, and from the hedges, still white with hawthorn blossoms, which in these parts goes universally by the name of "May." How great was the contrast between the fresh air thus perfumed, and the warm, stagnant, breath-polluted atmosphere of the King's Bench! Greater still the contrast between the choky, husky

voice of that laborious gentleman, Mr. Marryatt, quoting case after case to prove that his own, or his client's view of some wretched squabble, involving a matter of thirty-five pounds three and sixpence, was that which should be taken by the Judges—greater still the contrast between his huskiness and the singing of innumerable birds—

"Sometimes arising to the sky,

I heard the sky-larks sing;
Sometimes, all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the earth and air
With their sweet jargoning."

These sights, sounds, and smells of the country which I ever loved in fine weather, soon put all thoughts of neglected attendance upon the wisdom of the law out of my head, and I arrived in great spirits at my friend's house. It was a sort of place that one sees only in England. It was not extensive, not magnificent—not so picturesque, perhaps, as one often falls in with in Ireland or Scotland—no dashing sparkling stream, no view of mountains in the distance. But all that art and elegant taste could do within a limited space to make house and grounds delightful was here done. All that expense, combined with nice judiciousness, and scrupulous neatness could effect, was here effected. The lawn as smooth as a table covered with green velvet—the shrubs grouped with careful attention both to combination and contrast; the flower-beds trimmed of every leaf and stalk that was past its prime, and exhibiting only what was in perfect flower, or about to become so. The walks of shining gravel, without an intruding weed, or even a particle of unseemly dust. The windows of the sitting-rooms, opening upon the garden, led by a few steps to beds of mignonette and heliotrope, which cast up their fragrance into the apartments, where were gathered all the luxuries of furniture and table ornaments—books, pictures, vases, and ornaments in china and alabaster, carved wood, and buhl.

I found in the drawing-room the prettiest young lady in the world, who was quite a stranger to me. She was good enough, however, to say that she had expected me, and had staid at home to write letters and receive me, while our friends, the owners of the house, were gone out a visiting. To

say the truth, I did not care how long they staid, having left so agreeable a person to do the honours. Bright, blue, and beautiful were her eyes, and fair and silken were her tresses, and never were red and white more charmingly commingled than in her brilliant complexion. She had a mouth shaped like Cupid's bow, and teeth of ivory. But what was more fascinating than all these—for to be alone with a dull beauty is a dull business—she talked well, and with the utmost vivacity about every thing in the world that one ventures to talk about with women. We discussed, in the most admirable manner, every thing about the weather, and gardening, and rural affairs in general—about Waverly, and Woodstock, and Walter Scott, then writing away, with undaunted vigour, at his life of Napoleon—about the pictures at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and fifteen other exhibitions—about the opera, and Sontag, and Donzelli, and Curioni, and the rest of them who then were in vogue; and my young lady seemed as much pleased with my criticisms as I was with hers, and without any familiarity that was unbecoming, treated me as if I were an old acquaintance. She was easily prevailed upon to put on her bonnet, in which, of course, she looked even prettier than without it, and walk through the grounds with me. Never was a June day so delightful: the flowers bloomed more charmingly, and smelled more deliciously than usual, and the birds sang with unwonted sweetness.

As dinner hour approached, my friends came home, and then more company, and we dined. I had not the felicity of leading my new acquaintance out to dinner, but I sat opposite, which was agreeable. We had excellent cheer, elegantly served, and we took our cool claret in moderation, according to the English fashion. I liked all the dining folk very well save one, a young man, tall and bottle-shaped, that is, of long neck, with narrow shoulders, and a frame which widened as it descended. He talked much, and, as it seemed to me, with an authoritative air, as if he had been accustomed to regard himself as a Sir Oracle, and he exhibited surprising powers of appetite. After we got back to the drawing-room, my

young lady talked as well as ever, and sang most delightfully to her own harp accompaniment. I thought I could have looked and listened for ever. We petitioned against candles being brought in, on account of the heat; but partly the twilight, and partly the lovely light of a summer moon, shining from a cloudless sky, poured its soft radiance into the room, and this, with the smell of flowers, the charming sounds of song and stringed music, and the beauty and gracefulness of the performer, made up a whole of extreme deliciousness. At last the company went away, and my young lady retired, and I was left alone with mine host and hostess. It was time to go to bed, if that time can be said ever to come on a lovely night in June; but of course I could not refuse myself the delight of talking about the young lady who had just vanished. I mentioned how much I was indebted for her reception of me.

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. —. "I thought you knew my cousin. Surely you have met her before with us?"

"No," said I, with earnestness; "she is not one of those that one may see, and then forget that one has seen—how very charming she is!"

"She is, indeed, a very charming girl," said Mr. —, "and a very good girl too, which is better; but I give you warning, my young gentleman, that you must not fall in love with her, for she is engaged to be married."

I felt as if my friend had given me a blow on the left side of the chest; however I soon recovered and began to indulge myself in very fierce hatred of the unknown person to whom this beautiful young lady was to be married.

"He must be a happy man," I said, "who has won so fair a lady-love."

"One would think so," replied my friend, "but you saw no particular signs of happiness about him, he dined with us to-day."

What was my surprise and disgust to find that the bottle-shaped, much-talking young man, was the affianced *futur* of this charming creature. What could she see in him? How could she have any affection for a man who ate so much? Soup, salmon, mutton, fowl, tongue, besides an infinity of potatoes, cauliflowers, asparagus, and

early peas! How could any but a monster do such havoc upon gross victuals in the very presence of the creature he loved, and such a creature! He did not love it was clear. He was incapable of any tenderness or delicacy of sentiment.

Very likely he was, but he was the second son of an exceedingly rich London merchant. He had been to Cambridge University. He had taken his degree with some honour, and his friends said he would have been among the wranglers, had not the answering of his year been unusually good. His father and all his uncles and aunts looked upon him as the eighth wonder of the world, and thought that, barring the highest order of nobility, any woman in England would scarcely be good enough for him. His father had just bought an estate to which a valuable living was attached, and the gentleman was forthwith to be ordained, presented to this living, and married to the charming young lady I had seen, whose beauty and cleverness of conversation had attracted his attention when visiting at my friend's house. It was much doubted, I believe, whether the lady cared two straws for the gentleman, but she could learn to care for him, and it was not in the nature of things to be indifferent to the prospect

of eight thousand a year eventually, and two thousand a year to begin with. And there was nothing against the young man. On the contrary, he had always been very steady, and had a mind to comprehend mathematics. The whole matter, therefore, was soon arranged. All this I gathered in about ten minutes, talk with my friends while the bed-room candles were bringing in.

I would willingly have ordered my gig, even at that late hour, and have driven back to town, but it would have seemed ridiculous. I told some story, however, of business to be attended to in Westminster next morning, and arranged to leave before breakfast. I believe the morning was as fine a one as ever came, but I do not think I took much notice of its beauties as I drove rapidly back along the road which I had so much enjoyed the day before. When eleven o'clock came, I found myself again amid the hum, and squeezing, and professional jokes of the third row in the Court of King's Bench. To this day, I sometimes heave a half sigh as I pass through the country to the west of Croydon. The fair *fiancée* of by-gone days is now a fine woman, inclined to be fat, and the mother of seven promising children.

THE SAINT AND THE ROBBER.

A LEGEND OF ST. DOMINIC.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

NOWADAYS, we may journey north, south, east, or west,
Choose our route and conveyance, whiche'er we like best ;

Up hill or down dale,
By coach or by rail,
Thro' marsh or thro' fen,
Thro' forest or glen,

Across Hounslow Heath, over Salisbury Plain—
From Old York to New York, and back again—
Without hearing those words at which folks used to shiver—
That terrible summons to "stand and deliver!"

Indeed, let us go where
We will, would we know where
The roads are unsafe—echo's answer is "Nowhere."

Those times are gone by,
(All the better, say I)
When post-boys were peppered
By Turpin and Sheppard,
When bold Schinderhannes,
The Rhine robber, ran his
Career, which for glory
Was ne'er matched before, (I

Refer gentle readers to Leitch Ritchie's story ;)

When, if one left home
On a visit to Rome,

One could scarce come in sight of the Apennines, ere a
By no means sweet voice shouted "*Faccia a terra !*"

Yes, those days are over,
And each wealthy rover

May go where he will after crossing from Dover ;

Without apprehension
Of any detention,

Except at the Douanes, which I only mention

To show that he may,
If he chooses to say

He has nought contraband, yet is willing to pay
For the trouble the men have in standing all day,
Looking out for the carriages passing that way,
Find himself soon *en route* without further delay,
Ay, and hear the pleased officer whisper *adagio*,
"*Bon voyage, Milor,*" or "*Felice viaggio !*"

Yes, e'en Monselice—near Arquà, you know—
Where the house and the tomb of Petrarca they show ;
And not far from the spot where, some five years ago,
(More or less) Albert Smith

All but fell in with

Sundry rogues, who in ambush with savage intent lay,
And who seldom treated their prisoners gently,
Nor allowed them to publish their stories in Bentley—
Yes, e'en Monselice's a quiet post station,
Fast losing all trace of its bad reputation,

How changed from the time when its rocky cliffs were a
Snug haunt of Antonio, *dit* Barbenera.

He *was* a robber, brave and bold,
Fond of silver, but fonder of gold ;
Strong and stout—full six feet high,
With bristly hair and a swivel eye,
And a voice like an owl's with a cold in its head,
And a beard as black as his nose was red.
Now, some have beards of a carrotty hue
Like Barbarossa, and some have blue,
(And they are not *just* the men to marry—
So writes Bayley, and so sings Parry,
Unless mammas wish their daughters undone,)
And some have long beards, like the " Lord of London ;"
And some have brown, and some have grey,
(Which most beards come to at last, by the way)
And some have none at all to show,
But not so the bold Antonia,
For a *la jeune France*, not wishing to lack beard,
He'd a *barba nera*, which means a black beard.

Full seventy men he had in his pay,
On condition that they
Should endeavour to lay
Their hands on whatever might fall in their way,
And thus pay themselves without giving him trouble ;
Provided that he,
Whatever might be
Their share of the booty, should come in for *double*.
He had a lieutenant, to him quite a jewel,
As ugly as he was, and almost as cruel ;
The man of all others to step in his shoes,
Whenever the Fates, in their wisdom, might choose
To snip his life's thread ;
Tho', if truth must be said,
He had rather they snipped the lieutenant's instead ;
For tho' life has its sorrows, *he* thought it too pleasant
To have any wish to resign it—at present.

Between them they ravaged the whole country round,
And the poor peasants found
Tho' *they* tilled the ground—
Dug, planted, and sowed,
Drained, watered, and mowed,
Yet, as soon as the Autumn
Their fruit and corn brought 'em,
It also brought men with long daggers and knives,
Who all swore like troopers, and threatened their lives,
If they didn't agree without more yea or nay
A tribute to pay,
And let them take away
What they fancied, as welcome as flowers in May.
Now they *fancied* corn, olives, wine, grapes, beans and peas ;
They were partial to butter, and doated on cheese ;
To turnips and carrots they'd no great objection,
For new milk and eggs they expressed much affection ;
In short, they liked every thing, oats, straw, and hay too,
Nor turned up their noses at a waxy potato ;
But carried all off from the poor folks, and told them

That, what with the peas,
 And the milk, and the cheese,
 And the wine, and the oil,
 And the rest of the spoil,
 They (the robbers) could not
 Take away such a lot
 Of acceptable presents,
 Unless they (the peasants)
 Would lend them the loan of their waggons to hold them !

As may be surmised,
 The police exercised
 All their cunning and skill
 With a hearty good will,
 To get rid of these workers of mischief and ill,
 But in vain, for Antonio bothered them still ;
 Tho' in plotting no Machiavelli could match them,
 The robbers were " fly," and they never could match them.
 In vain bribes were proffered,
 And free pardons offered ;
 They couldn't find one
 Just to blow from a gun,
 By way of example—in short, they were *done* ;
 Tho', if they *had* caught them, there would have been slaughtering,
 Torturing, hanging, and drawing, and quartering,
 Thumbscrewing, racking, and scavenger's daughtering,
 Which our good ancestors deemed in their blindness
 Were methods more easy to check guilt than kindness ;
 Tho' we, their wise " childre,"
 Use remedies milder,
 And thinking the culprits by madness beguiled are,
 We, priding ourselves on our modern humanity,
 Sanction *all* crime on the plea of insanity.

Yet, in spite of his occupation,
 And indifferent reputation,
 And in spite of the church's ban,
 Antonio was a moral man.
 Never a day
 Had passed away,
 In which he neglected three times to pray,
 And I don't know how many aves say :
 Twenty-four when he first awoke,
 Twenty more ere his fast he broke,
 Praying to all the saints in turn,
 All, whose names he chanced to learn :
 San Lorenzo, San Gregorio,
 San Francesco, San Onorio,
 San Pietro, San Guistino,
 San Ambrosio, San Martino,
 San Antonio, San Ricardo,
 San Hilario, San Bernardo,
 San Guiseppe, San Enrico,
 Last, not least, San Dominico :
 One by one,
 Omitting none,
 He invoked them all ; and when this was done
 He began to wonder if they would forget
 How deep the whole calendar stood in his debt ;
 And as o'er his beads his fingers he ran,
 He felt he *was* a moral man.

But moral or not, there comes a day
 When man's last thread of life gives way,
 And he the debt of all debts must pay.
 How to shun that bourne
 From which none return,
 With all our silence we cannot learn ;
 Not Euclid, Bonnycastle, nor Cocker,
 Can save us from Davy Jones's locker.
 To solve *that* problem may fairly puzzle wit,
 Law and Divinity,
 Christchurch and Trinity,
 M. A., D. D.,
 Deep-read tho' they be,
 And moral as Pecksniff in Martin Chuzzlewit.

On a weary steed, foot sore and lame,
 Towards Monselice a horseman came,
 And as a long hill he began to climb,
 He looked around him from time to time,
 And sprang off the saddle, his horse to lead,
 And unsheathed his sword in case of need,
 As if he'd a sort of instinctive suspicion,
 He stood just then in an awkward position.
 He stopped to rest in a shady spot,
 For the hill was steep, and the day was hot ;
 When sudden, ere he could Jack Robinson say,

 (Two words, by the way,

 Which Italians may

In *pretto Toscano* translate, for all we know,
 By Giovanni, or Nanni Robinsonino ;))
 A robber rushed out from a thicket hard by,
 And quietly bade him " Deliver or die."

 " Deliver," quoth he,

 " My friend, do you see

Aught green in my eye, that you talk so to me?
 Here's my answer, perhaps it may vex you, well let it,
 My money's my own, and I wish you may get it ;
 I'd give you the same, that I would, no sham,
 Were you Blackbeard himself." " And so I am."

Without more ado,

To their swords they flew,

Thrusting, piercing,

Carte, and tiercing,

Never were men their strokes so fierce in ;

 Cutting, slashing,

 Maiming, gashing,

Trying to settle each other's hash in

As short, nay, shorter space of time

Than it takes for a trick in a pantomime ;

When, oh ! that thrust, and, oh ! that groan,

Down fell Antonio dead as a stone,

With a face as white as his beard was black,

And a sword thro' his heart coming out at his back !

The traveller wiped his blade in haste,
 For he thought he hadn't much time to waste,
 And he mounted his steed with great good-will,
 And never looked back till he'd crossed the hill ;

And 'twas lucky for him that he didn't delay,

For soon after the fray,

On a charger grey,

The ugly lieutenant came riding that way,

With a dozen fierce robbers armed to the teeth,

All clad in buff coats, with breastplates beneath.

The lieutenant started, and rubbed his eyes,

And pointed his finger in mute surprise,

And looked as puzzled as Thomas Noddy,

Could he be mistaken, or *was* it a body?

Still nearer he drew,

The closer to view

The strange sight before him—one glance, and he knew

That it *was* a body, but *whose*? Once more

He scanned the features all stained with gore,

And uncovered the corpse, a short cloak wrapped in,

And cried, "I'm shot if it isn't the captain!"

They dug him a grave 'neath an old oak tree,

As pleasant a spot as you'd wish to see,

And they laid the earth lightly over his head,

And chose the lieutenant their captain instead,

And sprinkled some dust where the road was gory,

And left brave Blackbeard alone in his glory.

A year and a day,

In his grave he lay,

Till one sunshiny morning, quite early in May,

Saint Dominic chanced to be passing that way,

And he paused at the foot of the old oak tree,

And gave with his heel stamps one, two, three,

Just where he imagined the body to be;

And with stamp the third

He uttered one word,

"Blackbeard!" in a voice loud enough to be heard

A mile off at least, for 'twas said *con amore*,

And Blackbeard politely replied, "*Sì, Signore.*"

The earth gave a crack, and the robber came out,

Glad enough to escape from such quarters, no doubt,

And, anxious all future return thither to shun,

Fell to the saint's feet, and besought absolution.

"Thou hast it," said he,

"From sin thou art free,

Because in thy prayers thou didst recollect me;

And I'm not the saint, as thou soon shalt confess,

To leave a poor fellow alone in a mess;

Other saints may forget, but *my* memory's better,

I know to a fraction how far I stand debtor,

And find to thy credit—Aves, five and twenty,

Just thirty-one Credos, and Paters in plenty;

So, friend Barbanera, to make matters straight,

Thou shalt now be let off at a very cheap rate,

For instead of ten years (the time fixed upon for ye all),

One year shall wind up thy woes purgatorial.

Stay, ere thou goest,

'Twere well that thou throwest

The earth back again in its place, for thou knowest

That people *will* talk, and it's likely some may,

If they find this great hole, shake their wise heads, and say,

' Poor Blackbeard ! he's gone, and we can't doubt *which way* !
Come, I'll lend thee a hand, for I can't wait all day."

The robber obeyed,
And they very soon laid
The mould o'er the grave without shovel or spade ;
And they stuck up a wooden cross close by the tree,
And, with help of some chalk which at hand chanced to be,
Wrote in letters an inch long, that all men might see,
Orate pro anima Barbæ Nerae,
As loud as ye can, that the saints may hear ye.

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

FROM SCHILLER.

"Drei Worte nenn' ich euch inhaltschwer."

Veiled in three words a solemn meaning lies,
And though men's lips those words oftentimes impart,
Yet not from outward things do they arise,
And he who knows them learns them from his heart.
Man would of every virtue be bereaved,
If these three words should be no more believed.

Man is created free, and he is free,
Though born in chains where stern oppression rules.
Let not the people's clamours weigh with thee,
Nor the wild outbreaks of misguided fools :
Fear the rude slave who rends his bonds in twain,
But fear not him who never felt the chain.

And virtue lives—it is no empty name ;
Still by its light we shape our wanderings,
And though our stumbling footsteps miss its aim.
Yet do we strive for high and holy things,
Hid from the wise—its power unseen, unknown—
It dwells in childlike hearts, and in those hearts alone !

There is a God ! there lives a holy will,
Although our hearts are wandering and weak—
High over time and space it ruleth still,
And bids us after high and holy things to seek.
Eternal change on all things is imprest,
But o'er eternal change that will exists in rest !

Guard well these words !—in them deep meaning lies ;
Let men from lip to lip those words impart ;
Yet not from outward things do they arise,
And he who knows them learns them from his heart.
Man of his virtue ne'er can be bereaved,
While those three words are steadfastly believed !

"META."

January 20, 1843,

REPEAL AGITATION IN THE CORPORATIONS AND IN PARLIAMENT.*

It has been our fortune to experience not unfrequently the reward of those unaccommodating prophets who will not consent to speak "smooth things" when they would be "deceits." Our warnings have been rejected as frivolous, and our motives for uttering them have been pronounced unworthy. Still, through evil report and good report, amidst reprimands and encouragements, we have adhered to the principles and policy which we held to be wisest and best, and we have good reason now to believe that many of those opponents who contemned our admonitions, and made light of our reasonings, may have learned the wisdom which they would not receive from us, in the progress of menacing events which we had anticipated and predicted.

Very few years have elapsed since that time when the great majority of Conservative politicians *would* see, in the obscure agitation of plans for the repeal of the legislative union, nothing which could justify alarm. The devisers of such plans, they said, the directors of such agitation, had no object in view but that of basely serving themselves. They were men of malignant passions and disappointed ambition, who could feel a joy, such as demons may feel, in convulsion and disorder. They were men of broken fortunes, to whom pestilent and seditious activities recommended themselves as a source of revenue. They were not men who really contemplated the ends at which they professed to aim, or who indulged in the faintest hope or surmise that such ends were attainable.

We are old enough to remember when representations of the same character were made respecting the agitators for what was called Catholic emancipation. The parties who were

then described as having no public interest at heart, lived, nevertheless, to see a measure of vast public moment—a concession, indeed, involving a fundamental change in the British constitution—yielded to their persevering and seditious importunities. The same parties, or, to speak with more precision, the same individual, (in whom a party, vast in numerical strength, appears concentrated,) after this great success, advanced in his demands, and claimed a repeal of the legislative union. His efforts were met by many a friend to the integrity of the British empire with the same arguments which had already proved ineffectual: we were not disposed to place reliance on them. They had been proved, and found weak. We thought them worse than weak—pernicious. We felt convinced that they could not harm the cause of repeal with its supporters. We feared they might disarm the vigilance of its opponents. We employed other arguments, which, at the time, offended some of our friends, but to which, we apprehend, events have since given authority.

It is our firm persuasion that, had the legislature of Great Britain been alive to the dangers of repeal agitation, the municipal reform bill for Ireland in its present form would not have become law. So long as "repeal" was regarded as a scheme for promoting Mr. O'Connell's personal interests, and Mr. O'Connell was regarded as an individual who had none but personal interests to serve, it was no more than reasonable to conclude that no great evil was likely to arise from granting to cities and towns in Ireland privileges which had been already bestowed in other parts of the empire. What was acknowledged as a right in England and Scotland, it was thought unwise to withhold

* Repeal of the Union: the Substance of a Speech delivered in the Corporation of Dublin, on the 28th February, 1843, on Mr. O'Connell's motion to petition for a Repeal of the Legislative Union. By Isaac Butt, Esq. Dublin, Curry & Co. 1843.

A Full and Revised Report of the Three Days' Discussion in the Dublin Corporation on the Repeal of the Union. Dublin, Duffy. 1843.

from the people in Ireland. Had the schemes for effecting a repeal of the union been thought formidable, a different opinion might have prevailed; but, so long as a large party in the British senate regarded Mr. O'Connell's motives and views as sordid and personal, and his schemes as having no other object than to make dupes of all who could be allured into taking part in them, it was thought that the inconveniences likely to arise from transferring the corporations of Ireland from Protestants, who had ever been faithful to British connection, to the party who are now ascendant, were not so injurious and grave as the consequences were likely to become, of resisting the clamorous earnestness with which municipal reform was demanded.

The concession of these claims was, to no little extent, a compensation to the repeal party in Ireland for their virtual loss of office. For six years they might be said to have governed the British empire and its dependencies, through the medium of a ministry contented to hold office as their agents and representatives. It is a strange episode in British history, the annals of this "alien" government. It was, in the judgment of the repeal party, their government of a conquered country. The king, the people, the nobility of England were overpowered by the ascendancies of an anti-Anglican party. England, however, was not subdued. During six years of adversity and danger she prosecuted efforts almost without a parallel, to recover her lost power. The blessing to be looked for on all such labours was vouchsafed. England has resumed her power, but the party from whom she rescued it has attained a strong-hold of no ordinary strength. The repeal party has won, in the Irish corporations, fortresses from which it may, with much effect, make demonstrations of its power, and create embarrassment to the defenders of British connection. "Give to O'Connell and the priests," we long since observed,* "popish and radical corporations, and what will be wanting to complete the machinery for repeal agitation through the length and the breadth of the land? And that once set a-going what is to stop it?

what power exists without or within the constitution by which it could be arrested or controlled, until it accomplishes its work, and eventuates in the dismemberment of the empire?"

When we uttered this prediction, the cabinet of the "Litchfield House compact" was in power. We have now, and are thankful for the blessing, a ministry of a different description. Sir Robert Peel's government does not hold place during the pleasure of Mr. O'Connell, and is not likely to forfeit the power of serving its country by opposing measures calculated, if not designed, to effect the national ruin. We are not, therefore, without a hope that the schemes of the Irish corporations may not have all the success which, under other circumstances, we had apprehended: but we are very sure that no reflecting man will require of us at this day to justify our predictions. All that we anticipated as to the consequences of municipal reform has taken place. If our worst anticipations are not perhaps speedily realised, it must be, humanly speaking, because Great Britain is now blessed with a ministry powerful enough, and wise enough, to withstand the efforts of what no true friend to the empire should deary to be a very formidable party. It is not by affecting to despise its power that the efforts of such a party can be counteracted.

We are not sorry to see that the proceedings of the Dublin corporation during the late glorious three days have become matter of permanent record. They will instruct many whom it was difficult to convince, as to the ambition which prevails within that municipal body, and they have procured for us a gratification and an advantage of which, had not Mr. O'Connell's speech on February 28 been formally reported, we might have been deprived.

A corrected report of Mr. Butt's speech in reply, delivered on the same day, has been published. The occasion and the effort were both memorable. The occasion was, as it were, the opening of their batteries from the reformed corporations of Ireland as the integrity of the British empire. The effort was a masterly defence of

British connection on the part of one who had predicted the hostility which he then stood forward to resist, and who met the difficulty when it arose with no less fearlessness and ability than he had aforetime avowed his apprehensions of it.

On February 28, 1843, Mr. O'Connell, an alderman of the city of Dublin, moved in the corporation that a petition for the repeal of the legislative union be presented on their part to the imperial parliament. The day may be memorable in our country's history. It will become disastrously so if the war which was proclaimed upon it be not vigorously and wisely resisted. We should desire to discern in this necessary resistance the presence of a spirit such as pervades Mr. Butt's admirable speech—a spirit of energy, tempered by the thoughtfulness which ensures due moderation—a spirit of unflinching resolution to maintain great and abiding interests and principles, tempered by that respect and concern for national feelings, and even for honest prejudices, which often recommend to good men the reasonings of an adversary, and render them persuasive.

It was an intellectual contest of no ordinary character, that in which Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Butt discussed the propriety of petitioning for a repeal of the union, and not the less remarkable for the peculiarity that neither of the competitors could put forth his whole strength in the struggle. The great strength of Mr. O'Connell's case lay in the advantages of separation from England: Mr. Butt's main strength would be found in consideration of the danger to Protestantism and property. The occasion was one which prohibited the use of such topics. Mr. O'Connell had to make out his case without the reasoning which separation would supply. Mr. Butt had to meet his opponent without the weapons which peril to all national institutions would supply. We do not mean to say that either of the speakers was altogether abstinent with regard to topics of which they could not make a liberal use. Our meaning is, that they must have employed them, if adverting to them at all, with a most embarrassing caution, and we will do both gentlemen the justice to say that ability was no less conspicuous on both sides

than the circumspection which circumstances rendered necessary.

As a specimen of the ability and temper in which the discussion was conducted, we shall offer one of Mr. O'Connell's arguments, and Mr. Butt's reply.

The third proposition, which the honourable member proposed to establish was, that the right of Ireland "to have a domestic parliament was fully established by the transaction of 1782." In proof of this assertion, after sketching in his usual manner a history of the volunteer armament, and the circumstances in which it had its origin, Mr. O'Connell proceeded thus—

"The lord lieutenant, then in Ireland, was changed. The Duke of Portland was then sent over; and on the 16th of April, 1782, addressed the house in these words—'I have it in command from his majesty to inform this house, that his majesty being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies are prevailing among his loyal subjects of this country upon matters of great weight and importance, his majesty recommends to this house to take the same into their serious consideration, in order to such a FINAL ADJUSTMENT as may give mutual satisfaction to his kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland.' I will only read one paragraph of the reply which was given by the House of Commons. It is in these words—'That an humble address be presented to his majesty, to return his majesty the thanks of this house, signified by his grace the lord lieutenant, to assure his majesty of our unshaken attachment to his majesty's person and government, and of our lively sense of his paternal care in thus taking the lead to administer content to his majesty's subjects of Ireland. That thus encouraged by his royal interposition, we shall beg leave, with all duty and affection, to lay before his majesty the cause of our discontents and jealousies. To assure his majesty, that his subjects of Ireland are a free people. That the crown of Ireland is an imperial crown, inseparably annexed to the crown of Great Britain, on which connexion the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof. That there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, nor any other parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the parliament of Ireland. To assure

his majesty that we humbly conceive THAT IN THIS RIGHT THE VERY ESSENCE OF OUR LIBERTY EXISTS; a right which we, on the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birthright, and which we cannot yield but with our lives.' Why was not that threat met? Why was it not set at defiance? Why were they not called on to part with their liberties or their lives? Oh, no! the English government succumbed—the king became sensible that an adjustment was necessary—and the cause of quarrel was removed. My lord, they said that the essence of liberty existed in a domestic parliament, and the king of England, and the parliament of England passed a law, disclaiming for ever any privilege or right to interfere with the then established independence of the Irish parliament.

"Thus was a solemn treaty between the two nations entered into, concluded, and ratified. It was a solemn international compact. But, alas! England never yet observed or performed a treaty with Ireland. No; she never made a treaty with this country which she did not violate in the most flagrant manner. She took every occasion to violate the most solemn compacts with Ireland. And to show you that I do not exaggerate, I will read for you presently, the first authority in the land to prove that he concurs with me in that sentiment. Remember I promised you to read the words of Bushe, describing the foulness of English treachery—words which are stronger than any I have uttered. Recollect, too, that the nature of the question under discussion was the right of Ireland to make her own laws, and that that right was confirmed by those proceedings. It had a double effect—it admitted the original right, and re-asserted it for ever by a solemn national confirmation, which put an end to all future questions being raised on the subject. I could read passages on passages for you to show how often it was said by the men in the government of each country, that no constitutional question could hereafter arise between England and Ireland—that every such question was set at rest, and for ever. Time has, no doubt, passed away, and many years have elapsed since this contract was totally and shamelessly violated; but there is no statute of limitation against the liberties of a people—ages may roll over, yet their rights remain. If the rights of the monarchy were stricken down to-morrow, they would still exist. And let it be remembered, that those of the Irish people were co-extensive and co-existent with English dominion; that the final adjudication of 1782, was a solemn

treaty and confirmation of those rights; and shame on those who now continue its violation. Oh! may my countrymen rally round me, until their mountain shout is heard even in St. Stephen's, and the cry of liberty is re-echoed through the land.

"Ireland may have her freedom obscured, but the cloud is passing away, the awful solemnity of the treaty of 1782 is emerging from obscurity. This final adjustment was insisted on at the union, then insisted on in vain, but in the healthier days that are springing up, a sounder policy will be insisted on with an irresistible vigour. Here is the ninth reason set out in the protest against the union, recorded by the Duke of Leinster and nineteen peers, two of whom were bishops. 9th—'Because we consider the intended union a direct breach of trust, not only by the parliament with the people, but by the parliament of Great Britain with that of Ireland, inasmuch as the tenor and purport of the settlement of 1782 did intentionally and expressly exclude the re-agitation of constitutional questions between the two countries, and did establish the exclusive legislative authority of the Irish parliament without the interference of any other. That the breach of such a solemn contract, founded on the internal weakness of the country, and its inability at this time to withstand the destructive design of the minister, must tend to destroy the harmony of both, by forming a precedent and generating a principle of mutual encroachment in times of mutual difficulties.' And so it will be made when England is in difficulty, and the more readily when she has not strength to treat with contempt or scorn the assistance of the loyal portion of the people of this country."

Mr. Butt does not concern himself in disputing the correctness of this argument. He adopts the far wiser course of setting the proper limits to his adversary's conclusion, and showing the real value of his argument—

"There is no impression more common, yet none more utterly erroneous, than the belief, that in adopting the views of the honourable and learned gentleman, we are but demanding for Ireland the restoration of something that this country once had. I am quite prepared to demonstrate to this assembly that there cannot be any thing like restoration in the case.

"Ours is not the case of an ancient dynasty, to the memorials and traces of which we can point—ours is not the case of a people with a law and a con-

stitution of our own made subject to another people differing from us in laws, in language, and in origin—ours is not the case of a people like the French Canadians, subject to foreign laws and to foreign jurisprudence, and claiming the restoration of their ancient laws. No! the honourable and learned gentleman has, in this assembly, made no such case, he could make no such case for Ireland. All that we can seek is of English origin. Our common law is the common law of England—the parliament which is claimed is a Saxon institution—the honourable and learned gentleman can trace the liberties of Ireland to no higher source than the English conquest. His claim is for Anglo-Saxon rights. I believe it of importance to mark this. The liberties of Ireland are rested on the English conquest—on the subversion of the ancient laws of the country—on the introduction of the English common law and Saxon rights. I repeat, the honourable and learned gentleman can trace the liberties of our country no higher than the English conquest. No man in his senses indeed would dream of calling for the restoration of the Brehon law, and the old system of the Irish chieftainries. Upon this point we are agreed, that all we seek is of English origin. The charter of our liberties, the right to our parliament, arose with the English dominion in Ireland. The claim for repeal is now to be put forward by us as the successors, whether by descent or incorporation, of the Anglo-Saxons in Ireland. This is the ground taken to-day by the honourable and learned gentleman—a ground, I must say, not altogether consistent with the usual topics urged by the honourable and learned gentleman—of the injustice and oppression of the Anglo-Saxons towards the native Irish; topics fortunately excluded from this discussion, and which could not help, but must hurt, the case he has put forward to day.”

“But what was the condition of the parliament of Ireland even after the extension of its constitution in the reign of James I.—the first period at which it could possibly claim the character or dignity of the parliament of the Irish nation? Gentlemen opposite have probably heard of Poyning’s law, a subject that has given rise to much discussion. That was not a law of the English parliament—it was a law of the parliament of Ireland itself; it was passed, I believe, in 1495; at all events, it was the 10th of Henry VII; it was passed while Sir Edward Poyning was Lord Justice, at a parliament held at Drogheda; and its enactments were these—that

before any parliament was called in Ireland, the heads of every bill intended to be proposed to that parliament should be sent over to the English privy council, and should be approved of there. This was afterwards modified by an act of Philip and Mary. It was found inconvenient to enforce literally the provisions which obliged the heads of every bill to be sent over before the parliament was convened, and this modification permitted the heads to be sent over while the parliament was actually sitting. But the condition of the parliament of Ireland was this, that they could not entertain, they could not in strictness even discuss any bill until the heads of it were approved of by the English privy council; that was, in fact, by the English attorney-general, the officer who in practice superintended the Irish bills. This law of Poyning’s—a law passed by the Irish parliament itself—enacted the dependence of the Irish parliament. It is singular that to this remarkable statute the honourable and learned gentleman has never in the course of his argument adverted. He has to the 6th of George I.; that was a law of the English parliament, affirming or declaring the right of the English parliament to bind Ireland by its laws—a right, however, not often exercised, and the assertion of which obviously very little affected the question of Irish parliamentary independence so long as the law of Poyning’s remained in force; and this law of Poyning’s, in fact, preceded the establishment of any thing that can be called the parliamentary institutions of Ireland.

“Thus stood matters up to 1782. The English parliament having in 1719 entered on their statute-book a right to bind Ireland by laws passed in that parliament—a right always, however, disputed. The Irish parliament from its earliest formation, admittedly without power even to pass a bill that had not previously been sanctioned by the English privy council. Thus stood the question of Ireland’s parliamentary independence up to 1782. In 1782 it is quite true the Irish parliament passed their celebrated declaration of right; the English parliament repealed the act of the 6th of George I., and renounced their claim to make laws for Ireland, and the Irish parliament modified, but did not repeal, the law of Poyning’s. I beg the attention of the assembly to this, that up to the period of the union, the law of Poyning’s had never been wholly repealed, and the portion of it which was reserved was made a part of the constitution of 1782—that constitution, which I think the honourable and learned gentleman has called a final set-

tlement of the relations between England and Ireland. In that year this degrading law was modified. The modification was brought in by Mr. Yelverton, and consisted in this—that the Irish parliament might originate and pass bills without the previous consent of the English privy council; but this right was expressly reserved to the English crown, that no bill should become law until it received the assent of the sovereign under the great seal, not of Ireland, but of England.

“I must again earnestly request the attention of the assembly to this fact. By the constitution of 1782, which I understood the honourable and learned gentleman to say was the final settlement of Ireland’s independence, a bill which might receive the unanimous consent of both the Irish houses of parliament, required the assent of the sovereign, under the great seal not of Ireland but of England; a great seal in the custody of the English chancellor alone—a minister responsible to the English parliament, and not to the Irish. In England the sovereign has the power of refusing her assent to any measure passed by both houses of parliament; but she does this under the advice of ministers responsible to that very parliament, by the advice of an English cabinet—this is the practical check upon the exercise of the power. But by the boasted constitution of 1782, the sovereign of Ireland exercised the right of assenting to or rejecting bills passed by the parliament of Ireland—not by the advice of an Irish cabinet—there was no such thing in existence—not by the advice of any minister responsible to, or in any way dependent upon, the Irish parliament, but by the advice of a minister solely responsible to and solely dependent on an English parliament.

“This power to the great seal of England was not reserved as a mere speculative monarchical right. Did time now permit, I could read to you extracts from the speeches of the patriots both of 1782 and 1800—from the speeches of those who advocated the declaration of right, and those who opposed the union in both houses of the Irish parliament, proving that they relied on this necessity of having the assent of the crown under the great seal of England to all acts of the Irish parliament, as the security against separation—as the answer to those who urged the danger of two independent legislatures in one state. It was then relied on as a real and practical control. Let us then not be led astray by any declamation about national honour and national independence. Was this constitution, I ask,

national independence? Am I not now entitled to demand of the honourable and learned gentleman, before he calls on us to embark in this scheme of repeal, to state distinctly the terms of the object which he seeks? Does he seek to re-establish this settlement of 1782, or seek something different from and beyond it? Throughout the entire of his address, he has never stated the terms upon which the countries must be united after the separation of the legislatures; and when he comes to reply, I trust he will feel it necessary distinctly to state what is the national independence at which he aims.

“I repeat, my lord, when the honourable and learned gentleman calls on us to seek for the re-establishment of Ireland’s legislative independence, I do think that he should distinctly have told us what he means by this. Does he mean by this independence, in support of which he has cited so many examples of independent states, in proof of which he has affirmed so many propositions of our fitness to be a nation—does he mean by this national independence, that in the most important prerogative of giving or refusing her assent to our laws, our sovereign is to be guided by the advice of a foreign minister—foreign if your views be right—responsible to a foreign parliament, and influenced by the views of that parliament? Or, does he mean to demand something that he does not openly express—something for which the settlement of 1782 not only furnishes no argument, but against which it supplies an unanswerable one? These, surely, are subjects upon which we are entitled to the most distinct and explicit information.”

Then, after reminding his hearers that according to the constitution of 1782 Ireland had no choice or influence in the appointment of her own executive, (her lord lieutenant and a chief secretary being appointed by the British minister, and responsible to him,) no voice in the making of war or peace, no army, no navy, no ambassadors, colonies, admirals, generals, &c. he proceeds—

“It is very easy to talk of a province and a nation; but if there be one situation on earth of a country to which the word province is strictly applicable, it is to the state of Ireland under this boasted constitution: a nation she might be in name, but without any of the functions or attributes of a nation; without a national executive; no place for her among the nations of the earth; without her fleets or her armies; no colonies;

no ambassadors to other countries. Unless we are prepared to go the length of separation, we must be a paltry, pitiful, and subject province of England; our parliament a provincial and colonial assembly. I am quite satisfied that once attain repeal, and separation must follow. (Cries of no! no!) Well, be it so: but unless you do go this length, you have only reduced Ireland from an integral part of the empire to a province, and thus I answer the arguments and propositions of the honourable and learned gentleman, which affirm the greatness and resources of Ireland. What do these prove? That Ireland is too great to be a province—but a province she must be under the constitution of 1782—under any constitution you can propose. What then remains?—union or separation!

"I have said that by the settlement of 1782 Ireland was but a province. I believe that it was the national indignation at the state in which this country was then placed—the discontent, the sense of national degradation that was thus created—that first excited the attempt at separation which terminated in the blood-stained rebellion of 1798. We have on record the sentiments and opinions of many of the originators of that attempt. I will read to the assembly the words of one of these—a man, mistaken indeed, and dangerous, but one whom I will always regard as a generous and high-minded enthusiast, and one who was as sincerely attached to the honour of his country as any man who ever breathed—I mean Wolfe Tone. So early as 1791 Wolfe Tone had been a member of a club formed for the express purpose of separating Ireland from England, and the extract I now read is from a pamphlet published by him in that year to forward the cause of separation. He thus describes—truly describes—the state of Ireland:—

"The present state of Ireland is such as is not to be paralleled in history or fable. Inferior to no country in Europe in the gifts of nature—blessed with a temperate sky and a fruitful soil—intersected by many great rivers—indented round her whole coast with the noblest harbours—abounding with all the necessary materials for unlimited commerce—teeming with inexhaustible mines of the most useful metals—filled by four millions of an ingenious and a gallant people, with bold hands and ardent spirits—posted right in the track between Europe and America, within fifty miles of England and three hundred of France; yet with all these great advantages, unheard-of and unknown—without pride, or power, or name—without ambassadors, army, or

navy—not of half the consequence in the empire of which she has the honour to make a part with the single county of York, or the loyal and well-regulated town of Birmingham.'

"Is this the state to which you would reduce your country? This is the description of her state after nine years' experience of the constitution of 1782. Is it not, I ask you, a just description of the political position of Ireland under that constitution?—'with all her great advantages, unheard-of and unknown, without pride, or power, or name—without ambassadors, army, or navy?' 'With all her great advantages!' were not the arguments then used by the advocates of separation, just the same as those brought forward to-day? The eloquent eulogium of the honourable and learned gentleman, on the powers, the virtues, and the capabilities of his country, is compressed into the few sentences of Wolfe Tone. But in what position will you place Ireland by repealing the act of union—by recurring to the independence of 1782? 'Not of half the consequence in the empire of which she has the honour to make a part, with the single county of York, or the loyal and well-regulated town of Birmingham.' Unless these arguments are meant for separation they are delusion. It is delusion to talk of national independence, and then propose to reduce our country to be a paltry, pitiful province of Britain, without voice, or dignity, or weight in the empire. Unless you go the length of separation, you do nothing. (Cries of no.) I entreat your calm and deliberate attention. I am endeavouring to prove to you that in considering this question, you must not permit your feelings to be led away by declamation about a national independence that never existed, and which, if it means anything, must mean separation. I repeat, that by the constitution of 1782, the affairs of Ireland were, in her executive, managed by an English minister, and the law of Poynings was modified but not repealed; and the power reserved to the keeper of the English great seal, of advising the sovereign to refuse her assent to their measures, was relied on by the advocates of Irish independence as the security for the connection between the countries. That the queen does possess the power of negating a bill, no constitutional lawyer will or can deny. Suppose, then, the English minister to advise the queen to refuse her assent to an act passed by both houses of parliament in Ireland; suppose her minister backed in his advice to exercise this prerogative by the voice of an English parliament and the English nation; what are you to do?

You cannot impeach the English minister; you are powerless; you must virtually acknowledge the supremacy of the English parliament—a parliament to which you cannot send one single representative to advocate your cause—in which you have not one single vote. Do you think that you will tamely submit, or must not there be again union or separation?"

Union or separation! Alderman Butt is right—

"To this complexion it must come at last!"

It was no ordinary service to his country to have rendered this important truth so indisputably manifest. Mr. Butt, certainly, in the discussion where he so honourably distinguished himself, occupied a position of which, if he could be satisfied to enjoy a personal triumph, he might well be proud. On many an occasion to which his talents and eloquence gave *ecclat*—on one occasion, of which the majestic solemnity needed not an adventitious aid to give it grandeur—that in which Mr. Butt appeared in connection with a great associate to defend the rights of an ancient and loyal corporation at the bar of the House of Lords—he had predicted, in clear and emphatic terms, that the activities of the new corporation would be detrimental to the best interests of the country, to peace, order, public security. He saw, as the wise see, events in the germs which produce them; and as a faithful and eloquent counsellor, he told the vision which reason, not fancy, had called up from a menaced future. Mr. Butt's warnings were disregarded, or else other considerations prevailed. The new corporation was established; and with the same fidelity as he had already predicted what they were sure to become, he set himself to disprove his predictions. As counsel for the old corporation, he warned the legislature against the unsounded dangers of the new; and as an alderman of the new corporation, he endeavours to control its mischievous activities, and to save the land from its pernicious projects. The temper and spirit in which he alluded to his very peculiar position were truly admirable—

"Forgive the warmth and excitement

with which I speak. I feel deeply. If I know myself, the most earnest wish of my heart is for my country's peace. Did I seek a personal triumph for myself over many who have on former occasions found fault with me, I would rejoice that you should discuss this question in this assembly—that you should carry it. It will justify disregarded remonstrances, and verify unheeded predictions of my own. God forbid that I should triumph in such a result. From the moment I have become a member of this assembly, I have laboured in sincerity to disprove my own predictions—to make this assembly the means of good to our country, what it ought to be—not what I prophesied you would be. I am jealous for the honour of our city. I wish to see a corporation in Dublin looked up to and respected. I would wish that when the lord mayor of Dublin appeared at the bar of the House of Commons to exercise the ancient right of this city of declaring their own opinions, he should do so with authority and weight. Can you expect this if the first time he appears there is with a petition such as this? Reserve your authority for better things. Do not squander your influence on such a project as this—a project to which you may lend some little influence, but, in doing so, are sure to deprive yourselves of immeasurably more."

In a similar spirit, the eloquent speaker addressed the Roman Catholic members of the Corporation: we sincerely hope that the admonition may not be lost upon them.

"Never was there a people before whom there was opened a more noble course of virtue and patriotism, than is now open to the Roman Catholic people of Ireland. May I address that people as your friend, as your countryman, who must spend my days among you, for evil, or for good? After a contest, in which you have been opposed, perhaps by something that was wrong and selfish, but believe me also by much that was honourable, and upright, and sincere, you have achieved for yourselves full equality of civic rights. You are proud of your triumph. Be it so—whether justly or not, depends on how you use it. You have been opposed, not because Protestants grudged any class a full participation of civil rights, but because they said and thought you would not rest content with these rights, but would employ them to subvert the constitution, overthrow the religion, and break down the institutions of the realm. Prove now how ~~wisest~~, how ungenerous, were these arguments. If

you would bring the blush of generous shame to the cheek of every man who conscientiously opposed you, give now your country peace—rest satisfied as you are. In your triumph, remember moderation—reject those schemes of wild ambition, which you never can achieve—but, by entertaining which, you must once more distract your country. What have you to seek for? You have achieved emancipation—you have broken down the old corporations—you have gone further; you have trenched on the rights of Protestants—you have swept away ten prelates of our church ('no, no,' from Mr. O'Connell, and cries of 'it was Lord Stanley')—you have taken away one-fourth from the incomes of our clergy. I do not now mention these things by way of reproach. You have established a national system of education, of which Protestants do not approve, but which has been sanctioned by the highest authority of the Roman Catholic church. To this system the funds and support of the state are exclusively given. I say not what I think of these concessions, but they have been made. Right or wrong, these things have been done; and if, after all, you cannot rest content—if you still seek that complete ascendancy for your religion and your party which is involved in repeal, will you not justify, more than justify every man who resisted your obtaining a full participation of all civic rights? Seek now for ascendancy, and you stamp truth upon the arguments of the most determined of your opponents.

"You do not, you cannot believe that now you are oppressed or slighted on account of your religion—you have now the noblest path of virtue and of patriotism before you.

"Mr. O'Connell—Hear, hear.

"Mr. Butt—It is not virtue, it is not patriotism, now in the moment when peace seems promised to Ireland, to call into action the dying spirit of party and religious discord. You must do this by agitating repeal. I know full well the weapons that in such a controversy must be employed—it is inevitable. The honourable and learned gentleman has said he has been blamed for writing his history of Ireland. I blame him! That history should have never been written! But mark, it was written as the manual of repeal; and what are its arguments—the necessary arguments it uses? The oppressions and persecutions of the by-gone days; and these must be the topics—not the peaceful topics we have discussed this day—that will excite the fiercer passions of exasperated parties. What would you have thought of me if, instead of meeting this question as your

countryman and your friend—instead of arguing with yourselves—of appealing to our common interest in our common country, I had appealed to those portions of Irish history that would have excited the passions of the Protestant people? Do you think I could not have found materials in the past, ay, and in the recent history of Ireland, as exciting on one side, as calculated to stir up the passions as those, which, correct or incorrect, the honourable and learned gentleman has collected on the other? I have not done so. No! let the memories of past wrongs be forgotten; away with the evil spirit that would wander among the tombs, to hold communion only with the evil things of other days, and by an infernal necromancy call from the grave the hideous spectres of forgotten crimes, to disturb the present generation with the guilt and the passions of the past. But I warn you, books like these cannot be written without provoking retaliation. Others will do what I have avoided to-day. So sure as this agitation proceeds, so sure as you appeal to the deep passions of the people on one side, will counter-appeals be made on the other, and in the exasperation of maddened parties the last hope of Ireland's peace and prosperity be struck down."

The following allusion to the case of Scotland is the last quotation we shall make from this valuable speech:

"The honourable and learned gentleman anticipated the allusion to the case of Scotland. In Scotland the union was more unpopular than ever it was in Ireland; the articles of union were burnt in every town by the mob. The persons who signed them had to fly from the fury of the people. If any man in Scotland now proposed to Scotchmen to repeal it, he would be laughed at. There is not a single argument that could now be used by the honourable and learned gentleman in Ireland, that did not equally apply to Scotland at the period of the union; but now, after the experience of a century and a half, Scotchmen feel that the union with England is a solid advantage to their country, and that their progress in prosperity has exceeded that of England itself. The honourable and learned gentleman anticipated this argument, and by anticipation endeavoured to meet it. How? By quoting a speech of Lord Grey's, in which it was asserted that, for forty years after the union, Scotland had not improved, but since that period it is admitted her progress has been rapid beyond example. I can very well conceive that the discontent created by a union,

the change in the social state produced by its immediate effects, the disturbance in established habits—the withdrawal, for instance, of a parliament from the capital—these are changes which I can well conceive it to require the influence of time to reconcile. But it appears it took forty years in Scotland to reconcile the people to the union, to turn their discontent into tranquillity, to consolidate the union, and give to Scotland its full advantages. This is the precedent that is cited. But the forty years in Ireland have just passed; the period of probation is gone by, and, after having passed that period, just as we were about, according to the honourable gentleman's precedent and authority, to enjoy the advantages of union, to enter on a career of prosperity, the honourable and learned gentleman calls on us to embark in this wild and dangerous agitation."

"The wild and dangerous agitation" has had its natural effects. It has caused much alarm throughout the country, has been productive of much crime and calamity, and has done much towards interrupting all the charities of life, and separating the Irish people anew into distinct and hostile parties.

It is very gratifying to us to find that in this difficulty, as in former dangers, one whom we so highly respect and esteem as the Earl of Roden, should have come forth from honoured retirement to do his country a service. While dangers were to be confronted, and mighty difficulties to be overcome, in the dark days through which God's mercy has brought us, we have ever found Lord Roden at his post. When the great victory was won, we saw him leave others to divide its rewards; while he withdrew, not taking "from a thread even to a shoe-latchet," into the privacy he dignifies and loves. And now that his country wants him, he is at her command again; and receives as the trusted friend and leader of the great Protestant body in Ireland the assurance, that British connexion is no less dear to the government of Great Britain, than it is to them. The words of Lord Roden on this occasion will long be remembered: we feel pleased that we can transfer a portion of them to our pages. His description of the state of feeling to which loyal men have been reduced in Ireland, is one upon which statesmen would do well to ponder.

"I apprehend, said the noble lord in

his speech on May 9, that there are very few of your lordships now present who are not, in some degree, acquainted with the violence and the excitement that have been going on, for some considerable period of time, in Ireland, with reference to the repeal of the legislative union. The great cause of that excitement has been the assembling together, in different parts of the country, of immense masses of people, who, when so assembled, have been addressed by demagogues, and, I am sorry to say, by Roman Catholic priests, in language the most seditious and the most violent—language tending to inflame the minds of the people, and to produce in their breasts a feeling hostile to the legislative union and to the connexion with this country. Your lordships have not had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of these meetings as I have had; and of seeing what is the extent of the conspiracy (for conspiracy it certainly is) which now exists in Ireland. Nor can your lordships have any adequate idea of the intimidation that prevails in many parts of the country. My lords, I am aware that in speaking on this subject I am open to misconstruction, and I am therefore anxious to do so—it is my duty to do so, in such a manner as to prevent the idea that I am actuated by any feelings of animosity. I am anxious, my lords, to state what I believe to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and I am desirous to engage your lordships' attention to, and assistance in, the appeal which I am about to make to her majesty's government. I have lately come from that part of the country where that state of things which I have endeavoured faintly to describe now exists; and I will say, that in the whole course of my life—not a very short one—during which I have been acquainted with the people of that country, I never recollect greater alarm and distrust amongst the people of that country than exist there at the present moment. That distrust and that alarm do not arise from the boasts of those demagogues and designing individuals who are so loud in their demands and so active in their endeavours to inflame the minds of the people—but they chiefly arise from a circumstance which I lament to refer to, but which it is my duty to refer to as a member of that house—I allude, my lords, to the silence and apparent apathy of her majesty's government while these proceedings are going forward—proceedings so entirely opposed to the peace and prosperity of the country. No person can for a moment suppose, that her majesty's government must not be most anxious to

put an end to this growing, this dreadful evil. But her majesty's loyal subjects have a right to ask for some declaration, for some sign, for some mark of what they mean to do to preserve the peace of the country, and to assist those who are anxious to maintain tranquillity. I can assure your lordships, that the loyalty of the great body of the people of Ireland is, at this moment, as sound and as pure as ever it was at any period of her history. And in saying this, my lords, I do not confine myself to the Protestant population of the country; because I believe that there are many Roman Catholics who greatly deprecate the existing system. There are many, very many of them, I believe, who have joined this cry through intimidation, and not from good will to it. Yes, my lords, the loyalty of the people, particularly of my fellow-countrymen in Ulster, with whom I am more particularly connected, is as sound and pure as ever it was; and they are as willing and as anxious to perform the same duty towards their country in 1843 as they so successfully performed in 1798; but in order to bring this matter to a proper issue and to a successful termination, they demand and require, and have a right to look for, the cordial co-operation of her majesty's government in such a manner as to inspire security and confidence. My lords, I conceive that the circumstances in which we are now placed with respect to this cry for the repeal of the union, are much more serious than they have been at any former period. I refer your lordships to the former period when this cry was loudly raised, and when it was met, as it ought to be met, by the firmness and decision of the government. I remind your lordships of the period of 1830, when a cry was raised similar to that which now prevails, and vast numbers joined it in that country. But, my lords, I would ask, in what existed the difference between the evil of that time and that which threatens us at present? The difference was, that in 1830 the cry for repeal was supported only by demagogues and one particular class of persons; but I believe there was not one Roman Catholic bishop or priest in favour of it. The case is, however, far different now, and therefore, I say, as the danger is greater, it requires tenfold energy to meet it."

The answer of the Duke of Wellington to this powerful appeal was such as the country had a right to expect. In a similar spirit, Sir Robert Peel replied to a question of the same kind, addressed to him by Lord

Jocelyn; while the manly declarations of Lord Brougham and the Marquess of Lansdowne were such as to warn repealers, that they must not expect to find "sympathisers" among the Whigs. "The uttermost exertions," said Lord Brougham, "of the power of this country—its moral force, its legislative force, and *its physical force* (hear, hear), would be put forward cheerfully, and anxiously, and heartily, at the first intimation on the part of her majesty's government, that any such exertion was by them deemed necessary for a purpose of such paramount importance." In all this, the Marquess of Lansdowne expressed his full concurrence; and while the dispositions of the party in opposition are thus avowed, we think it difficult to exaggerate the importance of a declaration like the following from the first minister of the crown. Thus spoke Sir Robert Peel, in reply to Lord Jocelyn's question, on the same evening, May 9, on which the right honourable baronet's colleague gave a similar reply in the House of Lords:—

"SIR R. PEEL.—I rejoice, sir, that my noble friend has given me an opportunity of making, on the part of her majesty's government, a public declaration on this most important subject. And I think it necessary, in the first place, to remind the house of what have been the publicly recorded opinions and engagements of the crown, and of both houses of parliament, on this question of the legislative union. In 1834 the sovereign of this country, addressing parliament, made use of the following expressions:—'I have learned with feelings of deep regret and just indignation the continuance of attempts to excite the people of Ireland to demand a repeal of the legislative union. This bond of our national strength and safety I have already declared my fixed and unalterable resolution, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to maintain inviolate by all the means in my power. In support of this determination I cannot doubt the zealous and effectual co-operation of my parliament and my people.' These were the words of the sovereign of this country in 1834. They were responded to by the parliament, by both houses of parliament presenting an address to the crown embodying the same sentiments and the same engagements, approaching the crown, and recording their fixed determination to maintain unimpaired and undisturbed the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, 'which,' they said, 'we

consider to be essential to the strength and stability of the empire, to the continuance of the connexion between the two countries, and to the peace and security and happiness of all classes of your majesty's subjects.' Sir, on the part of her majesty, I am empowered to repeat the sentiments enunciated by King William, and I have not a doubt but that the present houses of parliament are fully prepared to fulfil the solemn engagement into which their predecessors entered. Sir, I have to state, for the information of my noble friend and of the house, that her majesty's government, both in England and in Ireland, are fully alive to the evils arising from this agitation; and I can assure him that there is no influence, no power, no authority which the law gives to the government which shall not be used to maintain that union, the repeal of which would not only be the repeal of an act of parliament, but a dismemberment of this great empire. Of this I am confident, that the executive government loses nothing in moral and legal strength by confiding as long as possible in the ordinary powers which the law and the constitution give them. I am unwilling, without urgent necessity, to disparage the ordinary law by asking for increased enactments, but I do not hesitate to say, that if necessity should arise, her majesty's government will at once apply to parliament for those additional and effectual powers which will enable them to avert the mighty evils which must accrue, not only to England but to Ireland, from any attempt to dissolve the existing union. I here subscribe to and repeat the declaration made in this place on a former occasion by Lord Althorp—that, deprecating all war, and especially deprecating civil war, there is, nevertheless, no alternative which I should not consider preferable to the dismemberment of this great empire. But I hope, sir, that our forbearance will not be misconstrued; I trust we shall only obtain additional strength by deferring our call for new powers until more urgent necessity shall arise, and meanwhile I hope I have given proof that we shall not fail to ask for those powers if it shall be found necessary to demand them, in order to fulfil the desire expressed by parliament in the year 1834. Sir, I have only further to thank the noble lord for the opportunity he has afforded me of making this public declaration on the part of her majesty's advisers.

"Captain BERNAL.—The right hon. baronet has quoted the opinion of Lord Althorp. Will he permit me to ask him whether he will abide by the other statement of Lord Althorp, that if all the

Irish members were in favour of a repeal of the union, he should not be the man to object to it?

"Sir R. PEEL.—I do not recollect ever to have heard the noble lord make use of any such expression, but if he did, I am bound to say that I am not prepared to concur in it."

This is strong language, but, it will be admitted, not stronger than the case required. The question, indeed, now is—will mere words meet the difficulties of the crisis? Will a declaration, such as has been made on the part of government, be sufficient to put a stop to repeal agitation, or arrest that progress of seditious propagandism by which, if it proceed much farther, the whole empire must be disorganized? Time was when such an effect might be looked for. Time was when the ministers had but to speak out, to make the movers and seducers of the people feel that it was dangerous to pursue the trade of the agitator much longer. But that was when the corporate powers were in the hands of loyal men, and when a spirit could at any time be evoked which would make the promoters of rebellion quail before it. In whose hands now resides the corporate influence? By whom now are the fortresses garrisoned, through the aid of which, on former occasions, British influence was maintained? It is needless to say, that they have passed into the hands of its enemies. It is needless to say, that by such a transfer of them much has been done, not only to increase and to perpetuate, but to give a legitimate and even a constitutional character to a course of proceeding, the whole and every part of which must otherwise be regarded as a systematic attack upon the integrity of the empire. All this we foresaw. Against such consequences of conceding to the seditious spirit of the age, in the matter of the Irish corporation bill, we *pro virili* endeavoured to put the government upon their guard. In vain! Either madness ruled the hour, or "motley was all the wear." Our expostulations were disregarded, our predictions were despised; and England now sees Ireland bristling into an attitude of defiance which, since the years immediately preceding 1798, she never witnessed before, and using her newly-conceded privileges for the purpose of

deepening, and extending, and exasperating that spirit of religious bigotry and political hate which must be productive of so much evil. We repeat, then, our question—will mere words be sufficient to put a stop to this? Will it be enough now, to tell Mr. O'Connell that he is a naughty boy, and must not make a noise? With what ineffable scorn must not the old agitator, *who is only what they have made him*, regard the puny remonstrances of men whom he has already bullied into the concession by which the whole framework of society has been changed? *Do they not know him yet?* And is the delusion still to prevail, that by any half or temporizing measure, he is to be scared or wheedled into an abandonment of courses, upon which, even if by his instincts he were not impelled, he would be thrown for the purpose of maintaining his political existence? What, then, is to be done? Repeal agitation is pronounced dangerous. It has elicited declarations from the leading men even of both parties in both houses of parliament, which show the deep impression which it has made upon the best and the wisest of our legislators, who see clearly that it cannot be persevered in without results the most deplorable being produced. But all this was foreknown by the agitators. They did not enter upon their present proceedings without a distinct knowledge that by so doing they should provoke the high displeasure both of the ministers and of such members of the opposition as were parties to the denunciatory declarations of 1834. But their reliance was this: that the times are changed; that the corporations are now in their hands; that they are thus furnished with “normal schools of agitation,” by which a seditious discontent must be kept alive; that the poisonous plant, which was annual, has thus become perennial; and that, while all such cultivation of loyal principles as would lead to its eradication have been discouraged, an atmosphere has been generated by which it must be cherished, until it overspreads the land. This is the altered aspect under which the agitator now contemplates the new-born efforts for a repeal of the legislative union; and unless something *be done* to prove to him that such hopes as he now indulges in may not be fairly entertained, that his presumption upon

the passive acquiescence of government is without any good grounds, and that in proportion to the magnitude of the danger will be the efforts by which his unprincipled machinations will be met, sedition will proceed with giant strides, until a convulsive effort ensues, which must end either in the re-subjugation of Ireland, or the dismemberment of the empire.

Let us not be mistaken. We do not say that there may not be for a season a suspension of those more undisguised efforts of turbulence and sedition, at which the most heedless have sufficient of the instinct of prudence to take alarm. The symptoms which manifested themselves externally under a regimen which drew them forth, may, under an altered treatment, disappear; but it will be only to be re-absorbed into the system. It is one thing to remove them from the surface: it is an affair of infinitely more difficulty to expel the malignant humours which produce them, from the constitution. Public meetings, where tens of thousands congregate, may be discontinued; processions, whether of temperance or repeal societies, may be less threatening and ostentatious; even in their speeches, agitators, although here we have far less hope, may “aggravate their voices and speak small;” but the mechanism of the corporations will be kept in action—the Ribbon conspiracy will be on the alert; and murder, foul and unnatural, as the bodily form of that misnamed agent, agrarian disorder, will inflict a heavy curse upon our country. It is worse than idle, it is sinful and disgraceful, to speak of introducing order and good government into the land, so long as the consciences of men are insensible to the crime of murder. We ask of the most ultra-Liberal reader, whether homicide can be held in detestation among a people who shall acknowledge as their organ the paper which could dare to publish a passage such as this which follows:—

“‘The rising of an entire people rarely takes place, and rarely fails.’ This last was the opinion of another of your countrymen, who seems much respected here. In 1803 Robert Emmett asked John Keogh, ‘Ought I to go on if ten counties rose?’ ‘Ay,’ said Keogh, ‘if five counties rose, and you would succeed.’

“Nor is the difficulty of suppressing

such an insurrection, nor the impossibility of repairing the damage and misery it would bring upon them, their greatest fear.

"The general opinion among them is, that, though a large army might suppress the great insurrections, there would be an invincible guerilla in every county. They say that they never again would get their rents; *that terror and ruin would hover round their homes, and dog their steps from Derry to Cork*; and that such of them as survived the war would be cut off in detail, or driven into poverty and exile to save their lives. Considering the nature of the country, studded with hills and cut up by enclosures; *remembering how safely and easily France or America could feed this little, wearying, and awful contest*; and, above all, recollecting that in it a starving people would be engaged in a battle for land and comfort, the apprehension seems not altogether unnatural, though in my mind somewhat exaggerated. But, perhaps, the ruin of men whom your ministerial organs denounce more rabidly than any republican amongst us, should not much trouble your grace."

We conclude our notice of repeal agitation for the present, happy if we may bid the very disagreeable topic a long farewell. It is, however, to be borne in mind that the materials for such agitation abound in much luxuriance in Ireland. There are two principles which seem to have life immortal within our land; one, the principle of estrangement from England; the other, a principle which combines all stray discontents into an essence of disloyalty and disaffection. If our government be wise, it will be observant of these pernicious agencies. If our landed proprietors are wise, they will not neglect them.

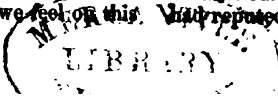
There are other agencies which, if wisdom prevail, will not be longer neglected. We implore the earnest attention of all who have influence, and would make a good use of it, to the condition of the Protestants of Ireland, to their conduct, and to its recompense. We claim for them the credit of having with true magnanimity put a strong restraint on their most cherished feelings and inclinations in order to comply with the wishes of the government, and to keep the letter and the spirit of severe laws. We complain on their part, that the return for which they were justified in looking has not been vouchsafed to them. We do not wish to write as we feel on this

very delicate subject; but it is our painful duty to declare that the great mass of the Irish Protestants are in a state of feeling which causes us much disquiet and alarm, that, indeed, since the season of terror which preceded the rebellion of 1798, we never knew that loyal and generous body so perilously exposed to the machinations of those who take advantage of their discontent, and we have scarcely known a time when emissaries of sedition were more artful, more enterprising, or more industrious.

No wise man, who reflects upon the history of the two years last past will think our apprehensions chimerical: every man acquainted with the condition of our country will think them only too well grounded. The illustrious duke was not afraid to avow, that he saw the perilous consequences which might arise out of a policy which estranged Irish Protestants from their habits of attachment to Great Britain.

"Government," said his grace, "had acted towards the Protestants of Ireland in the most reprehensible manner. They had utterly discarded and thrown them aside. The consequence was that nearly the whole of them were arrayed in direct opposition to the government, from a deep sense of injury and insecurity. This state of things must be most painful to all those who were anxious to preserve the union between the two countries. It was quite an absurdity—a downright delusion—to suppose that the union could last, if the Protestants were estranged from the government of Ireland. But he hoped it was not yet too late to regain the Protestant mind of that country. The hour, however, might come, when the Protestants might feel themselves obliged to make a selection of two alternatives—either to submit to a Catholic government in Ireland (an alternative which would be repugnant to their feelings,) or to a final separation."

We cite this remarkable expression at second hand, but, we have no doubt, correctly. We conclude with it, and had we the opportunity, would earnestly entreat of his grace, and his great colleague, to examine for themselves whether the Protestants of this day may not have grounds of complaint equally real with those which influence them in the season of past misrule, and more irritating and estranging because furnished by those whom they had reputed and respected as friends.



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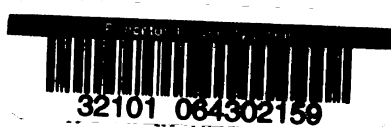
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